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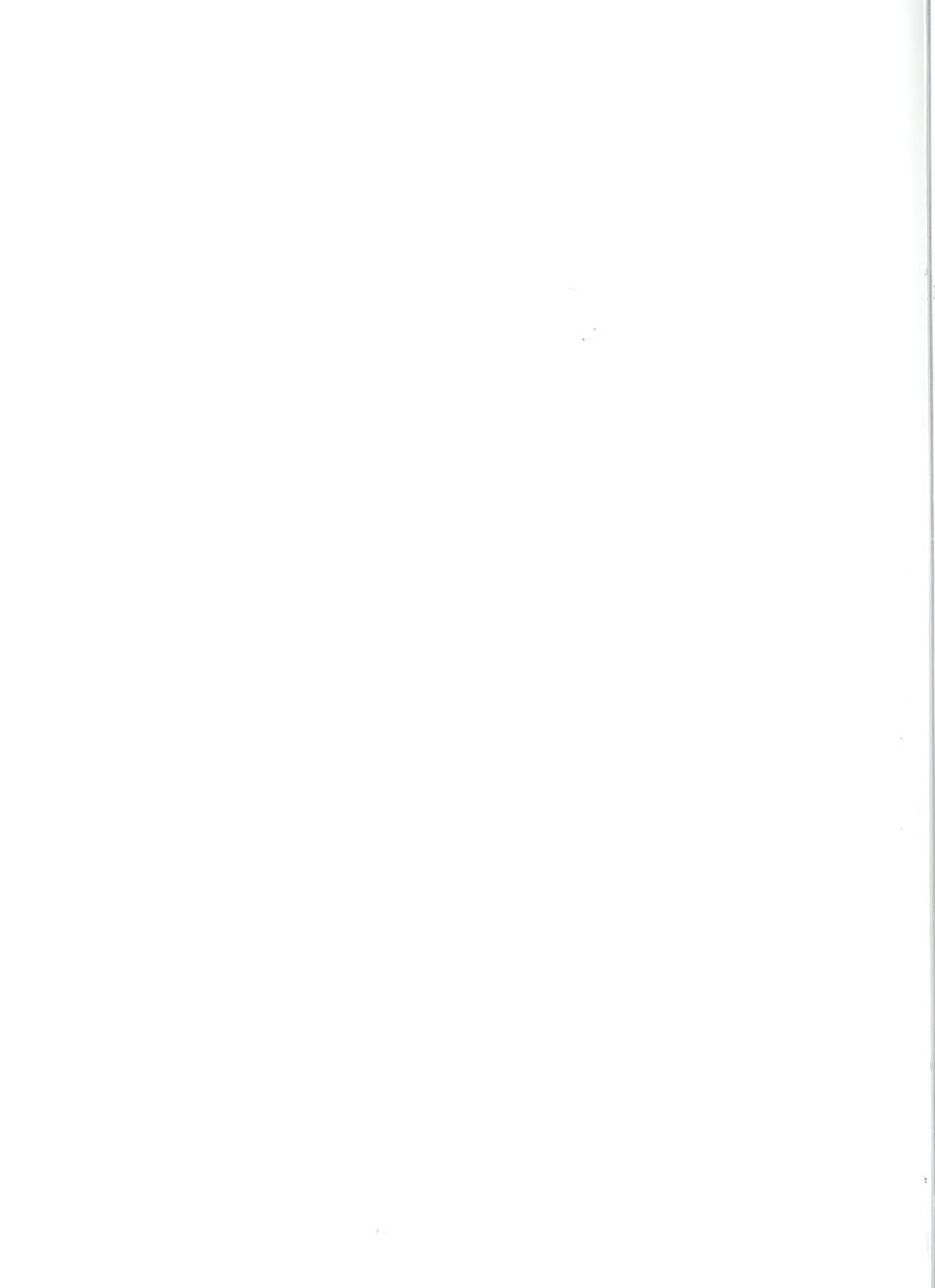
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE CO.  
2 Park Avenue New York, N.Y. 10016







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# Harper's

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# Harper's

JANUARY 1974 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 248, NO. 1484

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**PUBLISHER:** Russell Barnard; **CONTROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCTION MANAGER:** Louis Secor; **PUBLIC RELATIONS:** Ronni Fiedler

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS** **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich; **PUBLISHER:** Peter Mollman

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert Shnayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice President. Subscriptions \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.

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**POSTMASTER:** Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.  
Reprints and Permissions: Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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# WRAPAROUND

NOW!  
MINUTE  
SECOND  
HOUR  
DAY  
MONTH  
YEAR



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## Improving the Nick of Time

There is no way out. The lightning flashes, illuminating an expanse of still water between dark trees; seasons follow one another whether we like it or not; in the night side of the life, past and present commingle; galaxies rush away from one another and disappear over the edge of the universe. And, more than the point, we are born, we live, and we die enveloped by time.

Man's perception of time—his knowledge of cyclic change and his belief in permanence—one of his most powerful tools. Just as the capture of time's flow within the clock and the calendar is fundamental to civilization, so the individual's grasp of past, present, and future is basic to his personal identity.

Time is the healer, the builder, the thief, the destroyer. Magic promises us a way around it through such phenomena as precognition and the suspended states brought on by altered consciousness, while science promises us a way to benefit from it through such timesaving mechanisms as efficient industrial production and the organization of vast populations along temporal axes. But we constantly wobble between our feelings about time and our ideas about what it should be.

We alternate between a sense of the linear and directional, and a sense of the simultaneous, the patterned whole. We spend time like prodigal heirs, we grab for more of it, and then, in desperation, we kill it. We behave differently when we are occupied with the past than when we are consumed by the present; and we even have two memories, one of which is an immediate process, fleeting and given to rapid decay, and one from which we derive our sense of duration.

**"In any weather, at any hour of the day or night, I have been anxious to improve the nick of time, and notch it on my stick too; to stand on the meeting of two eternities, the past and future, which is precisely the present moment; to toe that line."**

—Henry David Thoreau  
Walden, 1854

Time—mysterious and elusive, charged with excitement, terror, and abstraction—is unthinkable, really, and it fragments us. There is no workable way to cope with its immensity, with its pressure, either through intellectual manipulation or through constant activity. Our bodies, however, seem to know something: we can take only one breath at a time. No matter where else our imagination and our language might take us, our bodies can live only in the present. Reflection can change our views of the past and planning can create a better future, perhaps, but there is a lot of empirical and intuitive evidence that we are at our best when, as events shaped by experience and feeling, we are fused with the moment.

And that moment can be widened. Studies indicate that the more we experience and remember about a given situation, the longer will be our construction of its duration. During the next electric storm, you might experiment with re-experiencing time by trying to discover how much you can perceive and recall about all that is revealed by a single flash of lightning.

This issue of WRAPAROUND presents a congeries of flashes for you that we hope will light up new contours of a dark, but occasionally familiar, terrain.

—Gwyneth Cravens



# WRAPAROUND REPORTS

"God had infinite time to give us; but how did He give it? In one immense tract of lazy millennia? No, but He cut it up into a neat succession of new mornings."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

## POINTS OF VU

Outside the tent, Corporal Whitcomb snickered. The other man chuckled. For a few precarious seconds, the chaplain tingled with a weird, occult sensation of having experienced the identical situation before in some prior time or existence. He endeavored to trap and nourish the impression in order to predict, and perhaps even control, what incident would occur next, but the afflatus melted away unproductively, as he had known beforehand it would. *Déjà vu*. The subtle, recurring confusion between illusion and reality that was characteristic of paramnesia fascinated the chaplain, and he knew a number of things about it. He knew, for example, that it was called paramnesia, and he was interested as well in such corollary optical phenomena as *jamais vu*, never seen, and *presque vu*, almost seen. There were terrifying, sudden moments when objects, concepts and even people that the chaplain had lived with almost all his life inexplicably took on an unfamiliar and irregular aspect that he had never seen before and which made them seem totally strange: *jamais vu*. And there were other moments when he almost saw absolute truth in brilliant flashes of clarity that almost came to him: *presque vu*.

—Joseph Heller  
*Catch-22*, 1955



This section of a sequoia shows a span of 1,341 years. The tree began growing in 550 A.D., during the rule of Justinian, and was cut down in 1891, during the administration of William Henry Harrison. Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

## ABBREVIATION

Psychologist Robert Ornstein... performed nine ingenious experiments that demonstrated the role of awareness and memory in time experience. Subjects reported feeling the assigned intervals as longer when the amount and complexity of the stimuli within the measured interval were increased... For instance, a subject saw a short film of a modern dancer going through twenty-six dance positions; the film was spliced up so that the movements could be seen almost separately, in eleven segments, or in six segments, or merely divided into two. With dance, design, sound, and images, the more a person had to "work" at remembering the information, the longer he believed his exposure to it.

This might explain the sense of expanded time in children, who have not yet learned how to code their experience in an abbreviated manner. It may also explain why a dull, disorganized lecture seems to last three hours instead of one—it is much harder to code.

—Gay Gaer Luce  
*Body Time*, 1971

## How to Tell Time

First of all, get rid of your watch. That sort of time is for rookies. All the really smart people stopped using it ages ago. Real time\* is up in the sky.

A certain amount of backtracking is necessary to get you properly reoriented. You probably believe, for example, that when the clocks strike twelve in the daytime, it's noon. Well, it isn't. That belief is just another arrogant human superimposition on nature. Noon—real noon—is that point in time when the sun crosses the meridian on which you're standing.

So what's a meridian?

A meridian, very simply, is a line of longitude: an imaginary line on the earth's surface connecting the North and South Poles. That's a *terrestrial* meridian. There are also *celestial* meridians which, very simply, are terrestrial meridians projected into the sky. Thus, if you take the terrestrial meridian beginning at the North Pole, passing through Macy's basement in New York City, and terminating at the South Pole (or vice versa), you will find that way up in the sky there is an exactly parallel line stretching above its entire length. (Both lines are made of heavy-duty vinyl and are guaranteed against all normal hazards for a period of three years.)

Now then, suppose you're in New York. Your next step is to go to Macy's on your lunch hour and watch as the sun, moving from east to west, crosses the meridians on and under which you're standing. You should face south while you're doing this because (a) Seventh Avenue is a one-way street, going downtown, and (b) up here, north of the Tropic of Cancer, the sun is always in the southern part of the sky around midday. If you consult your by-now obsolescent watch at the instant of meridian passage, you will see that it reads 11:56 or 12:07 or some such thing—not noon. This is because your Macy's basement meridian has been bunched together with Big Al Manucciolo's Bensonhurst meridian, Preston Frothpeter's Scarsdale meridian, and the meridians of thousands of other consenting adults to the east and west of you into one big

conglomerate called the Eastern Time Zone. Thus, true noon—meridian passage noon—coincides on any given day with twelve o'clock noon EST for only a very select group of people: the von Furstenbergs, for example.

Fair enough, you say, but what's to prevent me from setting my watch at meridian passage and operating on real time from there on in? Won't the sun be over Macy's basement's meridian at precisely the same time tomorrow and the day after and forever?

Uh-uh. No such luck. The earth, you see, in addition to rotating on its axis, also *revolves* around the sun, and because it revolves, slightly *more* than one complete rotation is required to get Macy's back directly underneath the sun each day. To understand why, imagine yourself standing on a platform on the circumference of a circle and pointing at the circle's center. If the platform simply rotates once counterclockwise, nothing will be changed. But if the platform moves slightly to the right while it's turning, you'll find that one complete rotation has left you pointing slightly to the right of center, and you will have to turn a little farther to realign yourself. Try it in your own home some Sunday with someone you love.

Now, all this simultaneous rotating and revolving wouldn't cause any particular problem if the speed of the earth in its orbit remained constant. But it doesn't. For what our government has determined to be good and sufficient reasons, the earth moves faster in December and January than it does in June and July. Informed sources believe that it is simply trying to keep warm, but whatever its motives, the variations in its velocity mean that the amount of extra turning required to align a given meridian with the sun each day will fluctuate, and no two consecutive solar days will be identical in duration. The fact that the earth moves marginally north and south in its orbit at the same time that it is moving from west to east further complicates and compounds these fluctuations.

And what can you do? Apart from fruitlessly sacrificing your lunch hours, you can take all the various fluctuations in the

\*Not to be confused with the "real time" of computer science.

# DWRAP AROUND WR

length of a solar day and come with a mean which will average them out over the course of a year. That's what the folks of Greenwich did when they were getting started in the time zone, and now all the time zones of the world are benchmarked to their meridian.

So put a little class in your eye. Get out of the Greenwich meridian and you too can be one of the Beautiful People.

—Robert H. Pilpel

Pilpel is a writer now based in Rome.

## Infinite Storm Beauty

Say you could view a time-lapse film of our planet: what would you see? Transparent images moving through light—John Muir's words, "an infinite storm of beauty."

The beginning is swaddled in mists, blasted by random blinding flashes. Lava pours and boils; seas boil and flood. Clouds materialize and shift; now you can see the earth's face through only random patches of clarity. The land shudders and splits, like pack ice rent by widening lead. Mountains erupt up, jutting, and dull and then before your eyes, clothed in forests like felt. The ice rolls, grinding green land under its feet forever; the ice rolls back, rests erupt and disappear like dry rings. The ice rolls up—mountains are mowed into ridges, land rises wet from the sea like a surfacing whale—the ice rolls back.

A blue-green streaks the highest ridges, a yellow-green leads from the south like a wave up a strand. A red dye seems to leak from the north down the ridges and into the valleys, seeping south; a white flows the red, then yellow-green washes north, then red leads again, then white, over and over, making patterns of color too swift and intricate to follow. Slow the film. You see that storms, locusts, flood, in varying flash frames.

Zoom in on a well-watered shore and see smoke from fires rising. Stone cities rise, spread, crumble, like patches of alpine blossoms that flourish for an inch above the permanent, that iced earth no root can suck. New cities appear, rivers sift silt onto their

rooftops; more cities emerge and spread in lobes like lichen on rock. The great human figures of history, those intricate, spirited tissues that roamed the earth's surface, are a wavering blur whose split second in the light was too brief an exposure to yield any image but the hunched, shadowless figures of ghosts. The great herds of caribou pour into the valleys like slag, and trickle back, and pour, a brown fluid.

Slow it down more, come closer still. A dot appears, a fleshflake. It swells like a balloon; it moves, circles, slows, and vanishes. That was your life.

—Annie Dillard

Annie Dillard's *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, to be published in March by Harper's Magazine Press, has been chosen as a main selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

## Cart Before Horse Before Cart

It is generally believed that the causes of events always precede those events in time. In describing the behavior of organisms, however, we may make more progress toward understanding if we talk as if the cause of an act could also follow that act. For, in most cases, the cause of a specific action is an extended event straddling the action in time, and the part in the future is no less causal than the part in the past.

Both recent experiments with rats and age-old observations of human beings tend to support this view. Back in 1966, for example, Richard Herrnstein and Philip Hines arranged a set of contingencies for a rat so that the rate of irregularly delivered brief electric shocks varied inversely with the rate at which they pressed a bar. If the rats pressed faster, the shocks came slower. If they pressed slower, the shocks came faster. The rats learned to press the bar quickly, although no single bar press avoided any single shock. The cause of any given bar press must therefore have been the relationship between bar pressing and shocks as it existed over a time period which extended in both past and future directions from the point at which the bar was pressed.

Now, suppose that, in the Herrnstein-Hines experiment, a low-intensity shock followed each press, so that it cost the

rat something to press the bar. In that case the immediate consequences of bar pressing would be painful, but the long-term consequences of not pressing the bar would be more painful still. Replace "press bar" by "visit dentist" and "don't press bar" by "don't visit dentist," and you have a fair picture of the rat's situation. Will rats press bars under these conditions? In a more recent experiment, a group at Temple University arranged contingencies for a rat so that a press produced a single shock immediately but avoided several shocks of equal intensity later on. The rats in the Temple experiment consistently pressed the bar. The painful experience in the distant future presumably caused them to act as they did.

When we refuse the third martini at a party (if we do refuse it), it is similarly a response to contingencies spread out widely in time before and after we are offered the drink. The wider contingencies involve events on the way home and the next morning. Trying to explain our response to these wider contingencies, traditional psychology would invoke cognitive and motivational mediating mechanisms and introduce the concept of a *state* of the organism. The argument then is as follows: events at one time affect the state, and the state affects the behavior. When the emphasis is on past events, the state is motivational. The previous shocks, the bar presses, or their relationship create the motivational state and add to it as time goes on. The picture one gets is of a dam overflowing. The response provides relief and allows motivation to build up once again. On the other hand, when the emphasis is on future events, the state is cognitive. The rat is said to have an expectancy of future events and to respond according to this expectancy. But the notion that cognitive and motivational states mediate between past and future events and present behavior is not necessary. Furthermore, it obscures the search for the true causes of behavior because it looks for them in the organism instead of in the past and future where, I would argue, they actually lie.

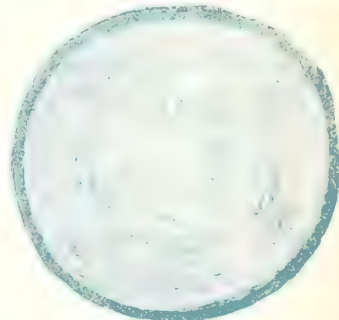
—Howard Rachlin

Howard Rachlin is a psychologist at SUNY at Stony Brook.

## THE DAWN OF TIME

One night in the spring of 1922 an advertisement in a Manhattan subway caught the eye of budding editor-publisher Henry Luce, then in his early twenties. The ad contained a headline that read "Time to Retire" or "Time for a Change" (Luce couldn't remember which in recalling the heuristic moment). But the word Time stuck in Luce's imaginative mind, and the next day he suggested to Briton Hadden (no doubt with bubbling enthusiasm) that Time would make a first-rate name for a new magazine the two men had been thinking about since they served together at a World War I officers' training camp in South Carolina. Up to then the proposed magazine had been called *Facts*. Hadden agreed with Luce that Time was the end of their search for the right word, and one of the world's most famous names was born. —*Time/Pieces* (a house organ of Time, Inc.)

December 1971



## TICS OF THE ID

There is nothing in the Id that corresponds to the idea of time; there is no recognition of the passage of time, and—a thing that is most remarkable and awaits consideration in philosophical thought—no alteration in its mental processes produced by the passage of time. Wishful impulses which have never passed beyond the Id, but impressions too, which have been sunk into the Id by repression, are virtually immortal; after the passage of decades they behave as if they had just occurred.

—Sigmund Freud

*New Introductory Lectures in Psychoanalysis, 1932*

Hopi verbs have no tenses indicating past, present, or future events but they do indicate the duration of an event.



# WRAP AROUND WRAP

"We fret ourselves to reform life, in order that posterity may be happy, and posterity will say as usual: 'In the past it used to be better, the present is worse than the past.'"

—Anton Chekhov (1860-1904)

## BY WHICH WE MEASURE

I heard once from a learned man, that the motions of the sun, moon, and stars, constituted time, and I assented not. For why should not the motions of all bodies rather be times? Or, if the lights of heaven should cease, and a potter's wheel run round, should there be no time by which we might measure those whirling, and say, that either it moved with equal pauses, or if it turned sometimes slower, otherwhiles quicker, that some rounds were longer, others shorter? Or, while we were saying this, should we not also be speaking in time? Or, should there in our words be some syllables short, others long, but because those sounded in a shorter time, these in a longer? God, grant to men to see in a small thing notices common to things great and small.

—St. Augustine  
*Confessions*, 397



Portable sundial, 1587

## THE BIRTH OF THE WEEK

The Hellenistic Greeks assigned to each hour of the twenty-four-hour day the name of one of the seven moving luminous celestial bodies visible to them: the sun, the moon, and the planets we know as Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, and Saturn. This cycle of seven names was repeated over and over, and since seven does not divide evenly into the twenty-four hours of the day, each day began with an hour devoted to a different planet, and each day was thought to be under the influence of the planet of its first hour. Thus the seven-day week was generated.

—Robert J. Maxwell  
*"Anthropological Perspectives"*  
*The Future of Time*, 1972

## RUMMAGING FOR TRUTH

Why is it so difficult—so degradingly difficult—to bring the notion of Time into mental focus and keep it there for inspection? What an effort, what fumbling, what irritating fatigue! It is like rummaging with one hand in the glove compartment for the road map—fishing out Montenegro, the Dolomites, paper money, a telegram—everything except the stretch of chaotic country between Ardez and Something-soprano, in the dark, in the rain, while trying to take advantage of a red light in the coal black, with the wipers functioning metronomically, chronometrically: the blind finger of space poking and tearing the texture of time.

—Vladimir Nabokov  
*Ada*, 1969

## Signals from the Future

There is an old horror story about the man who dreams of a carriage drawing up to his front door to take him on a journey. The coachman opens the door and calls ominously, "Room for one more!" before he drives off a cliff. The man awakens the next morning, walks to his bus stop, and is about to board the bus when the driver yells, "Room for one more!" The man jumps aside and watches in amazement as the bus crashes at the next intersection and bursts into flames. Did the man precognize this experience?

Perhaps it is not possible to tell when an event actually occurs in time. Maybe we don't really know when the "present" ceases and the "future" begins. Dr. Stanley Krippner, director of the Dream Laboratory at Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn, and Robert Nelson, a *New York Times* executive who runs the Central Premonitions Registry for dream collection, feel that precognition in dreams is a scientifically provable phenomenon. Psychically sensitive people may simply work on a different time differential from the rest of us. Although an occurrence follows a given prediction in normal time, it precedes it in the psychic's time dimension. The Premonitions Registry has received accounts of prior "knowledge" of Robert Kennedy's assassination, Governor Wallace's shooting, the Yablonski murders, and Nasser's fatal heart attack. Did the dreams really foresee the future? The dream experimenters say it is perfectly possible.

In an experiment at the Maimonides Dream Lab, a psychic with a history of reported spontaneous precognitive dreams was the subject of a 16-night study. He was told that on even-numbered

nights he would be shown a slide-and-tape sequence about some particular topic. Through various complicated procedures the experimenters picked each topic at random just before each showing. The subject was instructed to dream on odd-numbered nights about the topic that was going to be chosen the next night. Astonishingly enough, he made five direct hits with the experimental period's eight odd-numbered nights. He was awakened each time the experimenters could tell, from his movements, he was dreaming and asked to report his dream. When he awoke in the morning he was asked for a complete account of all his dreams during the night and was prompted with his partial reports if necessary. The themes were always clear on direct-hit nights. The dreamer had foretold the future, or rather, through his dreams he had broadened his sense of time and simply known in advance something the experimenter would not know another 24 hours.

If such prediction is possible it is tempting to speculate that we might be able to prevent things from happening in the future. Could a dreamer who knew in advance help stop an assassination, a plane crash, an earthquake? Or would the event merely be postponed, only to occur in another sequence of time spectrum? After all, human intervention can happen only in our so-called "present" time, and that particular gathering of moments is only a very small piece of infinity. In our dream life we are closer to the sea of seconds and hours coming apart and meshing into the knit we call time.

—Judith Sachs

Judith Sachs is an editor at Delacorte Press.

## Register Your Dreams

The Central Premonitions Registry is interested in all reports of precognitive dreams. If your dreams are particularly vivid, they're in color, if they seem familiar—as if you've already experienced them—if you feel a particular sense of good or evil, or if you have ever had out-of-the-body, trancelike experiences in your waking life, you may be an apt reporter, or "sensitive," as the dream experimenters put it. The Registry is looking for dreams involving specific events, prominent people, or premonitions of the future.

Send your dreams to the Central Premonitions Registry, Box 48, Times Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10036. If your prediction is later fulfilled, be sure to send the Registry a news clipping, written, dated testimony as documentation.



# DUND WRAP AROUND

## ACKWARD FORWARD

More than a century ago the physicists observed that, in the world as we know it, the fraction of unusable energy (entropy) is instantly increasing; and they found in this a mathematical expression of the irreversibility of the cosmos. This absolute of physics has thus far not only resisted all attempts at "relativization," but, if I am not mistaken, it tends to find its counterpart in a current moving in the opposite sense, positive and constructive, which revealed by the study of the earth's biological past: the ascent of the Universe towards zones of increasing improbability and personality. Entropy and life; backward and forward: two complementary expressions of the arrow of time.

—Pierre Teilhard de Chardin  
*The Future of Man, 1959*

## Time Machines for Domestic Use

Among the snobbish elite of theoretical physicists, travel through time is ridiculed as an impossibility." To my knowledge, there is no laboratory in the world investigating it.

One does not have to look far to see why. Time travel would be a crippling blow to the well-being of the international industrial-political cartels. Mass emigration of large segments of the discontented working and middle classes into the past or future would cripple twentieth-century society and the men of power whose influence depends on maintaining the status quo. No laboratory is developing a time machine for the same reason that none is developing an everlasting light bulb, or an additive that would turn water into gasoline.

It is time now for people everywhere to learn the truth. No one who has a couple of thousand feet of heavy electric cable, a high-voltage, direct-current power supply, and an iron capsule large enough to contain his or her body can afford not to use a time machine to protect the privacy of his or her own life. (It is only lack of research funds, withheld by the reactionary scientific Establishment, that has prevented me from constructing a time machine for myself.)

Now it works. Like all great inventions, it is simple. Any high-school physics student knows that electricity running through a loop of wire produces a magnetic force, at right angles to the loop—i.e., electricity flows circularly in a two-dimensional plane produces a force in the third dimension. (Whether the force acts up or down depends on which way the current flows through the wire.)

Now, imagine a loop of wire stretched in three dimensions, like

a giant ball of string. Inside it is the iron capsule, and, inside the capsule, could be you. Electricity flowing through the three-dimensional coil of wire will produce a force that must act in the fourth dimension (i.e., time). The iron capsule is propelled by this force through time itself.

There is only one snag. The direction of the force ("up" into the future or "down" into the past) will depend on which direction the electricity flows through the ball of wire. No theoretical background yet exists to enable us to predict which direction of electric flow will produce which direction of force. The intrepid traveler will go forward or maybe backward in time according to which way he pushes his power plug into the socket of his power supply—and it will be entirely a matter of trial and error.

Error could be dangerous. Suppose that the iron capsule is moved one hour back in time and reappears in the same place, inside the machine, as where it was lying previously. Two objects attempting to occupy the same space at the same moment will produce a powerful explosion, vaporizing the time traveler and most of the city in which he happens to live.

Should such a risk be taken? In my opinion it must be taken, and there will be men who will do it—brave explorers ready to meet new challenges of the unknown, as they have throughout history. If the scientific Establishment persists in suppressing research into time travel, then the blame must lie on their shoulders when an oppressed individual is forced to take matters into his own hands.

—Charles Platt

Charles Platt is a novelist and the editor of *New Worlds*, a journal of speculative fiction.

## Simple Immortality

Sex is not the only way that nature has devised for reproduction. In fact, it was certainly not the first method that living things used in order to multiply. The first creatures that we could crown with the name of "organism" simply made an extra copy of their essential parts and then divided themselves in two. These two new beings were almost invariably identical twins, and though this particular design for multiplying was somewhat elementary, it nevertheless followed a fairly rigid set of steps. The process, in other words, was anything but a random division in which two sets of molecules were arbitrarily halved and enclosed in two new living containers. Rather, there was a very definite pattern that existed, even then, for this "simple" process.

With a fixed pattern of astounding consistency, each of the two strands of genetic information made copies of itself. Then one of the original strands and its newly made match would become the genetic information for one of the new offspring and the other original strand and its newly made copy

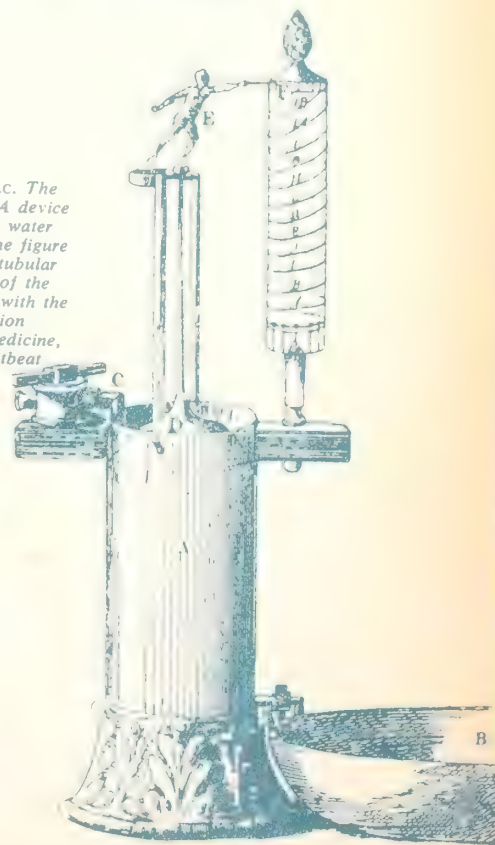
would become the genetic message for the other. Where there had been one creature, there were now two, and no one could tell which was the original—in fact, the original had literally become the copy; the original continued to live on in both of the new organisms. And when these two organisms again divided to make four, and eight, and several million over a period of minutes and hours and eons, there was no way of distinguishing the original, for it had become one of the incalculable many.

And so, in a philosophical, if not strictly scientific sense, it strikes me that these simple life forms have discovered the secret of immortality. It is perhaps a metaphysical leap, but I think of the magnified creature I see under the microscope as being one that has been living for millions of years and one that will go on living for millions more. These simple beings have escaped time and live on forever, as themselves, in their progeny.

—Susan Zolla

Dr. Zolla is an immunologist on the faculty of the New York University School of Medicine.

Water clock of Ktesibios of Alexandria, fourth century B.C. The tube, A, is filled with water. A device on its surface descends as the water is let off through a faucet. The figure of a fighter, E, points to the tubular measuring column. The flow of the water is regulated to coincide with the lapse of the hour. This invention was of great importance to medicine, as it measured pulse and heartbeat.



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# OUNDWRAPAROUND

their feathers have grown back sufficiently, they are able to fly. If the geese were only capable of delaying their departure for ten days, everything would proceed smoothly. But the internal clock has fixed the hour when they will grow restless. The same phenomenon which could guarantee their safety under normal conditions betrays them now, for their environment is no longer "normal"; some unexplained phenomenon has altered it. Perhaps the effects of industry developing in the cities invaded their territory in some form; or perhaps some change occurred in the climate. In any case, the geese left their native summer grounds and moved a few hundred miles to the south. Their internal clock was not properly "set" to meet the demands of this new locale and the result was calamity.

—Hoimar von Ditfurth  
Hoimar von Ditfurth's Children of the Universe will be published here in April. English translation © 1974 by Bantam Publishers.

## LASH.

The supposed great misery of our century is the lack of time; our sense of that, not a disinterested love of science, and certainly not wisdom, is why we devote such a huge proportion of the ingenuity and income of our societies to finding faster ways of doing things—as if the final aim of mankind was to grow closer not to a perfect humanity, but to a perfect lightning flash. —John Fowles

*The French Lieutenant's Woman*, 1969

## The Selected Second

Part of my job is to distill time. I'll take 30 hours of film (more if I've got the budget) and boil it down to a 50-minute documentary. The process is never agony and absolutely necessary, because, for the most part, actual elapsed time as captured by unedited documentary film is extraordinarily dull. Unlike the makers of commercials or theatrical films, who control every movement and every line and every expression, the documentary filmmaker goes out with his cameras, points them in a possibly interesting direction, and hopes for the best. The unedited film appears formless to the unin-

itiated. So the actual time of a film must be arranged, condensed, and sometimes frozen.

I remember one day poring through hours of film I'd shot in nursing homes where I was trying to capture the essence of what it was like to be old and infirm and incarcerated in one of these institutions. There was one interview with an old man whose legs had been amputated because of an advanced case of diabetes. He was dying, and time seemed to stretch out for him as he waited for an exit from the world. For 10 minutes I interrupted the wait, asking him questions about his life, his family, conditions at the nursing home, and how often he had visitors. They were, I thought then, 10 depressing, emotionless minutes. The old man seemed to keep a stone face. But the camera saw something I didn't. I had asked the old man how frequently his children came to visit him, and he replied that they never came, but that that didn't bother him, because he had his friends at the nursing home. I had paused . . . and continued on. But my cameraman, Dick Roy, had used his zoom lens at that moment to slowly fill the screen with a shot of nothing but the old man's eyes. Weeks later, for the first time, I could see those eyes up close on film brimming with tears. I stopped the film and looked at a single frame: one-twenty-fourth of a second in the old man's life. There was fear in the eyes, and bitterness, and sorrow, and hurt, and a hundred other emotions that well up when a human being is abandoned by his loved ones at his weakest hour. So I used that film in the program and cut out thousands of feet, dozens of minutes of nothingness that didn't quite tell what it means to be endlessly dying in an antiseptic box.

The best documentaries are the ones with lots of such vivid moments left after clock time has been thoroughly cut down. The art of editing is to show in a few minutes the essence of hours or days or even weeks of elapsed-time material. Of course, the editing must be done honestly. Otherwise, time is distorted—and dishonored.

—Dick Hubert

Dick Hubert has won a 1973 Alfred I. duPont-Columbia Award for his documentary work.

"The tale of history forms a very strong bulwark against the stream of time, and checks in some measure its irresistible flow, so that, of all things done in it, as many as history has taken over, it secures and binds together, and does not allow them to slip away into the abyss of oblivion." —Anna Comnena (1083—c.1151)

## AURAL HOURS

A traffic signal, which also measures time, is a visually sudden event, a featureless duration, whose abrupt transformation is tensely awaited. Other external time signals in normal use are equally unfitted to human perception. Electric bells and buzzers regulate the scheduling of schools, factories, and other prisons, just as bells were used to order life in the monastery. These aural signals are sudden and intrusive: the listener has no warning of their coming, yet he must attend to them. But as an occasional event, the noon gun or siren and the evening peal—particularly when they do not constrain us to instant action—make a cheerful sound, simply reminding us of common time. And many unintentional sounds also tell time: the hum of traffic swells and wanes, birds greet the sun, a scheduled train passes. Someone remembers, as a child on a hill, hearing the city "sit down" to its noonday meal, when doors slammed and then everything was quiet.

—Kevin Lynch

*What Time Is This Place?*, 1972



Harold Lloyd running out of time—*Safety Last*, 1923.

## CREATING MODERN TIMES

The clock, not the steam-engine, is the key-machine of the modern industrial age. For every phase of its development the clock is both the outstanding fact and the typical symbol of the machine: even today no other machine is so ubiquitous. Here, at the very beginning of modern technics, appeared prophetically the accurate automatic machine which, only after centuries of further effort, was also to prove the final consummation of this technics in every department of industrial activity. There had been power-machines, such as the water-mill, before the clock; and there had also been various kinds of automata, to awaken the wonder of the populace in the temple, or to please the idle fancy of some Moslem caliph: machines one finds illustrated in Hero and Al-Jazari. But here was a new kind of power-machine, in which the source of power and the transmission were of such a nature as to ensure the even flow of energy throughout the works and to make possible regular production and a standardized product.

—Lewis Mumford

*Technics and Civilization*, 1934





Dalí's Persistence of Memory, 1931 (The Museum of Modern Art). "Time is an illusion perpetrated by the manufacturers of space." —graffito

## Marching On

The Age of the Universe Clock (AUC) is a digital voltmeter clock that never tells the same time twice. As its name suggests, it tells the age of the universe, and it tells it to the nearest millionth of a second.

The best scientific minds in the world now estimate that the universe is about 18 billion years old. That figure is, of course, an approximate one; "18 billion" is chosen rather than, say, 18,218,377,865 because 18 billion is easier to write and say. This consideration need not apply to the AUC; its year windows may be set at any number in the general vicinity. To increase the usefulness of the AUC for mundane purposes, the last four year digits can be set to correspond to the current year *Anno Domini*.

Just after 7:30 P.M. next Christmas Eve, the readout of the Age of the Universe Clock would look as follows. (The numbers are electronic, and set in a handsome imitation-wood console.)

18,807,631,974	12	24	19	30	02.300000
yr	mo	day	hr	min	sec

What is immediately striking about the AUC is that the first eight digits stay the same through the course of an ordinary human lifetime; and for all practical purposes, the first seven of them never change. The fourth digit from the left, for example, will not change for another 92,368,026 years. But if the AUC had actually been running since the beginning of the universe, that particular digit would have already changed 1,180 times.

The last five digits change at rates ranging from a hundred to a million times a second, but they present the same unmoving aspect as the frozen wastes on the left, because they are too fast to be seen by the eye, which detects only a static-appearing blur of the numerals 0 through 9.

It is interesting to note that the temporal changes which are directly observable by human beings all cluster around the center of this practically all-inclusive time scale. An analogy may be drawn to the narrow band of medium-length electromagnetic radiation which the human eye perceives as light. The size of human beings, which lies roughly midway between the size of subatomic particles and the size of galaxies, is similarly analogous. Recent astronomical observations suggest that the edge of the perceptible universe is equally distant in all directions. A corollary is that no matter where one is located in space, one is at the exact center. All this may mean that people really are, cosmically speaking, right in the middle of everything. On the other hand, it may mean that the only thing we are right in the middle of is our own neurological-conceptual framework.

The Age of the Universe Clock is not only a fine timepiece—it's an educational treat for the whole family.

—Hendrik Hertzberg and David C. K. McClelland

Hendrik Hertzberg and David C. K. McClelland claim to have studied watch-making with Gyro Gearloose.

## All Ye Need to Know

That it just goes clippety-clopping along is hard to deny, but what else is literature for except to tell us lies we can assent to?

Not that we must believe them, mind. For faiths as large as that there's God. You pretend to believe in myths, and then only if they are comfortable. In this respect literature has more in common with politics than with religion.

The principal objection to the one-way, straight-ahead type of time is that it leads us mortals to a dead end. Accordingly, the writer serves his public by suggesting that time behaves quite otherwise, that it bends round and bites its tail. A way a lone a last a loved a long the riverrun, past Eve and Adam's...

A ring a round a rose, and why not? There is a precedent in the seasons, and in Rhyme itself. O wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Some fretful spirits, though, want more than eternal recurrences. They want to make time stop, as it does so ravishingly in paintings and on Grecian urns. When Vaughan saw Eternity the other night, that ring of light stood still. Similarly on our other red-letter days there is at least a movement toward stillness, a slower breath, a lower voice, a churchy sort of silence while we wait for the curtain to go up or come down. It's beautiful, no doubt about it. Never mind is it true.

The straight line, the circle,

and the point. Is that all there is? Topologically, yes. The line may waver like a polygraph from page 1 of Proust till God help us the end; it may make lyric, Woolfean loop-de-loops along the way; it may seem to disappear and then resume a year later; it's still a line. It begins now, when you pick up the book, and stretches as far as your patience.

Cortázar and other tricky fellows would have us begin, somewhere in the middle and then hop to and fro accordingly to a game-plan or the shuffle of the cards, but this doesn't alter the fact that our reading is linear all-too-linear. A better trick than this is what happens in *Catch-22*, the geometry of which, if you follow it carefully, really seems to be non-Euclidean. The snake bends back and bites—not its own tail but some other snake's! Cubist paintings play similar games, with space instead of time. (So do M. C. Escher's and there's the rub.)

Not that games aren't fun to play, sometimes.

But the best times, by general acclamation, are those when Time, with its capital T shaped like a scythe, comes to an end, or seems to. It'll be going along and then gradually grind to a halt. On your right a great ring of pure and endless light. On your left a mysterious priest is leading a heifer that lows at the skies.

—Thomas M. Disch

Tom Disch's latest novel, *334* (Avon), is set in the near future.

To escape from time, go to one of the areas of the world not included in any time zone. Among them are Antarctica, Mongolia, most of Greenland, the northernmost part of Canada, and Franz Josef Land, a Russian archipelago in the Arctic Ocean.

## SYNCHRONICITY

My preoccupation with the psychology of unconscious processes long ago compelled me to look about for another principle of explanation, because the causality principle seemed to me inadequate to explain certain remarkable phenomena of the psychology of the unconscious. Thus I found that there are psychic parallelisms which cannot be related to each other causally, but which must be connected through another principle, namely the contingency of events. This connection of events seemed to me essentially given by the fact of their relative simultaneity, hence the term "synchronistic." It seems, indeed, as though time, far from being an abstraction, is a concrete continuum which contains qualities or basic conditions that manifest themselves simultaneously in different places through parallelism that cannot be explained causally, as, for example, in cases of the simultaneous occurrence of identical thoughts, symbols, or psychic states.

—C. G. Jung

"Richard Wilhelm: In Memoriam," 1930



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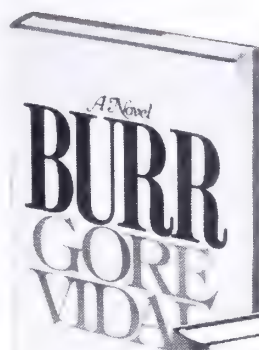
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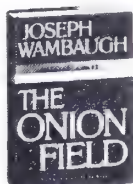
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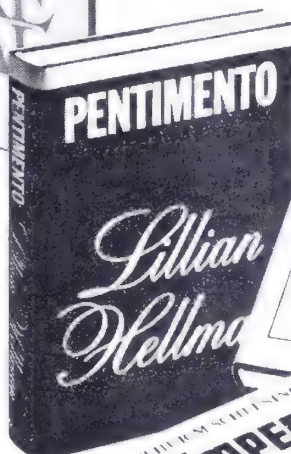
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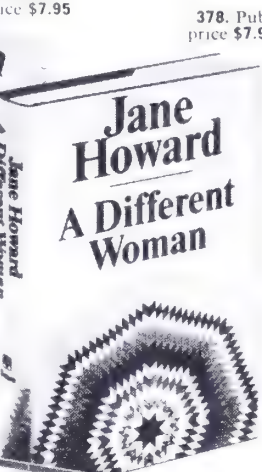
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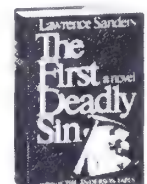
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# IMPEACHMENT: AN INSTRUMENT OF REGENERATION

How it works and why it must be used—now

**I**MPEACHMENT, to most Americans today, seems to represent a dread mystery, an almost parricidal act, to be contemplated, if at all, with awe and alarm. It was not always so. Impeachment, said the House of Commons in 1679, was "the chief institution for the preservation of the government"; and chief among the impeachable offenses was "subversion of the Constitution." In 1641, the House of Commons charged that the Earl of Strafford had subverted the fundamental law and introduced an arbitrary and tyrannical government. By his trial, which merged into a bill of attainder and resulted in his execution, and by a series of other seventeenth-century impeachments, Parliament made the ministers accountable to it rather than to the King and stemmed a tide of absolutism that swept the rest of Europe. Thereafter, impeachment fell into relative disuse during the eighteenth century because a ministry could now be toppled by the House of Commons on a vote of no confidence.

Our impeachment, modeled on that of England, proceeds as follows: a committee of the House of Representatives may be instructed to investigate rumors or charges of executive misconduct. If the committee reports that it found impeachable offenses, it is directed by the House to prepare articles of impeachment, which are the analogue of the accusations contained in the several counts of an indictment by a grand jury. Strictly

speaking, it is the articles that constitute the impeachment. The articles, if approved by a majority of the House, are then filed with the Senate.

At that point, the articles are served by the Senate on the accused, who is given time within which to file an answer to the charges. At an appointed time, the Senate convenes as a court. If it is the President who is being tried, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court acts as the presiding officer. Evidence is subject to the exclusionary rules applied by a court, and the accused is permitted by his counsel to cross-examine witnesses and to make arguments for acquittal. A vote of two-thirds of the Senators present is required for conviction.

When the Framers came to draft our Constitution, they might well have regarded impeachment as an outworn, clumsy institution, not particularly well-suited to a tripartite scheme of government protected by the separation of powers. Why, then, did they adopt it?

The reason lies in the fact that the Founders vividly remembered the seventeenth-century experience of the mother country. They remembered the absolutist pretensions of the Stuarts; they were haunted by the greedy expansiveness of power; they dreaded usurpation and tyranny. And so they adopted impeachment as a means of displacing a usurper—a President who exceeded the bounds of the executive's authority.

The colonists, after all, regarded the executive, in the words of Thomas Corwin, as "the natural enemy, the legislative assembly the natural friend of liberty." Throughout the colonial period, they had elected their own assemblies and trusted them as

their own representatives. The governors, on the other hand, were ten upper-class Englishmen with little understanding of American aspirations, who had been foisted on the colonists by the Crown. Hence, Congress was given the power to remove the President. This power, it must be emphasized, constitutes a deliberate breach in the doctrine of separation of powers, so that no argument drawn from that doctrine (such as executive privilege) may apply to the preliminary inquiry by the House or the subsequent trial by the Senate.

**T**HE CONSTITUTION ADOPTS the English formula: impeachment for and conviction of "treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." Because "crimes" and "misdemeanors" are familiar terms of criminal law, it is tempting to conclude that "high crimes and misdemeanors" is simply a grandiose version of ordinary "crimes and misdemeanors." Not so. As for terms "treason" and "bribery" suggest, these were offenses against the state, political crimes as distinguished from crimes against the person, such as murder. The association of "treason, bribery" with "other high crimes and misdemeanors" indicates that the latter also refer to offenses of "political" nature. They were punishable by Parliament, whereas could be punished "misdemeanors," that lesser private wrongs. In short, "high crimes and misdemeanors" appears to be a phrase confined to impeachments, without roots in the ordinary English criminal law and which, far as I could discover, had no relation to whether a criminal indictment

*Raoul Berger is Charles Warren Senior Fellow in American Legal History at Harvard Law School. He is the author of several books, including the forthcoming Executive Privilege: A Constitutional Myth (Harvard University Press).*

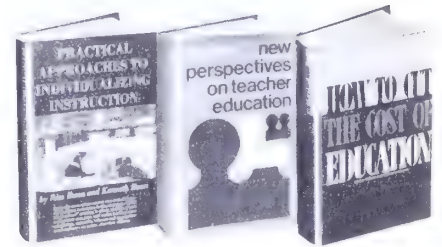


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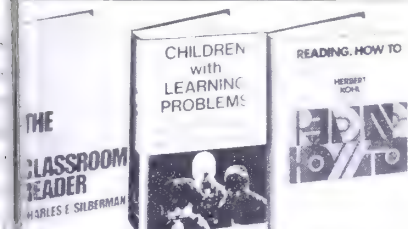


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would lie in the particular circumstances.\* Certain political crimes—treason and bribery, for example—were also indictable crimes, but English impeachments did not require an indictable crime. Nonetheless, the English impeachment was criminal because conviction was punishable by death or imprisonment.

In fact, under English practice there were a number of impeachable offenses that might not even be crimes under American criminal law. First and foremost was subversion of the Constitution: for example, the usurpation of power to which Parliament laid claim. Other impeachable offenses were abuse of power, neglect of duty, corrupt practices that fell short of crimes, even the giving of “bad advice” to the King by his ministers. Broadly speaking, these categories outlined the boundaries of “high crimes and misdemeanors” at the time the Constitution was adopted.

Let us now turn to Philadelphia in 1787. Article II, Section 4 of the Constitution provides that “the President, Vice-President and all civil Officers of the United States, shall be removed from Office on Impeachment for, and Conviction of, Treason, Bribery, or other high Crimes and Misdemeanors.”

There is good reason to conclude that the Framers consciously divorced impeachment from the necessity of proving an indictable criminal offense. This is because Article I, Section 3(7) provides that “judgment in Cases of Impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from Office, and disqualification to

hold and enjoy any Office . . . but the Party convicted shall nevertheless be liable and subject to Indictment, Trial, Judgment and Punishment, according to Law.” Thus the Framers sharply separated removal from office from criminal punishment by indictment and conviction, in contrast to the English practice, which joined criminal punishment and removal in one proceeding. From the text of the Constitution there emerges a leading purpose: partisan passions should not sweep an officer to the gallows.

**T**HE STARTING POINT, therefore, to borrow from Justice Story, is that impeachment “is not so much designed to punish as to secure the state against gross official misdemeanors.” It is prophylactic, designed to remove an unfit officer from office, rather than punitive. Two important considerations persuade us to understand American impeachment in noncriminal terms, though it may, of course, include offenses such as bribery and obstruction of justice, which are indictable “political” crimes. First, since Article I contemplates both indictment and impeachment, the issue of double jeopardy would be raised if impeachment were deemed criminal in nature. The Fifth Amendment, which embodies a centuries-old guarantee, provides that no person “shall be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy.” This means that if a person were indicted and convicted he could not be impeached, or if he were impeached he could not be indicted. By providing that impeachment would not bar indictment, the Framers plainly indicated that impeachment was not criminal in nature. Therefore, criminal punishment may precede or follow impeachment.

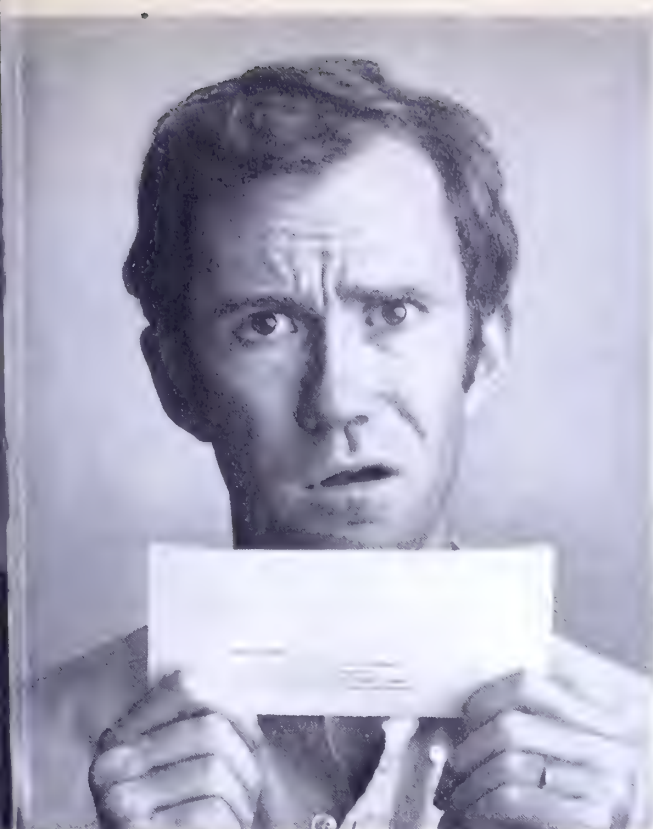
A second consideration is the Sixth Amendment provision that “in all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury.” If impeachment be deemed a “criminal prosecution,” it is difficult to escape the requirement of trial by jury. Earlier, Article III, Section 2(3) had expressly exempted impeachment from the jury “trial of all crimes”; and with that exemption before them, the draftsmen of the Sixth Amendment extended trial by jury to “all criminal prosecutions” without exception, thereby exhibiting



**Wrong  
number?**

\* The phrase “high crimes and misdemeanors” is first met, not in an ordinary criminal proceeding, but in the impeachment of the Earl of Suffolk in 1386. At that time there was no such crime as a misdemeanor. Lesser crimes were prosecuted as “trespasses” well into the sixteenth century, and only then were trespasses supplanted by “misdemeanors.” As “trespass” itself suggests, “misdemeanors” derived from private wrongs, what lawyers call torts. Fitzjames Stephen stated that “prosecutions for misdemeanors are to the Crown what actions for wrongs are to private persons.”

Although “misdemeanors” entered into ordinary criminal law, they did not become the criterion of the parliamentary “high” misdemeanors. Nor did “high misdemeanors” find their way into the general criminal law. As late as 1757, Blackstone could say that the “first and principal [high misdemeanor] is the *mal-administration* of such high officers, as are in the public trust and employment.”



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IMPEACHMENT  
an intention to withdraw the former exemption. We must conclude either that the Framers felt no need to exempt impeachment from the Sixth Amendment because they did not consider it a "criminal prosecution," or that a jury trial is required if impeachment is in fact a "criminal proceeding."

Elsewhere\* I have discussed the problems that arise from the Framers' employment of criminal terminology. I would only reiterate that if impeachment is indeed criminal in nature, it must comprehend the offenses considered grounds for impeachment at the adoption of the Constitution. On this score, the Senate, which tries impeachments, has on a number of occasions found officers guilty of nonindictable offenses, and to the Senate, at least initially, is left the construction of "high crimes and misdemeanors."

IT DOES NOT FOLLOW that Rep. Gerald Ford was correct when he declared that an impeachable offense is whatever the House and Senate jointly "consider [it] to be." Still less can it be, as Mr. Nixon's then Attorney General Richard Kleindienst told the Senate, that "you don't need facts, you don't need evidence" to impeach the President, "all you need is votes." That would flout all requirements of due process, which must protect the President no less than the lowliest felon. The records of the Convention make quite plain that the Framers, far from proposing to confer illimitable power to impeach, intended only to confer a *limited* power.

When an early version of impeachment for "treason, bribery" came up for discussion, George Mason moved to add "maladministration," explaining that "treason as defined in the Constitution will not reach many great and dangerous offenses . . . Attempts to subvert the Constitution may not be Treason as above defined." Mark that Mason was bent on reaching "attempts to subvert the Constitution." But Madison demurred because "so vague a term [as maladministration] will be equivalent to a tenure during the pleasure of the Senate." In brief, Madison refused to leave the President at the

\* *Impeachment: The Constitutional Problems* (Harvard University Press, 1973).

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eracy of the Senate. Thereupon, Ma-  
a suggested "high crimes and mis-  
meanors," which was adopted  
thout objection.  
Shortly before, the Convention had  
ected "high misdemeanors" in an-  
er context because it "had a tech-  
al meaning too limited," so that  
option of "high crimes and misde-  
anors" exhibits an intent to em-  
ice the "limited," "technical mean-  
" of the words for purposes of  
peachment. If "high crimes and  
demeanors" had an ascertainable  
intent at the time the Constitution  
s adopted, that content marks the  
indaries of the power. It is no  
re open to Congress to ignore  
se boundaries than it is to include  
bbery" under the "bribery" of-  
se, for "robbery" had a quite dif-  
ent common-law connotation.

ECENT EVENTS are of surpassing  
interest, and it behooves us to  
gh them in traditional common-  
terms. It will be recalled that the  
t and foremost impeachable of-  
se was subversion of the Constitu-  
t, of the fundamental law. Had  
Nixon persisted in his position  
he could not be compelled by  
courts to furnish the tapes of  
conversations, that would have  
n a subversion of the Constitu-  
t. That issue may not yet be dead.  
he wake of Mr. Nixon's dismissal  
pecial Prosecutor Archibald Cox,  
the resignations of Attorney Gen-  
Elliot Richardson and Deputy  
orney General William Ruckel-  
s, the "fire storm," as a White  
use aide called it, that blew up  
ss the country impelled Presi-  
Nixon, by White House coun-  
to advise Judge John Sirica,  
is President does not defy the  
... he will comply in full with  
orders of the court." Let the so-  
appraisal by *The Wall Street*  
al sum up the inferences we  
draw from this event:

a obeying the appeals court or-  
er requiring that the tapes be  
submitted to Judge Sirica, the  
resident has indeed ceded, with-  
at a final Supreme Court test,  
me of the privilege to withhold  
formation that he previously  
aimed for the Chief Executive.  
precedent is being established  
hereby judges can demand  
White House evidence ... The  
resident tried to protect a presi-



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*dential claim and lost. The claim may not have been entirely valid, but the loss is for real.*

Nevertheless, during his press conference on the evening of October 26, 1973, Mr. Nixon stated, "We will not provide Presidential documents to a special prosecutor . . . if it is a document involving a conversation with the President. I would have to stand on the principle of confidentiality." Thus he renews the claim, lost before the Court of Appeals, to which he apparently yielded when he advised Judge Sirica that he would comply with the court's order. "Confidentiality," in short, still remains at issue. Were an independent prosecutor set up by Congressional enactment, and were he to insist on production of White House tapes and documents, a confrontation between the President and the courts would be replayed.

If Mr. Nixon were again to refuse to comply with a court order to produce tapes or documents, that would constitute subversion of the Constitution. Ours is a government of enumerated and limited powers, designed, in the words of the Founders, to "fence" the Congress and the executive about. To police these limits the courts were given the power of judicial review. On more than one occasion they have declared Acts of Congress, though signed by the President, unconstitutional. Although the House of Representatives was made the sole judge of the qualifications of its members, the Supreme Court held that in excluding Adam Clayton Powell for misappropriation of government funds, the House had exceeded its power, the sole qualifications for membership being age, residence, and citizenship. In short, it is the function of the courts finally to interpret the Constitution and to determine the scope of the powers conferred on either President or Congress. By what reasoning the President claims to be exempted from this judicial authority passes my comprehension. In disobeying a court order, the President would undermine a central pillar of the Constitution, and take a long step toward assertion of dictatorial power. Benign or otherwise, dictatorial power is utterly incompatible with our democratic system. Disobedience of a court order, I submit, would be subversion of the Constitution, the cardinal impeachable offense.

A SECOND ARTICLE of impeachment based on subversion of the Constitution could rest on the President's impoundment of appropriated funds. The Constitution gives Congress the sole power to provide for the general welfare; in so doing, it is entitled to select priorities. Nowhere in the Constitution is power given to the President to substitute his own priorities. Some twenty courts have held his impoundments to be unconstitutional, that is, in excess of his powers and an encroachment on the prerogatives of Congress.

The secret bombing of Cambodia in 1969-70 may also be viewed as a subversion of the Constitution. It is widely agreed among eminent historians that so far as the "original intention" of the Founders is concerned, the power to make war was exclusively vested by the Constitution in Congress. They intended, in the words of James Wilson, second only to Madison as an architect of the Constitution, to put it beyond the power of a "single man" to "hurry" us into war. The argument for a President powerful enough single-handedly to embroil the nation in war rests on comparatively recent Presidential assertions of power.

No President, or succession of Presidents, can by their own unilateral fiat rewrite the Constitution and reallocate to themselves powers purposely withheld from them and conferred on the Congress alone. On this reasoning, the Cambodian bombing, being a usurpation of Congressional power, constitutes a subversion of the Constitution, and is a clearly impeachable offense.

Although some twenty courts have gone against the President on the issue of impoundment, the Supreme Court has yet to speak. So too, although Presidential usurpation in the secret Cambodian bombing seems quite clear to me, the President has yet to have his day in court. Little as I attach to Presidential assertions of power plainly withheld from him by the Constitution, I am reluctant to have the Senate decide an issue of constitutional law, disputed by the President, in its own favor. That issue, the trial of Andrew Johnson teaches, is better left to the courts, removed from any suspicion of partisan bias, unclouded by conflict with the tradition that one should not sit in judgment on his own case.

There may well be other grounds

of impeachment which the House Judiciary Committee will in due course consider. For example, thus far the implications of the Watergate cover-up have been considered in terms of criminal complicity; but a statement by James Madison in the First Congress indicates that it may be viewed in wider perspective. Recall that Madison was the chief architect of the Constitution, and had a hand in the introduction of "high crimes and misdemeanors" in the impeachment provisions. Who would better know what scope the Founders intended to give those terms? Arguing for an exclusive Presidential power to remove his subordinates, Madison stated that this "will make him in a peculiar manner responsible for their conduct and subject him to impeachment himself, if he . . . neglects to superintend their conduct, so as to check their excesses."

On March 22, 1973, Mr. Nixon stated, "It is clear that unethical as well as illegal activities took place in the course of [the reelection] campaign . . . to the extent that I failed to prevent them, I should have been more vigilant." This is little short of a confession of neglect; and that neglect is no less clear with respect to the ensuing cover-up launched by his subordinates, an obstruction of justice. Mr. Nixon stated, "I must and do assume responsibility for such [reelection] actions." Responsibility carries with it accountability, not, as is true, criminal responsibility, for no principal is responsible for the crimes of his agent. But he is civilly responsible for the wrongs he enabled them to commit; and impeachment, you will recall, is prophylactic not criminal. President Nixon can be impeached, in Madison's words, for "neglect to superintend [his subordinates'] conduct, so as to check their excesses."

The Founders feared an excess of power in executive hands; they had just thrown off the shackles of one tyrant, George III, and were not minded to submit to another. Hence they provided impeachment as an essential restraint against arbitrary one-man rule. The wisdom of the Founders has been abundantly confirmed by recent events. The time has come to regard impeachment, not as a clumsy, outworn apparatus, but rather as an instrument of regeneration for protection of our liberties and our constitutional system. [



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# A CLUE TO THE PRIMORDIAL CLOUD

Comet Kohoutek may provide a new theory of the origin of the solar system

**E**ARTHLY FOSSILS, remnants of other ages adamantly preserved, have taught us a great deal of our planet's history.

By the same token, after the sky-dazzle orbits away, Comet Kohoutek will have its true importance to the race of men as an astronomical fossil. Kohoutek is a remnant, quite possibly unchanged, of the primordial stuff, the "original cloud of crud," as one astronomer inelegantly describes it, that some 4.5 to 5 billion years ago coalesced into our corner of the universe.

The rest of the solar system that is available to our eyes and instruments has had the primordial quality beaten out of it. The sun itself is an immense roiling furnace, its atoms constantly torn apart and regrouped; the planets have been knocking about near that furnace for eons and are also wracked by their own internal stresses, including vulcanism.

Early in the Apollo program, there was hope that the moon, although bombarded by solar radiation over the ages, lacked enough size to build up the inward heat necessary to destroy its fossil evidence. Unhappily, the oldest moon rocks found proved to be only 3.5 to 4 billion years old, and had obviously been melted and thus irrevocably changed.

The quest for the source had to turn elsewhere—and there was no known elsewhere to turn.

Then, last March, Lubos Kohoutek, a Czechoslovak astronomer working at the Hamburg Observatory in West Germany, was the happy victim



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of a double irony. Two years earlier, Kohoutek had been photographing a section of the sky in search of whatever might be left of Comet Biela. He had not found it, but he had discovered a covey of asteroids, tiny planetesimals that orbit the sun, chiefly between Mars and Jupiter. Now he was looking for his asteroids again—and photographed a comet.

To understand the importance of

this piece of good fortune, one has to realize the usual course of comet discovery. For one thing, it is almost entirely the province of amateur astronomers. The comet-seeker does not need massive government grants, only interminable patience as he scans the sky night after night. His small scope covers a relatively wide swath, but does not reveal distant objects far away.

Lubos Kohoutek, however, was photographing with a thirty-two-inch Schmidt telescope, an instrument sufficiently powerful to pick up Comet Kohoutek (as it is now logged) ninety-and-a-half months away from the sun. This lead time, unprecedented for a great comet that would become a sun-grazer, allowed astronomers to prepare as never before. Even better, the visitor came at a time when the planet's inquiry squad was at peak readiness.

Two mechanical astronomers, Orbiting Astronomical Observatory III and Orbiting Solar Observatory VII—were on station outside the atmosphere, which has always frustrated observers. More important, a manned workshop, Skylab, was available, with the finest battery of cameras, spectrographs, coronagraphs, and the like ever put together outside the atmosphere, and with the capacity for quick revision of programs. NASA, in addition, had airborne techniques, perfected during eclipse studies, for longer-term observations from jet-plane platforms that can stay above 85 percent of the atmosphere—and 99 percent of the

*Frank Sartwell, a free-lance writer, is a former managing editor of Science News magazine; Ann Ewing was for many years astronomy editor of Science News.*



clouding water vapor—for hours at a time. Balloon-borne telescopes and sounding rockets had also been proven effective. Traditional methods of astronomy had also been improved. Observatories had been increasing in number and in the quality of their telescopes for decades, particularly those in the southern hemisphere.

## COMET-WATCHING

To see Comet Kohoutek during late December, you must arise before the sun, just as the comet does.

On December 18, Kohoutek rose in the east-southeast an hour and a half before the sun. It was "upside down": the diaphanous tail rose before the solid head.

The interval between comet-rise and sunrise will decrease each day until December 28, when Kohoutek is closest to the sun and they will appear simultaneously. Between December 28 and January 1, Kohoutek may be visible close to the sun in daylight.

Kohoutek will be an evening display in January. As Dr. Stephen Maran, head of NASA's Operation Kohoutek, puts it: "If you see the comet on the way to a New Year's party, that's fine. But if you see it on the way home, have someone else drive."

In January, December's scenario will be reversed. Kohoutek will be visible in the evening in the west-southwest, setting an hour and fifteen minutes after sunset on January 2.

This interval will increase each night until the end of the month, when Kohoutek will be visible for five hours after the sun sets.

For amateur photographers, the period between January 10 and 20 is expected to be most productive, because the comet will be high above the horizon and the competing moon will be waning. Use fast black-and-white or daylight-type color film, focus on infinity with a tripod-mounted camera, and experiment with exposure times from a few seconds to a minute.

So the astronomers were ready in layers: in orbit, in the air, on the mountain peaks, and on the desert rocket and balloon launch pads. The stage was well set: the leading player made its entrance.

**P**RESUMABLY AS OLD AS the solar system itself, Kohoutek, unlike many comets, is a virginal visitor to the sunlit center of things. The hopes for its untouched quality rest on the theory that while almost everything else available to science had been flirting with the hot sun and melting and remelting from the heat of interior fires, Kohoutek had been safely far off. According to the most widely accepted theory, Kohoutek has been resting since creation in a vast and distant cloud of similar objects somewhere in the dark and frozen reaches that stretch beyond Pluto toward the stars.

This expanse is known as Oort's Cloud, and it may well extend halfway to Proxima Centauri, which, at 25.8 million million miles distant, is the nearest star. Most of the bits that make up the cloud, however, are concentrated in a shell about 4.6 mil-

lion million miles from the sun. This distance is so enormous that in its neonatal period Kohoutek was circling the sun at a speed of only two miles an hour. (The earth orbits at 66,700 miles an hour.)

Some time ago—perhaps 10,000 years—Kohoutek got a tiny nudge, on the order of a one-tenth-of-a-mile decrease in its orbital velocity. The push may have come from the gravitational tug of a passing combination of stars, or perhaps the transit of a larger fragment of Oort's Cloud. Had the shove instead increased Kohoutek's speed, it would have broken gravity's tenuous hold and spun away from the solar system and out of our ken forever. But Kohoutek came toward us. Its speed, constantly accelerating, will reach 250 million miles an hour at perihelion, its closest approach to the sun, on December 28. Then it will arc away, its speed constantly decelerating, and go into an orbit that may require 75,000 years to bring it sunward again. (Other famous comets have much shorter periods; Halley's Comet, for example, returns every seventy-six years.)

The wanderer Kohoutek is at once one of the smallest and one of the

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largest heavenly bodies. Its nucleus is only twelve to nineteen miles across, a "dirty snowball" made up of the ices of water, methane, and ammonia and flecked through with dust and perhaps a trace of gravel. As it approaches the sun, it is under double assault. Sunlight heats the ices, causing them to sublime into gases. These spread away from the nucleus to form a ball-shaped coma, which we see as the comet's head.

Meanwhile, the solar wind—an outpouring of broken atoms steaming from the solar fusion furnace at speeds up to 500 miles per second—pushes back the outer edges of the coma to form the tail. Kohoutek's tail is expected to grow to a length of from 50 to 100 million miles, and cover a sixth of the entire sky on the evening of January 2.

Actually, Kohoutek displays two tails—a bluish stream of broken molecules, and a yellowish stream of dust particles liberated from the interstices of the snowball. These tails, although the most spectacular part of the comet, are so thin as to be next to nonexistent. If some space probe could bring us back a jarful of their material, it would be less dense than the finest man-made vacuum.

**K**OHOUTEK'S CLAIM to prodigious size rests on an even more tenuous envelope of hydrogen. This atmosphere was first discovered around Comet Bennett in 1970 by an earlier Orbiting Geophysical Observatory. Scanning Bennett in the ultraviolet end of the spectrum (a wavelength blocked by the earth's own atmosphere), OGO found Bennett's diameter to be fifteen times the diameter of the sun. A specially designed ultraviolet camera was built to be carried up to Skylab by its third crew of astronauts to photograph Kohoutek's hydrogen cloud.

If the basic structure of the comet—nucleus, coma, tails, and envelope—seems well understood, there are still many puzzles in the details, which, by another stroke of luck, Kohoutek may clarify.

All previous comets have been examined, essentially, in two dimensions. Kohoutek will be studied in stereo. The Mariner Venus-Mercury space probe, planned years ago, should be on its way to examine the two inner planets. It will be able to photograph Kohoutek, if all goes

well, in mid-January. The "base line" of the resulting stereo pairs, instead of being the distance between the pupils of a pair of human eyes, will be 64 million miles long—the distance of the probe from earth.

Mariner V-M can make another important contribution. From the earth, or in orbit around the earth, the comet will appear to rise and set, as the sun does, and will spend some hours each day hidden by the solar glare. From Mariner, however, it should be possible to make a series of photographs during, say, an eight-hour period. Like the familiar time-lapse movies of an unfolding flower, these could show details of changes in the tails—knots of gases are known to form and move away from the head—or in the nucleus itself. Some comets have revealed the effects of rapid jets of matter that spurted out while they were unobservable; one, Comet Biela, broke in two.

Chemically, Comet Kohoutek is a great oddity. To study its chemical makeup, scientists will use instruments covering the radiation spectrum from ultraviolet through visible light and out into the infrared. (Radio waves will be used as well; at least one group of scientists will try to bounce radar pulses off Kohoutek to learn more about the nucleus.) Many scientists hope to determine Kohoutek's chemical components, the molecules and broken molecules called radicals, their relative abundances, and any changes as the comet approaches and departs the sun's vicinity. Such radicals as CH, NH and OH, called daughter particles, have been detected in previous comets, but not the parent molecules from which they presumably are formed: CH<sub>4</sub> (methane), NH<sub>3</sub> (ammonia), and H<sub>2</sub>O (water).

If water molecules are present (as almost everyone believes), they are breaking up under the sun's assault in something like a thousandth of a second. However, water molecules, as we know them, should hold together 100 times that long. A team at Kitt Peak National Observatory is trying to crack this riddle.

There is a school of thought that holds that all earthly life, which is organized around the element carbon, might be a legacy of swarms of carbon-bearing comets bombarding the planet in its youth. This idea gained added currency from the finding on Comet Ikeya in 1964 that

the ratio of two different forms of carbon—C<sub>13</sub> and C<sub>12</sub>—was about one atom of C<sub>13</sub> to 90 of C<sub>12</sub>. That is the same ratio as in earth—and in me. Other recent comets, notably Bennett and Ikeya-Seki, have shown the presence of such elements as sodium, potassium, copper, and iron.

The great triumph in this chemical dissection of an object that will never be less than 75 million miles from its observers would be the discovery of the "noble" gases, such as neon and argon, and helium or helium plus. Second prize would be proof that they are not present. The reason that these are crucial questions is that the extremes of temperature and pressure needed to condense the solar system—sun, planets, Kohoutek, and all—out of the presumed primordial cloud should have driven off those gases. If they are found on a presumably virgin comet, the basic concept of the cloud may have been uprooted from a million textbooks and the minds of thousands of scientists. Either that, or the fossil theory now dominates the morning sky must be assigned a new home in history.

Whatever the answers finally are, they will not be final. If the primordial cloud must be abandoned, at least two new theories or variations will form in its place. And the members of the inquiry squad will tell them, with whatever tools they have upon whatever subjects serendipity may orbit their way.

#### FURTHER SOURCES

The best popular source on Comet Kohoutek is a 40-page illustrated booklet of the same name, written by Robert D. Chapman of NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center. Briefly out of print, it has been returned to press at Harper's request and is available without charge from NASA Publications Distribution, NASA Headquarters, Code FAD, Washington, D.C. 20546. Other books you may like to look up are:

Abell, George O. *Exploration of the Universe*, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1969.

Bergamini, David. *The Universe*, Time-Life Books, 1972.

Brandt, John C. and Maran, Stephen P. *New Horizons in Astronomy*, W. H. Freeman & Co., 1972.

Olivier, Charles P. *Comets*, Williams and Wilkins, 1930.

Richardson, Robert S. *Getting Acquainted With Comets*, McGraw-Hill, 1967.



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## PRUFROCK WITH A BAEDEKER

A melancholy love song for the city of St. Louis



THE CLICHES ADD LITTLE to an understanding of the city—the breweries do not offer a definition; St. Louis is no longer first in shoes and the Browns, alas, play now on greener grass, in Baltimore, where they place more often first than last.

Hollywood images are of no help. On Christmas 1943, aglow with World's Fair nostalgia after seeing *Meet Me in St. Louis*, I walked the four blocks from our house to 5135 Kensington Avenue, expecting to find Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien filling the street with song. Nostalgia died quickly: Sally Benson's old neighborhood had deteriorated by then, and things have since gotten worse—it is now a street of fried-chicken emporiums, junked cars rusting hub-down in the weeds, tire husks, and broken wine bottles. 5135 Kensington Avenue is a rooming house today; the boy next door is on welfare: the lights are shining elsewhere. The trolley doesn't run here anymore.

Trolleys don't run anywhere anymore, and the St. Louis plant that sent streetcars around the world closed down recently, joining other local enterprises that have faltered over the years. French fur traders founded the city in 1764 on the first high ground south of the confluence of the rivers—the Missouri, which led to the furs of the Northwest, and the Mississippi, which carried the hides to New Orleans and the markets of Europe. But the trade in beaver pelts has since, to put it mildly, slackened. The position near the confluence of the great rivers was

strategic during the development of the West—in 1890 St. Louis was the fourth largest city in the country (really third, by today's way of reckoning, with Brooklyn as part of New York City, but in those days the ranking was New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, then St. Louis). During the nineteenth century, St. Louis was the great city of the continent's interior, the jumping-off point for the exploration, development, and settlement of the western half of the United States. For a while the city continued to grow, although at a slower rate than the newer cities to the west. In recent years, however, the decline has not been merely comparative. When the 1950 population reached 856,796, city fathers thought the million population mark was at hand. It never came. The 1960 census revealed instead a decline to 750,026. A monumental error, derangement of the census, was suspected. St. Louis officials discussed a recount; they should have sought permanent freeze at existing levels. In 1970, the last census figures showed further decline, a drop of 127,790 in population, off 17 percent from 1960, the greatest percentage decrease in population of any American city during that period.

These figures are for the city itself, not the metropolitan area. Cities, of course, are no longer their traditional, storied old selves. They have overflowed the old limits, so that it is

practical to include Winnetka when discussing Chicago, and it is even more sensible to include suburb when considering St. Louis. In 1871 the corporate limits of the city were set close in, so close in that the first scattered showers of population washed waves of migration over the corporate banks, and ninety-six municipalities, principalities, and baronies proliferated in the surrounding countryside, leaving St. Louis today a virtually all-inner-city city.

But even counting the entire metropolitan area as St. Louis, the growth is at a slower rate than other metropolitan areas'. Population, demographers say, is moving southward and westward, mountainward, lakeward, and seaward, across the globe. The population center of the United States (near Mascoutah, Illinois, in 1970) will slip through St. Louis any night now, headed west for softer climes.

IN ITS ATTITUDE to lost prestige, St. Louis is like a shabbily genteel family, Sartoris-scornful of Snopes hustle, with the Snopeses in this case Chicago, a prairie by the lake where St. Louis was the Athens, or at any rate, the Brasilia, of the West. And there is a story (shabby gentility always has stories, of Coca-Cola stock declined, Rockefellers snubbed, Fords ignored) that after the Civil War, when St. Louis was still far larger than Chicago, a railroad bridge across the Mississippi was proposed. Cautious voices were raised, rail traffic bypassed St. Louis

*Stephen Darst is a former reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and is presently on the staff of the St. Louis Review, the newspaper of the St. Louis Archdiocese.*



icago prospered at our expense. "That's a typical myth," says mpster Holland, a St. Louis University urbanologist. "The idea is t if St. Louis had built that bridge would have been the rail center the country instead of Chicago— oring the fact that Chicago grew ause of the lake and the ore, ong other things. A railroad dge over the Mississippi wasn't ng to bring ore three hundred es out of the way for processing, that is the local myth. There is the feeling that if you repaved shington Avenue, for example, merce would detour four hundred es to the repaved street."

Forces of history count for nothing in myth. There are only wrongs, temporary setbacks due to bad generalship, to be recouped by good generalship. In the early 1950s, even before the census reports began to come in, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, alarmed at signs of decay, began pushing for revitalization. It found, in general, an urban Rommel, in Raymond R. Tucker, a Washington University professor of engineering with a well-deserved reputation for intelligence, integrity, and political savvy. For a while, with the construction of the new downtown stadium and the Saarinen Gateway Arch, things did seem to be coming up. The dispatches out of the city were of a "New Spirit of St. Louis." A run-down section of antique shops became nationally renowned as "Gaslight Square," a lively, imaginative entertainment area. Pruitt-Igoe Housing Development, according to *Architectural Forum*, was to lead the way in solving public housing problems across the country. Indeed, St. Louis's success in handling urban problems seemed to attract national observers to offer a blueprint for others. A 1964 *Harper's* article gave the general tone of the era: "St. Louis Takes the Cure—A Case History for Ailing Cities." Urbanologists came to listen, nod, and take note.

In 1968, when *Fortune* carried an article about the "St. Louis Economic Blues," the tone had obviously changed. "Gaslight Square," the slum that had the comeback as a nightlife center, suffered a relapse attributed to night and crime, and sank back into rubble. O'Connell's Pub held an all-night wake last summer and moved on, the last establishment to de-

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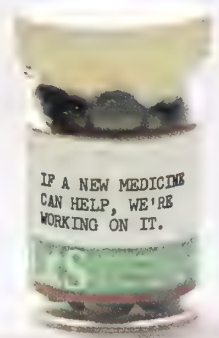
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part. Pruitt-Igoe, which was to serve as the national model for public housing, became instead nationally notorious as the definitive disaster in the history of public housing, a crime-ridden, urine-soaked outrage. The picture-book general, Tucker, was replaced in 1965 by Alfonso Juan Cervantes, a late-blooming hurrah who charged out of the wards with promises to restore lost population, lost confidence, lost initiative.

The decline continues. Prestige stores are moving to the country; St. Louis has declined from second to ninth place as a trucking center within a year. From 1969 to 1972, while jobs rose 5.1 percent nationally, they declined 6.6 percent in the St. Louis metropolitan area. Memphis is challenging St. Louis's once unrivaled position as the leading handler of river cargo. The white population of the city has entered a stage which demographers (the true poets of municipal decadence?) call "biological dissolution"—more are dying than are being born.

THERE ARE PLUSES—the Saarinen Arch, the new downtown stadium, the plans for a new convention center and other downtown construction, but the general outlook is what it was in 1951 when Edwin Clark arrived to take over as head of Southwestern Bell Telephone and announced, "This is a decadent city."

Decay may not be good for business, but it often makes for land-office literature, and during the time St. Louis was slipping in so many other ways, its literary production flourished, in a neurasthenic sort of way. The Mississippi River at St. Louis is indeed the strong brown god of T. S. Eliot's "Dry Salvages," present in the nursery bedroom when the poet lived at 2635 Locust Street. The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window panes in "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" is our very own pollution, and there are literary exegetes in St. Louis who can lead you to the precise dooryard, the exact sprinkled street, the very chimney pot. The Prufrock Furniture Company at 1104 Olive Street served literature better than the trade, gave its name to perhaps the most famous poem in English in the twentieth century, and vanished, as did the Eliot residence on Locust Street, but the house at 4445 Westminster Place

where the poet later came for visits with his parents still stands (as does the Hydraulic Press Brick Company, the firm Eliot's father headed, now half-submerged beneath the King's-highway viaduct, among the all-night saunas, among the weeds, the rusting railroad tracks, looking for all the world like the original dead land). Also on Westminster, a half-block from the Eliots' former house, is the Wednesday Club, where Mrs. Eliot read her verse. And in the same part of town, a block west on Westminster, is the apartment building where Tennessee Williams grew up, the setting for *The Glass Menagerie*.

Other stops, most of them in the same Central West End, include the house where Sara Teasdale lived and houses (or vacant lots—historical tours of St. Louis include a great deal of pausing silently before vacant lots, venerating rubble) that marked some segment in the lives of Ulysses S. Grant, Mark Twain, Thomas Wolfe, William Marion Reedy, Marianne Moore, Zoë Akins, Sally Benson, Fannie Hurst, and Eugene Field. The house where William Burroughs grew up is in the same quarter, but it is not on the tours, nor is the clinic, several blocks away, where Masters and Johnson filmed those Technicolor orgasms that became data for *Human Sexual Response*. (St. Louis may be the only city in the world that could have tolerated the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation while banning a production of *Hair*.)

You can tell something about a city by what it commemorates—there is a Eugene Field School and a Eugene Field House, with mementos of the versifier's life, but since Eliot Seminary changed its name to Washington University, nothing commemorates the Nobel Prize-winning poet or his family. Joyce left Dublin at about the age Eliot left St. Louis, but Joyce gave his hometown a thriving tourist industry—postcards, picture books, tours of the Martello Tower, the door from 7 Eccles Street displayed in a pub. Eliot, being Eliot, left no aging madams with fond recollections of the night young T. S. busted up the stews, and it would be futile to try to hawk tea and cakes and ices in these increasingly deserted streets.

But at least Eliot never knocked the old wasteland. When I was growing up in St. Louis I was appalled

by the sheer weight of derogatory comment about my hometown, much of it from famous writers. It started early in our history, with British visitors in particular. British lecturers weren't going to miss those Western vulgarians and their fur dollars, and they knew we would make good material for their memoirs. There is a certain masochistic pleasure to be had from reading the rotten things the great men said about us.

Off the steamboat gangplank... "An honor, Mr. Arnold... truly a pleasure, Mr. Dickens... source of great civic satisfaction, Mr. Wilde..." Over to the Planters Hotel... "Yes, hot, yes, we do have these muggy days, air seems to get stuck in the river valley for weeks, years, centuries even, never gets out really. Too bad you can't stay more than a night, but of course you have to get back to the East, back to London, to your study—you should have some great yarns to spin. Wild West! Buffalo herds! Indians! Should make some corking reading, your visit here—you won't be too hard on us?"

And, of course, they were lousy. Dickens, in his *American Notes*:

*No man ever admits the unhealthiness of the place he dwells in (unless he is going away from it) and I shall, therefore, I have no doubt, be at issue with the inhabitants of St. Louis in questioning the perfect salubrity of its climate, and in hinting that I think it must rather dispose to fever in the summer and autumnal seasons. Just adding that it is very hot, lies among great rivers and has vast tracts of undrained swampy land around it, I leave the reader to form his own opinion.*

But the British insult everyone. I wasn't just the British. In *Papa Hemingway*, A.E. Hotchner recalls breaking the news to the great author that he, Hotchner, had grown up there.

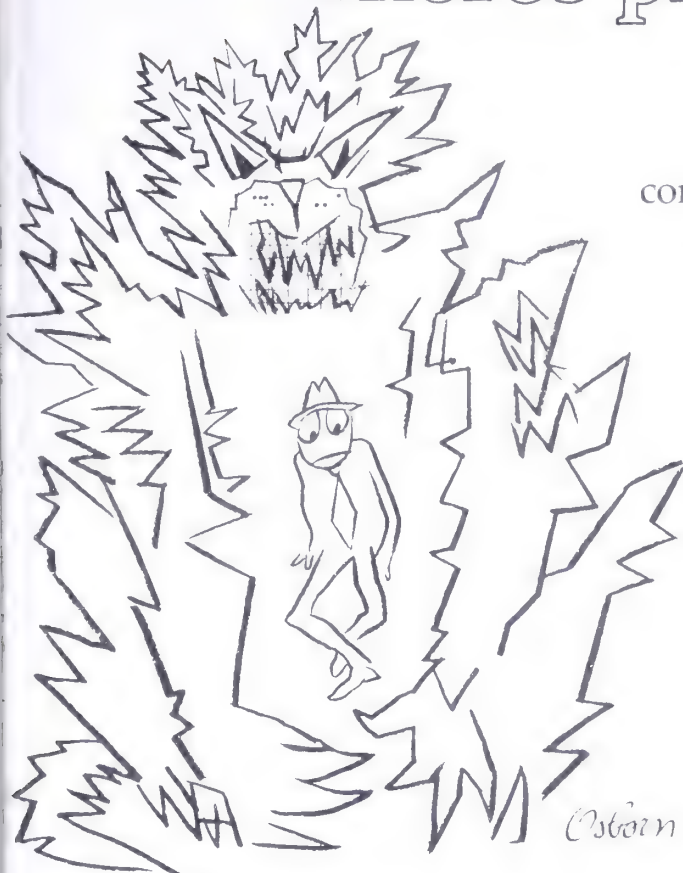
"Do you know St. Louis?" Hotchner asked Hemingway.

"First three wives from St. Louis," Hemingway said. He shook his head sadly. "I know St. Louis. Only good person I know who didn't leave there was Martha Gellhorn's ma."

Lincoln Steffens, according to Alfred Kazin in *On Native Grounds* discovered in St. Louis "the story of the decade, the corruption of big cities, and 'Tweed Days in St. Louis' kicked off not only *The Shame of the Cities* but the entire muckraking



# There's plenty of static...



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☐ Bill me

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H-1/4

tradition." Steffens called St. Louis "one of the most corrupt cities in the country."

And it wasn't just the outsiders. Tennessee Williams found St. Louis sordid, commercial, and cruel after an early boyhood in Mississippi. It is a town that David Merrick, who refuses even to fly over, much less revisit, would close out of town.

**F**ALLEN-AWAY ST. LOUISANS, like lapsed Catholics, tend to center their apostasy on what they see as smothering, stultifying stagnation, arbitrary icebound conventions, retreat into the past. Recollection tends to return to the same tales, endlessly retold, the debut ball with gondolas shipped from Venice, mansions on private streets that look like leftovers from the Metro back lot, fabulous art collections, royal land grants sold off parcel by parcel, maintaining old French families for centuries.

Decadence looked at in the best light can be thought of as civilized restraint, and St. Louis takes some satisfaction in not being Kansas City, in not fostering vulgar boosterism. But with time this pose can congeal into something like reverse boosterism, a general attitude that even when things seem to be going right, they will be set on a properly disastrous course soon enough. St. Louisans see Pruitt-Igoe becoming nationally notorious on the Cronkite news, and they nod cynically—HUD might, they believe, with brighter expectations fund the Babylon Land Clearance for Redevelopment Authority.

St. Louisans were not surprised when Mayor Cervantes' brainchild, the Spanish Pavilion, trucked stone by stone from the New York World's Fair grounds, was quickly padlocked for lack of patronage. Nor were they amazed when the replica of the Santa Maria, barged in by the mayor as a tourist attraction for the riverfront, sank in the Mississippi the first stormy night. When *Life* printed a cover-story exposé, "The Mayor, the Mob and the Lawyer," attempting to link Cervantes with the Mafia, though, even citizens who didn't like Cervantes thought this was going too far—but for peculiarly local reasons: the discussion did not center so much on whether the mayor had too much integrity to mix with the Mafia as it did on disbelief that a forward-looking, can-do outfit like the Mafia

would have anything to do with St. Louis. Kansas City, yes—no doubt. High capos, growth potential in a diversified underworld portfolio, dope, women, gambling. But St. Louis? If anything, perhaps a few exquisitely mannered gentlemen, sawed-off Purdeys discreetly hidden from view, advancing their ineluctable propositions in cadenced Tuscan.

When even your vicious impulses become thinned, anemic, it is time to seek help and word came recently that some aid, at least some advice, was on the way. The National Science Foundation granted \$1 million to the RAND Corporation, coroner at the Vietnam inquest, to perform a similar autopsy on St. Louis—specifically to try to find out why the city is decaying at such a pell-mell rate. The RAND report was released several months ago, and its prediction for the future of the city was bleak. At best, St. Louis would find itself a sort of sick suburb in the metropolitan body. The city fathers were outraged, claiming that RAND's researchers conferred only with starry-eyed university professors, that RAND failed to question many civic leaders, and that the report is superficial overall. They may have a point. For a conscientious portrait of the city you need everything—old World's Fair programs, yellowed quitclaim deeds, dog-eared Social Registers; it all has to go into the think tank, everything goes in—mildewed Veiled Prophet souvenirs, royal land grants, snatches of song ("You've Come a Long Way from . . ." "Meet Me in . . ." "All Aboard for . . ."), bits of poems, French recipes, principal products, mementos of famous citizens, significant anecdotes, important dates in municipal history, street guides, letters flown by Charles Lindbergh, old Cardinal box scores, the junk of two centuries from the civic attic, to be pored over by RAND economists, sociologists, urbanologists, and demographers, but for now just throw it all in, Kate Chopin novels, old beaver pelts, copies of *Reedy's Mirror*, tattered steamboat timetables . . .

**I**T IS DIFFICULT ENOUGH to summarize any city, to condense the decades of history and the thousands of residents into a report, forcing to the foreground what is properly background, making of scenery both char-

acter and plot, the effective cause of action like Zola mines and Dreiser slums. And it is too easy to fall into the sappiest generalities, lyrics, not words, and the most obvious "city 'cross the bay," "My Kind of Town" lyrics at that.

To go beneath the surface, though, to lay bare the social watchworks (every Springfield a world of allegedly Proustian complexity, nuance, and shading) is of little interest to the outsider—where it is not numbingly familiar: Mr. Big Banker, Mayor Get-Out-the-Vote, Brother Man-the-Machines, and Publisher Print-the-Facts, arm-in-arm against the sunset, progress their only concern.

And it is even more difficult to reduce an older city to the pages of a report. St. Louis was never what it thinks it was; things now are probably not as bad as they appear. But old cities, like old families, obviously shabby, presumptively genteel, sustain themselves on dreams of vanished grandeur, and it may be better to leave such dreams intact. In a landscape paved with franchised hamburger joints, pizza huts, processed fried-chicken emporiums, formula barbecue, coast-to-coast hot dog and root beer and chili-mac cartels, network programming, all-points fugitives, pasteurized moonshine, nationally shared goals and concerns, it becomes increasingly difficult to find qualities that distinguish, one from another, the theoretically individual cities, which are becoming, like the interstate highway dollars that link them, 90 percent federal, 10 percent local, in everything except their highly individual fantasies.

The peculiar local fantasy of St. Louis is that central location is of increasing importance, that rivers are on the way back, and the Middle West is becoming big box office, that our summers grow longer and greener and cooler, and that if we only brew a little faster, stretch out our city limits a little farther we will wake again to the summer of 1904, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the greatest fair ever held, with the world again on our lawns, with paddle-wheelers churning at leveeside, with President Teddy Roosevelt, vest straining with merry girth, weighing down the reviewing stand, and the Sousa band, red and gold on the Forest Park green, will thump and toot anew and lights will shine again as nowhere else but here. □



# THE BOOTLEG BLUES

he rise and fall of Rubber Dubber Records

A LOT OF ODD PEOPLE have passed through my life, but, of all of them, only one managed to get a federal law passed against him. I never considered him much of a threat to this great Republic; he certainly didn't look or act much like a criminal, and he didn't even do anything spectacular. He never murdered anyone or hijacked a plane; he never kidnapped or blackmailed anybody. What he did was start a record label.

BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1970, I was employed by *Rolling Stone* magazine to edit record reviews. *Rolling Stone* was, at the time, one of the very few publications in which rock fans could find clear, knowledgeable, and occasionally well-written opinions on the deluge spewing forth daily from the record industry. I would receive nearly all recordings with the slightest conceivable interest, sort them out, and send some of them to one of our cadre of reviewers. Getting a record reviewed in *Rolling Stone* meant a lot to everybody concerned. The artist knew that the people he was trying to reach read the magazine, the "underground" promotion man for the record company knew that reviews influenced FM airplay and availability in stores, and people on the executive level in the record company scanned the magazine for indications of trends aborning, since, of all the people in the chain, they were the most in the dark about such matters.

Because I was where the buck stopped for a while, if not stopped entirely, I was often the object of attention from all angles. I remember one artist (who is still going and still unsuccessful) throwing a screaming fit in our offices because of an imagined conspiracy against him; I also remember a well-known publicist giving me the privilege of being allowed to "discover" a superstar, a privilege turned down since I felt the artist had everything going for him but talent. The publicist hounded me all

day, telephoning, sending records, and even coming into the office. Stuff like this led me to ask the receptionist to start screening calls. (The performer, incidentally, went on to become a star; I still feel he's a jerk, but at least we share one attitude—after he became famous, he fired the publicist.)

Every day I'd come into the office and go through the day's haul of records. Usually they were from the big companies who had *Rolling Stone* on their promotional mailing list. Occasionally I'd find albums by bands that had put out their records themselves or records from places like Finland. (You haven't *lived* until you've heard Finnish psychedelic music!) One morning I opened a nondescript package that was postmarked from a tiny town in Texas and had no return address. Inside I found a double album in a white cover that had been rubber-stamped JIMI HENDRIX LIVE AT THE LOS ANGELES FORUM, APRIL 25, 1970 in one corner and "Yours Truly, Rubber Dubber" in the other. Rubber Dubber? Ha! These bootleggers were getting out of hand!

BOOTLEG HAVE RECORDS a long and venerable history in the record business. They are, simply, unauthorized records, usually issued without the blessing of the people who own the songs on them. Some-

times the company that made the original recordings is out of business, and the bootlegger doesn't have to worry about being asked to pay up. Opera lovers have long been acquainted with bootlegging. Often, the broadcast of a production with a particularly stellar cast is taped because it is known in advance that these singers will never record the opera commercially. The tape can be pressed onto a record at any number of pressing plants specializing in small orders of the sort that usually come from church choirs or high-school bands.

Bootlegs aren't counterfeits, though. Counterfeits are exact duplicates of commercially issued recordings, including cover art, label, and all. They are totally illegal and always have been, and many record industry people feel that organized crime plays a part in their issuance. Stax Records claims to have lost close to 40 percent of the sales of Isaac Hayes' *Shaft* soundtrack—a smash hit—to counterfeiters operating out of a huge factory in Mississippi. Counterfeit records are clearly a threat to the entire industry.

Not so most bootlegs. Bootlegs first came to rock in 1969, when an enterprising former tape librarian at Columbia Records issued a two-record set of unreleased material by Bob Dylan. Dylan's name did not appear on the plain white cover—only a rubber stamp saying *Great White Wonder*. Columbia, which is Dylan's label and part of CBS, freaked out immediately and sent a platoon of detectives after the guy. An idea had been born, however. Shortly after *Wonder* hit the shops, a recording of a Crosby, Stills, and Nash concert entitled *Wooden Nickel*, with a cover photo, turned up. It sounded as though it had been recorded by a \$20 tape recorder hidden under a pile of coats

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in the back of the concert hall. Once again the law swooped down, but when the case came to court, it was found that the copyright law had no clause under which the bootleggers could be prosecuted, so after a half-hearted charge of counterfeiting, and an injunction to stop pressing *Wooden Nickels*, the culprits were freed. The copyright law had been passed in 1909, before flat phonograph recordings were commercially available, and hadn't been changed since.

THE JIMI HENDRIX RECORD wasn't very good. For one thing, the group's excellent drummer, Mitch Mitchell, was totally inaudible. The sound was okay, and the record seemed to be unusually well-manufactured, but it just wasn't interesting.

The next day, the phone rang. "It's your friend Bud Evans," the receptionist told me.

"I don't have any friend named . . ." but she was off the line. "Hello," said a friendly voice, "this is the Rubber Dubber speaking. How did you like our Jimi Hendrix record?" Jeez, I thought. Just like the record biz. The promo man calls you up the next day to pump a favorable review out of you, or just a good word. "Uh, I couldn't hear Mitch Mitchell," I replied. "Yeah, we had to mix him out in the studio because he was sitting under a big air conditioner, and it was humming." Mix? Studio? They sounded like pros! "We *are* pros," he said, sounding hurt. "Look, why don't you come down here to L.A. and let us show you around the plant? We employ about thirty people who do everything but press the records. We do that on a farm in Oregon." I was intrigued and made a date to meet him in L.A. in two weeks, and he gave me a number where he could be reached.

Meanwhile, odd things started happening. Rubber Dubber released their own Crosby, Stills, and Nash album, and it was a delight—a model of recorded clarity of one of the group's rare "on" nights. Then Atlantic Records, the group's label, found out. Although publicly outraged, Atlantic was considering (off the record, naturally) approaching the Dubber (if they could find him) and offering him a lot of money for his tapes. They'd been trying to get a live album out of the group and had been failing miserably at it.

Then one day Bud went to a friend's woodworking shop, and while he was gone his phone rang. His wife answered, and the voice at the other end asked for Bud. "He's not home right now," said Mrs. Dubber. "That's right," said the caller, "and he's not coming home, either—he's been shot to death." Click. She immediately called the friend's home, but Bud and the friend had gone somewhere else, and there was no answer. Four hours later, when they walked into Bud's living room, she was in quite a state.

The day before I left for Los Angeles, I was told by a reliable source that there was a hefty contract out on Bud's head, so by the time we met, in a restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard, I wasn't in the best of shape myself. Bud seemed relaxed, friendly, and a little bit stoned. He looked about thirty, with longish brown hair and a full beard. Introductions were made, and he got down to business. "Look," he said, "our goal is very simple. We want to put the record companies out of business by simply giving the fans what they want and at the same time not screwing the performer. Look, have you ever heard of ———?" (He named a well-known singer who is still performing.) "When he signed his first contract with ———, they gave him an advance against his royalties, and put them in what's called a 'draw account.' Anytime he wanted something he asked for the money and they took it out of the draw account. Then his record came out, so he went on tour to promote it, got a band together, and all that. When he came back, he found that the company hadn't put aside any money for promotion and publicity, and all the money—for hotel rooms, the band's salary, even for pressing the band uniforms—came out of the draw account, and he was in debt to them for \$3,000. The only thing he could do was to make another record and hit the road again and try and make back that money and some more for himself. At the end of *that* tour, he was still in debt—although he had a hit in the top ten at the time—and he looked about ten years older. He's still doing it." The story rang true. A musician with a taste for cars, flashy clothes, or \$20-a-sniff cocaine often falls for a sharpie's glib line, and more than one of rock's big names has been known to take up

dope-dealing or studio-musician hack work in order to pay the bills on his life-style.

"How do you expect to make money?" I asked Bud.

"We don't," he replied. "We don't need to. Everybody in Rubber Dubber has to work, but nobody has to work all the time, and nobody works at the same job day after day. Each person knows how to do every facet of the operation, so if somebody gets sick or wants to take a vacation, somebody else can take over. We take the income from the records and make sure that everyone on our payroll has his rent, food, wheels, medical and dental insurance, unemployment, Social Security, and all that paid for, and we split up the rest evenly, although it rarely comes to more than twenty bucks a week apiece. See, we don't make too much profit on the records, since we use only the finest materials and only charge six bucks for a two-record set. We sell them to the stores for \$2.75, and out of that has to come the salaries and the overhead.

"Another thing—people accuse us of ripping off the artists we record. That isn't so. We record concerts played into the free air to a paying audience—including us—and for every record we sell, we put 25¢ into an escrow fund payable to the *artist himself*, not to any of the parasites surrounding him. That quarter covers the publisher's fees and the artist's royalties, and any artist can pick up his cash by contacting us through one of our salesmen at any store where Rubber Dubber records are sold. Hell, we don't even cut into the sales of the artist's regular record. The kids who buy ours are fans, who go to the concerts and buy the artist's next record anyway, and since we couldn't hope to sell more than 30,000 units—as many as most record companies give away to the press and radio stations—without a super-efficient distribution system and a huge ad budget, we hardly threaten the record industry. We just want to make 'em straighten up and deal fairly with the artists." He was right about not being a threat. Thirty thousand copies of a given record, assuming they all sold at once, which Bud didn't, might just give the record showing in the lower 180s of *Billboard's* top-LPs chart for one week. Around 450,000 copies have to be sold in order for the artist to get



old record, and extraordinary albums, like Simon and Garfunkel's *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, sell upward of three million units—and keep selling for years.

The Dubber operation turned out to be made up of happy, stoned freaks who seemed to dig their work. This was real alternative capitalism, as opposed to your run-of-the-mill headshop / waterbed / record-store kind (the same old thing with longer hair).

I left Los Angeles wondering whether the Age of Aquarius really was dawning. The whole thing felt too good to last. But in the months that followed, the Rubber Dubber became a household word in the record industry, and bootlegging itself became kind of a status symbol. If you were good enough to get bootlegged, you'd arrived. I even got calls from some record-company people asking me if I could use my nonexistent "influence" with Bud to persuade him to record one flash-in-the-pot or another. And other bootleggers took to bootlegging Rubber Dubber records, but their products were so inferior they couldn't sell them. The Dubber family actually started making good money, and Bud and Jack Apache, his partner and head salesman, started looking into other schemes, like a chain of hippie handicraft stores that would buy franchises at tourist attractions, and a legitimate record label to record talent the way "real" record companies did—except with better contacts. But all they really had time to think about was Rubber Dubber. The first press run of their albums sold out, and the second editions had elaborate covers in color, with liner notes by well-known rock writers (I even wrote some). Record stores began to display the albums prominently.

Meanwhile, the record industry began to panic. After all, if Rubber Dubber is selling 10,000 units by one of your artists, you can see those as 10,000 units you didn't sell. Even if you're moving four million units a year, you *could* be moving four million ten thousand. The companies, in order to show their concern, erected report-style metal detectors at the exits at concerts in the Los Angeles area in hopes they'd erase any tapes made during the performance. But Bud had never been so crude as to take a tape recorder into a concert hall. He smuggled microphones with tiny built-in FM transmitters that

beamed the signal into a truck parked a quarter of a mile away. *Rolling Stone* had heralded the arrival of the *Great White Wonder* with the headline, "BOOTLEGS: ROCK LIBERATION FRONT?" but now it refused a paid ad from Bud. Its senior editor, Ralph J. Gleason, attacked the Rubber Dubber as a "quack Robin Hood" and stated baldly that "the Rubber Dubber steals poetry," adding that "all the bootleggers in print and on record are thieves." When I suggested to Bud that such words might be actionable, he shrugged and said, "They're just sad."

David Crosby (of Crosby, Stills, and Nash) hired a pair of mildly incompetent detectives to tail Bud, and Bud, a veteran of Special Forces training and Vietnam, loved playing with them. Another team of detectives followed a carefully laid trail deep into Texas, where they converged on a building they were sure was the factory that turned out to be a school for deaf and dumb children. Another hot lead sent them to Kansas, where they routed the man they suspected was the Rubber Dubber from bed at 4:00 A.M. After he'd listened to them trying to serve the subpoena

on him, he ripped it into shreds and threw them in jail for disturbing the peace. He was the county sheriff.

Sudden prosperity took its toll on Rubber Dubber. A trusted salesman took off with \$30,000 worth of records, which he sold to buy heroin. A fire seriously damaged the Oregon pressing plant, and the machinery that was saved was moved to Los Angeles. A rubber swim fin press was converted into a record press, but none of the machines was in particularly good shape, and in order to keep up with the demand, some orders were farmed out to commercial pressing plants. And in Washington, D.C., the record industry was working overtime lobbying for new restrictive legislation that would remove the bootlegging "threat" for good.

ONE YEAR AFTER that first album had crossed my desk, I was back in Los Angeles. I had left *Rolling Stone* and was running around with a couple of friends trying to start a new magazine. Jack Apache lent us his apartment to use as home base for our money-raising venture, and at breakfast one morning, he picked

## Caroline is starving to death. Slowly.

Yes, and it's happening right here in the U.S.A. Right this minute as you read these words. Who's Caroline? One of thousands of hungry children throughout the rural South suffering from a lack of nourishment so severe it affects her present health and the development of her mind and body.

In the words of a white Southern doctor to a Senate committee: "Malnutrition is not quite what we found; the boys and girls were hungry, weak, in pain, sick . . . suffering from hunger and disease and, directly or indirectly, they are dying from them—which is exactly what *starvation* means."

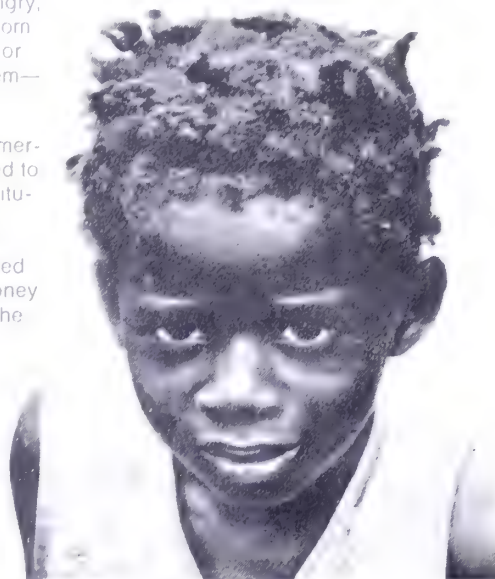
A few years ago, the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund was established to do something about this critical situation. And it's working. In the last three years, alone, 112,988 of the neediest people have been assisted. What's more, by providing the money for buying Federal food stamps, the food purchasing value of this

assistance has multiplied an average of nine-fold!

Thus your tax-deductible \$10 contribution to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund buys about \$90 worth of urgently needed meat, milk and bread. Just \$25 can feed a large family for a month!

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up a copy of *Billboard* and turned to the LP chart. "Do you realize," he said, "that there's not one artist on this whole chart that we haven't already recorded or would want to bother with recording?" I knew how he felt. The ennui that was sweeping the record business (and still is) was one of the major factors leading to my leaving *Rolling Stone*. Bud and Jack were stumped. The financial situation was getting worse, and some employees had been laid off.

But Bud was still an idealist. Through a legitimate record producer, he got hold of a record by an underground newscaster named Scoop Nisker. It had been turned down by every major label, and the ostensible reason was difficulty in getting Peggy Lee to sign a release for a National Guard recruiting spot she had done which Scoop had included in his powerful report on the Kent State shootings. The producer arranged for Bud to "steal" the master tape, the cover art, and all the other necessary items, and in return he was promised 1,000 free copies of the album and an assurance that Scoop would be treated like any other Rubber Dubber artist. The record sold well around San Francisco, where Scoop broadcasted, and the producer became a frequent and vocal defender of Bud and his activities.

But the record companies had turned the heat on. Small record stores that sold bootlegs began to get threats and visits from large men who claimed to represent one label or another. Several of Bud's salesmen were shot at in the streets. Jack Apache was attacked while servicing an account. Some record stores were told that the distributors would stop selling them records if they continued to stock Rubber Dubbers but, since this was clearly illegal, Bud sent out a flyer offering legal assistance to any store able to prove it had been threatened. The threats stopped. On August 15, 1971, the Senate passed an interim copyright law. It gave retailers and wholesalers until February 15, 1972, to get rid of all their bootleg records and tapes. Bud and Jack started living on the phone, trying to sell as much as they could before the deadline.

Then the roof fell in. Somebody had planted an informer in the Dubber family, and they had just about figured out who he was when word came along the grapevine that they

should be expecting a bust at almost any time. On September 9, when they had moved almost everything of value out of the office (three of their twenty-year-old presses were damaged in the rush), the informer showed up, along with some private detectives from the Kinney Corporation (owner of the Warner Brothers and Atlantic labels, both of which had had artists Rubber Dubbed) and a handful of U.S. marshals. The Rubber Dubber lawyer was on hand to remind the employees that the anti-bootleg law didn't go into effect until February, and the police booked seventeen John and Jane Does. A few days later in court, the judge threw out all the charges and demanded that the officers return the boxes and empty album covers they'd confiscated.

But the bust had had an effect. Bud was demoralized. True, O.J., one of the few remaining employees, had gone over to Warner Brothers that next day and stamped the Rubber Dubber trademark all over the freshly painted walls of the executive men's room, but the spirit of the venture was gone. Two weeks later, Bud's wife and one of his friends ran off together. What had started out as fun had grown ugly. And one of Bud's rules was: when it stops being fun, stop doing it.

So he did. By the time they would have been felons, not a trace of Rubber Dubber existed. I called Bud the day the law went into effect to ask him what went wrong. "I think we let the means overshadow the ends, and I don't think that should have happened. Something gets that big, though, and it just gets out of hand. But I don't really believe that we got busted for making records of live concerts of rock-and-roll groups, you know. I don't believe that's what got them so uptight. They were just angry because we found a way to make capitalism do something it wasn't supposed to do. And we had fun doing it. And *that's* what made them mad. Look at the face on your average executive. *He* knows that making money shouldn't be fun, and that's why he can't talk to his kids."

"Do you plan on doing anything like this again?" I asked.

"Sure."

"Any idea what?"

"Not really. I need time to digest all this. But I learned a lot about who is your brother and who isn't and about the limits of greed. One of

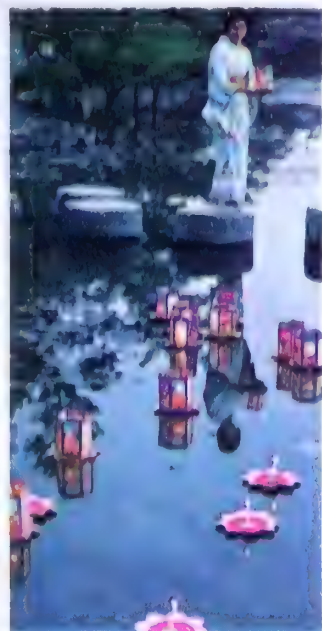
these days, though, you'll hear about something, or see something in a store, or read about something, and you'll think 'Jeez, I wonder . . .' No. I ain't givin' up yet."

OVER A YEAR PASSED. I began to notice that more and more non-commercial record labels were springing up. The Rounder Records Collective, located at 65 Park Street, Somerville, Mass. 02143, specializes in folk music. The People's Music Works started in very much the same spirit as Rubber Dubber, but these enterprising folks—about 150 of them—went the extra step and wrote and performed the music on their records themselves. The result was two of last year's very best records, *Weltschmerzen* and *The School*, which made several critics' "best" lists. (The PMW is suffering some real hard times, so if you'd like to hear these mini-masterpieces, you can get both of them for \$5 from 220-01 Hempstead Avenue, Queens Village, N.Y. 11429.) The New Music Distribution Service was formed out of the Jazz Composer's Orchestra to distribute the plethora of musician-owned labels (including the People's Music Works) coming out of the jazz and avant-garde scene. Their catalogue lists hundreds of records, and is available from New Music Distribution Service, 6 West 95 Street, New York, N.Y. 10024. In Minneapolis, Sweet Jane Records put out an album that came with extensive notes on the economics of recording, distribution, and various other technicalities—everything you need to know, in fact, except the titles of the songs!

Meanwhile, Bud showed up not long ago with the records that had been seized last year, and we spent a day trying to unload them in San Francisco. He was looking fine, and he had a new wife "who comes with a free six-year-old daughter thrown into the deal." They were quite content, and had purchased a ranch up north somewhere. "I'll be glad to see the last of these bastards," he grunted as we lugged a box of records into Moe's Bookstore on Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue. Pretty soon he had, and as we drove away, he suggested I visit him at his new place. "You know," he said before he left for the trip north, "it's pretty quiet up there." He flashed me a meaningful look. "Know what I mean?" □



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The ERTS satellite scans every inch of the U.S. and takes pictures of the earth from 570 miles in space. It passes over each point every 18 days. So it can spot deterioration in water conditions. While there's still time to correct it.

GE equipment is also providing some down-to-earth answers to water pollution. At Lake Tahoe, for instance.

Move away from the shore and the water is so clear you can see over 100 feet deep. In fact, you can drink the water from deep in the lake.

The people who live there wanted to keep it that way. So they built one of the world's most advanced sewage treatment systems at South

Lake Tahoe...with GE motors and controls as an important part of the system.

The water from this system is sparkling clear. But, to take no chances, the water is pumped over a nearby mountain to form a new lake for fishing and recreation.

There's another problem in preserving the water we have...industrial pollution.

GE equipment is being used by industry for that. One example is at GE's new appliance manufacturing center in Columbia, Md.

A special problem there was to protect fish and shellfish. So GE built one of the world's largest systems of its kind to meet Maryland standards and remove industrial chemicals from hundreds of thousands of gallons of waste water daily.

GE is working to help preserve our water resources. Because if we run out of water, we're all out of business.

## Progress for People.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



# COUNTERSIGNS

## A TALE TOLD BY SCHEHERAZADE

**I**n the article on page 42, Christopher T. Rand lends substance to the unhappy suspicion that the oil "crisis" might be an apparition in a far-off desert. He doesn't deny that many people will find it difficult to buy gas or heating oil this winter, but he suggests that their difficulties will have little to do with the news from the Middle East. He discusses only one phase of the crisis, but that phase of it (the malevolent Arabs visiting the scourge of Islam on the infidel nations of the West) is more or less necessary to the rest of the public explanation. If the Arabian apparition proves to be chimerical, then the other phases of the crisis might also depend on self-interested prophecy and fanciful inventions. Instead of a tale told by Scheherazade the crisis would resolve into another of the squalid stories that characterize the Nixon Administration's dealings with any other industry rich enough to afford the politics. Every now and then the appropriate lobby sponsors a food crisis, or a housing crisis, or a transportation crisis. The bad news makes the papers for a number of weeks or months, and when the crisis passes, usually without benefit of headlines, everything remains as before except that the prices have gone up. Ten years later an obscure historian wins a Pulitzer Prize by writing a book in which he shows that the crisis really had to do with a deceptive system of government price supports rather than with a shortage of whatever it was that seemed to be absent.

It is more expedient to blame misfortune on a secret and unseen enemy instead of on one's own clumsy greed, and so the Arabs take the rap for what conceivably could be a mat-

ter of domestic incompetence. The Arabian embargoes no doubt complicate the logistics, but it is possible that the oil crisis arises from circumstances comparable to those that brought about the bankruptcy of the Pennsylvania Railroad or required the Congressional rescue of Litton Industries and the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. The present shortages most severely affect the supply of residual fuels used by heavy industry. A sizable percentage of the new demand was incurred by numerous plants shifting last year from coal to oil. Either the oil industry didn't anticipate the extent of the new demand, or it was reluctant to subtract refining capacity from the profitable manufacture of lighter and more expensive fuels.

Whatever the reason, the industry's lobbyists are now in Washington proclaiming visions of the Apocalypse. Using the excuse of "a national emergency" they ask for concessions—the Alaska pipeline; the deregulation of natural gas; licenses to drill off the Atlantic coast, etc.—and in this there is the sadness of lost opportunity.

A majority of citizens responded to the news of crisis with remarkable goodwill. Not only did they appear to accept the possibility of rationing, but they also seemed to accept it with a feeling almost of relief, as if they were sick of affluence. For the past twenty-five years the United States has conducted its business according to a principle that might be described as the least for the most—100,000 tons of bombs to kill twenty-four Vietnamese peasants, automobile engines that convert only 30 percent of their heat into energy, 2,000

acres of strip-mined hillsides to provide air conditioning in all-night car washes. A practical man presumably finds this kind of accounting wasteful and deranged. It contradicts what he knows about his own resources and his own life, in which all things are finite and of limited duration; if he is thoughtful he suspects a confidence trick at the end of which he will be asked to pay the ruinous costs hidden in the small print.

**T**he natural world operates on a principle directly opposed to that of the American economy, and it is this principle (the most for the least) that governs the working of the heart muscle, the construction of a coral reef, or the transformation of a caterpillar into a butterfly. This same principle also seems likely to govern the economics of the rest of the century—by necessity rather than by political choice, and because the international markets will need to adjust themselves to a philosophy of scarcity rather than one of abundance. The change of attitude is implicit in the oil crisis, whether real or chimerical, but the sponsors of the event do not choose to take advantage of their good fortune. To an audience willing to believe in the necessity of restraint they speak the language of salesmen temporarily sold out of a successful item. Instead of talking about reduced demands for energy, they talk about "crash programs," about huge capital investments for exploration, about the development of shale oil, deepwater ports, and coal gasification. It is this misjudgment that constitutes the worst of the crisis.

—L.H.L.

Christopher T. Rand

# THE ARABIAN FANTASY

A dissenting view of the oil crisis

*Christopher T. Rand is a Middle East specialist who has worked for Standard Oil of California and Occidental Petroleum. He has translated Arabic and Persian materials for the U.S. Department of Commerce, and is now writing a book entitled Oil and the Moslem East.*

THE PRESENT CALAMITY of the oil or energy crisis has become widely accepted as an article of the popular faith. Everybody talks about the crisis as if it were the implacable nemesis from which no man can escape, and if everybody says so (not only the major oil companies, but also the environmentalists, the U.S. government, and the citizen unable to heat his house), then it must be true. What other misfortune could possibly explain the higher prices for gasoline and the sudden shortage of winter fuel? Does not the United States possess vast natural resources and an incomparable genius for capital formation and technological invention? If so, how else could it have been ensnared in the present crisis unless through the machinations of sly and resentful Arabs?

For the past few years, the major oil compa-

nies have spent considerable sums of money advertising a vision of the apocalypse. The October war between some Arabs and all Israelis seemed to testify to the truth of this vision. The embargoes placed on Arab oil shipments to the United States and the Netherlands, together with unilateral price raises and threats of reduced production, provoked a further outpouring of oil industry bulletins announcing the approach of an energy crisis akin to the millennial scourge of Huns from the Asiatic steppes. The bulletins have been confirmed by the proper authorities in Washington, and they have been amplified in the hollow echo chamber of the national press.

The official broadcasts resolve into variations of what might be called the Arabian fantasy. The editorial writers—unchallenged but not encouraged by company spokesmen—explain that the Arab states (principally Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Libya, Iraq, and Iran\*), control the bulk of the world's proven oil reserves, and that they have become rich beyond all reason or understanding. The demagogues among them entertain radical and dangerous political ideas about the sanctity of Western economic interests, and they refuse to recover their oil in ways convenient to the major international oil companies. In their more ominous moments they threaten to shut down the flow of oil unless the Western nations accede to their demands against Israel. The Western nations must prepare for the worst, and the worst undoubtedly will be expensive. Thus, the need for rationing and higher costs to the consumer.

## What energy crisis?

ALTHOUGH SUFFICIENT to its melodramatic purpose, the prevailing rhetoric fails to answer a number of awkward questions, especially now that the October war has come and gone. Few people point out that in the past year the major oil companies have reported enor-

\* Although Iran is not properly an Arab country, on the reasonable ground that Iranians don't understand Arabic and show little interest in anything Arabian, the producers of the Arabian fantasy find it convenient to refer to the Middle East as a geographical and political unity.



A tale told by Scheherazade



mous profits, or that they have enjoyed a policy of generous forbearance on the part of the Nixon Administration,\* or that they appear to get along quite successfully with even the most radical of Arab governments. Worse, virtually nobody explains that the energy crisis is a crisis taking place in time future rather than time present.

Even October's war was not the vengeful uprising against the West that the American information media represented it to be. When the war broke out, the Arabs stopped virtually all criticism of American action or policy. Arab officials did not claim that American troops or pilots participated in the war; Beirut newspapers, even while publishing photographs of bombed-out buildings in Damascus, quoted the Lebanese premier to the effect that America had informed him that it would make the necessary efforts to ensure Lebanese security against Israel. King Faisal of Saudi Arabia had already upped Aramco's production by a million barrels a day during the hot months of July and August, thus allowing him to reduce production when the war began and still retain normal supply levels for the year. The war has created a few problems with the logistics of oil supply, but these have aggravated the American public more than they have inconvenienced American oil companies. For the time being, the world's supply of oil far exceeds the world's demand, and so the crisis must be discerned in a network of theoretical lines converging at imaginary points in time future. The oil companies therefore project a rate of increasing demand for oil, and then they project a rate of declining supply.\*\* When these two lines intersect, presumably in the early 1980s, the actual crisis (as opposed to the abstract or hypothetical crisis) will be unloosed upon an innocent and law-abiding world.

This is what the oil companies tell the public, not what they themselves know to be the case. In the Middle East they play the part of middlemen rather than principals, and in their various dealings, both with the Arabs and with each other, they display the devious cunning that characterizes the dealings of middlemen in any trade. The instability of Arab politics once frightened them (so much money invested in such unsafe places, etc.), but after the Arab-

Israeli war of 1967 and the closing of the Suez Canal they began to understand this instability as a chronic condition much less harmful than it seemed. They found that they could bear the cost of shipping oil around Africa instead of through the Suez Canal; and the construction of supertankers, as well as the hurried discovery of new reserves in the North Sea and Prudhoe Bay, Alaska, obliged them to become more independent of the Arabs. As a result of their efforts, the inventory of the world's available fuel has been increasing rather than diminishing, even when measured against the annual rise in the rate of the world's consumption. The inventory has become so extensive that it has become a luxury, or at best a waste of time, for most people to worry about it.†

The oil companies obviously worry about it, but their worries have to do not so much with the supply of oil as with the cost at which they

"The consumer should wonder why the oil companies sell gasoline wholesale at 21 cents a gallon when it costs them only 4 cents a gallon to provide it."

† The discoveries of new reserves had been exceeding the rate of consumption even before the Nixon Administration's generous grants to the oil and gas industry last spring. Aside from the discoveries in Alaska and the North Sea, the oil companies also have found satisfying quantities of oil off the shores of Indonesia, in Ecuador and Australia, in Nigeria, Brunei, Cabinda, and Gabon. Production has been expanding offshore Louisiana and offshore California; onshore California, the 5 billion barrels at Elk Hills remain virtually intact.

\* The Nixon Administration in 1973 had eased the restrictions on the importation of foreign oil, consented to increases in domestic prices of gasoline and heating fuels, encouraged the clearing away of legal obstacles to the building of the Alaska pipeline, and argued for the deregulation of natural gas traded in interstate commerce.

\*\* The two most often quoted authorities on either side of the prophecy are Professor M. A. Adelman of MIT and Walter J. Levy, an economist often employed by the major oil companies. Professor Adelman foresees a vast surplus, and Mr. Levy foresees an equally vast emptiness.



*King Feisal and the forty thieves*

Christopher  
T. Rand  
THE  
ARABIAN  
FANTASY

can trade it. It is the disparity between these two concerns that gives rise to the convenient misperception of the oil crisis. Anybody who hopes to make sense of the present confusion must bear in mind three primary facts:

(1) *There is a tremendous volume of oil in the world. (The oil companies publish deceptively conservative figures on this subject; as an example, British Petroleum in 1971 estimated the proven world reserves at about 641 billion barrels; figuring on an annual consumption rate of 18 billion barrels, this leaves enough for at least thirty years.)*

(2) *There is a tremendous difference between the cost of producing oil and the price at which it sells.*

(3) *The inhibitions against vengeful political acts on the part of the suppliers depend not so much on fear of military reprisals as they do on the implications of facts 1 and 2.*

THE FACT OF VOLUME is the easiest to establish. The largest reservoirs of oil in the world are those in Saudi Arabia (at least 160 billion barrels) and those in Iran (at least 100 billion barrels). Between them these two nations possess the bulk of the oil in the Middle East, and dominate the entire subject of Middle Eastern oil. They lie opposite one another across about

half the length of the Persian Gulf, but they have little in common except a mutual distrust. The majority of people in Iran speak Persian or Turkish; they know Arabic only as a sacred language, and they have virtually no relations of any kind with the Arab world. The oil reserves in both countries have been developed and exploited by two combinations of Western oil companies, the combination in Iran being known as "the Consortium," and the one in Saudi Arabia as "Aramco." The seven major oil companies (British Petroleum, Royal Dutch Shell, Texaco, Mobil, Exxon, Standard Oil of California, and Gulf) take part in both combinations, and it's because of these partnerships that they dominate the international oil trade.\*

Although both Saudi Arabia and Iran contribute a huge volume of oil to the market, the oil companies choose to give much more publicity to the reserves in Saudi Arabia. They imply that if only they could be assured of access to the Saudi Arabian fields, then they would feel far more secure about the reserves elsewhere in the world. As a measure of the quantity of Saudi Arabian oil, consider, for example, the Ghawar field; roughly 155 miles long and in some places 22 miles wide, this field still contains as much oil as has ever been consumed in the United States.

The Iranian fields contain comparable amounts of oil, but the oil companies prefer to underestimate their volume. The various spokesmen usually explain that Iranian production has been declining, that it has passed its maturity, that it never will exceed 8 million barrels a day. This may be true of the smaller fields that have been onstream since the 1930s, but there are other fields yet to achieve full production and a number of enormous fields, discovered in the past decade or so, that have yet to be tapped. The largest mature fields are those of Agha Jari and Gach Saran, which, although immense, have no more than about forty-five wells, spaced much farther apart than wells in American fields; many of these wells have the capacity to produce 100,000 barrels a day. Other enormous fields recently have been brought onstream at Marun, Ahvaz, Binak, Karanj, and Bibi Hakim—each one of them as large as any field in the United States. Equally large fields remain "on hold" at Mansuri, Kilur Karim, Golkhari, Ab Teymur, and Susangerd.

The waters of the Persian Gulf also conceal at least one immense accumulation of oil, in

\* Each of the five American companies owned a 7 percent share in Iran's Consortium. Although Iran "nationalized" its oil production in 1973, the same companies draw the same volume of oil from the same fields. With the exception of Gulf, the same companies also own the major shares of Aramco, currently producing about 7.5 million barrels of oil a day. As a consolation of sorts, Gulf owns three-eighths of the Kuwait Oil Company.



that is known as the Fereydoon-Marjan field. The Iranians and the Saudis share the field, but potential production in only the Iranian half of it at Fereydoon, has been estimated at 1 million barrels a day.\* A number of people in the oil business assess the reserves of the entire field at about 30 billion barrels.

THE OIL COMPANIES do not like talk about increasing production in Iran because it is more expensive than increasing production in Saudi Arabia. Before the Tehran and Tripoli price agreements in late 1970 and early 1971, the companies figured the per barrel profit on Saudi Arabian oil at between 50 and 53 cents a barrel; in Iran the comparable figure was between 43 and 45 cents a barrel for crude oil of the same specific gravity. The oil pumped out of the ground in Saudi Arabia is the cheapest in the world for its volume. It costs 4.6 cents a barrel, or one-tenth of a cent a gallon, to load into a tanker. Although Iranian wells individually produce twice as much oil a day, it costs roughly 12 cents a barrel to load into a tanker. The Iranian wells are more distant from water than those in Saudi Arabia; the pipelines cross mountain ranges rather than flat sand, and the "drive" provided by the water latent under the oil reservoirs is generally not as great in Iran as it is in Saudi Arabia.

Which probably explains why the oil companies prefer to turn the conversation to the wonders of Saudi Arabia. They say that only in Saudi Arabia can production be raised to 20 million barrels a day, and then they go on to develop the terrible fantasy about King Faisal suddenly deciding to quit the business if he doesn't find his customers congenial.

But Faisal continues to raise production whenever he can do so, and the fantasy omits a simple calculation in arithmetic. If, for instance, the oil companies hold their offtake in Iran to 8 million barrels a day and at the same time increase their offtake in Saudi Arabia to 20 million barrels a day, they will save about 12 cents a barrel on every barrel produced in Saudi Arabia instead of in Iran. Divided by two for tax purposes, and multiplied by 12 million barrels a day by 365 days in the year, the oil companies achieve an annual saving of \$165 million. This is precisely what they are in business to do.

\* The concession to Fereydoon does not belong to the Consortium. It is shared by the Iranian government and an "independent," Standard Oil Company of Indiana. To wonder why Standard of Indiana and Aramco, on the other side of the gulf, have chosen not to draw oil from the field is to raise the possibility of a deal. It is conceivable that the Aramco partners could be supplying Standard of Indiana with crude oil at cut-rate prices in return for Standard's willingness to forestall operations in Iran.

## A question of profits

IT IS THIS KIND OF CALCULATION that illuminates the difference between the oil-company definition of a crisis and the connotations ordinarily attributed to the same word by people who buy gas or heating fuel. The companies define crisis not in terms of available resources but, rather, in terms of when those resources can be delivered, in what quantities, and at what cost. The illusion of crisis helps them to exact further concessions from alarmed politicians in Washington. If the crisis can be presented as a national emergency, then how can the patriotic Senator refuse to grant hurried permits for drilling off the Atlantic coast, for alleviating pollution controls, for whatever might hasten the delivery of energy to a suffering electorate?

BY THE EARLY 1950s, the oil companies and the oil-producing nations had established a protected market that has now begun to collapse. Twenty-five years ago the oil companies clearly understood that their dealings with the volatile rulers of the Middle East (or, indeed, with the rulers of any oil-producing state, such as Mexico or Venezuela) could easily deteriorate into bitter disputes. They accepted the Middle East's traditional aversion to the West, and they assumed

"The oil inventory has become so extensive that it has become a waste of time for most people to worry about it."



*The fabulous voyage of Sinbad the prospector*

Christopher  
T. Rand  
THE  
ARABIAN  
FANTASY

that Arabs could be extremely difficult people with whom to bargain; they further assumed that this unpleasantness sooner or later was bound to make itself manifest, no matter what the pretext. The companies, therefore, hoped to limit all negotiations to matters having nothing to do with politics. They chose to wall themselves off from the communities in which they operated, and they kept themselves aloof from the social or political concerns that threatened to provoke unseemly incidents. With this strategy in mind, the oil companies confined their discussions to relatively small fiscal points within a narrowly legalistic context. Oil negotiation in the Middle East over the past twenty years thus became a continuous debate over such points as royalty expensing, acceleration of tax payments, gravity allowances, rates of depreciation, port and customs duties, marketing allowances, and allowances for the devaluation of foreign currencies. An entire chapter of the recent history could be written on the question as to whether forty-degree Zakum oil should be taxed at the same rate as thirty-seven-degree Umm Shaif oil. These questions often involved millions of dollars, but they rarely touched on social or political events taking place beyond the compounds of the oil installations.

In return for this convenience, the Middle Eastern governments received munificent royalties, also known as "economic rents," computed on the basis of the difference between the cost of producing oil and the price at which it could be sold. The companies could afford to pay these rents because, by paying large sums of money to Middle Eastern governments, they could run their operations in Europe and the United States at a low rate of profit, or even at an apparent loss. They could also avoid paying taxes to the United States government. The companies insisted on only one condition: that the Middle Eastern countries refer to these payments as "taxes" rather than as "royalties." Before World War II, and in most places until about 1950 or 1951, the Middle Eastern governments earned a royalty of from 12 to 18 cents a barrel. The rulers were content with this arrangement until they discovered that their oil sold for at least six times that price on the world market. By the middle 1950s, various political figures in the Arab world began to understand that oil-company executives were easily frightened, and so they began talking, or, preferably, screaming about the shabby terms of their concessions. They raised public and impassioned complaints whenever possible, and by so doing they threatened to wreck the industry policy of nonengagement. Their harangues gradually induced the companies to pay higher rates of royalty, and they became the beneficiaries of one of the weirdest practices in the annals of international commerce.

THIS PRACTICE ACCOUNTS FOR the inflated and fictitious price at which Middle Eastern oil sells on the world market. The fictitious price has been in effect since before World War I when the center of gravity in the petroleum export trade was to be found in the Gulf of Mexico rather than in the Persian Gulf. The trade shifted eastward in the late 1940s with the first development of prolific fields in Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and southern Iraq. In those days, the major exporting companies controlled even more of the trade than they do now, and they sold almost exclusively to themselves and to each other, in both Europe and the United States. They could set the price largely as they pleased, but for reasons of convenience they agreed to set it on the basis of the old rates that had prevailed in the Gulf of Mexico. This was done even though the new and abundant oil in the Persian Gulf cost far less than the fixed price at which the companies agreed to trade it to each other. The barrel of oil shipped from Saudi Arabia might cost 4.6 cents to load into a tanker at Ras Tanura, but it would be priced in Europe as if it were the most expensive barrel of the same kind of oil delivered from Texas. Other "costs" (depletion, depreciation, and amortization) would be added to the company's actual expenses of 4.6 cents to provide further tax deductions.

The posted price was considered extravagant in 1950, but by 1960 it had become so remote from market conditions that the companies with interests in the Persian Gulf tried to lower it. This decision proved calamitous. By trying to bring the price of oil into line with what it would bring from a customer willing to buy it (an American fuel-oil dealer, for instance, or the government of Ceylon, or an Italian petrochemical firm), the oil companies set off the enrage-ment of their necessary partners in the Middle East. The Arabs and the Iranians had been receiving revenue calculated on the basis of the posted price, and they refused to let it drop. In their rage and anxiety they formed the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, and this combination has since become the bane of the oil companies. The first agreements within OPEC stopped the downward trend in prices and thereby introduced a principle that has yet to be publicly questioned by any of the major oil companies: the tax-reference price on Persian Gulf oil (or on any other oil produced by the members of OPEC) can never drop. The corollary to that principle states that revenues paid to the governments in the Middle East can only rise

IT WAS THE WEAKNESS of the oil companies that brought about the organization of OPEC. First the companies tried to lower the old price, then they couldn't agree (*Continued on page 51*)



# **A report on equal opportunity employment policies and practices at General Motors.**

In General Motors we have coupled our commitment to equal opportunity with extensive programs of training and development. Their purpose is to enable our employees—minorities, women and others—to take better advantage of the opportunities which await them in our organization.

One of our difficulties in recruiting more minority employees and women is that many of GM's white-collar jobs require some engineering and technical training. Traditionally, however, few minorities or women have studied engineering. So, even as we recruit intensively at institutions with engineering and technical curricula, including predominantly black and women's colleges, we must take other, more direct, steps to qualify more minorities and women for engineering jobs.

For example: General Motors main-

tains and operates a five-year cooperative engineering college: the General Motors Institute in Flint, where today 3,000 students are earning degrees, most of them in engineering and industrial administration. They alternate periods of study at the Institute with paid work assignments at GM divisions. One of the great advantages of the GMI system is that its graduates are assured good management or professional jobs and an opportunity to progress at General Motors. The entrance requirements at GMI are stiff. They compare with those at the best engineering schools in the country. A pre-freshman program has been established to qualify applicants who were not able to receive adequate preparation for engineering studies in high school. Currently, 88 minority students and 31 women are in this program. This is paying off in the number of minority and women students at GMI. Eight

years ago we had only 13 minority students at GMI. Two years ago we had 167. This year we have 412.

There are relatively few women graduate engineers. Last year, for example, in the entire United States only 493 bachelor degrees in engineering were conferred upon women. They represented 1.1% of the total bachelor degrees earned in engineering during 1972.

Last year 112 women were enrolled at GMI. This fall, there are 247 women, 8.3% of the total GMI enrollment.

We expect—indeed we know—that these young men and women will be among the managers of General Motors in the years to come. All that is needed is their continued efforts, our continued resolve, and time.

Several programs have been established throughout the Corporation to assist employees who may wish to continue their formal education. GM has a Tuition Refund Plan and a Graduate Fellowship Plan which last year refunded \$2.9 million to employees who completed courses in recognized educational institutions. And we place special emphasis on increasing the number of minority and women employees in skilled trades. Pre-apprentice training pro-

grams at many GM plants develop the technical skills of prospective candidates for skilled-trade apprenticeships.

By such efforts, we are making long strides in short time. We are bringing minorities and women into General Motors, placing them in the mainstream of opportunity, and training, educating, and preparing them for higher positions. Our goal is nothing short of full equality of opportunity throughout our organization—and we are moving toward this goal.

Several years ago we made a significant shift in our thinking. We had always been against discrimination, but we decided then that just to be *against* was no longer enough. We chose a more positive, more affirmative role. We committed the Corporation to work not only to prevent discrimination, but to promote equal opportunity in employment. Then, and since then, we have made it very plain that it is the continuing policy of General Motors to provide equal opportunity for every American in every area of our business.

We are convinced that this policy—positive rather than negative, active rather than passive—is the right one. It is right because it not only fulfills the let-



ter of the law, but reaches to the spirit of our American commitment to equality.

Our record at General Motors has a special quality enhanced by GM's tradition of success. General Motors is successful because it applies rigid standards for advancement to all employees. The rewards and incentives are high, and so are the standards of performance necessary to achieve them. When an employee progresses in General Motors, he or she can be sure that recognition has been earned. Everyone who knows General Motors knows this is so.

Here are a few figures. The percentage of minority employment in GM grew from 11.2% of our U.S. work force in 1965 to 16.7% by the end of 1972. And since then, the 16.7% has climbed to over 17%.

This is progress, and significantly the gains of minorities in white-collar jobs have been more rapid. Minority Americans in these jobs increased from 1.7% in 1965 to about 4.7% in 1971. Just a year later, the 4.7% became 7.1%, and today the percentage of minority employees with white-collar jobs in General Motors is over 8.4%.

In 1965, women accounted for 12.9% of our work force. By December

1972, the number had increased to 13.9%, and today the percentage of women in the GM work force is 15.1%. Of the managers, technicians and professionals at GM in 1965, eleven hundred were women. By the end of 1971, the number had increased to 1600, and as of the end of last year the number was 2800. And since then, it has climbed to 3900.

Percentages and numbers are cold, but these represent in General Motors 113,000 minority Americans and 97,000 women earning for themselves and their families the employment opportunity they deserve. They are more than numbers—they are real human stories—over 210,000 of them. And the number is growing every day.

And every job in General Motors, white-collar or blue-collar, is a good job. The average hourly employee who works in our plants earns more than \$12,500. Their wages alone—not counting fringes—place these employees in at least the upper one-fourth income bracket in the United States.

We know that equal opportunity in employment is not up to the employee alone. The person who does the hiring and the promoting is crucial. So we train not only employees, but we train mana-

gers as well. We teach them how to take positive action to speed upward mobility throughout the Corporation.

In January 1972, this message was given to our Personnel Directors: "As you are all aware, the policy of General Motors Corporation is that everyone will be given an equal opportunity in employment without regard to his or her race, religion, or national origin. This is the policy of General Motors, and every member of management must implement this policy.

"Now, there may be many personal prejudices in connection with this problem. These are being expressed in different ways throughout the country, and each person is entitled to his own opinion. However, the position of GM in these matters is unmistakably clear: there is no room for prejudice in General Motors—and we mean just that. If we have any person at management level in any GM facility who cannot function within this policy, or is not giving it full attention,

then he will simply no longer be able to work for General Motors."

We are making progress, but the effort is hard. Progress does not come easily. It requires hard work and dogged dedication—day after day. But it is worth the effort. Minorities and women in General Motors are earning their way to economic equality, gaining—day by difficult day. They are getting there—surely. A number of minorities and women are now in top positions. Hundreds more are just below them, and thousands more a level down, and throughout the Corporation there are more than a hundred and thirteen thousand minority Americans and ninety-seven thousand women—all working, all earning opportunity.

No one can doubt the commitment of General Motors to full employment equality. Neither should anyone doubt the certainty of its eventual achievement.

GM cares about cars. GM cares about people too.



# General Motors



in a line of bargaining with the Arabs. And yet it is precisely these people who attribute an almost godlike omnipotence to OPEC. The oil companies at least share similar political interests, and they have far more in common with one another than do the several factions within OPEC. The assignment of magical force to OPEC also presents a major contradiction within the structure of the Arabian fantasy so widely proclaimed in the American press. The emotional aspect of that fantasy portrays the Arabs as childish, petulant, and treacherous, but the analytical aspect of the fantasy shows them as idealistic, fearless, and beyond corruption. The historical evidence suggests that OPEC will collapse for the same reason that the oil-company front collapsed.

The system of fictitious prices worked so well for twenty years that it gave the Middle Eastern governments great, and constantly increasing, sums of money. Contrary to popular misconception, much of this money found its way into the local economy, and wherever it has been present (most notably in Saudi Arabia and Iran) it has strengthened the society. The exorbitant sums of money presented few difficulties as long as the system remained intact, as long as there remained an oligopoly of oil supply.

It was not just an oligopoly of companies but also of system. The companies had no more freedom within the system than did the oil-producing states. They did not dare allow a drop in the posted price (or, to use the preferred euphemism, the tax rate) because they knew that if they did so the Arab states would promptly seize their holdings. The supposedly dreadful consequences of such a doom terrified a generation of oil executives. But now this doom has come to pass, and, lo and behold, it isn't as dreadful as everybody had foretold. The companies have given up larger and larger shares of their concessions, but these proved to be nothing more than pieces of paper assigning them the right to produce the oil that they now can buy from the same producing states under nearly the same conditions as before. The Middle Eastern states have realized the old dream of controlling their own production. In Iran this is called "nationalization"; other countries refer to it as "participation," but, even though the politicians have been satisfied, the oil still must be sold to somebody. The oil companies themselves don't much care where the oil comes from, or who owns it, or at what point along the stream it changes nationality.\*

\* This is an important aspect of the oil trade, and it explains the reluctance of Standard of Indiana to develop the field at Fereydoon. The lack of owned crude oil may not be a serious liability for a major oil company. Mobil, for instance, has been buying maybe 150,000 barrels a day from Standard of California, one of its partners in Aramco, at what is called

The apostles of crisis predict that the Arabs will ignore the laws of free enterprise and choose to sell their oil to nobody. Presumably they will do so because they already have all the money they require, and in the desert countries (Libya, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia) the small population makes no loud demands for social improvements. Thus the rulers can afford to leave the oil in the ground, waiting for a desperate industrialized world to comply with their political demands or to bid the price of oil to the bankrupting levels of \$8 a barrel. The rulers then will take advantage of the inflated prices, and in a few years they will destroy the international monetary system and bring about the devaluation of everybody else's currency.

The trouble with this argument, as with most theoretical arguments dependent on imaginary lines converging in abstraction, is that it takes little account of the moderate behavior shown by the Arabs in the aftermath of war. It assumes that the West will do nothing to protect its own interests, that everybody will stand around placidly watching the projections become political realities. Which is, of course, nonsense. Either the oil companies will arrive at a profitable détente with the Middle East (less profitable than in the old days, perhaps, but still satisfactory), or they will suddenly discover that alternate sources of oil and energy were far more accessible than heretofore had been imagined.

The October war reinforces this observation. It does not seem as though the war violated legitimate American aims in the Middle East at all; in fact, it has probably contributed to a détente. An American official sympathetic to the Arab cause but aware of the political power of the Zionist cause in U.S. might shrewdly have confided as follows to a friendly Arab diplomat: if the Arabs threaten Europe with an oil embargo—and thus threaten NATO and American strategic interests—the American government would have no choice but to go before its public and demand a more evenhanded American policy toward the Arabs. American strategic interests would of course be even more jeopardized by Soviet adventurism in the Middle East. The threat of embargo would, at the very least, force the American government to aid in the restitution of Arab lands occupied by the Israelis in 1967. Americans might also feel constrained to do something about the Palestinian diaspora. All in exchange for an Arab-Israeli peace treaty, to be sure. The Zionists would not like it, but they would have little choice but to accept it. After all, they seem to have as few friends left

"eighth-way price," i.e., a price one-eighth of the way between the tax-paid cost of the oil and its posted price. This represents a markup of perhaps 8 or 9 cents a barrel. Why should Standard of Indiana go the trouble and expense of developing a field like Fereydoon if it can arrange a comparable deal with a partner in Aramco or the Consortium?

"The illusion of crisis helps the oil companies to exact concessions from Washington. How can the patriotic Senator refuse to grant permits for drilling off the Atlantic coast?"



# What some people are doing to help ease the electric power shortage



The development of breeder reactors is a major goal of the electric power industry. Breeders will create more fuel than they consume. This 87-ton steel forging by Bethlehem is one-half of a head for a sodium-cooled reactor vessel being built by Combustion Engineering, Inc.

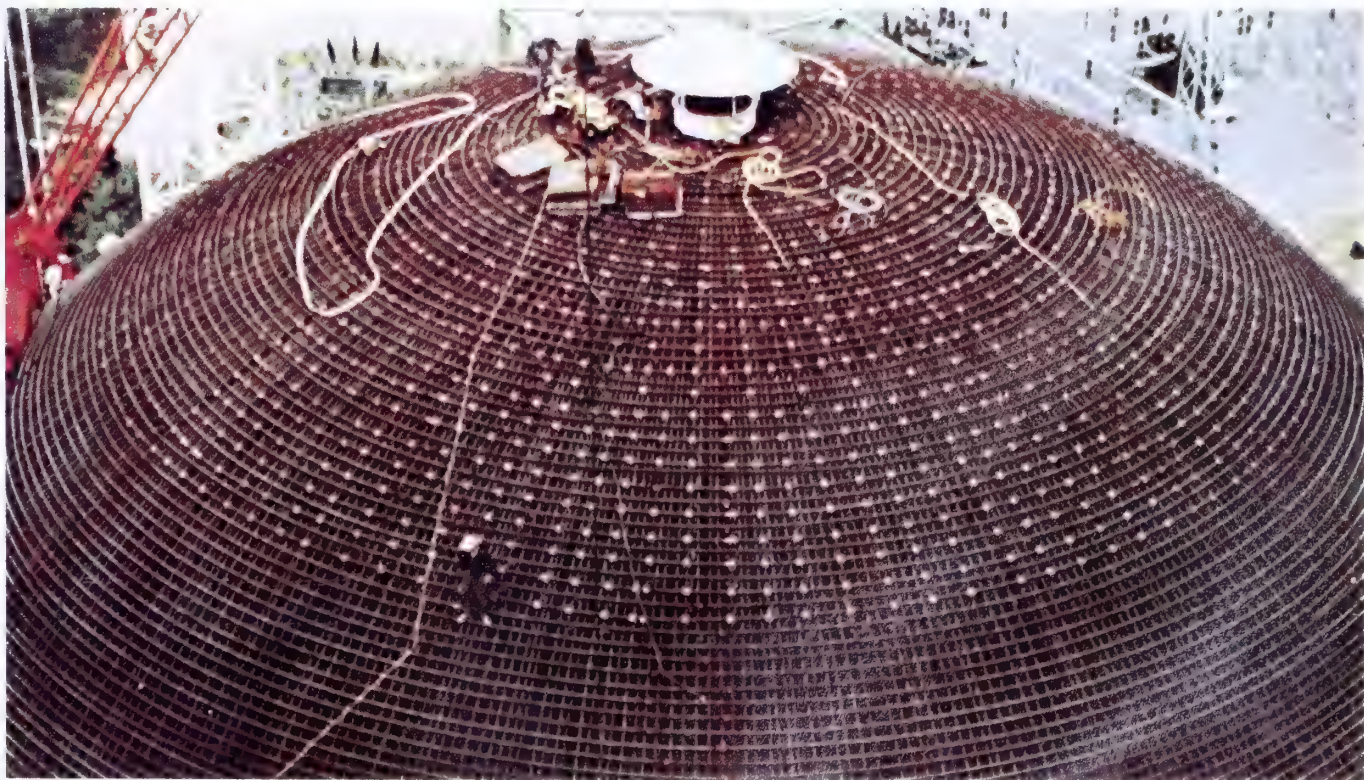
for the Advanced Reactors Division of Westinghouse. The project is the Fast Flux Test Facility being built by Westinghouse Hanford Company under a contract with the Atomic Energy Commission.





Pennsylvania Power & Light Company is adding two steam-turbine-driven generators to its plant on the Delaware River near Martins Creek, Pa. These will bolster its

capacity by 1,600 megawatts when completed in 1977. Bethlehem fabricated and erected the structural steel for this major plant expansion.



Eleven New England power companies shared in the construction of the Maine Yankee Atomic Power Plant in Wiscasset, Maine. Capable of generating 855 megawatts, this nuclear complex was completed about a year ago.

Its output is feeding into Maine's expanding economy, while providing back-up energy for the New England power grid. Bethlehem reinforcing bars and structural steel were used in the reactor containment building.

# Bethlehem



**STEEL IS PART  
OF THE SOLUTION**



as Taiwan, and the Arabs are getting stronger. The Arab leaders would not like to make peace with Israel, but they could afford to do so if they could show that they had forced America to shift its policy somewhat in their favor: no Arab who might oppose them could say that they had done more than these moderate leaders had done to restore lost Arab honor. And the conservative oil states would brandish the oil weapon just a bit to gain immunity from radical anti-Western Arab opinion.

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### New myths for old

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THE CAREFUL WIELDING of the oil weapon—specifically, the process of “nationalization”—has gradually shifted the politics of oil negotiation in the Middle East. If the producing nations no longer possess the great threat of expropriation (do what we say, or we will seize your holdings), then they will have lost their most effective advantage. As they become wholesale dealers instead of privileged concessionaires, they will find themselves forced to compete in what will begin to resemble a free market. The oil companies still will own 75 percent of the refineries in the non-Communist markets, as well as most of the port facilities, and so they will continue, albeit less directly, to determine price and regulate production in the international oil trade.

The Middle Eastern countries will also find themselves more concerned about the stability of Western economies. Earlier this year, for instance, Saudi Arabia agreed to buy 25 percent of Aramco for a price of about \$1 billion. By so doing, it becomes a major partner in the combination of Western oil companies, and to some extent it will come to share similar interests. As the Middle Eastern governments acquire larger percentages in Western companies, they probably will invest their assets in Western banks and multinational corporations—not because they want to do so, but because they will lack sensible options.

All this will take time to come to pass, but as it does the specter of an oil crisis will gradually diminish and fade. The specter will then be replaced by that of the refinery crisis. Suddenly no one will be talking about the lack of crude oil or the vindictive politics of the Arabs; instead, everybody will be saying that oil is plentiful but means nothing unless it can be refined into useful products, and that the environmental demands placed on these products (low sulphur content, etc.) require a new generation of refineries that will be extremely expensive to construct. This, in turn, will lead to the elaboration of another myth.

The major American oil companies have neglected to build refineries over the past few years

because there hasn't as yet been enough profit in the enterprise. In order to justify the expense of building a refinery, the oil companies require the long-term assurance of crude oil supplied at low prices. Refinery construction is expensive: a fair-size plant might cost about \$100 million. The big companies have this kind of money. Standard Oil of California, for instance, added \$120 million to its cash reserve in 1972, but it allocated none of this money to constructing new refineries in the United States. Until the Nixon Administration relaxed the quotas last spring, the long-term importing of crude oil was restricted, and so the companies had little crude as collateral with which to secure new refinery construction financing. At the moment, it costs well over \$2 a barrel to bring Saudi oil into an American port (as opposed to a net production cost of 75 cents for a barrel of American oil), and so the energy crisis continues to be thought of as low crude-oil supplies rather than high oil cost.

When the tax-paid cost of Middle Eastern crude drops, the rush to build refineries in America will be on. As soon as that occurs, the last vestiges of popular illusions about the energy crisis will have disappeared. All the participants in the drama will remain as they were but in a clearer light.

The independent oil man, the marginal, will be even more threatened and insecure than he has always been and may vanish altogether. The consumer will continue to pay more and more for the services it has always been very much worth the companies' while to provide him with anyway. The consumer had better get busy learning about prices and wondering why the oil companies sell gasoline wholesale at 21 cents a gallon when it costs them only 4 cents a gallon on the average to provide it. He had better start investigating pipeline and production costs, too, and had better find out what it costs the companies to get oil into the top end of the trans-Alaska pipeline and how much they will sell it for at the bottom end when it is finally built. The latest gasoline price hikes are an ominous harbinger of things to come.

The American government will continue to make the same mistake as the consumer: our Congressmen and Senators will continue to worry about supply and ignore cost. And the companies? They are not deeply concerned about Saudi Arabia, Iran, or the Middle East. They know the limitations of the Arab oil weapon, and are profoundly concerned about protecting their immense assets and safeguarding the accessibility of these assets. If money in the Middle East no longer comes easily to the oil companies, they will be happy to keep looking for it elsewhere. They recognize that it is good enough to have ridden the Arab carousel for more than a generation. □



# PYRAMIDS FOR MINNESOTA

A serious proposal



Q. Does Minnesota need pyramids?

A. No. Pyramids transcend the notion of "utility." This, indeed, is their special merit. If they could be put to any use whatever, people would not be interested in them. Why do people go to Europe? Not to see its magnificent grain elevators and factories, but to climb the ramparts of indefensible forts and troll through the palaces of defunct monarchs. Above all, they visit churches—hundreds of churches, thousands of churches, ever more and more churches!

Q. Why not build churches, then?

A. It would confuse too many people. They would want the church to belong to a religion or express a style; they would complain of the expense, insisting that so much money and effort were better spent feeding poor children or searching for a cure for leukemia. Pyramids elude such controversies. They stand outside the flow of History. It is the very inexpressiveness of a pyramid, like that of a corpse or a crystal, that is so awesome.

Q. Why Minnesota, then? Why not in a desert?

A. There too, by all means. But, really, why *not* Minnesota?

Q. Should they all be the same size?

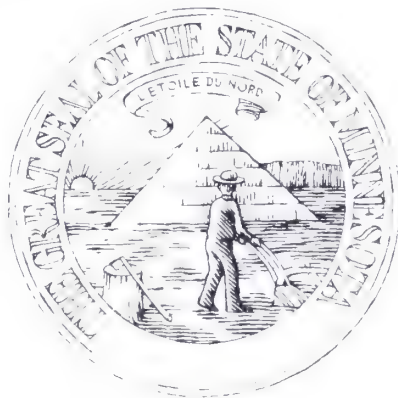
A. Yes. Especially if there are to be several in one area.

Q. And of the same degree of steepness?

A. Yes—45°. As there will not be steps, this will dispel any lingering doubts as to their usefulness. One should never be prompted to climb a pyramid for the sake of a view. This is principally what is wrong with mountains.

Q. Passageways?

A. Absolutely not! No time capsules either. Rock-solid throughout. If they are to be vandalized, it should be from motives as disinterested as those that led to their formation.



Q. Who will build them?

A. All of us who want to. Volunteers must enlist for at least one year, but for no longer than three, thus steering a course between the Scylla of amateurism and the Charybdis of expertise. All volunteers must spend at least half their workweek in the actual labor of construction. Those who have clearly shirked or malingered must forfeit the bond they posted upon enlisting.

Q. Why would anyone volunteer?

A. For the reason one does anything—the experience promises to be congenial to one's temperament. Undoubtedly the slaves who hewed and moved and fit in place the blocks of the first pyramids felt a secret gratification



Charles B. Stackman

at taking part in the erection of such great monuments. Who can read of the building of Chartres without a smart of envy? By enlisting in the Pyramid Corps, one becomes part of a community devoted to a high and selfless goal, and yet there is no danger, in this case, of unwittingly furthering less worthy aims while pursuing one's own enlightenment. The CIA will have as little patience with pyramids as the church of Rome, but no great animus against them either. Pyramids, being all alike, do not excite the imagination, and so even the least competent of painters, architects, or interior decorators should be able to view their construction with equanimity. What other undertaking could be at once so strenuous and so little self-deluding? This is a purer form even than working for an insurance company of modern, secular monasticism.

Q. Where will they be located?

A. Outside the towns of Fairmont, Pipestone, Moorhead, Bemidji, and Aurora. Anyone who wants to see them should have to make a special effort.

Q. How can I help *now*?

A. Send your name and address to PYRAMIDS, c/o this magazine, indicating whether your interest is in contributing funds or your own labor. When sufficient interest has been demonstrated, a nonprofit Pyramid Foundation will be established, and you will be notified. △

Taylor Branch

# THE CENSORS OF BUMBLEDOM

In which the CIA bypasses the First Amendment in order to hide a bugged house ca

**A**RNOLD TOYNBEE, renowned as a spokesman for intelligent decency in the world, has written that the American CIA has surpassed Soviet Communism as the most powerful sinister force on earth. "Wherever there is trouble, violence, suffering, tragedy," he says, "the rest of us are now quick to suspect the CIA had a hand in it." This view has been widely accepted in the United States, but it had no political weight until the Watergate scandal introduced the manipulative techniques of the CIA into American politics. Many commentators have expressed the opinion that the Watergate intrigues have raised the possibility of the CIA's undercover, totalitarian methods coming home to our shores to destroy our democratic traditions. We were given a reprieve, they say, because the amateurs of CREEP had not yet learned the deft skills by which the CIA arranges the destiny of a foreign country.

The most recent evidence suggests that all this is nonsense. Victor Marchetti, who spent fourteen years as a CIA executive before resigning in 1969, describes Watergate as fairly typical of an Agency operation, exposed when the fates caused a security guard to stumble over foul-ups normal to a covert mission. The officials in charge of CREEP apparently shared the illusions that lie at the heart of the Agency—that the politics of a country can be guided by tapping the phone of a Larry O'Brien or a Spencer Oliver, or by employing someone like Donald Segretti to write fake letters and hire women to run nude in front of Muskie headquarters. One bit of Watergate testimony with the ring of truth is that the Gemstone information was "essentially useless." The stupidity of the mis-

sion—from the practical, amoral viewpoint of the clandestine operative—is vintage Agency material.

Like Watergate, the CIA is dangerous not because of its diamond-hard efficiency but because of the principles it violates. The Agency is good at bribes—it pumped \$20 million in the 1964 elections in Chile—and it can supervise mercenary armies in backward countries like Laos. These things are terrible enough, but none too subtle or difficult, and Marchetti believes that the everyday operations of the Agency give the lie to the myth of its dead professionalism. The CIA does not leave dark messages written in blood. During his entire career, Marchetti says that he never came across a single "termination mission" by or against a career CIA agent. An agent is not a daredevil but a handler of knaves—he is E. Howard Hughes directing the freedom-loving Cubans from across the street. The CIA's chief weapons are not the martini-olive bug or the cyanide dagger; instead, agents spend most of their time with memos, and on a real action mission they are most likely to be equipped with nothing more than bribe money.

The CIA's fearsome reputation is its best protection against the meddlesome notions of outsiders. No one dares move against Leviathan. There has never been any serious move in the media to curb the Agency, and the Congress has been so cowed by the covert operatives that it has been too scared even to set up a committee on the CIA. The old codgers on the informal "oversight" committees have professed not to want to know anything that might compromise the national security.

*Taylor Branch, formerly on the staff of The Washington Monthly, is a contributing editor of Harper's.*



In 1972, VICTOR MARCHETTI proposed to write a book that would make a mockery of the CIA and expose its operatives as bureaucrats with delusions, dangerous in spite of themselves, living off an undeserved reputation for derring-do. Only if the Agency were made human, he believed, could anything ever be done about the cold Toynbee's nightmare.

Apparently this idea struck a sensitive spot somewhere in the CIA, for the Agency stole a copy of Marchetti's book outline from a New York publishing house. The agents retired to their headquarters in Langley, Virginia, and figured the law for a way to keep the book from coming into the light of day. They found one. In April 1972, the U.S. government sought and obtained a permanent court order enjoining Victor Marchetti, his agents, servants, employees and attorneys, and all other persons in active concert or participation with him from disclosing any information, "factual, fictional or otherwise," without the prior consent of the CIA. The order was upheld by the U.S. Court of Appeals, and the Supreme Court declined to review the case. If Marchetti now speaks out from his classified mind, he faces instant imprisonment for contempt of court—no juries, not even a show trial.

Marchetti, outspooked and outlawed in England, vowed to go on. After signing a contract with Alfred A. Knopf for a critical, non-fiction book on the CIA, he took on a coauthor John Marks, a thirty-year-old ex-Foreign Service officer—and drafted a 500-page manuscript. It was dutifully handed over to the Agency in August 1973, and the authors tried reasoning together with the CIA censors, hoping to avoid the Ellsberg dilemma of keeping quiet or going to jail. But the book came back from the censors' shop riddled with 339 national-security objections, excising more than a fifth of the text. As a new legal challenge to the censorship begins, all the parties to the case have pulled out their Sunday rhetoric. For the ACLU lawyers who represent the authors, it is the first legally sustained exercise of prior restraint on national-security grounds in the history of the United States, a pernicious (but almost unnoticed) reversal of the decision in the *New York Times* case on the Pentagon Papers. For the CIA, the principle at hand is nothing less than the government's right to conduct its business without internal subversion. If people like Marchetti are allowed to blab incontinentally about matters of state, the government's executive arm will be paralyzed and Washington will degenerate into a giant ADA meeting.

The Justice Department, representing the agency, sees the sanctity of contracts as the real issue. Marchetti—like Ellsberg, Marks, and anyone else dealing with classified material—lost his job only after signing a contractual

agreement not to reveal secrets, and the government successfully contended that such a contract overrides Marchetti's First Amendment rights. This is a new twist in the effort to protect official secrets, overlooked in the Ellsberg case. The Justice Department briefs are loaded with the lore of corporate trade secrets—citing precedents like *Colgate-Palmolive Co. v. Carter Products*—as if Marchetti had threatened to let loose the magic ingredient in Coca-Cola. Lying behind all the questions of CIA spying and security, this rather unorthodox contract approach to secrecy carries with it a potential for widespread application against dissenting government employees.

### Less intelligence than ever

OVER ITS TWENTY-SIX-YEAR history, partly by design and partly by failure, the CIA has come to specialize in foreign manipulations rather than intelligence. Classical espionage against the Russians and the Chinese has produced one of the driest wells in spy history. According to Marchetti, the CIA has been unable to penetrate the governments of the major Cold War opponents. The warring spy camps have had to content themselves by striking public-relations blows against one another. When Kim Philby defected to the Russians in 1963, after twenty years as a double agent in Britain, the KGB held elaborate press conferences and rushed his memoirs into print to thrill the world with Soviet spy power. The CIA said his book was phony—double agents do not keep journals of their perfidy—and most experts agree that Philby's activities did not hurt the British or help the Russians very much. Still, the CIA smarted under the publicity barrage, and it soon trotted out one Col. Oleg Penkovsky, claiming

"One bit of Watergate testimony with the ring of truth is that the Gemstone information was 'essentially useless.' The stupidity of the mission is vintage CIA material."



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THE CENSORS  
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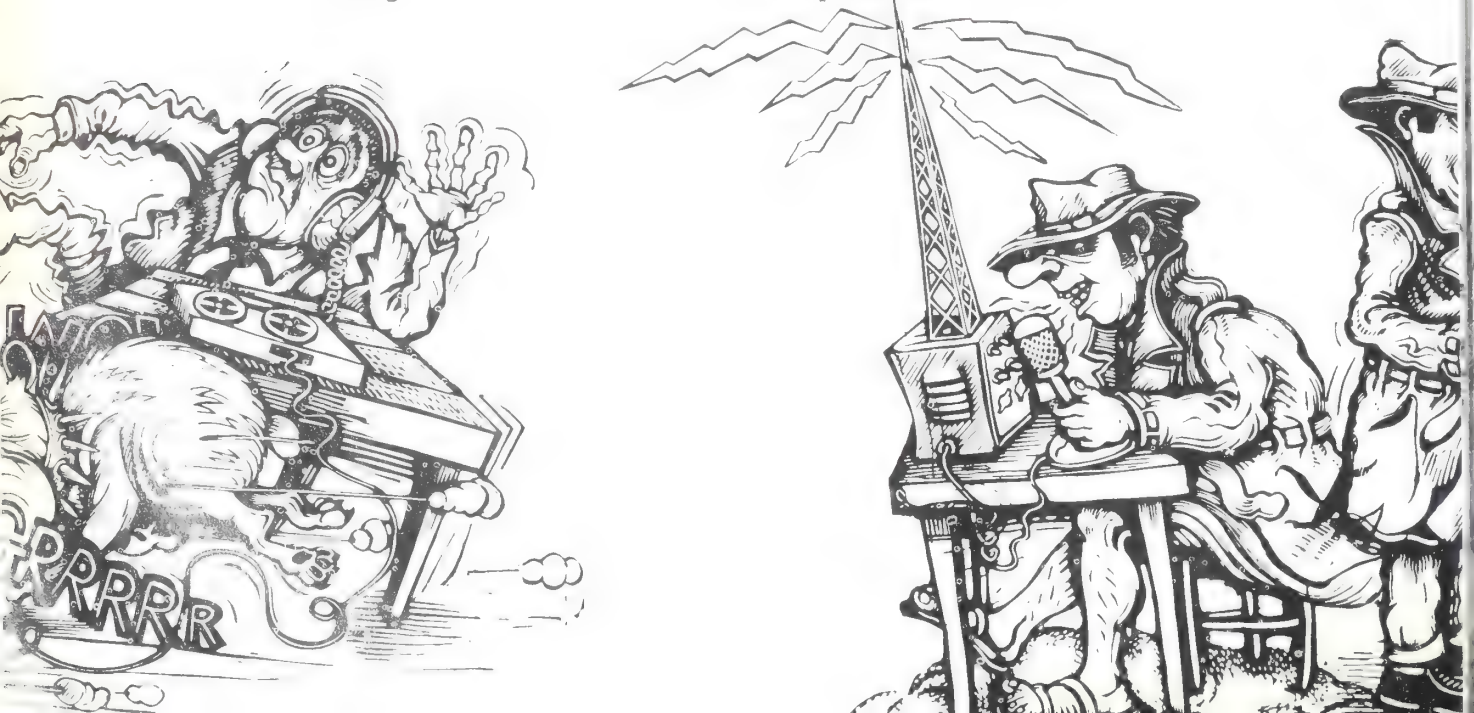
that he had been just as valuable as Philby. Former CIA director Richard Helms has said proudly that Penkovsky had helped the U.S. detect Russian missiles in Cuba in 1962. Soon, Penkovsky's carefully recorded memoirs were on the best-seller lists, and it didn't matter that many experts doubted their authenticity, suspecting that the colonel had gotten more than a little editorial assistance at Langley. Marchetti's revelations on this matter are clipped from the book, but he has written elsewhere that Penkovsky was a British agent who provided no information whatever on the installation of the missiles in Cuba—the Agency detected them from aerial photographs. Penkovsky was preoccupied with other matters, such as insisting that he wear the full colonel's uniform of whichever Western intelligence outfit was debriefing him.

Other than the Cuban missile crisis, the CIA (created out of the Pearl Harbor, if-we-had-only-known syndrome) has not anticipated a single one of the many outbreaks of war and armed confrontation in the past twenty-five years. Now the CIA has become marginal to even the detection of future missile crises, for it has given the Pentagon control of the satellites that provide the crucial security information on weapon and troop movements. What special intelligence there is in the world seems largely boring and of little consequence. In 1964 the Agency learned that the American Embassy in Moscow had been bugged from top to bottom since 1952. For twelve years at the height of the Cold War, the KGB had access to every secret message within the embassy and to the cable exchanges with Washington—with little evident advantage. The great powers are too big and cumbrous to move with much subtlety.

While the intelligence value of the CIA has been whittled down continuously—until Henry Kissinger now scorns the calculations and posi-

tion papers of the analysts—the Clandestine Services branch of the Agency (modestly known as the Plans Division) has mushroomed in size and importance. Marchetti and Marks assert that fully two-thirds of the CIA's money and manpower are devoted to covert activities in the form of dirty tricks and paramilitary operations. This fact, along with the organization charts and the budget figures that support it, was originally censored from the book; but the CIA relented when Marchetti and his lawyers pointed out that Sen. William Proxmire had already ferreted out the information and put it in the *Congressional Record*.

THE MARCHETTI-MARKS MANUSCRIPT shows that the CIA has trimmed away its intelligence functions so completely that it can now justify its existence only on the basis of the clandestine jujitsu it tries to practice on foreign governments—the bribes, the coups, the surgical removal of unfriendly political strains abroad. Such a specialty is just fine with the covert types who run the Agency, but they know that it is precisely these covert operations that have made the CIA vulnerable to public criticism as the symbol of sinister and undemocratic pre-occupations within the American government. Harry Truman, whose administration created the CIA in 1947, stated repeatedly that the Agency was intended to be the centralized intelligence branch of government, not a squad of secret D-Day operatives. Recently a whole chorus of foreign-policy heavies like Nicholas deB. Katzenbach have picked up Truman's theme and argued that the Agency should be confined to its statutory duty "to correlate and evaluate intelligence relating to the national security." They point out that the legal basis for all the James Bond stuff is extremely tenuous.





The Marchetti-Marks revelations would provide more grist for the Katzenbach position, which is anathema at Langley. Telling the CIA to stick with information-gathering is like telling the vigilantes of the Klan to put away their hoods and nooses in favor of due process of law.

To survive and prosper, the CIA must convince the public that it is employing all its professional wizardry to sniff out future Pearl Harbors. And it must keep the President thinking that in political emergencies, when men of action must discard the niceties of constitutional theory, the CIA will respond with piano-wire efficiency. Now come Marchetti and Marks to say that the Agency is out of the Pearl Harbor business, having abandoned it to the diplomats and the satellite people at the Pentagon. Moreover, they say, the CIA's covert missions are short on piano wire and long on giddy P. T. Barnum schemes fit for a Donald Segretti. The CIA would much rather be subjected to a dozen books by the usual liberal critics—attributing every suspicious automobile accident, Bolivian coup, and Republican election to the deadly genius of its agents—than suffer from one inside book like Marchetti's, which exposes a clandestine circus behind the awe-inspiring curtain of secrecy.

### Cats, rabbits, and snake oil

THE MATERIALS FOR RIDICULE have long been available, but writers have been so seduced by Agency folklore that they have glided over the absurd to focus on the imaginary agent with the garrote in the wings. In *The Invisible Government*, David Wise and Thomas Ross describe the Agency's incredible clandestine feat of setting up a CIA radio station, under elaborate cover, to encourage and direct the popular up-

rising that was to follow the Bay of Pigs operation. The agents set up shop on Great Swan Island, a tiny spot in the Caribbean made entirely of guano and infested with three-foot lizards. While the front men vainly sought to protect the unlikely cover story that the new station on the deserted guano island was an independent venture on the part of profit-minded entrepreneurs—changing around the phony corporate charter, fending off small landing parties of Honduran students who came to denounce the CIA presence and to claim the island as Honduran soil—the intrepid CIA technicians went on the air to drum up the spirit of Cuban revolt. Three days after the invasion had failed, Radio Swan was still issuing orders to nonexistent troops. Even a year after the invasion, the station—renamed “Radio Americas” under the new leadership of the “Vanguard Service Corporation”—had not given up. It exhorted freedom-loving Cubans to tie up communications by taking receivers off hooks in phone booths, and to subvert the Cuban economy by breaking enough bottles to create a beer shortage.

The Marchetti-Marks manuscript is full of anecdotes fit for the Marx brothers or Maxwell Smart—secret projects to float balloons over Communist countries, dropping forged leaflets that promote the democratic alternative; fake letters to sow confusion within the French student movement; agents scrambling for enough Benny Goodman records to satisfy the longings of an informant. Marchetti says that the most ludicrous incidents have been censored to protect the security of the twilight-zone devices invented in the CIA lab. “I’ll give you one example that they took out,” he said, “because I can’t imagine that the Agency could stand the publicity of putting me in jail for revealing it. We spent hundreds of thousands of dollars and several years to develop a bugging device that could be surgically implanted inside the body of an ordinary house pet. The idea was finally scuttled when someone realized that we couldn’t control the animal’s movements to put it within range of sensitive conversations, even if we could somehow place a wired cat or dog in the household of a target person. Many of the Agency projects are like that—pitifully silly.”

“In 1964 the Agency learned that the American Embassy in Moscow had been bugged for twelve years. The KGB had had access to every secret message within the embassy—with little evident advantage.”



THE SECRET MYTHS SWIRLING around the Agency have enabled it to go a long way on the intricate logic of Rube Goldberg. At the height of the Cold War, the Agency faced the problem of containing Communism everywhere. To do so, reasoned the head spooks, it would be helpful if the American people believed that the menace was making headway, since this would stir public support for anti-Communist measures. To stimulate that belief, it would be helpful if the government could point to tan-

gible evidence that the Communist party was making gains right here at home. That might be accomplished if the CIA could show that many demented citizens were reading the official newspaper of the American Communist party, which in turn could be done if the CIA subsidized *The Daily Worker* to keep it alive. By this reasoning, CIA operatives were put to work concocting several thousand phony names and addresses for new, nonexistent "subscribers" to *The Daily Worker*. The CIA sent the taxpayers' money to the apostles of Moscow so that the Cold War agencies of government could point to the bulging circulation of *The Daily Worker* to support their demands for bigger anti-Communist national-security budgets.

The same aura of secrecy that makes outsiders fear the Agency like death has a powerful influence on the operatives *inside* the CIA. Marchetti and Marks have written a chapter called "The Clandestine Mentality," whose basic point is that secrecy creates a whole culture, and that the trappings of clandestine work infuse the most mundane undertaking with the significance of a spy thriller. It grips the brain. An agent who makes his calls from a phone booth, decked out in a disguise and a code name, can't help feeling the buzz of importance—even if he is calling to check on his subscription to *The Daily Worker*. It is a private glow similar to that experienced by liberal Democrats who take precautions against the possibility that their phones might be tapped. Paranoia is the twin brother of the clandestine mentality.

The CIA is a pioneer in the organized use of secrecy, and in this role it reflects a general condition of American culture. Government secrecy is a measure of status and prestige for its officials, and its symbols—the security clearance, the locked briefcase, the top secret-sensitive discussions, the magic references to the national security—are highly coveted. They are signs of high authority, like the Freudian terminology of the psychiatrist and the computer-laden tomes of the urbanologist. These signs can be the mark of genuine and vitally needed skills

if the Agency's secrets protect the explosive techniques of master operatives, if the multi-variable systems analysis of the urbanologist is required for genuine insights into the plight of the cities—but they can also be the smokescreen for professional shamanism. Secrecy provides not only a badge of importance but a meal ticket. We pay for what we do not understand, because we hunger for an expert.

Anyone who has lost the faith, like Marchetti and Marks, poses an enormous threat to those who traffic in mysteries and hidden talents—like a renegade magician who shows the public where his colleagues get their rabbits. The authors have already driven the CIA farther out into the open than the Agency finds comfort-

able, for in seeking to censor the book the CIA is reduced to naked trust—this material must be kept within the confines of the government, they say, for reasons so secret we cannot reveal them. It is reminiscent of the old Hubert Humphrey, telling the voters that they would support the President if they only knew what he knew about Vietnam, which, unfortunately, was classified. In a pinch, secrecy becomes a mask, completing the circle of its uses. The snake oil merchant's greatest secret was not the ingredients of his potions—anything would do—but the gullibility of the people in his audience and their need to believe that the good doctor could sweep away their real and imagined ills.

### Top secrets everyone knows

THE POLITICAL MESSAGE of the Marchetti-Marks manuscript confirms and supports the themes of several recent books critical of the CIA, but it is much more offensive to the Agency than the others—largely because of Marchetti's high position at the CIA. Although much of the material in the Marchetti-Marks book is available in newspapers and in the CIA books, the Agency censored it anyway, on the ground that Marchetti's former status would authenticate what is now only rumor. The authors estimate that about a quarter of the stricken facts are already on the public record.

There is a reference in the manuscript, right after several pages that have been decimated by CIA censors, to "the CIA's ties with foreign political leaders." The obvious inference to be drawn is that the authors had identified foreign leaders with past or present CIA connections, and several sources have identified this kind of material as the most explosive in the book—the Agency's best case for secrecy by prior restraint.

While it is impossible to evaluate this claim without knowing precisely what has been cut, one can make an educated guess after scanning the public literature on the CIA and talking with reporters, ex-agents, and others who specialize in intelligence. I have done so, and it appears likely that the Agency is close to political leaders in Jordan, Greece, Iran, Ethiopia, Taiwan, and West Germany. In general, the Agency probably has political ties wherever it has operated in the past—Laos, Vietnam, Bolivia, Guatemala—and also in the smaller countries of Latin America and Africa, where a little bribe money can be effective enough for the spooks to throw their weight around. All this seems hardly surprising or fraught with peril for the national security. And, as Marchetti tells it, Agency ties to a foreign government do not necessarily mean that we run the country. They come closer to meaning that one of our agents gets to have lunch with a foreign official occa-



ally, much the way an American mogul gets  
end the ear of a Senator from time to time  
for making a political contribution.

UT FAIRNESS DEMANDS that we suppress  
boredom and consider the Agency's view.  
er all, the entire national-security apparatus  
the United States, the Justice Department, the  
U, a major publishing house, and the federal  
rts are all burning up legal pads trying to  
n out whether this material should be for-  
den in the name of military security. Should  
for Marchetti, by virtue of having sat in the  
nest councils of spy headquarters, be allowed  
declare authoritatively that foreign leaders  
or have been, tainted by American intelli-  
ce? What if the minister loses his job as a  
ult, and the CIA is cut off from its leverage  
information? The subtle minds at Langley  
uld say that the cooperative ministers of the  
ire will refuse to associate with the CIA for  
r of later being exposed.

Marchetti replies that the book does not re-  
l the names of classical spies, citizens of "un-  
ndly" countries who slip their military se-  
ts to a CIA agent. He says that the book will  
se embarrassment, but that no exposed con-  
ts will be rubbed out by the Soviet KGB or  
yone else, and no wars will break out. The  
e of Amintore Fanfani supports his point.  
May 1973, Seymour Hersh wrote a story in  
*New York Times* about Graham Martin,  
w Ambassador to South Vietnam, and his ef-  
ts to get the CIA to support Fanfani's wing of  
Christian Democrat party in Italy. This oc-  
rred in 1970, when Martin was Ambassador  
Italy, and Fanfani, a former Italian premier,  
s trying to take over the government again  
ring one of Italy's periodic crises. Fanfani, a  
nservative, figured that \$1 million from the  
A would go a long way toward keeping the  
t-wingers out of power, and he made his pitch  
Martin in secret meetings.

There is a hole in the Marchetti-Marks manu-  
ript where I assume the details of this story  
ce were. The Agency censored it, because it  
veals Fanfani's ties to the CIA; but the censors  
d to leave in the reference to the Hersh story,  
hich is quite thorough. The revelations in the  
*Times* caused some minor repercussions in Italy  
ut didn't make any noise in the dark passage-  
ays of international espionage. If the censored  
ecdotes of foreigners' ties to the CIA are as  
me as this one, the government would have a  
ugh time demonstrating a grave threat to the  
national security. Actually, the point of the dis-  
ussion in the book manuscript is that the *Times*  
initially balked at running the story because the  
litors thought it wasn't newsworthy—a basic  
owner from back in 1970, dredged up to em-  
arrass our new envoy to Thieu's republic.

When Marchetti was enjoined from writing  
his book without censorship, one CIA official was  
quoted as giving thanks for the injunction be-  
cause the revelations would have "blown us out  
of the water" in many places around the world.  
(The official was CIA director William Colby.)  
He could have meant this in the way the Fan-  
fani story made future operations difficult in  
Italy, or he could have been focusing on a sec-  
ond kind of exposure in the book—Marchetti's  
plans to identify CIA "cover" organizations in  
and out of the United States. The Agency wants  
to avoid more troubles like the 1967 scandal  
that exposed the National Student Association  
as a CIA front. The Agency's proprietary fronts  
are detailed in a chapter that was mutilated in  
the first round of censorship. Rocky Mountain  
Air, of Arizona, was identified in a magazine  
article by Marchetti as a CIA domestic airline,  
but this does not appear in the book and has  
apparently fallen under the knife.

Agency airlines and corporate covers evoke  
the stale air of yesteryear, for, despite the CIA's  
predictions of dire rumblings in the foreign un-  
derworld, the revelations of the past have had  
little impact beyond a brief period of media  
interest. But the CIA contends that all these little  
covert fronts make up a vital collective enter-  
prise for clandestine use against our enemies.  
Agency officials have sworn that blowing more  
covers like NSA "would cause grave and irrepa-  
rable damage to the national security," and  
therefore must be censored.

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### Done in by the Princeton men

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**M**ARCHETTI VIEWS THE CASE with just as  
much passion as the various lawyers and  
government officials, but in much earthier fash-  
ion. He sees himself as the target of a personal  
vendetta by the Old Boy network that has al-  
ways run the agency. The upper reaches of the  
CIA are completely dominated by Ivy League  
WASPS, most of whom got started in the OSS  
during the war. William Colby, the current di-  
rector, is fully in the tradition—an OSS opera-  
tive who continued his work with the Agency,  
personally designing the Phoenix assassination  
program in Vietnam and virtually every other  
covert operation on his turf, Southeast Asia, ris-  
ing to the top because he conducted every mis-  
sion with the skillful good grace of a man who  
appreciates fine wine. A real Princeton man, say  
those who meet him.

Marchetti, on the other hand, went to Penn  
State and describes himself as "the cousin of  
bulldozer drivers." He joined the Agency in  
1955 and worked his way up to the executive  
suites on the seventh floor of the CIA building.  
He was a special assistant to members of the  
top brass, sitting in on CIA policy meetings, a

"The CIA would  
rather be sub-  
jected to a dozen  
books by the  
usual liberals  
criticizing its  
deadly genius  
than suffer  
from one inside  
book like Mar-  
chetti's, which  
exposes a clan-  
destine circus."

# Taylor Branch THE CENSORS OF BUMBLEDOM

hawk on Vietnam, a general analyst of good reputation on strategic matters, a lover of things covert. As he describes it, he began to fall away from the CIA spirit when he saw first hand that the directors and assistant directors were much more interested in dreaming up clandestine operations, the cloak-and-dagger stuff, than they were in the production and analysis of intelligence. The Agency is still marked by a split between the analysts and the operatives, with thinly concealed contempt on both sides. Marchetti shared the analysts' view that the clandestine types, like E. Howard ("Eduardo") Hunt, had read too many spy novels and worn too many disguises—that they found the Agency a playground for their covert fantasies. (Any CIA *operator*, on the other hand, lets you know quickly that the analysts are pale-faced bookworms who "don't do anything" and might as well be in the State Department.) Marchetti half expected these traditional jealousies to be ironed out at the top, but he found that the operatives were in control, too busy hatching plots to care much about position papers. He began to "lose effectiveness," he says, when, in executive meetings, he started questioning the wisdom and purpose of clandestine schemes—which, in the CIA, is somewhat like casting doubt on the humanity of football in the heat of a pep rally.

**W**HATEVER THE FINAL OUTCOME in the courts, the lawyers in the Justice Department deserve some credit within the profession for staging one of the most imaginative legal comebacks in recent history. Charged by the Nixon Administration with the task of protecting the government against conspirators and tattlers, the Department assembled a truly dismal record. Scores of left-wing conspirators were brought to trial without a single conviction, and the prosecutors became successful only when the charge toward security turned inward. John Dean and Jeb Magruder have been convicted of conspiracy; John Mitchell is squirming under a mound of conspiracy evidence. Prosecutors who failed miserably against hippies and malcontents have been so lethal against their colleagues in the surrounding offices that eminences like Richard Kleindienst, Will Wilson, and Robert Mardian have fled, hoping to get out of range.

In the midst of all this came the loss in the Pentagon Papers case. The Justices ruled that it is possible for the government to obtain a restraining order against a newspaper—that the First Amendment is not an absolute guarantee of the right to publish national-security information—but that the government has to meet a heavy burden of proof, showing that the information is overwhelmingly likely to harm U.S.

military preparedness by threatening the loss of lives or jeopardizing vital military secrets. The Department lawyers warned of horrible calamities if the *Times* were allowed to publish more top-secret cables by the Old Boys, but the Court surveyed the ramparts of freedom after the first batch of papers had appeared in the *Times* and detected little damage. The government stumbled miserably, and the precedent looked useful to Marchetti.

Then the Department failed to convict Ellsberg of espionage, or anything else, and the cause of secrecy seemed hopeless. When the court lawyers brought the Marchetti problem over to the Justice Department, two flimsy weapons seemed available to shut him up. They could seek an injunction before a judge on the same grounds they had tried against the *New York Times*, but the courts had proved to be attached to the First Amendment. The second unpromising avenue was the old reliable: criminal deterrence. They could threaten to prosecute Marchetti for espionage if he persisted. They knew from their Ellsberg preparations, however, that conviction would be difficult. Marchetti might want to take his case before a jury, whose members might be too secure or too unsophisticated to perceive a grave threat to the national security. Besides, a threat is not as permanent as an injunction; and if it ever lost credibility, Marchetti would be free to publish and the government would be left with only a long shot at a post facto remedy in a criminal trial. The secrets would already be out.

Whoever hit upon the contract approach based on Marchetti's secrecy agreement brought about a Newtonian advance in the prospects for quiet, discreet government. It was a fivefold stroke of genius.

(1) It fuzzed up First Amendment objections to prior restraint. The government sued to enjoin Marchetti from breaching his contractual obligation not to reveal classified information. Federal officials submit to other limitations on their First Amendment rights as a condition of employment, such as the Hatch Act prohibition against political activity, and this is merely another limitation—sanctified in writing.

(2) The government did not have to show that the material would do substantial damage to the national defense, because the terms of the contract refer only to classified material. Not many things clearly injure military preparedness, but everything can be classified.

(3) With these two new advantages, the government could seek prior restraint before a judge instead of conviction before a jury. The Justice Department does not like juries. Also the hearing would take place *in camera*, a secret proceeding to discuss classified secrets with no reporters to ask fresh questions.

(4) The contract question made the issue



re complicated, confusing the press hounds  
toning down publicity. The focus shifted  
n big sexy matters of secrecy and national  
dense to the question of whether Marchetti  
ould honor his own written word.

5) The contract injunction, if sustained, has  
ermous value for application in other agen-  
s of the government where secrecy agree-  
nts are required. Already, the addition of  
Marks to the case puts the State Department  
ad its mandatory oath under the secrecy blan-  
k. Conceivably, the Justice Department could  
tain an injunction against anyone, in or out  
of government, who has signed a secrecy oath  
and is suspected of leaking classified material.  
This would not be of much use against isolated,  
anticipated leaks to the press, but it would  
be a potent weapon against known dissenters  
with a lot on their minds. Even a casual leak  
could be much more dangerous for those un-  
der injunction, for it would pose the risk of be-  
ing jailed instantly for contempt of court.

THESE OMINOUS RAMIFICATIONS of the Mar-  
chetti precedent have sent the ACLU lawyers  
raving for their 1984 quotes and their best  
speeches on the Bill of Rights. They fear that  
their fortunes might be reversed from the "peo-  
ple's right to know" victories of the Pentagon  
papers case, and they see the specter of a gov-  
ernment whose employees have to get a note  
signed by an Old Boy before they can speak  
from their mind. They know that the power to control  
classified information and punish national-se-  
curity critics would be selectively enforced.  
Lyndon Johnson, Ted Sorensen, and Bill Bundy  
could still be able to make "appropriate usage"  
of state secrets in their memoirs without fear of  
injunction. (LBJ quoted extensively from the  
top-secret Pentagon Papers before they were  
released; but instead of being tried for espi-  
nage, like Ellsberg, he received an estimated  
\$1.5 million for *The Vantage Point*.) Every  
spring at budget time, the Pentagon would still  
make startling new intelligence and tricolor  
graphs showing that the collective Russian nu-  
clear missile is longer and more explosive than  
ours—and the generals will get bigger budgets,  
not an injunction. By carefully exploiting the  
new legal power of the secrecy contract, the gov-  
ernment might be able to revive the absurd, dis-  
credited classification system—using the power  
of judges' robes to bring back the old days,  
when the function of a classified leak was to  
serve the government and when dissent was of-  
ficially approved.

Staring into this libertarian's horror, the ACLU  
has pulled out all the stops in seeking to reverse  
the Marchetti defeat. The publisher, Knopf, has  
joined Marchetti and Marks to bring a little  
more First Amendment clout to the new suit.

The plaintiffs will reargue their staunch First  
Amendment position—no prior restraint at all,  
under any circumstances. If they fail again  
there, which is likely, they will argue that the  
secrecy oaths are valid only if the secret ma-  
terial is *properly* classified—that is, if its re-  
lease would plainly and seriously injure the mil-  
itary defense.

The government lawyers are confident that  
they won't have to get into the First Amend-  
ment morass, as they expect the district court to  
reaffirm its decision that the secrecy oath elim-  
inates the civil liberties question: "In the opin-  
ion of the Court the contract takes the case out  
of the scope of the First Amendment; and, to  
the extent the First Amendment is involved, the  
contract constitutes a waiver of the defendant's  
rights thereunder." It's much simpler for the  
courts to look at things this way, the attorneys  
say, and if they can make this argument wash  
again, the Justice Department will leave behind  
a legacy of secrecy protection that President  
Nixon would be proud of. It would be a victory  
for zipper-lipped government snatched from the  
ashes of the Ellsberg case, achieved quietly  
while the public is preoccupied with Nixon's  
sanity and his character flaws—something that  
the Administration could pass on to future Pres-  
idents, who would no doubt welcome the new  
secrecy guarantee, since classified material  
looks much dearer from the inside.

If the government wins again, the case will  
abound with new ironies. Marchetti and Marks  
will have unwittingly helped create the legal  
tools to make a vassal of every government em-  
ployee who enters the sacred chambers of na-  
tional security. In effect, Americans might then  
become divided into two basic types—those  
sufficiently gulled by the state's alleged need for  
privacy to sign its contract of *omerta*, and  
those who refuse. The robots of the first group  
would run the government, protected by the  
courts against the public. They would tend to  
become more cynical about the old principles  
of the Republic, while the second group would  
lose interest in the government itself. Mesmer-  
ized by clandestine fantasies, the courts would  
presumably consider the First Amendment in-  
operative in national-security matters such as  
the CIA's bugged house pets. The Agency would  
be left free, in the name of military defense, to  
expand its covert missions in the global fringes  
of the Third World—the only places where, es-  
pecially to the bombed peasants of Southeast  
Asia, it is clearly no joke. The CIA is drawn to  
the Third World like a lonely delict to a porn  
shop, where the salve for dreams is cheap and  
available. Instead of puncturing the myth of the  
CIA's awesome powers, Marchetti and Marks  
may ultimately find themselves and their secrecy  
oaths being used to reinforce the Agency's poi-  
sonous delusions. □

"If the govern-  
ment wins its  
case, Marchetti  
and Marks will  
have unwitting-  
ly helped create  
the legal tools  
to make a vas-  
sal of every  
government em-  
ployee who  
enters the sa-  
cred chambers  
of national  
security."

# THE KENYA PLATE

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*A salute to those noble beasts that have survived and a tribute to all people dedicated to saving endangered species and wildlife habitats throughout the world.*

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Like the noble beasts themselves, the art of glassmaking has not changed noticeably since the blowing iron was invented in Babylon 2000 years ago. Potash, sand and lime are heated until molten, then gathered and blown, and worked into a finished form. Some 300 years ago, in England, it was discovered that the addition of lead oxide yielded a very clear and brilliant glass that could be engraved with a copper wheel. It was called crystal, and from it emerged a new art form.

A handful of skilled artisans work as a team, each member carrying out his traditional assignment using tools and methods unchanged in centuries. And although the rest of the team may perform to perfection, one slip at the engraver's wheel dooms an otherwise flawless piece to the melting pot.

The process is so demanding that perfection is rarely attained. While several thousand plates of fine lead crystal may be attempted, only 2500 will meet the standard of perfection deemed necessary to qualify for a serial number in The Kenya Plate edition.

The first two plates have been presented to H.R.H. Prince of the Netherlands and Jomo Kenyatta, President of Kenya. The last is reserved for the permanent archives of the World Wildlife Fund. Orders for the remaining 2,497 will be filled sequentially as received. Because the exacting hand production is limited to 100 plates per month, only one plate will be permitted each individual subscriber.

## The Struggle To Survive

The survival of animals, birds, and their supporting habitat is no longer a fair contest with the traditional forces of nature. "Few literate people can be unaware today of the galloping destruction, degradation, and pollution of the natural environment which are proceeding apace all around us." This view of Prince Bernhard, who is also

President of the World Wildlife Fund, is shared by the entire organization and, as a result, it is imbued with a sense of quiet urgency.

Time is running out.

Survival is becoming more and more the hard-won result of prompt, deliberate action—even in the lush vastness of Kenya, home of many of the great and noble beasts of Africa. There, the World Wildlife Fund is supporting the country's own conservation efforts within the Nairobi National Park, Motomo Plant Sanctuary, Lake Nakuru, the Baharini Sanctuary, and marine parks on Kenya's coast.

### Gone Forever

In the United States alone there are currently 97 species the Congressional Record lists as "endangered," while 47 others are entirely extinct. Among them are:

Plains wolf	Labrador duck
Sea mink	Great auk
Eastern cougar	Passenger pigeon
Badlands bighorn	Carolina parakeet
Eastern elk	San Geronio trout

## Kenya As An Example

Kenya is but one of 80 countries in which the World Wildlife Fund is making significant headway against life-destroying forces. In its 12 years of existence, the Fund has channeled \$9 million into 762 key conservation projects. Among them are the international program for conservation of marine turtles through the safeguarding of breeding beaches; protection and habitat management for the Javan rhinoceros; the rescue of the endangered Arabian oryx; strong action to reduce pressure on the tiger, leopard, cheetah and other spotted cats threatened with extinction by fashion trends.

## The Web Of Life

If the world becomes unsuitable for animals, mankind may follow them into extinction. Such is the texture of life on our blue planet. Every living thing depends on every other living thing. The problem of conservation of wildlife frequently becomes a question of saving their habitat. Our habitat.

Thus, the World Wildlife Fund has helped establish the Guadamar and

the Coto Donana reserves in Southern Spain, which offer some of the finest spectacles of wild nature in Europe; the Marchauen/Marchegg Reserve in Austria with the only remnants of gallery forest in western Europe; sanctuaries in Pakistan, Jordan, Australia, Peru, Tanganyika; and the New Jersey wetlands in the United States, breeding and feeding grounds for fish, shellfish, land and shore birds.

## An Investment In One's Self

When you purchase the magnificent Kenya Plate, you automatically become an Associate of the World Wildlife Fund, a non-profit, tax-exempt organization. A cash contribution to the Fund will be made in your name, and your name will be inscribed in a special bound volume, to be placed in the permanent archives of the World Wildlife Fund. You will receive semi-annual progress reports on how contributions are being spent and what the results are. Please note: there are no frills to the World Wildlife Fund. You will not receive expensive magazines or elaborate publications. Instead, your contribution goes into priority action programs "to re-establish an unbroken link with nature and with life." Your life.

The price of The Kenya Plate is \$250. Of course, if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase, you may return it within 30 days for a full and unquestioned refund.

## The Prospect Of Appreciation

While the purpose in creating The Kenya Plate as an art object is to pay tribute to the extraordinary work and results of the World Wildlife Fund, there are those who will recognize it as an investment as well. There is, of course, no guarantee of appreciation, but it is interesting to note that certain other limited editions of true artistic merit have substantially increased in value in a short time. A Gunther Granger edition of porcelain "Dolphins" closed in 1970 at \$750 each. The current price is \$2,000. Boehm's "The Tern," first issued in 1968 for \$1,400, is now quoted at \$6,000. And the famous Dorothy Doughty "Bobtail Quails" brought out in 1940 at \$275 the pair, recently brought \$22,000 at auction.





THE KENYA PLATE measures 11 inches in diameter. It is Bavarian lead crystal, mouth blown and hand engraved. The animals depicted are: sable antelope, African elephant, giraffe, African buffalo, black rhinoceros, African lion. Limited to an edition of 2500 of which 100 will be produced each month.

The Kenya Plate  
c/o WORLD WILDLIFE FUND  
910 Seventeenth Street N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20006

Gentlemen: I wish to purchase The Kenya Plate. It will be serially numbered in the crystal and my plate will be the lowest number of those remaining on the date my order is received. It will be sent to me with a War of Authenticity.

I understand that this purchase provides me with all the rights and back-ownership as an Associate member of the Wildlife Fund.

The price is \$250, including insurance, handling, and shipping charges. I understand that if I am not satisfied with my purchase, I may return it within 30 days for a full, unquestioned refund.

Enclosed is my ☐ check; ☐ money order.  
Please charge my:  
☐ BankAmericard; ☐ Master Charge

Evening # \_\_\_\_\_ Expires \_\_\_\_\_  
little # \_\_\_\_\_  
didn't # \_\_\_\_\_

Acct. \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

# VERSE

## DEATH OF LOVERS

by Elsa Colligan

The shark  
that cut the bridegroom  
in half and devoured  
the bride  
is swimming in Acapulco Bay.

No more  
our mornings irritated  
by their private world  
when every filled us like a sponge.  
Now, *lur...* beachboys can resume.

Fishermen  
on salmon-colored rocks point  
towards the *playa encanada*  
where in the foaming  
in the chopping the gray fin cavorts.

Harpoons  
slither off his back, dolphins  
disappear. Standing ankle-deep  
and threatened, we are weighted  
with words, by lovers plans, undone.

## LIKE THIS

by Barry Spacks

In my box of a cinder-block office in Building  
14, I doze on the narrow couch and you  
haven't phoned and it strikes me that lying  
dead will be packaged and cold and straight  
like this, exactly like this, only minus  
the clock you bought me, the books, the sketch  
Karen sent from Rome and yes of course  
no window, no rising to watch a boy  
and his dog below, but otherwise just like  
death, simply adding the chair the lamp the  
chess column clipped from the Thursday *Times* and your  
voice your laughter the wind on the way  
to the car that claims it's real that says  
it will slap my face awake or push me  
down or twist me in half if it wants to.

## PETUNIA, STAY

by Mary Azrael

Nothing I say  
will make her stay.  
I offer to marry  
the king's purple velvet,  
whisper "forever"  
to her shy golden eye;  
but, stubborn, she crumples  
overnight like a slept-in dress.  
I find her diminished, dried  
bird claw in the dirt.

Nothing I say  
will bring back the garden;  
though a word, like a souvenir  
ticket torn in half,  
can open your mind's low door  
and let you, stooped, return.  
But don't expect to stand up  
straight in a humped skull.  
Bent, you will stiffen;  
your stung nerves signal,  
"Out! Crawl out  
through the sensory holes!"

## POEM

by Strobe Talbott

Another of those enactments of gray lies:  
your parents called. Of you, no mention.  
It was as though I'd come to dine  
and found your place set,  
but of you no mention, no sign  
—only your father's arch conversation  
and your mother's researching eyes.



# An invitation to sample the magazine that teaches you about people



**CHURCHGOERS** tend to have significantly more race prejudice than non-churchgoers. This is true even among people of the same age, educational level, and geographical region.

**BRIDGE PLAYERS**, in a heated game, often reveal sides of their personalities not evident in their everyday behavior. A woman who has been thoroughly put down while playing up in our patriarchal society may see the game as a chance to get even.

**SECUTIVES** who change jobs a lot value change not because it leads to change but because it is change, and change is his intimate value.

**SUCCESSFUL INVESTORS** have identifiable traits. When 64 students managed imaginary stock portfolios, those who did best showed definite personality patterns in tests. The same tests were given to 60 stockbrokers and predicted which were successful.

Why do people behave the way they do? And how can their behavior be reshaped?

For centuries, philosophers have pondered this riddle. But now, in the post-Freud era, psychologists are beginning to solve it.

Carefully controlled experiments with volunteer subjects are isolating and measuring the traits and emotional patterns involved in such human activities as investing, loving, fighting, donating, playing bridge, saving face, getting ideas, working, drinking.

Meanwhile other psychologists, the behavior modification researchers, are going still further. Building on B. F. Skinner's classic experiments in teaching pigeons to operate a typewriter or play ping pong, they are actually reshaping undesirable behavior.

Juvenile delinquents in an experimental Kansas home are being retrained in acceptable behavior. Dis-

**EXTROVERTS** have a different sex life than introverts. Extroverts are high on promiscuity and low on nervousness and prudishness. The introvert puts stress on virginity and fidelity.

**FAT PEOPLE** don't eat because they are hungry. Fat subjects and normal subjects were asked to evaluate the flavor of crackers on a full stomach and empty stomach. Only the normal subjects ate fewer crackers when their stomachs were full.

**DONORS** to worthy causes and charities are motivated chiefly by guilt and shame. For instance, it was found that motorists were more likely to stop and help a woman fix a flat tire if they had driven past a person helping another person fix a flat.

**WIDOWS** are hit hardest by their husband's death if they are higher-income, better-educated women. But they also have more resources to build a satisfying new life.

**JUVENILE DELINQUENTS** can be recon-

tured children who bite themselves, can't digest their food, or can't sleep are being miraculously reconditioned to function normally. Lifelong smokers are being helped to kick the habit.

The monthly magazine for the general public that keeps you informed on all this and more is *Psychology Today*. In it, the leading researchers and thinkers in the field—today's Freuds, Jungs, and Pavlovs—tell you about the latest discoveries and experiments, in language free from professional jargon. And illustrated in bold, colorful style that helps make knowledge the spine-tingling adventure it should rightfully be.

Find out for yourself. Mail coupon for a complimentary copy. We'll also reserve an introductory subscription for you at half price and if you're delighted for it (see coupon). But if not, turn the coupon with your first copy, just ask us to invoice without payment and cancel your reservation.

ditioned to stay out of trouble in a boy's home that rewards constructive behavior. But attempts to duplicate the program showed that emotional as well as physical rewards are necessary.

**ALCOHOLICS** who are men tend to drink for different reasons than those who are women. Research indicates that men drink to satisfy their need for power, but women are seeking enhanced feelings of womanliness or temporary escape from sex-role conflict.

**GIRLS WITHOUT FATHERS** show the effects when they reach adolescence, according to a new study. If her parents were divorced, she may be clumsily erotic with men; if her father died, she may be scared of them.

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# VOYAGE OF THE PSYCHENAUTS

A report on a journey inside the mind



Bonnie Freeman

SCIENCE IS THE INTELLECTUAL FATHER figure of our age, answering our deepest yearnings for justice and authority. Science complements democracy, for the scientific truth is forbidden to be aristocratic and private. A statement not verifiable in the parliament of the laboratory is without rank or influence, a mere subjective opinion, a disenfranchised effusion of a dream.

Until recently science had no time for the kind of truth that gave itself only to a favored few. People who subjected themselves to the disciplines of Yoga, Zen, or transcendental meditation, or attempted to stimulate ESP and other *psi* phenomena, people who wistfully, sometimes fanatically, studied black or white magic, shamanism, astrology, the tarot, spirit healing, reincarnation—all these were barely taken seriously by orthodox scientists.

But in the past few years, as the numbers of these people grew and their claims became more insistent, science with an impatient sigh moved to take note. Psychics and physicists now collaborate in attaching EEG devices to the earlobes of Yogins; artichokes are hooked up to lie detectors; galvanometers festoon the flesh of healers and mediums; the etheric aurora, which used to hover shyly around the shadows of occultism, is now stalked by a ray of light. In Russia, Kirlian photography was developed in the 1930s.

Can you trap a ghost with a magnet? If you can't, what does this say about the

machines? Having demythologized the world as we now in the process of remythologizing it. If we satisfy ourselves that plants can feel, and there are tremors of consciousness even in rocks, will science have smuggled God back into matter like contraband cargo? Or is this all a subtle Oriental revenge for the Western technological takeover of the East: meteorology replaces the shaman, and in reprisal Tibetan Buddhism infiltrates Detroit, gnawing away at materialism like a psychic termite.

FOR SOME YEARS NOW, a husband-and-wife pair of researchers, R.E.L. Masters and D. Jean Houston, supported by grants from a variety of foundations, have been pursuing a line of investigation that provokes these questions in particularly sensitive way. In New York, and more recently, in a large house set in rambling grounds about forty miles outside the city, they have undertaken a wide-ranging program of research into those experiences that have been variously called "trances," "subjective realities," and "altered states of consciousness." While others explore one area of this field at a time—biofeedback and voluntary control of voluntary processes, perhaps, or healing powers—Masters and Houston are exploring a whole spectrum of potential human capacities, making a temporary chart of the microcosm like the Copernicans.

*Kenneth Cavander is a free-lance writer who also works as a playwright and director. He is presently a fellow of the Institute of Current World Affairs.*



*I am expanding, expanding . . . and I can read secrets of the universe and glimpse the forms of things . . . beautiful forms, mathematical forms. . . This is the source of forms, the world of divine ideas, the creative source. . . It is as if my mind were united with the mind of God . . .*

These words were taken down from a professor of theology while he was in what Masters and Houston call their "Altered States of Consciousness Induction Device," or "cradle" (see [this page](#)). Encoined in the cradle, subjects drift into trance in anywhere between two and twenty minutes. The trance is sometimes induced or deepened by suggestions, helped along a pre-session talk from Jean Houston or Rob-

ert Masters—preparing the subjects for the kind of phenomena they are likely to experience. They may see galleries of vivid abstract shapes, or an endless vista of galaxies and universes; they may revisit places on earth they went to long ago, or take off for lands that exist only in their fantasies. These experiences, when their subjects first related what happened in the cradle, immediately reminded Masters and Houston of the effects of psychotropic drugs, on which they had done some of the earliest research. (The findings of that work are distilled in a book, *Varieties of Psychedelic Experience*, one of the standard texts on the subject and now in its fourteenth paperback printing.) But there is an important difference. Whereas the chemical was its own master, creating kaleidoscopic effects as and when it willed, the cradle-induced experiences seemed to be more accessible to conscious guidance, more ordered—in other words, more available for scientific study.

The ~~cradle~~ ~~desires~~ ~~to~~ ~~work~~ ~~technology~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~mind~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~people~~ ~~have~~ ~~built~~ ~~in~~ ~~them~~. The heavenly chariot will get you there if it runs on electricity."

## The Altered States of Consciousness Induction Device

The ASCID, or "cradle," was created by Robert Masters from clues gleaned from the history of witchcraft and possession states. Something very like it has been found by anthropologists in Dutch Guiana, where shamans take a symbolic journey as part of their initiation, suspended on a free-swinging platform. Masters' platform is a triangular piece of metal, on which the subject stands, his back supported by a sheet of canvas stretched between two rods. Wide bands, adapted from car seat belts, clasp him around his chest, waist, thighs, and ankles. The whole contraption is suspended by a single link from the apex of a pyramid formed by four metal poles, which allows the platform to swing free about six inches above the ground. Every slight movement of the person's body, even an involuntary twitch, sets the platform and its cargo twirling, rocking, and swaying. Goggles, padded around the edges for comfort, render him totally blind. As you watch a subject in trance in the cradle, you first notice his feet. A slight curling of the toes inside the shoes lifts the soles upward. The contraption sways. There is another movement, more pronounced, from the knees. They sag a little, but the straps support him. Suddenly he draws in his breath, a sharp hissing intake of air. Inside the restraining straps, his body tries to arch backward. He seems to be in pain. When he speaks, however, his tone is even. Later, he says there was nothing painful about it. He merely felt the sensation of energy, which was forced its way through his body to his mind, where it would crystallize into an image. That was the moment when he arched backward, a moment of anticipation.

## The creative trance

MANY OF MASTERS' AND HOUSTON'S first subjects were artists. In one experiment they invited a woman, the writer of several popular songs, to test her creative powers under trance conditions in the cradle. She entered a trance state and was then told that she would experience a great variety of different things in a very short space of clock time. (This condition is sometimes called AMP, or Accelerated Mental Process. A great deal of pioneering work on it was done in the Fifties by Linn Cooper and Milton Erickson.) The subject was instructed to see a street. She was to walk down it slowly taking in all the noises, sights, and smells. After a while she would feel tired, and go into a little cabaret. There, while she was sitting at her table sipping a drink, a singer would come out and perform a few songs. She was to listen as long as she liked, commit some of the songs to memory, then leave. After a little less than two minutes of elapsed clock time, the subject raised her head, opened her eyes, and said, "Do you want to hear the songs?" —JANIS

The songs she sang were in Houston thought accustomed to. Masters had already composed them, that perhaps she had tried another experiment. The writer went to a far country and when she came back she sang primitive chanting. This time the song she brought back was quite unlike anything she had composed before. After these and several other experiments, she said, "I feel a little guilty, as if I've been eavesdropping and didn't really create anything. But if I didn't create that music, who did?"

Ever since the ancient Greeks played to the Muses, —JANIS read their feelings of

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Cavander  
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being a channel for the words or sounds or shapes they create. When their Muse abandons them they are helpless, bereft, victims of a "block." Masters and Houston asked a novelist who had been stuck for some months on the final chapter of a book to enter the cradle and imagine that he saw, unrolling before him like a movie, the end to his novel. He would hear the characters speak, and watch their actions, but he was not to interfere—merely to observe. He did so, and in the course of a series of experiments he observed four separate endings, one of which he incorporated into his book and delivered to his publishers.

Among the most alluring and elusive states attained under the influence of psychedelic drugs is the experience of mystical union with the world soul, described by saints and prophets as *satori*—at-oneness with God. One of the subjects with whom Masters and Houston have worked—without drugs—is the theology professor whose words were quoted earlier. His special field was medieval mysticism, and in the course of his exploration of the worlds opened up by the trances he found himself entering the states of consciousness of those mystics and visionaries whose texts he was studying as a scholar. He applied the insights to his work. Recently, summing up what eventually became a program of research spread over three years, he commented: "I think the people who wrote

these texts were in ecstatic states, and I think I was doing the best research in the world, this because I was reproducing the altered of consciousness of the people who wrote originals. . . . I feel that with the cradle of experience I am actually doing research into the universal structures of consciousness."

Masters and Houston call these experiences "subjective realities," and their cradle an "enabling device." Other ages and other cultures have employed their own enabling devices: mushrooms, fermented juices, chanting, dancing, fasting, exposure—enabling, to do what, though?

IN ONE SENSE, ANYTHING that the mind has the power to conceive may become a subjective reality. "I believe, therefore it is." One of the commonest experiences associated with inner subjective realities is for the perceptions to become sharper, more highly tuned. (In some cases, says Masters, "we don't know whether we're heightening the image component of sensation, or the sensitivity of the sense organs themselves. It's impossible to say in any sense of reality what part is imagery and what part is response to stimulus.") Synesthesia takes the form of people hearing colors, seeing sounds. Many of the processes accelerate; the subject feels he learns faster, concentrate for longer periods of time. Time, as in the experiment with the computer, becomes relativized. Mythical figures resembling Jungian archetypes such as the Wise Man or the Shadow or the Anima float before the view. Subjects may feel that they can leave their bodies and visit distant places, or other dimensions, as in the occultists' claims of astral projection. Shamanistic and mediumistic experiences may be experienced or—as with the theology professor—religious and mystical visions.

The simplest of all enabling devices is the spoken word. More and more, as their research continued, Masters and Houston came to rely on verbal inductions. These have proved just as effective as the cradle or audio-visual environments in leading the subjects into the world of subjective realities. As time went on, Masters and Houston developed a variety of enabling "games." Some of these games are their own invention; others have been suggested by other researchers working in the same general area. A few are taken almost intact from the exercises of esoteric orders in other cultures. All have one feature in common—they require no mechanical devices, only words.

Usually, the games are meant to be played peacefully in group surroundings, in a group of about ten people, one of whom acts as Guide. The Guide's role may rotate among the players, provides the inductions (and reentries), directs the players, assigns tasks. Playing sessions





anywhere from a couple of hours to a week. In the experimental stages, Masters and Houston themselves acting as Guides, would start in the simplest possible forms of altered states of consciousness—the reliving of a childhood dream or a vivid pleasant experience from the past; from there they would take the players on extended field trips into the phenomenology of subjective realities.

EVENTUALLY MASTERS AND HOUSTON arranged the games in a series, starting with the simplest and gradually reaching an advanced level at which the players may launch themselves into an oceanic mystical experience. An elementary exercise might involve the Guide playing a piece of music and suggesting to the players that they will respond to it through all their senses in an integrated, orchestrated way. After playing this game one player reported feeling the music as something liquid and glowing, very cold, as if it were spilling from her head to her toes. "Then I felt as though it became a part of my blood, as though I were just a sea of color, every color under the sun."

For Masters and Houston, such play is a way of allowing people to exercise a part of their minds that is usually untouched by ordinary education—the image-producing, creative side, the side that goes beyond the obvious "logical" solution to a problem and contains, perhaps, potentials for self-healing, for intensified pleasure, for heightened intuition.

But over and above their educational or therapeutic application, the games raise some delicate social and ethical questions. If an alternate world is available to anyone by the simple expedient of stepping into a quiet room and shutting the door, what becomes of the world we find so enthralling that it consumes all our time and energies, our "real" life? If these are games, what is serious?

Asked whether these games could tune people out and leave them buzzing like flies in the webs of their own fantasies, Jean Houston says no. On the contrary, she sees them enhancing the lives that people live most of the time, and even transforming them. Nevertheless, "there is a dramatic necessity for man to have quite a new image of himself if he is to survive." She shares a concern of many scientists and economists: infinite growth into a finite world won't go. Meanwhile, the majority of people in the West live in a state of enchantment with material objects. The disenchanted few are considered freaks. Therefore, any impulse, movement, or collective idea that shifts this imbalance is, in an evolutionary sense, adaptive. The earth has limits; the mind, apparently, does not. Better, then, to delve for treasures in the psyche than in the planet's pathetically thin crust.

BY THE LOGIC OF THIS POSITION, the work at the Foundation for Mind Research shades inevitably into something much more didactic. In the past two years, Masters and Houston, aided by a large new grant, have begun what is really a training program for a new type of being, a microcosmic teaching system in which they are trying to find out whether it is possible to do more than pay occasional visits to the world of subjective realities. Can people live there? Can they combine them with the realities of life in the other, so-called "real" or consensual world?

In moving to answer such questions, Jean Houston has reduced the number of her subjects to nine. Their ages range from thirty-three to fifty-three, and they are people of some eminence in their respective professions—a doctor, a psychiatrist, a science writer and editor, several people in the academic world. Masters has reduced his subjects even more drastically—to four—and has undertaken a program exploring the creative potentials of the people involved—to find out, for example, whether a person could choose a state of consciousness most conducive for a particular goal, or whether work produced in trance differs significantly from work produced in a "normal" state.

Masters puts his subjects into long trances, sometimes for days at a time. Over that time, the depth of the trance will vary, partly as a result of suggestions from Masters, partly by the subject's own choice. For Masters, a great deal of the work consists in sitting with people, paying total attention to them for hours at a time, watching every move of their bodies and every flicker of expression.

(In these states of intense concentration, a rapport which parapsychologists would call telepathic often grows between observer and subject. Masters is interested but cautious. He feels everyone in their field has an obligation to do a certain amount of *psi* research, whether they believe in the phenomenon or not. But it is a very small part, about 5 percent he estimates, of their total work.)

The subject who has spent the longest period in trance thus far is a young woman in her mid-twenties, an artist by profession, who has been sending back a series of dispatches from her trance world for many months. These seem to describe a lengthy initiation process, in which the woman is being instructed in a symbol system whose components are apparently suggested by her background as a religion major, and include deities of ancient Egypt. A statuette of the Egyptian goddess Sekhmet, which Masters and Houston own, makes many entrances into the psychic drama the subject is living through. Since she is an artist, she can reproduce what she sees, and so her reports are illustrated with a portfolio of line drawings showing her "in-

"The state of mind of most people in Western society is already one of trance. The numbing monotony of modern life creates in people a parody of the machines that were meant to liberate them."

Kenneth  
Cavander

## VOYAGE OF THE PSYCHENAUTS

structors" in manifold forms, sometimes with tails, or with flames issuing from their mouths, with spiny protuberances or dorsal fins.

Each of the subjects who spends a day, sometimes two or three days at a stretch, every week with either Robert Masters or Jean Houston, has set himself a different goal. All the same, the results they report echo each other remarkably. "A cleansing of the senses" is how the science writer puts it; according to the psychiatrist, it is a "heightened apperception"; for others it is "veils falling away." One of the subjects, a dancer and actress, has been exploring the physical expression of energy and the way physical images can be used to communicate. She has been encouraged to witness, in trance, scenarios of extended dances and she has found herself being led into experiences similar to those of the dervishes, whose whirling dances are said to induce sensations of magical flight.

### Thoughts beyond words

THE PSYCHIATRIST, trained as a classical Freudian, has been confronted with symbols that never made an appearance in his six-year training analysis, symbols which he believes are close to Jungian archetypes and which have a numinous quality for him. He regards the work he is doing as a very long project, still nascent,



but with ultimate application to the training of psychiatrists, enabling them to become more empathetic with the states of mind of their patients. In his own work, he has adapted techniques of Jean Houston to his special needs, so he can put himself into an altered state (though he points out that since we do not, strictly speaking, know what consciousness is, it is hard to say what its altered state would be). For him an altered state means, on the simplest level, an increase in sensitivity that enables him to pick up a greater range of nuances in the way his patients speak and behave. The scientist, editor and writer, as he describes the inner theater that unfolds before him during his sessions, feels himself opened out, his options increased, able to construct new models of scientific thinking for himself. Always the subject returns to the importance of images, the way in which thoughts or ideas present themselves in nonlinear, nonrational forms, as composites of mythlike fantasy scenes, collaborating with each other to form drama or rituals whose meaning is multidimensional and ill-suited to words. Behind images, there seems to be something even more inchoate.

"I've heard repeatedly from subjects in trance," says Masters, "that the next form of communication will be an exchange of energy—that thinking with energy is a much higher thought process than thinking with words or pictures." The body, in other words, is the antenna for new ideas before they reach consciousness. "Energy" is, of course, a blank-check word, to be filled in and cashed for something more exact when the psychic events it purports to describe are better understood. Meanwhile, Masters and Houston are as tongue-tied as chess grand masters who are asked to describe the mental processes, bypassing logic, that permit them to complete their staggeringly complicated calculations: these chess players can only speak of "something happening" in a certain area of the board, a feeling of energy out there. It seems that, faced with such experiences, the mind must resort to kinesthetic imagery in order to convey its obscure transactions.

Do only good spirits and benevolent deities inhabit the landscapes to which these experiences give access? Where are the demons and monsters that waylay travelers on similar journeys in legend and psychoanalysis? Are there nightmares? Masters and Houston attribute the comparative rarity of negative or menacing images in the reports of their subjects to the precautions they take to screen people: as far as possible, they look for healthy individuals, neither need nor are looking for therapy. Their subjects have good expectations of the experiences before they embark on them, and they are convinced that no hidden danger, no Cyclops or Fafnir, lies in wait for them. This is not to





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that psychic depths hold no terrors, but that under certain circumstances, given a sufficiently experienced guide and a well-prepared subject, the techniques developed by Masters and Houston can be used to enhance rather than upset a person's psychic equilibrium.

Masters and Houston have no idea, at this stage, whether what they are doing changes the functioning of the brain in any way. What is more likely to change, they feel, is the functioning of the person or, more exactly, of something in the person that Jean Houston refers to as his "entelechy."

"Entelechy" is a word that connotes the perfect realization of what is latent. Its mirror image is the Hindu concept of *dharma*, the idea that for each individual there is only one way leading to perfection—*his* way. To seek for self-realization by the wrong way is as frustrating and disastrous as never to seek at all. Ultimately one is justified only in aspiring to an ideal that conforms to one's own inner reality.

IT IS THAT INNER REALITY postulated by entelechy that many people find so hard to come to grips with today. For its sake the rich go to analysts and the poor change jobs, the young ransack the treasures of the East while the middle-aged take up the latest therapy. Some find their way; most don't. But in the trance-evoked dream worlds, say Masters and Houston, the entelechy finds a natural environment in which to express itself. The myth or symbol system that forms in the course of the long trances acts as a psychic amniotic fluid for the embryonic self. The specific nature of that world is not important—it can be ancient Egypt, space fiction, or modern China; what *is* important is that this system establish itself. When that happens, a person can revisit this private world and learn its customs, as Swedenborg returned to his Christian heaven to discourse with angels. And meanwhile something is growing or evolving in the chrysalis of that alternate world, something that may eventually help the person realize in practice what he has a capacity to be.

The concept of entelechy allows an individual to ask what the meaning of his life is—a question that positivist philosophy declares metaphysical and therefore illegitimate. Science, by itself, does not dispose of the problem of meaning. It does not even pose it, for, according to the classical scientific view, the cosmos is explicable without resort to notions of final cause or purposive design. If the cosmos is a machine, it has no meaning except to be.

But this explanation of the cosmos as a machine is itself an enthralling metaphor that may blind us to the fact that it answers only the question "How?" and never the question "Why?" If the universe is a machine and no more, the

universe is absurd. Machines are made by somebody, for a purpose. Even toys are created to please. A machine that exists for no purpose is not even a toy—unless we are to assume that the universe exists to amuse man, an echo of the Old Testament view, with the difference that man, as the only consciousness in a mechanistic universe, now sits on the throne previously reserved for God. The corollary of this idea is the gleeful realization that if the world is a toy, then it can be smashed like any other plaything. Objectivity, by reducing the world to the Other, finally turns the world into a garbage can, a wasteland. Samuel Beckett and T. S. Eliot, long before the admen, saw the possibilities of a disposable planet.

From one, not very outlandish, point of view, the state of mind of most people in Western society is already one of trance, but an extremely limited and self-defeating trance that shuts out all those other states that have traditionally been regarded as fruitful and beneficial for human growth. The numbing monotony of much of modern life, creating in people an unfeeling parody of the machines that were meant to liberate them, may well engender a need for another life, a separate reality, a need as fierce as any biological craving. Whether that craving manifests as a desperate search for God, as an anti-intellectual embrace of the frailest superstitions and the wispiest spiritual doctrines, or as orgiastic violence, its demands will not be satisfied until man wakes up from the cultural trance in which he lies, the best of his faculties dormant, dreaming that he is awake.

In the fantasies of their subjects, which they feel are the precursors of new artistic images that will in turn actualize themselves as another form of being, Masters and Houston see a new hero figure constantly recurring. This new hero is not the old "hero of a thousand faces," the individualist who suffers, dies, and is reborn, slaughtering and conquering along the way. Instead, he is Protean, capable of infinite changes in appearance and style, a magician, a Balthazar bringing gifts. He ruptures categories and confuses the senses, and in doing so he holds out the promise of fusion on a higher level.

If such a hero were to become the model for the approaching age, he would probably not be the founder of a mass movement or the god of a new religion. He would be more elusive, more changeful than his predecessors. He would be a sorcerer who treats the external world and the internal world on equal terms, giving spirit to the former and flesh to the latter. He would be a master of paradox and a player of games, speaking a new language. His one prayer might be the lines of Blake:

*May God us keep  
From single vision  
And Newton's sleep.*

□



The ambitious lawyer and the  
devout churchman.  
The brinksman and the moralist.

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## A VARIETY OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

ALEXANDER SIMPSON WAS the youngest of five children; his parents had not expected him. With the fourth child, Alexander's father had fulfilled his plan for a balanced dinner table—himself at the top, a boy and a girl on either side, and his loyal wife at the end—and Alexander's appearance struck him as evidence of discord in the order of things. But Mr. Simpson knew the world to be administered according to scientific law; he was a teacher and, from

time to time, he submitted articles to learned journals. When Alexander was old enough to eat with the rest of the family, Mr. Simpson instructed his wife to buy a circular table.

Although he never became reconciled to it, Mr. Simpson grew used to the round table; it was several years before he could find it in himself to forgive Alexander. Perhaps on this account alone, Mrs. Simpson preferred her fifth child above the others; she gave him the roundest apples from the basket and the tenderest cuts from the roast, and she watched him fondly as he ate. As for the other children, they accepted Alexander without thought, and he grew up as happily as most.

He was a drowsy, somewhat sluggish child, dreamy and overweight from the first, but affectionate and uncomplaining. He shared his toys readily, partly out of good temper and partly because he didn't much care about them; and, while he provided his sisters and brothers an appreciative audience, he rarely interrupted their games. Until he grew into an unwieldy six or so, his chief pleasure was to be swathed in an approximation of a christening gown and pushed about in a wagon by one of his sisters, clucking softly to himself.

When he started school his mother took him there, holding him by the hand that first day, and kissing his cheek before she left. The schoolboys gathered as soon as she was out of sight, forming a circle and dancing hand in hand around him, laughing and hooting, darting in and out one by one to kiss him with loud, wet sounds. Alexander responded with delight. He laughed and danced too, as gaily and as sincerely as they; and before the week was out they were accepting him into their games without reservation.

Just as his father had predicted, he was a poor scholar. He had no gift for sport, either, although he did come to enjoy cards as he grew older. Most of all, he enjoyed hearing people talk; he didn't talk much himself—the effort seemed greater than the reward of being heard—but he listened happily to other voices, content to give in to the intensity of one, the resonance of a second, the monotony of a third.

It was to this trait that his father succumbed



Salim Patell



in the end. It caused Mr. Simpson pain to look around the table during a pause in the discussion of some important matter and see the bored faces of four of his children. Only Alexander, his dreamy eyes fixed on his father, showed interest; or so it seemed to Mr. Simpson. And the fact is, Alexander did absorb some of what his father said, enough certainly to realize that it was to his father he should go for advice when the time for advice came.

As a young adult Alexander proved to be much as he had been as a child, a nondemanding companion and a sympathetic listener. In the filing department of the local newspaper, where at length he was installed, he proved to be no worse at his job than anyone else. He spent his spare time at a gathering place for young people, a place for poker at low stakes and beer at low prices. Alexander was a poor poker player; if his hand was good or bad he was delighted or unhappy in visible proportion. He played because his companions played and because, no matter what his hand, the scrambled colors and shapes aroused in him an agreeable sense of excitement. So it was with him that Wednesday evening—an evening much like any other at the start—when the first step in the direction of his conversion took place.

ALEXANDER SAT AT A TABLE with his friend Peter, and while they waited together for the others, Peter embarked on a tale about a distant uncle, idly shuffling and reshuffling the cards as he spoke.

"... on my father's side. Uncle Homer was turned into a big farm family—the last one—and he was kind of slow when it came to talking..." Peter beckoned to two young men, who came over to join them, and then set the deck down on the table ready for play. The deal fell to him, and he shuffled the cards, shoved them to Alexander for cutting, and dealt them out as he continued with his story.

"He didn't say 'da-da' or 'ma-ma' when he was supposed to, and he didn't say them a year later, either," Peter paused a moment to examine his cards, "or the year after that..."

Alexander, off to his right, hiccuped loudly; the two of them had drunk a fair proportion of beer already.

"Well, I don't know what I can make of this mess, but I'll open for two."

"... it wasn't that Uncle Homer couldn't understand things. You could say 'do this'..."

"I'll stay."

"... or 'do that' and he'd do it. They took him to all kinds of doctors, and they all said there wasn't anything wrong they could find. Maybe just a little stupid..."

"Hey, Sandy, come on. Come on, it isn't all that hard."

Alexander lifted his head from what appeared to be an intense concentration on his cards and looked vaguely around at his companions. "I... what'd you raise him?" he said. "What's the bet now? Did you raise him two? Or three? I'll raise you ten. No... wait... I mean..."

"Well, well, well, got something, have you, Sandy?"

"Come on, come on, what *are* you doing? Are you raising him ten?"

"Well, I don't know... I mean, yes... I mean, do you want to go along at ten?"

"Are you raising him ten or aren't you?"

Alexander looked down at his hand again, his face vacant for a minute, then he giggled a little and the giggle rippled throughout his bulky form. "Well... yes... well... all right, all right, I'll do it. Raise you ten."

"Sandy, my boy, the odds against filling an inside straight are pretty high. Did you know that?"

Peter looked at his cards for a moment, then at Alexander, and then again at his cards; he shrugged his shoulders slightly and said, "You know, I don't think Sandy knows a good hand from a bad one, but I think I gotta see what he thinks he's got. Anyone want any cards? State your needs." Peter looked around the table, pausing a moment to study Alexander's face.

"After a while," Peter began again, "they about gave up on Homer..."

"God help me, Peter, give me two."

"... and they let him alone a bit..."

"One, and make it a good one."

"Then one day his father was working out in the fields late and his mother said, 'Here, Homer, here's your father's coat. You take it to him.' So Homer took the coat and went out to find his father, and when he found him he..."

"Come on, Sandy, come on. We're going to be here all night at this rate."

Alexander glanced up from his cards, giggled again, and shook his head from side to side.

"Meaning what?"

"No."

"No what? You standing?"

"No. I mean yes. I mean no cards."

The three other players studied Alexander, who looked around at them, his face puzzled and pleased by turns; but finally he settled himself into his chair and resolved his face back into its usual dreamy expression. The others continued looking at him for a moment, then each with a sigh or a shrug or a shake of the head turned his attention to his own hand.

After a further pause and another glance at Alexander, Peter said, "Oh, well, I'll try two."

"That idiot uncle of yours," the second young man said abruptly, "what'd he do then?"

"Well, like I was saying," Peter went on, "when he found his father he walked right up to



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him and he just said, 'Here, Charlie, here's your coat.' Peter looked to his left. "What's your bet?" he said.

"Well, I'm damned if I know. But I been playing poker with Sandy for more than two years now and I just gotta see him too."

"Anyhow, that's what he said. 'Here, Charlie, here's your coat.' Those were his first words ever. The very first . . ."

"I'm out."

There was a sudden loud snort from Alexander, and his large body began to jiggle up and down. He pressed his hands against his moon face in a vain attempt to stop the foamy jets of beer spurting out of his mouth, and as his companions stared at him in silence he rocked and jogged and bounced out of all control. Recovering himself, he spread out his cards face up in front of him. There on the table lay a royal flush.

ALEXANDER PLAYED NO MORE POKER that evening, nor did he play the next evening, nor the evening after that. In fact, he found he didn't want to see Peter or his poker friends again, not because they continued to tease him about his royal flush—he enjoyed being teased—but because they distracted him. He wasn't sure just what it was they distracted him from, though he knew it had something to do with the royal flush; he knew that something vitally important to him flickered now on the dark inside wall of his head and that its light escaped him when he was with them.

He looked up poker in a book of his father's and found that a royal flush occurs only once in 649,740 hands, and this statistic intrigued him beyond anything he had ever encountered before. He turned it over and over in his mind, and at length he decided that probably if every man, woman, and child of the 20,000 or so in his hometown were to play thirty-three poker hands each, a royal flush would have to appear. The thought alarmed him slightly.

As he considered further, he began to wonder why it had happened that he was dealt that 649,740th hand. Why hadn't Peter got it? Why hadn't one of the others got it? Why himself in preference to one of the other three? In fact, anyone in town might have got it; wasn't there some meaning—some special meaning—in the fact that he, Alexander, was the one that gave so huge a number its meaning?

Such thoughts as these bothered his sleep and interrupted his appetite but failed to give any form to the flickering in his mind. He decided that the time had come to consult his father, whose learning, he was sure, would help him to bring things into focus.

"If you've got one fact it doesn't mean anything under the theory of probability," Mr.

Simpson said, looking abstractedly at his son—"that's what you're talking about, you know probability—and two facts aren't much better and neither are three. Or four, for that matter. But if you've got all kinds of facts—thousands are better than hundreds and millions are better than thousands—you can make almost anything you like out of them. And all of it's as infallible as the Pope."

Mr. Simpson sighed. "There's an army of clerks about, you see," he continued after a pause, "and they go and gather up facts—facts about everything: how many children are born and when, who dies how young of what, what eats what and who buys what and who wants what, and on and on like that. Then they write it all down and make it into patterns—it's a very precise. And then they know everything since everything everybody does ends up in some part of a curve or a chart or a table. Everything. And if you want to know everything, all you've got to do is gather up whatever you can find, calculate a bit, and lo! a pattern will emerge. Then you'll know everything, too, just like the clerks." Mr. Simpson sighed again. "Everything," he said. "Everything."

Alexander was impressed. After all, he worked in a place where many facts were collected already and he liked calculations. The next day at work he found a folder entitled "Miscellaneous Statistical Material." He chose at random.

The very first article he came across concerned a family by the name of Pitofsky, which in more than seven generations had produced no daughters. The occasion for the article was the birth of the forty-seventh male Pitofsky, and, as the reporter pointed out, the chance against such a run of boys was one in 136 trillion. The reporter went on to say, by way of illustrating the peculiarity of such figures, that whatever the pattern of the last forty-seven boys and girls in a family—any family at all—the pattern, too, would occur only once in 136 trillion times on the average.

Alexander made a copy of this article and pasted it in a scrapbook.

Then, reaching into the file again, he retrieved an interview with a certain Dr. Williams, who was distressed by the tendency to prescribe vitamins according to the needs of "the average man." One must keep in mind, Dr. Williams urged, that bodily organs vary in size from individual to individual; the stomach, for example, varies on a scale beginning with one and ascending to fifteen and the heart on a scale from one to five. If a researcher were to consider organs in the middle third of their respective ranges as "middle-sized organs" and he were to select only eight from the mass available, he could find only one average man in every 6,500 he tested.





Alexander pasted this article in his scrapbook too. He felt around his ample middle with his hands and thumped his chest but found he could not in any way estimate the size of his stomach or his heart. He made an appointment with Dr. Drude, who had delivered him and treated him for chicken pox when he was six.

Dr. Drude was not a patient man. "Well, well, Alexander," he said. "I haven't seen you for many years. Not since chicken pox. You've grown up. You're overweight. What can I do for you?"

Alexander pondered a moment, wishing to phrase his question precisely. "I want to know," he said, "how big my organs are."

Dr. Drude stared. "Your what?"

"My organs," said Alexander politely.

"What organs?" said Dr. Drude's temper had flared him already. "How in hell do I know how big your organs are? Why don't you look? That's a damn fool question. You always were a foolish boy—too many puddings—I told your mother so. Now what's the matter with you? You're busy."

"I must know how big my organs are," Alexander persisted gently. "It is very important to me to know."

He paused a moment. "I want to know particularly if I have a medium-sized stomach and a medium-sized heart. I have tried to find out myself and I can't."

Dr. Drude sighed angrily. "Do you feel like it?"

"No."

"Then you've got a medium-sized stomach."

"Ah," said Alexander, much pleased. "And my heart?"

"Are you short of breath?"

"No."

"Then you've got a medium-sized heart. Now go away."

"Ah," said Alexander again. "And what other organs have I got?"

"Oh, my God! Kidneys, liver, lungs, pancreas, intestines, spleen . . ."

Alexander returned home in a happy state of mind. In his scrapbook he wrote: "I have eight medium-sized organs."

IT WAS AT THIS POINT that Alexander became aware of the pattern in his researches; he now knew what sort of information brought order to his thoughts although the order as yet escaped him. He continued to search through the newspaper files and he spent many long hours among his father's books—he even began visiting the public library one or two evenings a week—and the entries in his scrapbook grew in number as the days went on. He listed the chances against being born into a family of five, against being born to a member of the teach-

ing profession, against being born on any given weekday in any given month; and he listed the chances against receiving any given Social Security number, any given telephone number, any given driver's license number. Soon he was able

by steady reference to tables of calculation with which he was now becoming familiar—to enter into his book the chances against being named Simpson and those against being named Alexander; those against living in the town he lived in and those against living in his house on his street.

The area of his search widened steadily. He carefully noted down in his book the chances against the sperm that had carried half his genes ever reaching its goal the night of his conception, against that sperm being the one to have done so, and against his conception on that particular night coming about at all. He collected figures on overweight and beer consumption and, indeed, everything he could think of.

At the end of two months he was ready for the final step, the grand multiplication of all his many individual chances into the one great chance. He wrote down the figures he had culled in a long, neat list in order of size, beginning with the smallest. For two days he reviewed these and thus cautiously prepared the way for the calculation that at last would reveal just what were the odds against the existence and activity of himself, this many-faceted Alexander, just what was the probability against himself with all of his characteristics coming to be at all.

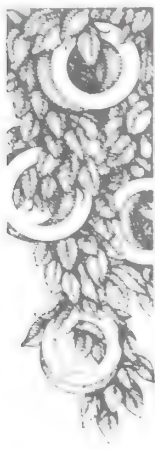
And so it was that early one morning Alexander sat down to his multiplications. For the occasion he took out his newly purchased copy of the table of rare events drawn up by Emile Borel, the eminent French mathematician. Referring to it, he had hardly begun his task before he found that the chances against his being what he was were in excess of  $10^6$ , which, according to Borel, constituted an impossibility on a human scale.

Alexander was delighted, although he didn't know what to make of the figure, and the flickering in the back of his mind flared with a new light. Multiplying in more data, working more and more doggedly, Alexander soon carried his calculations to a total reaching out beyond one chance in  $10^{15}$ , an impossibility on the terrestrial scale. By lunchtime he had exceeded one chance in  $10^{50}$ , an impossibility on the cosmic scale, and before dinner his calculations had passed  $10^{500}$ , the number Borel had set for absolute zero as a possibility.

In the following days Alexander went over his figures again and again, weighing them in his mind, trying to extract some meaning from them; but that elusive thought that had come to him after his royal flush remained as formless as ever despite its new light. He had never



Joan Brady  
A VARIETY  
OF RELIGIOUS  
EXPERIENCE



been good at theorizing—his father had often said so—but the lack of a pattern to his researches distressed him greatly. Moreover, he lost weight, which bothered him further since it seemed to require an adjustment in his calculations. Occasionally the figures came to him with such a sudden jolt that they shunted everything else out of his mind; even so his thoughts remained patternless, and their patternlessness seemed to him punishment for failure or bungling, although what he had failed in or bungled he did not know.

It was after a month or so of this, in an hour of relative calm, that Alexander's conversion took place. He was in his bedroom at the time; it was three o'clock on a hot July Sunday. His father had given him a copy of an article he intended to submit to a learned journal, asking him to check some of the figures against the tables of calculations that Alexander kept in his room. Alexander was not particularly interested in the article, which dealt with the genealogy of someone he had never heard of, but it was as agreeable a way of spending an afternoon as any.

The article began in his father's scholarly style with a discussion of some of the difficulties a genealogist faced; not the least of these, Mr. Simpson wrote, was that a modern individual must calculate the number of his ancestors of Roman times on the order of  $10^{20}$ . Alexander had not encountered this particular statistic before. Did this not mean, he asked himself, that the chances against any one modern individual—himself, for example—having arisen from a given combination of Roman ancestors constituted an impossibility on the terrestrial scale (although not on the cosmic)? The thought sharpened his mind. And at once he abandoned the article to follow an airy pattern of chances through the generations responsible for his being, watching the pattern widen faster and faster.

He knew that he could not continue with the article—or with anything else—until he understood completely what that figure and that widening meant. It was plain to him that together they crowned his studies and held the key that still eluded him, and he stared at the figure and strained to follow the pattern until he felt his head would burst. Then, quite suddenly, pattern and figure seemed to break loose from him altogether, and he felt almost as though he were floating free in the stillness of the room. He had never been so delightfully happy. The familiar things around him—his unmade bed, his tables of calculation, his father's article—all but disappeared, and he hardly knew where he was. The Alexander who played poker and drank beer and used to get the roundest apple from the basket drifted across his mind and out of sight; that Alexander was gone forever.

Near him, almost next to him, he now sensed

a new being, a strange presence somehow intimately connected with him but stronger than he; and at the same moment he became aware of something else too. That once elusive flickering had taken on shape. Alexander saw the truth; he knew everything. Everything. He and the presence were one and had always been one for all that he had not known it. He was in fact—and he marveled that it had taken him so long to see it—he was his Statistical Self.

He was the embodiment of his relation to all the data in the world, past, present, and future; he was himself that aggregate of facts that imposed order on the disparate elements of the universe, that body of infinitely calculable probabilities that constituted his extraordinary uniqueness. He moved his arm slightly and shivered with the chances against doing so at just that moment and in just that place; he trembled before the enormity of the probabilities from the beginning of time against the chance that he, Alexander, in this room, here, now, with his bed unmade and his father's manuscript in front of him, should have done such a thing. A but exhausted by elation, he wanted to close his eyes, but the astronomical chances against his doing so seemed bodily to hold back his eyelids and pinion him, wide-eyed forever, in the position in which he sat.

Numbers grew around him, circumscribing every aspect of his being, trailing off from him into their own immensity, wrapping him in their immeasurably long tails and holding him there, Alexander Simpson, the object and source of all those calculations, himself, the one chance in a billion, the one in a quadrillion, a duodecillion, a vigintillion, the one chance in trillions of octillions, the one in quintillions of septendecillions, and on and on and on, larger and larger and larger, numbers reaching out to outer galaxies and disappearing through black holes in the universe to be continued in universes beyond. To all of them, he, Alexander Simpson, was the unique figure, the nexus wherein all these numbers met, who gave meaning to them individually and severally; he alone filled the position against which the probabilities reached out in calculations to the very eternal itself.

FROM THAT HOUR Alexander lived his life untroubled and in peace, although he often wept as he caught a glimpse of the mediocrity from which he had been saved by infinite probability; he shuddered at the sight of his earlier ignorance and was overwhelmed with wonder and gratitude for his present faith and knowledge, for seeing at last as men were meant to see. He walked with new dignity among his fellow citizens, and they in turn came to view him with respect and even to seek out his advice in matters of the spirit.





# COMMENTARY

## BACK COUNTRY ECONOMICS

Recently I drove through Petrolia, a sleepy little town in Northwestern California named after the short-lived Humboldt County oil boom of the 1860s. Outside the general store was a mimeographed notice calling for an urgent meeting of all citizens to see what they could do about the encroachment of the federal government into their world. At issue were the newly created Redwood National Park and King Range National Conservation Area. What, I wondered, do these people have against preserving the environment? How strange that country folk, who would appear to live close to nature, so often oppose the conservationists. But the conservationists, the urbanites, make their livings elsewhere, in offices and shops and factories far away from the forests. When they come to the country, they come to play. The local people are here to work. With one man's playground another man's workshop, is it any wonder that conflicts develop over how best to use the land?

The economic pressures faced by country folk are seldom taken into consideration by ecologically concerned citizens. As a city-born conservationist who has since moved to the country, I'll try to explain.

Let's say you're the proud owner of one of the few remaining stands of virgin redwood. Perhaps you acquired the land years ago and it's fully paid off. But your taxes are not. The assessed valuation of your land

includes the market value of your trees, and each one is worth hundreds, even thousands, of dollars. Thus, each year you are taxed anew on your unused timber. If you own forty, twenty, or even just ten acres of virgin forest, your annual tax bill will be several thousand dollars. Unless you are independently wealthy, you are left with but one reasonable alternative: cut your trees. And after you cut them, the California State Constitution guarantees you will not face another timber tax for forty years, while the county assessor can make this period even longer. You are left with tens of thousands of dollars in immediate cash and virtually no taxes for the rest of your lifetime. The decision to cut or not to cut is hardly a decision at all—it has already been made for you.

Not all states include a timber tax as part of the property tax. Some have what is called a yield tax, in which the trees are taxed only when they are cut. From an environmental viewpoint, the yield tax, which tends to dissuade rather than encourage the logging of virgin timber, is obviously preferable to the property tax. But local governments are hesitant to switch over to the yield tax because the revenue arrives at the tax collector's office in fits and starts rather than in a nice steady stream. A slow year in the logging industry could consequently deal a death blow to the county budget. Where the yield tax is in effect the tax rate is usually quite high in an attempt to compensate for this inconvenience. And so, where timber holders are given the choice between a property and a yield tax, as they have been in Oregon, they often favor the former anyway because in the latter case the percentage taken by the government seems exorbitant.

In California, the logging companies are perfectly happy with things the way they are. Their stands of virgin timber have long since disappeared and hence are not taxed. The

regrowth is immune to taxation for forty years, shortly after which (at least in the case of redwood) the timber can again be harvested and they can enjoy another forty-year period of immunity.

If your land is filled with Douglas fir, the other major commercial tree throughout Northern California, the pressure to cut your virgin stands will, of course, be the same. But the regrowth of Douglas fir is slower and less certain than that of redwoods, which send up new shoots immediately from the base of the old trunk. In the case of Douglas fir, some seed trees have to be left, or, better yet, seeds or saplings have to be planted, and even so it will be at least eighty years before the new crop is ready to be cut. During the latter half of this time the timber on your land will be subject to taxation, although you'll see no economic benefits for many years to come.

But you don't have to wait eighty years to get your land back into the habit of making money. You can burn off the remaining undergrowth (the government will help you without charge), sow some grass seeds, and switch over to sheep ranching. Stump ranches, as they are called, have sprung up everywhere in formerly wooded countryside.

Sheep ranching is a marginal business requiring large holdings of land, and taxes can hurt. As new developments appear everywhere in Northern California, the assessed valuation of land goes up. As Fred Wolf, a rancher near Ettersburg (south of Petrolia, and smaller still), puts it:

*In 1958, for this here 700 acres, I paid \$185 in taxes. I ain't got a bit more now than I had then, and taxes last year was \$600. They claim they don't raise the tax rates, but where they get you is they increase the assessed valuation all the time. Used to be, in this country here, you could buy 40 acres, timber and all, for \$100. Now, the sonofabitch is more than \$100 an acre.*

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*Harper's welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

The ranches all around Fred's are being divided and sold. Land values are shooting up, doubling and tripling every few years. It's only a matter of time before he'll be paying thousands of dollars in taxes. And that might be enough to do him in. Unless, of course, he can come up with other sources of revenue. He might try adding sheep to his flock, but then there's the danger of overgrazing and subsequent erosion. Or perhaps, as he says, his ranch can be used by hunters as well as sheep:

*What's coming up now is these hunting clubs. If you got enough property, you can get ten guys in there and get \$100 apiece. Well, a lot of 'em will pay that 'cause there ain't no other place to go. If you got ten guys, that's a thousand bucks, and you can't make a thousand bucks any easier...*

Ranchers in some areas of California can now find partial tax relief by having their lands reclassified as "agricultural preserves" under the Williamson Open Spaces Act of 1965. The property owner must agree to restrict his land over a ten-year period to agricultural or forest uses. In turn, his assessment will be based on the potential productivity of his land rather than on its actual market value, which might be considerably higher. Thus the land's potential value for subdivision and development is not taken into consideration in the assessment, but the owner is bound by contract, under severe civil penalties, not to sell his land for speculation during the period in question.

The Williamson Act has already saved many a rancher from being forced to sell out. But not all ranchers have been so fortunate. The act allows each individual county to decide the extent to which it wishes to implement the law, or whether it wishes to deal with it at all. And not all counties have rushed to the aid of the distressed ranchers. Insofar as the Williamson Act offers a "tax break" to one particular group, other taxpayers, who would have to take up the slack, have been quick to oppose it.

If you're not a landowner, or your land does not in itself provide you with a satisfactory income, you must find work. In every rural community there are a few service jobs that must be filled: postman, schoolteacher and school bus driver, road contractor, storekeeper. But there has to be

more; there has to be some basis for the economy. Around the turn of the century the backcountry in Northwestern California experienced its first major industry: the bark was peeled off the tanbark oak for commercial use in tanning leather. Thousands of men spent their summers transforming the previously untouched forest into pocket money.

The tanbark industry began to fade around 1920, when synthetic tanning processes became widespread. But shortly thereafter, with the introduction of the omnipotent Caterpillar, the previously inaccessible backwoods was opened to full-scale logging. The area boomed once again. Only twenty-five years later, however, virtually all the lumber had been taken and the logging boom was over. Of the twenty-five mills that kept the area around my home alive and hopping during the Forties and Fifties, only one now remains. Many of the people who used to live here during the logging boom have gone elsewhere in search of work. Those who cared enough for the country to want to stay around still need work, and that naturally means they favor continued logging operations and oppose any attempts to stop them.

The people of the back country are not alone in letting self-interest dictate their actions: a housewife living in an electrically equipped suburban home opposes a new power plant because it's a scar on the countryside; a lawyer, from his paneled study, joins the fight to save the redwoods; an ecology organization publishes a flashy magazine on un-recycled paper, because recycled paper would cost 10 percent more.

There is something sick going on in the name of economics: the virgin trees are cut; ranchers are driven off the land; honest workers are forced to lobby for the continued destruction of the forest. And, of course, coyotes are poisoned to protect sheep, while squirrels and rabbits, once coyote feed, are poisoned to protect crops. But who is to blame? Not, I suggest, the individual actors in a drama that has been written for them. The problem goes deeper, to the roots of the economic system that gives the orders to chop the trees, develop the land, kill the animals.

People will be people. They play the game to win. The problem we face is how to change the rules of

the game in such a way as to make economic and ecological interests less contradictory.

*What can be done:* The Williamson Open Spaces Act, which makes it possible to tax land according to agricultural rather than market value, is one possible direction ecologically oriented legislation could take. The principle behind the act need not be limited to a few counties in California—it could be applied throughout the nation. Yet this would result in a shift of the tax burden away from large landholders, thus increasing taxes for the rest of us. Is this what we really want to do?

Perhaps there is some way of focusing "open spaces" legislation on marginal ranchers rather than on agribusinesses and timber companies, which now derive most of the benefits. As with much tax legislation, the people for whom it was intended are not necessarily the people it serves.

An extension of the Williamson Act idea could easily be applied to timber in such a way as to save virgin stands of trees. The owner could agree not to cut down or sell his trees in return for which he would not be taxed on them each year. Virgin trees would thus become an economic consideration only insofar as they enhanced the aesthetic and recreational possibilities of the land.

But any tree-saving legislation such as this is bound to meet with strong resistance. The logging jobs thus destroyed must somehow be replaced. We must find ways of exporting employment opportunities to the countryside without exporting environmental havoc as well. Perhaps men could be put to work on federally financed, ecologically beneficial projects, such as cleaning up from the streambeds the massive logging debris which now hinders the spawning activities of salmon.

If the few virgin forests are to be saved, and if the logged-over forests are to stage a natural comeback, a change must be made in our technology, our consumption patterns, or our population growth—or all three. The pressures to cut the trees and develop the land are strong, while rural employment remains tenuous at best.

We will not get significant tree-saving, land-saving, or job-creating legislation until these various pressures are understood and met head on.

—Ray Raphael  
Whitethorn, Calif.



# BOOKS

## A DESIGN FOR AN ANYTIME, DO-IT-YOURSELF, ENERGY-FREE COMMUNICATION DEVICE

by Daniel J. Boorstin

ANYONE ALERT TO the problems of communication in our country today—to the scarcity of usable television channels, to the high cost of network broadcasting, to the frustrations of cable television, to the difficulties and dangers of government supervision of broadcasting, and, of course, to the energy crisis—will have no difficulty in writing his own prescription for the ideal communication device.

What we need, first of all, is a mode of communication that uses no external energy source. It should have the fewest possible moving parts, should require minimal upkeep, and yet be usable in any climate at any hour of the day or night. It should not require a continuous process of broadcasting. No wire or other physical connection should be required between broadcaster and receiver, and yet reception should be automatic-free. There should be an unlimited number of wavelengths or channels. And, since licensing would be unnecessary, there would be no risk of government control, favoritism, or corruption. Ideally, such a device should never become obsolete, and it should last indefinitely. If all these conditions were satisfied, there would, naturally, be no need for it to carry commercials. And (I almost forgot) the device should of course be biodegradable!

There is no better example of the technological amnesia that afflicts the most highly developed civilizations—our tendency to forget simple ways of doing things in our desperate preoccupation with complex ways of doing them—than our need to be reminded that we already possess precisely this device. The name for it (a wonderful four-letter word) is

*book*. Having taken for our motto (and made the basis of our economy) Rube Goldberg's aphorism, "Do it the hard way," we find it hard to keep our faith in ancient and obvious ways of doing things. For example, walking (except as a specialized sport of hikers and mountaineers) is beginning to become obsolete. We now seem to take it for granted that if God had intended man to walk, He would have given him wheels. Similarly, instead of assuming (like the generations before us) that since God gave man sight, He must have intended him to read, we make the more sophisticated (and far more American) assumption that since God gave man sight, He must have intended him to watch television.

But one of the unpredicted by-products of our sophisticated, attenuated lives is our unprecedented opportunity to rediscover the charm, the wonder, and the delight of the anciently familiar. We now have, of course, elaborated communication with unimagined new devices—electric, electronic, phonographic, and photographic. We have complicated the machinery of sending messages in fantastic new ways in order to make it possible for everyone to receive messages effortlessly in his own home simply by turning a knob and opening his eyes. What other people has invested billions of its social capital in the machinery and organization of a new style of broadcasting in order to persuade each citizen in his living or dining room of the mar-

ginal advantages of one kind of odorant or a foolproof new way of ridding dogs of fleas? And yet, all this may make us the first generation qualified to grasp so poignantly the wonderful, the uncanny, the mystic simplicity of the book.

SINCE THE BOOK can accomplish (and has for millennia been accomplishing) all those things I have prescribed as most desirable in a mode of communication—and which lie beyond the powers of television—is it any wonder that civilized peoples have tended to treat the written and the printed word as somehow sacred? The hieroglyph, perhaps the earliest form of writing, meant "sacred inscription." The major religions of the world have been cults of the book (or of certain books). Sacred scriptures are vehicles and preservers of the holy and ineffable.

But while we should be newly qualified to see the providential power and simplicity of the book, other tendencies of modern American life have blurred our vision. Most striking is our passion for novelty. This passion perverts our view of history and distorts our view of all social process. It seduces us into what I call the Displacive Fallacy.

Our faith in progress leads us to assume that the bad is always, if gradually, being displaced by the good, and the good is being displaced by the better. The advertising industry—in fact our whole competitive, obsolescence-oriented economy—depends on our being persuaded that this assumption is correct, so that we will buy accordingly. We are inclined to take the annual model as the prototype of industrial progress.

*Daniel J. Boorstin, senior historian of the Smithsonian Institution, is the author of The Americans: The Democratic Experience (Random House). This article is adapted from remarks made at the dedication of the Bierce Library of the University of Akron.*





EVEN SO, NUMEROUS PERILS threaten to corrupt the book, and instead of allowing it to be a tonic to society, tend to infect it with the sicknesses of the society as a whole. There are the countless ways of assailing the book to the other, the characteristic, forms of communication of our age. We see the premium on novelty, and need not go to observe those whom John Webster, back in the seventeenth century, called the "ignorant asses visiting the booksellers' shops . . . not to inquire for good books, but new books." We see the symptoms of excess. Publishers must fill their lists to reduce the overhead. It costs no more for a publisher to tout fifty new titles than for one to tout five. There is the appeal of the ersatz, the nonbooks, the combinations, pseudo-biographies, parodies, books (which live off living authors), and saprophytic books (which live off dead authors and old books). But these, by their very effort to masquerade as books, still somehow testify to the prestige of the book. And then there is the myopia, the preoccupation with the here and now, the strenuous effort to produce books that have all the triviality and transience of a newspaper, or of the best televised gossip. All this is, of course, much too obvious to need underlining.

Perhaps less obvious are the special virtues and rewards of books which now appear in the peculiar circumstances of our age. We suddenly discover anew all the things a book can do. Books are not motion pictures or radio broadcasts or television programs. I can think of at least four newly revealed virtues of the book, which make it unique both for the author and the audience.

#### FOR THE AUTHOR:

(1) *The book is a do-it-yourself thing.* By contrast to the more industrially and technologically elaborated media, the book is the freest and most open of avenues. Movies, radio programs, and television programs require expensive and complicated equipment. To reach a large audience the author's manuscript must, of course, be published, and the size of the audience depends to some extent on the power and resources and energy of the publisher. Nevertheless, anybody with meager and inexpensive equipment (pencil and paper will do!) can make the product for publication. By contrast with every

other known substance for communication, the manuscript for a book is a do-it-yourself thing. Motion pictures, radio, and television are the easiest media for totalitarian governments to control, but books are among the hardest. A book can be written in privacy, or in secrecy. Some great and powerful books have been written in prison. The equipment is easy to secure, hard to trace. It is no accident that the voices of protest from the dictatorships of our time are heard not in motion pictures or on radio or television, but in secretly written manuscripts which become books. Moreover, the manuscript of a book is portable and durable. If it is not published today, it can be published next year; if *Dr. Zhivago* cannot be published in the U.S.S.R., it can be published in Finland, France, or the United States. In free countries, too, the bookish (printed) product of an age offers a far wider spectrum of thought, belief, disbelief, passion, and poetry than can be found in its movies, over its radios, or on its television screens. The more costly, the more centralized, the more elaborate the other media become, the more distinctive and the more precious is this do-it-yourself medium.

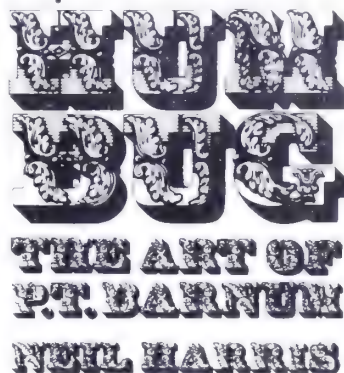
(2) *The book is a refuge of the noncollaborative.* "The book is mine." So wrote novelist Calder Willingham, who had spent the first ten years of his career writing novels and stories, and much of the next fifteen years writing movie scripts. He had not been underpaid for his work as a screenwriter (for some periods in 1970 he was paid \$26,250 per week), at least by contrast with his time spent writing his novels (he figured this at about \$260 per week). But, after a considerable, and not unsuccessful, career as a screen writer, Willingham valued his freedom more than ever—his freedom as an author. Here is his eloquent conclusion:

*Yes, mind-boggling, breath-taking and dazzling, the gold in them there "Cuckoo-land" hills. The only catch is that the work is not yours. Producers, director, stars and even cigar-smoking, starlet-grabbing studio executives feel perfectly competent to "fix" a screenplay. They pay you a small fortune to write it and then they can't wait to get their cotton-pickin' hands on it and "fix" it. A mad logic, there. And even when they do not "fix" it . . . the inter-*

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LITTLE, BROWN

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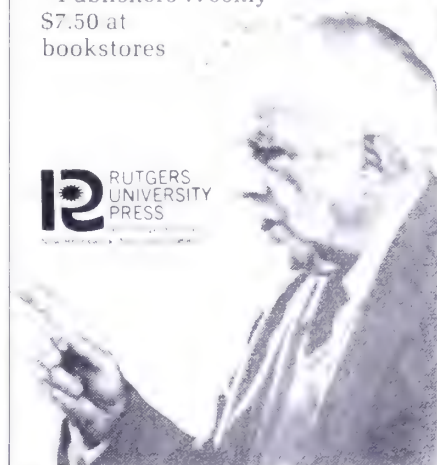
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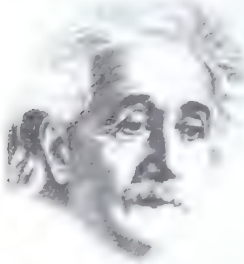
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pretation of the director can alter out of all recognition your original intent. . . .

*Novels are for writers. Writing them is a hellish labor, true, but a printer has never yet said to my publisher: "I am not going to print that chapter, because I simply don't feel it." I have heard that sinister comment more than a little in the golden realm of film. As Jocko de Paris in "End as a Man" observed to Sowbelly Simmons: "You're a hairy little bastard, but you're all mine." How true. No matter how hateful the reviews and no matter how sad the sales, the book is mine.*

In our collaborative age, then, in our age of committees and conventions and foundation grants (awarded by competent and cautious committees), in our age of publicized and democratized production of everything, the book (despite the sometimes sinister efforts of publishers and editors) remains an island of individualism, the utopia of the non-collaborator.

### FOR THE READER:

(3) *The book is an anytime thing.* While the good television program is a sometime thing, good books are always ready for use at our convenience. It is conceivable that cable television and cassette movies may neutralize the limitations of the projector and the broadcast screen, but that time is still not in sight. And it will take centuries to provide a range of choice and a stock of classics to rival the vast accumulation of books. Moreover, because the book has been the classic form for the narrative and philosophic statements of past ages, all that the motion picture or television screen can ever offer us is a translation. Messages from all past times and places, while always imperfect, ambiguous, and iridescent, still come to us more directly in the book than in any other form. The book is an anytime thing in two senses. It brings us messages (in the actual medium of that age) from anytime past. And its message is receivable at any time in the present. No number of channels can offer us this bookish range of choice or this convenience.

(4) *The book is a residual thing, the refuge of the un-market-researched product.* Television reinforces our current interests; books remind us of what interested all times and places. The fantastic elabora-

tions of market research simply increase this relative advantage of our stock of books. Nowadays nearly everything we see and use and buy—the ads we read, the slogans we hear, the commercials we are shown, the products we are offered, have been pretested to be sure that we are offered only what we want, or think we want. The more up-to-date, the more fluid and more rapidly advancing our system of production becomes, the less opportunity we are offered for the pleasures of the time-tested, the obsolete, and the residual. If you want to buy the kind of toothbrush you bought and liked two years ago, or the shirt with the peculiar mix of Dacron or nylon that you bought and liked last year, the chances are that you won't find it. At least not if it was produced by an up-to-the-minute manufacturer, and marketed by an enterprising retailer.

In our astonishing civilization, where the good is always being supplanted by the new, and the new by the newer, where the sign of prosperity is the ability to discard the still-usable, there remains one warehouse where there are readily available the models of *any* earlier period or *any* place (tariff or no tariff, common market or not). That is the world of books. Our bookstores, especially in their vast stocks of paperbacks, offer reprints of books that are not this year's, or even this century's model. What publishers once called the Paperback Revolution should more properly be called the Paperback Resurrection. The paperback has brought back from the dead many books to inform, to delight, to astonish, and to shock. And, of course, the decline of the second-hand bookstore gives the library a more important role than ever before. Libraries offer the largest stock of old-fashioned models of anything available anywhere in our novelty-prone country. What can be more refreshing, more invigorating, more cosmopolitanizing, than the opportunity to taste the tastes of other times and places, to break out of the prison of our marketplace?

Instant obsolescence is the charm, the surprise, and the outrage of the American standard of living. Yet there is nothing more provincial or more transient than the up-to-the-minute vision. Never did a people more need the book. For the book is our de-provincializing machine. □



## WINTER MELONS

Annie Dillard

*Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel*, by Evan S. Connell, Jr. Viking, \$6.00.

*Points for a Compass Rose*, by Evan S. Connell, Jr. Alfred A. Knopf, \$5.95.

WHEN I FIRST HEARD that Evan S. Connell, Jr. had brought out another epic-length poem, I was excited for days. We have here on this planet with us a man of such courage and strength of spirit that he has not lost what Alfred Adler calls "nerve for excellence." He has met it despite the burden of an awareness not only of the enormity of his project and of the limitations of his own human understanding, but also of the abject ignorance and indifference of his audience.

Viking published a long poem, *Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel*, in 1963. The world was puzzled. Later, with the publication of *The Diary of a Rapist and Mister Edge* (the latter a companion to the best-selling *Mrs. Bridge*), critics paid the attention to Connell's fiction: they mentioned the poem only as a curiosity, or ignored it altogether. Now, with the Knopf publication of a second long poem, *Points for a Compass Rose*, it is time—past time—to approach Connell's poetry seriously, with meek heart and due reverence. *Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel* is a poem 243 pages or 40 yards—long. It takes the form of a spiritual journey "towards penance and redemption," a journey through all the fabulous and fiery certainties of history that purge the spirit's basest dross and purify it to gold. On the page it is a dazzling series of disparate chunks. These are the "notes from a bottle" written in an increasingly apocalyptic haste by the poem's speaker, or "note-taker," who

is, among other things, a man at sea.

The note-taker, like the Wandering Jew, ranges over centuries of Western civilization, witnessing marvels and abominations. "I gather, preserve, collate, and set down." His notes, presumably shaken together in their bottle by Providence, the roiling sea against which he is constantly "hammering" and to which he finally yields, are "a juxtaposition of all things." Any bit of the lore is fascinating:

*In Salzburg there is an iron cube  
shaped by artificial means. Four  
sides are neatly faced,  
the other two being convex, and  
around it  
runs a geometrically contrived  
groove.  
On a table beside this thing  
lies the lump of coal in which it  
was found.*

The notes cover all history with a careful emphasis on those rapacious centuries that followed—or precipitated—the shattering of medieval faith. The annihilation of South American cultures at the hands of the Conquistadores is here, as well as, pointedly, the flight of the *Enola Gay*. Cruelty is Connell's theme, especially cruelty in the name of Christ, and ignorance, courage, dissimulation, miracle, murder, credulity, and the decay of vital cultures. The tone is merciless and meticulous: the alien landscapes are spare. Between the snippets of church Latin, between the confounding parables, latitude and longitude coordinates, *cris de coeur*, and fragments of fantastic narration, the blank spaces of mystery, mute, weave the intricate weft of the poem.

Connell's note-taker recapitulates the race, seeking

*the slightest measure  
of myself, and of those who have  
preceded us across  
this desolate shore.*

He gestures and hurries as well toward Christ.

*... a man I have never seen;  
but when I reach him he is altered,  
turned into a monument!*

But what he finds are shattered cathedrals and "shards of broken amphorae" cumulating evidences of this civilization's ruin. It is past the eleventh hour. The note-taker continuously warns, "Pass by that which you cannot love." His is the *via negativa*, the spirit's approach to the divine by following its own ignorance, remorselessly denying everything. As he himself passes by that which he cannot love, the world empties. The chasms of silence between the notes crack into canyons. His hieratic style, "imbued with foreign riches for the sake of distance," grows ever more austere, abrupt, oracular. Throughout his journey he has asked, "What is the color of wisdom?" Now at the end, with his captainless ship caught in the pack ice off Antarctica, doomed, he answers, "It must have the color of snow." The poem, which began with the Lord's Prayer in Latin up to "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven," ends, "*Cede Deo* / Submit to Providence."

The note-taker's very submission to this journey into the soul's dark night is itself a kind of penance for the sins of the whole world. He is in this way both the Wandering Jew, who harried Christ, and Christ himself. In a final note he also drops an allusion to himself as Job's servant, that anguished witness who alone has escaped to detail for us disaster after disaster, the reduction of everything to nothing. But Job's fortunes are restored; earth's may be also, if not to this civilization, then to the next: "Thus the mighty cycle of things shall begin again."

I cannot begin to capture the intricate tensions of this poem's complexity. After you have read it once, you can get lost on any page. Pretty soon you are scrambling yourself for an atlas, the *Larousse Encyclopedia*

Annie Dillard is a contributing editor of *Harvard's*. Her book of essays, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, will be published in March by Harvard's Magazine Press.

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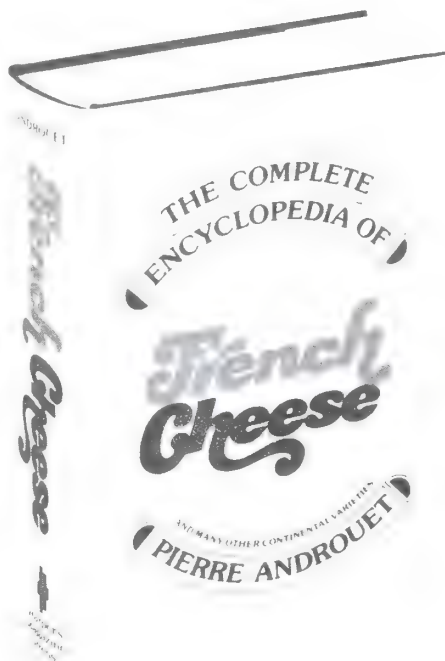


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explorations, a dictionary, a haphaphy, a perpetual calendar . . . filling up your end of the world with another pile of feverish notes. Somehow, Connell makes you care. Modern poets demand a good deal of work; Connell *excites* it. Sometimes the note-taker's tone is boring, even belligerent; if you have any competitive spirit at all, you seize a thread—any thread—follow it, and, lo, it traces a pattern. He writes it. "I am Magus. Trust in me." You understand at last that these poems are not tentative explorations, but far less are they "expressions": they are instead the magnificent armatures of a giant intellect.

HEREBY ADVANCE the heterodox notion that the writers of long poems are the happiest people on earth. *Credo quia absurdum est*. The writer of long poems, a fool of God, delights in the very absurdity of his writing belief that he is doing something tremendously important and valuable. He *is*, and he knows he is; he is every bit as solitary and giddy as Saint Francis. As the poem grows increasingly rich and valuable, the writer, like a man who cannot stop climbing, leaps higher and higher, exhilarated by the nerve of his lunacy and faith. Now Evan S. Connell, Jr. has written a second, even longer, modern epic. It is very hard not to imagine Connell himself, the successful novelist, nostalgic, longing even for the full awareness of public apology to be lost again in the long poem, rapt on those dizzying stairs. At first glance, *Points for a Compass Rose* is *Notes from a Bottle and on the Beach at Carmel* all over again. Here is the same physical effort (after all, if you have created form and mastered it, you might as well use it) and the same compilation of Western lore into an anatomy of cruelty or a *Religio Scientis*. Here are the familiar latitude and longitude coordinates, the same wild mix of alchemists, astronomers, pilgrims, Inquisitors and Conquistadores, and the same apocalyptic obsession with lost colonies, vanished cultures, and forgotten values:

*Mayan chronology opens at 4  
ahau, 8 cumhu:  
3,400 years prior to the com-  
mencement  
of their earliest monument. What  
this means*

*is that an event of staggering  
significance  
has been dated for posterity's  
benefit.  
What it was is anybody's guess.*

But the speaker of this poem is not the note-taker of the other. He has neither the time nor the heart to shape those elegant scraps. Now he addresses the reader ("my friend") intimately, using at times the off-hand language of everyday speech, and displaying throughout the crotchets of an unappealing personality.

This is a man of the world, a man whom Connell deliberately makes overbearing, stringent, sarcastic, nourished by hatred—because his is not a spiritual journey, but an urgent mission on earth. Civilization has entered a new age of cruelty fostered by public credulity and witless submission to "the arrogance of kings." The speaker possesses a teleidoscope, an instrument for viewing the image of the ends of things. Through it he gazes into curved space, into time as mysteriously inbound as a Möbius strip, and prophesies ruination in the future by scrying the unheeded signs of the past. His mission is to warn, then, and to remember:

*Now I want to tell you something  
important.  
Forget everything else, if you like,  
but don't forget this. As the his-  
torian  
Simon Dubnow was marked for  
death by the Nazis  
he exhorted his companions to  
open their eyes  
and ears. He urged them to  
memorize each detail,  
each name, every sigh and the  
color of clouds  
as well as the executioner's ges-  
ture. Circumscribed  
as I might be, I've accepted this  
obligation.*

He memorizes it all and preserves it in his "journal of Abominations"; Maidenek: 1,380,000; Belsen: 600,000; Treblinka: 731,800. In the time between the poems, as it were, this country has been colonized, carrying on the torch of civilized culture, and, like every other nation given half a chance, brandishing it. Here is how a U.S. antipersonnel "leaf bomb" works; here is the precise compensation we pay to relatives of Vietnamese civilians we kill (\$14.55).

One of his sons, says the speaker, was killed in Asia. At this point in the poem, an irrational chess game, whose moves are scattered through-

out, ends abruptly with the capture of the first piece: a black pawn takes a white pawn *en passant*. He curses living criminals; he curses dead fools. He is after, he says, Colonel Giteau, symbol of armed American authority in Southeast Asia; he is after presidents and their advisers, Nazis, imbecilic cardinals and popes, and Spaniards crazed for gold . . . "my purpose is to make sure the guilty aren't forgotten."

*Peace, Dubnow. While paper lasts  
where can they hide?*

This is powerful stuff. It is not the done thing; neither is this choleric spluttering the language of poetry to which we have become accustomed. But Connell always knows what he is doing. The speaker of *Points for a Compass Rose* has of himself made a living sacrifice: he risks our disgust, and all but destroys his own spirit, in order to sustain his hatred, lest we forget. It is astonishing what he cares about. He drags out the ecclesiastical repression of scientific advances, the folly of the Crusades, the rapaciousness of the Conquistadores, the insanity of witch trials, and so forth, with an innocent and fresh rage. It all happened yesterday, and nobody gives a tinker's damn; and so it is all happening today.

Any despot, ecclesiastic or secular, requires not only the meekness but especially the gullibility of the society he would rule. And we are not one whit less gullible, credulous, or superstitious than any people of the past. The genius of this poem, and its play, lies in Connell's treatment of this matter of fact and fraud, of credulity and belief.

Thomas Browne said that it is valuable to lose ourselves in mystery, "for by acquainting our reason with how unable it is to display the visible and obvious effects of nature, it becomes more humble and submissive unto the subtleties of faith." The most dangerous gullibility is a factor of sophistication. Once again Gnosticism prevails in the West, but this time the creed is reversed. We are newly "in the know," and what we "know" is that no spiritual order or realm obtains whatever, and no god lives. We know that in the past men believed in miracles, and thought the world was flat and wild geese wintered on the moon. Oh, they were a credulous bunch back then, but Connell has a good time:

# Their war's not over.



These are the street boys.

There are hundreds of them in the cities of Vietnam. They spend their days scrounging enough to just stay alive. They spend their nights like this.

Orphaned, abandoned, products of the war, they live by the streets. They have nothing else. They have ceased to care.

It would take someone extraordinary to touch these boys. Someone who has already touched many of them. His name is Dick Hughes. He has opened houses where they can sleep and get a decent meal. He gives them medical care and schooling. And love. He believes in them. He trusts them. And what is most important, they trust and believe in him. That is the road back.

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HELLO DICK HUGHES

## BOOKS

*Diderot was convinced the blind could be taught to read by their sense of touch!*

*... a ship sailing toward the pole comes to a region where night is unknown*

*and the sun spins in the firmament like a mill!*

*Swallow such stories if you like.*

*Myself,  
I've been deceived too often.*

"You will meet cynics," the speaker says, who call the miracle of Joseph of Arimathea's budding staff an ecclesiastical fable, "but they've got a lot to learn."

*The women of Torreón weave songs with colored yarn.  
False.*

*The brain of an East Indian is acutely sensitive to opium.  
False.*

*You realize, of course, that I've been lying.  
... Let's try a few others:*

*Bombs have rained on a jungle for 12 years. True.*

*The Tarasque, a legendary beast that lived on the banks of the Rhône,  
ravaged the countryside until conquered  
by St. Martha. Yes.*

And so forth. The method fits Browne's prescription precisely: it blows, in short, your mind.

With the same swirling charges, the speaker conceals the question of his own identity. He trafficks in "pseudonyms, postures and elaborate disguises"; he cloaks himself in riddles. His wife is dead, he says; his wife is Elizabeth, or Judith, or Margaret; he's been married for thirty years; he has never married. He has a hundred names, and badgers us to guess them. This is duplicity for art's sake—for the beauty of light's play on a row of mirrors—and for pedagogy's sake. The challenge is as invigorating as it is humbling. Its mastery, the penetration of his guises in the poem and the truth's in the world, is nothing less than the discernment of spirits. We could use some.

For these our actors were all spirits. They are shadows on the wall of a cave cast by powers as unavailable to our senses and undiscernible to our reason as they are mighty, and moving, and real. The center of the compass rose is paradise. The speaker's ultimate role—his mission and

his penance—is to exalt the suffering fragments of time and submit them to the healing glance of eternity. "I am," he says, "Paracelsus above all"—Paracelsus, who practiced theology and astronomy to practice medicine who burned the works of the authorities Galen and Avicenna, and who carried his vision of the identity of the life of the universe with the life of man into his alchemical laboratory to subject base chunk after chunk of the world to fire after fire after fire.

THE DIRE AND daunting blast of apocalyptic trumpets in *Poison for a Compass Rose* are not without strains of hope. It could be that from this sore ground a new growth may burgeon, as melons grew in winter on a Chinese burial field warmed by executions, as medieval crops flourished on the site of Roman arenas steeped in blood. Our hope vaults the courage of faith, in the challenging of authority, and in the reckless pursuit of such insights as the glittering and fateful accidents of intuition yield:

*Lord Russell, wandering toward  
the university  
capriciously tossing a tin of  
tobacco  
and catching it, perceived at the  
exact instant  
a ray of sunlight glinted from  
the metal surface  
that the ontological argument was  
sound.*

These poems are masterpieces. You could bend a lifetime of energy to their study, and have lived well. The fabric of their meaning is seamless, inexhaustible. I have not even mentioned, for instance, the staggering possibilities for a poetry of faith that Connell unfurls by using, without apology or explanation, the language of technical prose. It is almost as though, had his note-taker at the speaker no recourse to these dry and cadenced prose measures, they would both lapse into glossolalia, into ecstatic tongues and fatidic howls.

Instead, their language is steady and bladelike; from both of its surfaces flickering lights gleam. Each page sheds insight on every other page; understanding snaps back at you, tacking like a sloop up a long fjord of mystery. Thinking about these poems, one at a time or both together, is a sweet and lasting pleasure to the mind.



# LETTERS

## The truth behind *Polish Sweat*

A relative of mine sent me a letter the other day. He asked me to transcribe a portion of that letter from the Croatian, and to send the English translation to you:

My very esteemed Comrade Editor: I was with great interest indeed when I read (in the November issue of Harper's Magazine, sent to me by a relative of mine) Robert Pilpel's brilliant review of that recent cinematic masterpiece, *Polish Sweat*. I proudly point out that I myself played a modest part in the production of that movie: in my humble glassblower's shop in GeneralSKI, near Ogulin, I made the original camera lens with which the picture was filmed. (For the technically minded: the raw glass was obtained from the director's request from the bottom of his favorite beer bottle—Croatian Pivovara—which gave it a subtle bilious cast to the entire black-and-white movie.)

Nevertheless, there are some minor inaccuracies in the review, due no doubt to Mr. Pilpel's unfamiliarity with the local scene: Director Burris's real name is Boris Buric, and he is a native of Ogulin. He had returned from Hollywood to his native town for funeral services for his great-grand-stepfather, a virile gorkak (hillbilly) 107 years of age who died mysteriously one Sunday morning while performing his customary duty of ringing the church bell.

The official cause of death, according to the local paper, the Ogulin ovine (roughly, Daily Clarion and Town Drummer), was listed as suffocation. In reality, however, several other townspeople have since disappeared (and others inexplicably fled parts unknown) after attempting

to recover the body. While awaiting the body to be produced for the funeral, and in order to write off his trip for tax purposes, Mr. Burris simply shot a straightforward, documentary account of the events leading to his great-grand-stepfather's death. Hence the film *Polish Sweat*.

Incidentally, while accompanying a search party into the campanile of the church, Mr. Burris himself disappeared. It is rumored that he stayed there filming yet another documentary, this one about bats he had found in the belfry; other sources claim he died. In support of the bats-in-the-belfry theory, let me proudly point out that he had taken with him his trusted camera, as well as a tape of Die Fledermaus, presumably for background music.

Most humbly yours,  
Marko Staklar  
Ogulin, Croatia

DR. D. MITCHELL BEDENKO  
White Plains, N.Y.

As one of the few lucky persons who have been privileged to see *Polish Sweat* since its U.S. release, I write to commend Robert H. Pilpel on his perceptive review. But while Mr. Pilpel's praise of the film is justifiably lavish, he has missed certain symbols and flaws in the production, simply because he does not happen to be a Croatian. Since I am a full-blooded Croatian, I feel my commentary may add more light to the viewer's understanding of the film.

Director Burris, I'm afraid, seems to have misinterpreted the Croatian temperament. Our people have a spontaneous natural gaiety, and their first reaction to the ringing of the bell would not be to kneel in prayer, but to throw a huge festival celebrating the event. Croats tend to show their religious devotion through ac-

tion—as Josip's fate demonstrates.

I also have some reservations about a few of the actor's performances. It is indeed true that Clint Eastwood outdoes himself—especially in his clapper scene—but I cannot agree with Mr. Pilpel's estimate of Donald O'Connor's performance. O'Connor, as everyone knows, is of Turkish descent—and many of what Mr. Pilpel probably interprets as well-acted snide grimaces and expressions of seething fury seem to me to be merely natural displays of his inbred hatred for the Slavic people. At any rate, it is quite obvious that Mr. O'Connor displays neither the depth nor scope of acting talent that he once demonstrated in those brilliant earlier movies when he was cast opposite Peggy Ryan. . . .

Ann-Margret is definitely brilliant as the oldest crone, but one wonders if Burris should be congratulated for what seems to me to be merely typecasting. An actress of Ann-Margret's obvious talent should not be forced to keep repeating herself; she should be given a chance in a wider variety of roles. One is reminded of the seemingly endless series of femme fatale roles that nearly stifled the career of Mildred Natwick in the late Fifties and early Sixties.

Mr. Pilpel is absolutely correct about the "impressive" acting debut of Mr. Jack LaLanne. His wide range of facial expressions added tremendously to the character of the clergyman. One comment, though: LaLanne's straining and grunting as he pulled the bell rope did not seem believable coming from a man who has allegedly been performing the same futile exercise daily for fifty years. Could it be that LaLanne was not properly trained for the physical exertion demanded by the role? . . .

All these criticisms, though, are meant only to explain some minor

flaws in the otherwise excellent production. I congratulate Mr. Pilpel on the depth of his vision and the erudition of his review. It is wonderful, at last, to see a film released in the United States which will give the average citizen a greater insight into my people and their immense contribution to the New World.

JAMES HARRINGTON O'SHEA  
Columbia, S.C.

### Can computers forgive?

In reference to J. Taylor DeWeese's article ["Giving the Computer a Conscience," November] on the FBI's criminal history computerized files stored in the National Crime Information Center. I think the question goes beyond the need for control of these sensitive files. The question must be asked: "Can the nation live with this computerized file, even if the data bank does acquire DeWeese's 'conscience'?"

Should a person who has served his time or otherwise "paid his debt to society" be denied a completely fresh start? Does a national file which reveals a person's past hamper this possibility, restricting his chance for a new, noncriminal life?

For example, last year the Governor of Massachusetts, Francis W. Sargent, granted a full pardon to a young man who had completed his sentence in a Commonwealth prison. The young man left the state to start his life over again, away from his old associates and other persons who knew of his criminal past. He moved to a state a thousand miles away from Massachusetts. He applied to and was accepted by a local community college. Things must have been looking pretty good to him. Then, the

dean of admissions at the college, apparently as part of his normal routine, checked the new student with the state police, who pushed a few buttons and received a criminal history print-out from the NCIC in Washington.

The dean discovered the new student's criminal record and promptly expelled the student for "moral turpitude." The NCIC print-out typically failed to contain the most recent fact that the person had been granted a full pardon, but the record itself, with or without a pardon, was considered reason enough for the student's expulsion.

When Governor Sargent's office received a call from the dismayed ex-student, a staff assistant intervened to help get the student readmitted in the community college. The college would not readmit the student.

The point is, how many "ex-cons" do not get a second chance, do not escape their "prison record"? Do we need even a safeguarded NCIC? Can we afford to live with it?

ANDREW KLEIN  
Assistant to the Governor  
Boston, Mass.

One lesson we should have learned from Prohibition is that we cannot negate the demand for a commodity by legislation. This is true whether the commodity is alcohol or information on criminal offenders or arrestees. In 1971 ten firms were convicted of illegally obtaining criminal record information from clerks in the New York City Police Department. The demand exists: the problem is to determine to what extent relevant data can be furnished without unduly harming the individuals named in the records, making their rehabilitation more difficult by unjustifiably preventing them from obtaining employment, credit, etc.

tifiably preventing them from obtaining employment, credit, etc.

I believe that some information should be supplied. As long as no arrest, trial, and conviction record are public records (that is, as long as we abjure secret arrests and trials they will be available for collection by private data banks, which may pose greater dangers than data banks run by agencies answerable to the public. The question is, How much information should they release, and to whom?

Mr. DeWeese's recommendation on limiting the types of information released and the organizations which they are released, are constructive and beneficial. Yet I would like to carry this one step further. I think the information thus furnished will be useful to the requesting organizations, but we do not know. To what extent does furnishing this information contribute to the self-fulfilling prophecy of "once a criminal, always a criminal," by preventing rehabilitation; and to what extent does the information protect the organization from being unduly subject to a high risk? One could conceivably perform a controlled evaluation by withholding some criminal records from the requesting organizations and releasing others, and evaluating whether the risk justifies the release of information.

Obviously there are ethical considerations in experiments of this sort but we are presently performing uncontrolled experiments toying with the lives of many people. Surely facts are better than hunches.

MICHAEL D. MALIN  
Assoc. Prof.  
Department of Criminal Justice  
University of Illinois  
Chicago, Ill.

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—JOHN WIDEMAN, *New York Times Book Review*

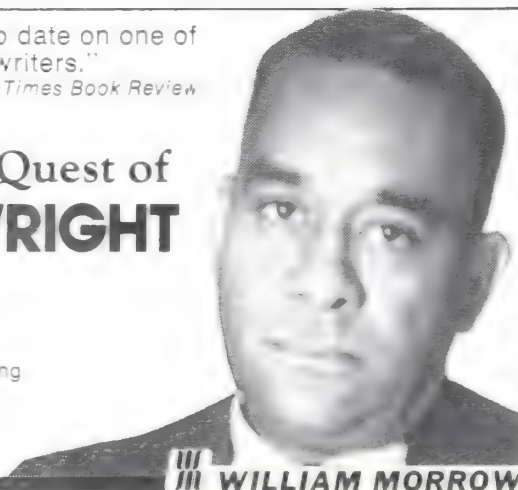
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WILLIAM MORROW

### The Cold War at home

Thank you for an excellent presentation of a forthcoming "must" book. Andrew St. George's "The Cold War Comes Home" demonstrates a substantial grasp of the situation.

In fact, the entire November issue of *Harper's* is substantial to those genuinely trying to keep up with the society in which we live. *Harper's* has carved out a very important niche for itself.

JOHN E. ARMISTEA  
Corning, N.Y.



# STARTING POINTS

## Living in the Present

Two Zen monks were on a grimage. In the course of their travels they came to a stream that was wide and deep. While they stood hesitating, one of them observed an attractive girl downstream in the same predicament. Immediately he made his way to her side, boldly stepped her into his arms, forded the stream, and put her down on the other side. When his companion joined him they resumed their journey. After talking half an hour in silence, the second monk turned to the first and suddenly blurted out: "Brother, it was wrong of you to take that young woman into your arms and cross the stream with her. You know that we monks are forbidden to touch a woman." Replied the first monk: "I put her down on the other side of the stream; you're still carrying her."

Shortly before Tchaikovsky died, he wrote to his brother: "I've regretted the past, despised the present, and hoped in the future—this has been the story of my life." It is the story—tragedy—is a better word—of many lives. For a preoccupation with the past and future is morbid and illusory. And it is unequal because it is always at the expense of the living moment, which alone can vitalize the past and actualize the future. To cling to either the past or the future is to make obeisance before wooden idols. Every

*should* and *ought* is a "poisoning of the real with the ideal."

All times and all worlds come to a focus in me. My conscious Awareness is the vital link through which the past sees itself in the present and the present actualizes itself into the future. Without my awakened Mind the past is dead, the future powerless to be born.

We are forever caught between time's poles: now and then, past and future, yesterday and today. How can we escape time's bind? I eat, I excrete; I work, I play; I make love, I sleep—this is my time. I *just* eat, I *just* excrete; I *just* work, I *just* play—this is my liberation from time, my ascent into timelessness.

Since my present circumstances are the effect of causes set in motion by past thoughts and deeds, and because my future will be molded by today's thoughts and actions, what I was and will be can be seen in what I am now. Therefore the Buddha said, "If you want to know what you were in the past, look at yourself now. If you want to know what you will be in the future, look at yourself now." To understand the meaning of my past, then, I need only be fully aware *right now*. To understand my future, I need only totally grasp *this* moment. —Philip Kapleau

*Philip Kapleau is the Roshi of the Zen Center in Rochester, N.Y.*

Nose and throat surgeons in Tallahassee, Florida, have found that hemorrhages in throat operations are 82 percent higher during the moon's second quarter than at any other time.

## HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE?

Duration is notoriously difficult to judge. Sometimes whole hours streak past out of our grasp. Then again, sometimes minutes crawl by so slowly that each passing second announces its presence. Amid the flux of such subjective assessments, we offer a few educated estimates:

It takes:

- 1-3 minutes to have a dream
- 45 seconds for blood to circulate around the body
- 18-22 months for an elephant to complete its gestation period
- an hour for the liver to consume .75 ounces of alcohol from the bloodstream
- 2½ hours to get in an hour's playing time in pro football
- 14 hours, 31 minutes to swim the English Channel
- 45 minutes to shoe a horse
- 4-6 months to make a Swiss cheese
- one year to make a piano
- 187½ hours to learn to speak Mandarin Chinese
- 20 hours to perform Wagner's *Ring* cycle (with intermissions)
- 36 hours to read the federal budget
- more than 130 days to grow an artichoke

WRAPAROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Since Ecclesiastes, men have denominated new special times for special purposes. In two shakes of a lamb's tail, you can, no doubt, add at least a dozen to the examples that follow.

Howdy Doody Time  
teatime  
borrowed time  
crying time  
overtime  
time and a half  
Colored People's Time  
double time  
two-time  
downtime  
quitting time  
finger-popping time  
fun time  
swing time  
post time  
stop-time  
half time  
part-time  
ragtime  
shared time  
curtain time  
arrival time  
big time  
jig time  
time out

## Appointed Rounds

Have you noticed that your moods come in cycles, just as surely as if they were sunspots or seasons? Other cycles, less well-known but equally persistent, may be demonstrable with regard to your: weight, rapid eye movements, urination, ulcers, immunity to drugs, pain tolerance, allergies, reaction to alcohol and stimulants, amino acid level, glucose utilization, and EEG.

If you sleep 8 hours a night, you are unconscious for almost 122 days a year. At that rate, if you are now 30 years old, you have been awake for only 20 years. By sleeping one hour less per night for the next 30 years, you can add the equivalent of 685 16-hour days to your life. Two hours' sleep less per night will add 1370 days—just about three years and nine months. At the age of 60, you will actually have lived almost 64 years.

## PREPARE FOR POSTERITY

Stand still. Take stock. What objects suffice to define and explain your world? We invite you to fill a time capsule for your great-great-grandchildren. Depending on your ambitions and resources (both physical and intellectual), you may want to gather items in a steel filing cabinet, a cardboard box, or a scrapbook; or you may want simply to write them down. In any event, we hope you'll send us a list of the contents.

By way of background, we present the following very partial list of items included in the time capsule buried 50 feet underground at the close of the 1964-65 World's Fair in New York City and scheduled to be opened in 6939:

a ball-point pen  
an electric toothbrush  
contact lenses  
a plastic heart valve  
filter cigarettes  
credit cards  
tranquilizers  
birth-control pills  
a bikini  
antibiotics  
Ranger IV's pictures of the moon  
a laser rod  
the Beatles' recording of "A Hard Day's Night"  
printed material on climbing Mount Everest, running the four-minute mile, World War II, Albert Einstein, Winston Churchill, Ernest Hemingway, the Cold War, skydiving, skin diving, and the twist  
a key to the English language

## Savings

At home or on the job, Dad was always the efficiency expert. He buttoned his vest from the bottom up, instead of from the top down, because the bottom-to-top process took him only three seconds, while the top-to-bottom took seven. He even used two shaving brushes to lather his face, because he found that by so doing he could cut seventeen seconds off his shaving time. For a while he tried shaving with two razors, but he finally gave that up.

"I can save forty-four seconds," he grumbled, "but I wasted two minutes this morning putting this bandage on my throat."

It wasn't the slashed throat that really bothered him. It was the two minutes. —Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr. and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey  
*Cheaper by the Dozen*, 1948



# READERS WRAPUP

## Bold and Retired

Retirement can be treated as an end or as a beginning. The label directs our attention backward, to what is finished, but—judging from the letters we received when we asked you for information on the subject—a good many people view retirement as a time of new opportunities. Excerpts from some of your accounts appear below. We'd be glad if more of you would tell us what you plan to do when you retire, or what you actually have done by now.

Two years before my retirement, I met the woman who was to become my wife. She was a sculptor living in Mexico. Consequently, she was not able to be with me, except for brief periods, while I was serving the last year of my "sentence" as a parish minister in New England. When the great day came to retire we settled in Cuernavaca, Mexico. The radical adjustments occasioned by living in a foreign country, the change in life-style, not to mention marriage itself, have been both painful and exciting.

The temptation of a retiree living in a strange land is to huddle close to others similarly situated in order to feel more at home. It is better, however, to lay aside one's fear and the feeling of cultural superiority; better to stumble and blunder your way while trying to learn the language; and it is necessary to learn to think in new categories. For example, the sense of time is different here and this can be exasperating to one habituated to hurry and what we think of as efficiency. I had to learn to let some things happen instead of trying to make them happen. I'm finding that time is not something to use or spend, not something you can control. Time has its own rhythms. One learns to flow with it. Deep leisure of soul comes from having not more time but more faith. Instead of always getting ready to live, I'm living as I go along, finding all sorts of charm, beauty, surprises, along the way. It's not the action but the actor that I'm concerned with now. At 67 I think this would be the case wherever I happened to live.

My second discovery is that marriage late in life, whether the first or the second time around, can be delightfully fulfilling. Indeed, with the pressure of job and children removed, marriage late in life has compensations I wouldn't want to trade in for any others. Marriage at any age, of course, is half heaven and half hell, which is why so many jokes are cracked about it in public and so many tears shed in private. But the freedom of retirement affords an opportunity to work at it in depth, to make up in quality whatever may be lacking in quantity. I'm having more fun than I have ever had. Maybe it's because I've learned what a bishop meant when he remarked, "I must be getting old, for I find that I'm forgiving everybody."

Thirdly, the new freedom of retirement is a temptation to overextend oneself, to dissipate energy in the pursuit of too many purposes. At least I found it so. The result was a backlash: depression, guilty feelings, inferiority, aimlessness, laziness, and an "existential vacuum." Freedom, I find, can be a burden at times. It forces me to reexamine my values and try to see life whole, to reconcile myself to the fact that in the years that remain there are a billion things I'll never do, see, experience, and that I must settle for cultivating my little half-acre as best I can.

Finally, having given up my former identity as "the parson" (person), I felt at first like a cipher in a vacuum. Suddenly no one needed me. If a person is what he does, and if he stops doing it, what becomes of the person? I remembered Paul Tillich's advice: *keep open*. It works. Now I'm like a kindergarten trying to learn a few new steps in the dance of life. Time I spend myself as being an interpreter of life's meaning. Now I know nothing. It is a great relief not to be obliged to come up with answers. The spirit is there but it won't be captured in any of my verbal nets. All absolutes defy definition. I am silent in the face of fathomless mystery and to be a part of it is an ecstasy of sorts. I don't understand, but I enjoy. I hear a voice saying "Don't just do something. Sit there!" —Robert Y. Johnson  
Cuernavaca, Mexico

The work I don't have to do, at age 77, includes putting out my own four-page newsletter in single-spaced elite-sized typescript. I mail this twice a month except in July and August.

The newsletter developed from my habit of decades: the preservation on 8½x11-inch pages of interesting portions of books or articles to which I might someday want to refer. I classified my own file according to 30 subject headings, to which a few like Energy and Ecology were added recently. I found that the circulation of some few of these pages among persons with whom I frequently corresponded was a form of sharing the wealth of ideas and a stimulus to our letter-writing. To gather the most recent notes, in sets of four pages, for semi-monthly circulation, without fee, was a natural outcome.

I call my adaptation of significant and timely topics *Data File for Decision-Makers*.

*Data File* has a basic circulation to twelve friends in five states. On specific subjects, like Investments, Private Pensions, and Foreign Relations, I decided to include persons in public life in my periodic mailings.

In retirement I subscribe to 22 periodicals, receive additional ones gratis, and review still others at two public libraries. My mail shows that my sampling of what I've recently read and found significant is gratefully received. —Bert H. Davis  
Utica, N.Y.

Since I retired (*sic!*) four months ago, innumerable people have raised their eyebrows at me, smiled, and asked the programmed question: "What! At your age! What do you do with yourself?"

You see, I am 53, in good health, and full of ideas, plans, hopes, and ambition. What's almost equally important is that I'm financially comfortable (at least for a few years). Then, too, my wife continues to work, and we have a modest income.

"You see," I tell my inquirers right away, "I am going to do all the things I've always dreamt of doing for myself: dust off all those projects and hopes and ambitions and see if they're for real or, indeed, dreams. If they prove to be the latter—why, then I'll have the satisfaction of knowing I tried, and I'll go back

to work. But I've got to do now, not when I'm too old."

What I don't tell them is that retirement is not easy, even you work at your avocation 16 hours a day. For so many of us, you see, that nine-to-five conditioning and the Pavlovian reward every Friday is an escapable straitjacket.

—Gustav Be  
Baltimore, Md.

My main problem in retirement is that I continue to think of the business work I spent, or 15 hours per day on it, nearly 38 years. Too much time for drinking, and unproductive work. I haven't found the right answers.

What solutions can I learn from others' experience?

—C. E. L.  
Naples, Fla.

With the first inroads of the four-day week now being felt and early retirement an increasingly practiced dismissal technique, living a satisfying life becomes a staggering challenge that defies solution for millions of people. Sadly, the very organizations that precipitate the problem seem to have little concern with the effect on the faithful employees. Thousands of dollars poured into pension plans are only the tip of the iceberg. Unless people are prepared for the sudden contrast that will be evident on retirement or when their skills are no longer marketable, the situation can become traumatic, perhaps beyond endurance.

For six years the Adult Education Council of Metropolitan Denver has conducted seminars for the training of group discussion leaders who work within corporations and organizations of all sizes and descriptions to give people an insight into what lies ahead; not "next week" when they get a go watch and the boss's handshake, but ten or fifteen years ahead, so they may intelligently plan for the changes that will surely occur in income, inflation, housing, transportation, health, pensions, insurance, and perhaps most of all, time.

—Mary N.  
Denver, Colo.



# WRAP AROUND WRAP

er rearing four children. And loving care for my land, and working as an accountant for 25 of the 38 years of marriage, I retired to an apartment of my own.

is was my first experience living alone. It has been a year for two years. Now I'm going to resocialize myself by becoming a member of a community. Work and leisure will be shared by being with others and sharing a commitment to forming a different living relationship. I have more than a century of experience. I'm going to learn another way to

—**Florence Rossoff**  
Baltimore, Md.

n 62 and have read a great deal lately about communal living. Mrs. Nunley and I, by invitation, spent the week of April 1 at one of these communities located in a rural setting. We were paid two dollars per day each board and worked about eight hours per day at various community projects. I milked a cow, helped haul some hay, and worked at simple jobs in conjunction with their main industry. Mrs. Nunley mostly stuffed eel pates, wound cord, and worked once with the supper ladies. Judging from that week's experience, I think that communes might be good for many retirees who want the ambulatory and financially self-sufficient retiree lifestyle to be good for communes.

The community we visited seemed, I believe, to spend \$100 a month cash (foreign exchange, as it were) per member. Many retirees could well afford to pay this amount, work half a day on community projects and still have a bargain, not to mention a feeling of usefulness, a sense of value of social interaction, and the contagious motivation of group ideals and effort.

I realize that a week's residence and a lot of idealism are not sufficient grounds to decide whether I would like to live in a commune or any community, for that matter. Having lived through one depression, however, I am quite sensitive to the signs of our time; they are not propitious. We are not as capable a people as we were in the Thirties: we are awed neither by the supposed mandates of God nor by those of man. Evidently it is time for all "true believers," of whatever persua-

sion, to form enclaves—a neo-monastic movement, so to speak—in the hope of surviving and preserving some enlightenment through a new and prolonged time of trouble and accelerated change.

—**W. M. Nunley**  
Portsmouth, Va.

It's called retirement, and it catches up with most of us. What really happens to men and women who stop working? One reads that sunny Spain is cheap and that aspirins can be bought wholesale. But what of the adjustments, the discoveries, the traps?

Which is the best—careful planning, or the headlong plunge? A complete change of pace and place, or your own backyard?

We did it like this, my husband and I. On January 1, 1973, retirement day for us, we asked our three grown children to come home and divide the contents of our house. We kept enough to furnish a one-room apartment in Princeton, plus 44 pounds each of clothes and personal possessions. A garage sale took care of what was left, and we then sold our suburban house and the acre-and-a-half of lawn that surrounded it. After the simple chore of putting our tiny new quarters in order, we turned the key in the lock and flew to Amsterdam, where we bought a small car, and started for Vught, a town in central Holland. We had made reservations to spend four weeks in a convent where the sisters teach thirty languages. We planned to study French.

So far, no regrets. We had shared the pleasure of giving our children family treasures and furniture they loved and needed. Real estate taxes and lawn-mowing were behind us, an adventure in a foreign country before us. An adventure in talking, listening, eating, drinking, and understanding.

We finished our studies on April 1 and, full of verbs and enthusiasm, started out for the south of France. Green Michelin guide in hand, we searched out a town with tennis courts—a place to balance our mental labors with pleasant exercise. We found the town—it's called Alès—and rented a house in the countryside nearby. There are no lawns in the Midi. There are courtyards, graveled and

sunny, lined with walls of golden stones and potted geraniums.

In six months of discovery, I found that home can be any place where there's a beloved companion, a good light to read by, and a stove for the soup pot. Now I know how it is to be a stranger—and it isn't easy. I've learned that a smile bridges language; that the priorities of a lifetime can vanish in seconds; that time is now. There have been adjustments. We've had to learn again how to live together in our closely shared new existence. We've been stimulated, mentally and physically, by these changes. By turns, we've been jubilant, frustrated, astonished, occasionally homesick—but never bored.

Our year will end at home in the States, among family and friends. We will begin to think of next year, and we will wonder. . . . If you've retired, what are you doing with your time, your money, your wits, your dreams? If you're looking forward to it, what plans and adventures will come of it? If you dread it, or oppose it, tell us why. Let's share it all.

—**Christine Britton**  
Alès, France

As a minister of the United Church of Canada for more than four decades, I have come to look on the word "retire" as one of the dirtiest six-letter words in the English language.

This gut reaction comes from visiting hundreds of elderly folk in nursing homes and auxiliary hospitals since the advent of universal retirement pensions on the Canadian scene. "Shut-ins" we call them in our church jargon, when in actuality they are "shut-outs," banished from the family scene and their ancestral homes. Middle-aged sons and daughters, who have invariably persuaded them to turn over their property rights and financial management to their tender, wiser care and no longer want them underfoot, send them packing to the tax-supported homes for the aged. Deprived of all former function and usefulness in society, the retirees crawl from one annihilation to another to the ultimate aloneness of death.

Having spent the working years of my life fighting for better Social Security measures, unemployment insurance, and

vested pensions, I accept a full share of the blame for the present emasculation of the elderly in Canada. —**James E. McNeill**  
Houston, B.C.

Five years ago I retired from an insanely stupid job in municipal civil service. I was free at last of drudgery, routine, boredom. I could do whatever I pleased, with no thought of having to earn a given sum each week to pay bills.

Two months after settling in this desert town of El Paso, I was reviewing books for the local morning newspaper. Ten months later I was a teaching assistant in our local university's school of journalism. I couldn't sit still, I just had to get moving!

For eight months I worked with two students getting out the yearbook, which was judged the best in Texas for that year. This was 100 hours a week, it was staggering out of the building at 2:00 and 3:00 each morning to drive 14 miles across the mountains for some sleep, it was lunching on cookies and orange drink, it was a wondrous sense of complete dedication to a most fulfilling project.

The busy man can always squeeze more effort out of his system if he wants, so I am now a contributing editor of two local magazines run by folks half my age, and a sponsor of my church's teen-age coffeehouse, where I play Chinese checkers with youngsters who could be my grandchildren.

What did I get out of all of this frenetic movement? I got the satisfaction and the ego-gratification that was never mine in civil service, the last refuge of the inept and the incompetent. I got the friendship and the trust and the love (I hope) of several bright and eager young college students. I tutored, I marked papers, I took over classes when my professor was ill, I had myself one high old time! I made my presence felt, and this was a boon wonderful beyond the telling for a retiree who had never in his life felt that he was contributing much of anything to a civilization that was founded on disregard and steeped in apathy. This was a new life for me, and I am happy and grateful to have found it!

—**Bart Lanier Stafford III**  
El Paso, Texas



# TOOLS FOR LIVING

## BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

Tools for Living is not a product testing service. If we feature something here, it's because we like it. There are no best buys, no check-rated items, no guarantees or warranties. Our items are not selected by an organized process. Somewhere along the line one of you or one of us has run across that particular product, used it, and found it to be functional and worth its price.

If you decide to order any of these items through *Harper's*, just follow the instructions on the next page. Postage and handling charges are on us.

## SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

One year of Tools for Living. In the first issue of **WRAP-AROUND** last January, we asked you to send us your ideas and testimonials for products and services you thought useful. We had no idea what kind of a response we would receive, even though we knew from surveys and polls of our readership that you were supposed to be clever, literate, interested in your surroundings, contributors to the community, and aesthetically and practically discriminating when it came to making purchases. All we could hope for was feedback from you, and we got it. Great ideas, lots of them.

Sometimes we weren't able to use the ideas and suggestions, and we haven't always been able to help when asked (for instance, we couldn't respond usefully to the plea from the reader who asked if we could find her a nontoxic, nonmechanical fly catcher so she wouldn't have to chase flies with the vacuum cleaner).

In reviewing the past twelve issues, we discovered that the majority of our readers seems to be more interested in basics than in frumpies. Food, clothing, and shelter. These basic desires—in the form of responses about food, clothing, and shelter—have perhaps been intensified by the drastic rise in prices and by shortages in raw materials, manufactured products, and fuels. As many readers see it, self-reliance is the only way. And so in this anniversary Tools for Living we are featuring a selection of items that you thought were among the most necessary and appealing over the past year, along with a smattering of what to expect in '74. We hope that this issue will encourage you to send us other suggestions for new tools.

## TOOLS BEST SELLER LIST

Our readers seem to be interested in the building and preserving of body and home. The all-time favorite books listed below are available from us postpaid.

1. *Nomadic Furniture* is ambitiously subtitled: "How to build and where to buy lightweight furniture that folds, collapses, stacks, knocks down, inflates, or can be thrown away and recycled. Being both a book of instruction and a catalogue of access for easy moving" (Pantheon, \$2.95).

2. *Wood-Frame House Con-*

*struction.* Step by step, from selection of a site through placement of nails to choice of paint. This is it. From the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402, or from us, for \$2.25.

3. *Gardening Indoors Under Lights* (Larchmont, \$1.95).

4. *Diet for a Small Planet:* "How to enjoy a rich protein harvest by getting off the top of the food chain" (Ballantine, \$1.25).

5. *Sense Relaxation:* Below your mind (Macmillan, \$3.50).



## GET CROCKED

Remember those tales about the Indians wrapping their food in clay and roasting it in the embers? Well, we have discovered a kit that will enable you to reenact said tales. You need embers, or an oven. Wrap your chicken, pot roast, or veggies in foil, then in the clay from the ClayBake Kit, and seal the edges. Now comes the fun: you can sculpt and carve on the terrine you've just made. Add fins, wings, designs, faces, flowers and leaves, and paint it up with the kit's watercolors. After you've cooked your potted dinner in this home-crafted crock, you bear it to the table and give it a whack! The clay falls away to reveal a scrumptious, all-juices-sealed-in meal.

The ClayBake Kit includes six pounds of nontoxic, lead-free clay; a wooden bat for rolling, decorating, and cracking; a paint brush; three primary watercolors, and an illustrated brochure of suggestions and recipes. Since the clay is recyclable after each use, it's like owning a magic pot that changes its appearance each time you use it.

ClayBake is brand new, but you might be able to find it in gourmet departments. You may order it from us for \$13.95 postpaid.

## WE'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, RIGHT OR LEFT

A precise, easy-to-operate one-hand soldering attachment has been brought to our attention by a mechanically inclined member of the staff.

In the past, soldering required one hand to operate the gun and one to hold the solder. Whatever you were trying to solder was left to the mercy of the drops and dribbles of the solder and to the Rube Goldberg heat sinks or stabilizers that you had to hold with your knee or teeth. The "Free Hand" frees one hand for holding small parts and allows the use of pliers as a heat sink. The precision tube offers pinpoint accuracy as well as an adjustable feed point. The thumb-activated trigger positioned the side of the gun feeds a amount of solder; this results maximum control as well more economical use of solder. The trigger can be positioned on either side of the gun, right- or left-hand use.

The "Free Hand" Solder Feeder may be found in hardware stores or may be purchased from us for \$9 postpaid.

When you send us your order please specify the model number of your soldering iron so we'll send you the right Solder Feeder.



## CHECK OFF

Would you like to have a complete issue of Tools for Living devoted to any of the following? Check off your favorites and send to: Dept W., Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

- ☐ gardening
- ☐ children's activities
- ☐ travel
- ☐ backpacking
- ☐ camping
- ☐ games and toys
- ☐ containers

- ☐ power tools
- ☐ tools that require no power
- ☐ sewing
- ☐ aids for the elderly
- ☐ beekeeping
- ☐ inventions
- or ☐ \_\_\_\_\_



# TRAP AROUND WRAP



## A MANY SPLENDORED SPONGE

One amusing thing to do with Pop-Up Sponges is to watch them whoosh. They start out looking like golden, king-size pieces of Melba toast, but when you put them in water they mushroom into full-size—and excellent—fiber sponges. While they're still compressed, they're small enough to carry in your pocket or purse in case you're a chronic spiller, and at home you can store a dozen of them in the space taken up by one ordinary sponge. They are far sturdier and more serviceable than the short-lived supermarket sponges you're familiar with.

## 1 DRAUGHTS.

The game of checkers has been played in various forms since about 1600 B.C. Although flat, carved "men" that we associate with the game are a cry from the pebbles and shells first used, the design of draughts has remained the same—until quite recently. In traditional game of checkers, the pieces are often too tall, too light, and difficult to manipulate, particularly for the young and old. N.C. Wolff, a reader from St. Louis, Missouri, told us about "a newly designed set that makes manipulation much easier. There is a 'grip' feature, an integral part of the design, that eliminates the clumsy ritual of stacking one piece on top of another."

The checkers are the standard red and black, but are heavier and have deep indentations that make them more grip-able. Though they appear to be much larger, they still fit on standard checkerboards. Mr. Wolff added that "these checkers were selected by *Industrial Design magazine* as one of the best designs in 1972." They are available in toy departments or from us for \$4.50 per set postpaid.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...?

Kathleen Applegate of Peoria, Illinois, wrote to us that she would like to find "an ironing board with a corner that is up so that the business end is rectangular rather than tapered (great for ironing tablecloths, draperies, etc.)." and Mrs. Winston Wood of Skogen, Michigan, wants to know the whereabouts of "a special tool which will help one to measure precisely before cutting out wall paneling for difficult angles."

If you know where to find it, please let us know.



## A CRESS BY ANY OTHER NAME

Once upon a time a plain brown box with green writing was delivered to our door. We opened the box and found two purple dishes, a couple of bags of peat moss-vermiculite soil mixture, an information-instruction pamphlet, and a pair of packets of c-r-e-s-s-e-e-d-s. We followed the directions in the pamphlet and planted the seeds in their trays. Then we sat down and waited. While we were waiting, we read the booklet and learned that cress is a member of the mustard family and that the delicate, peppery leaves of this tiny herb are a secret ingredient favored by many European chefs as a garnish or seasoning, and are also used in salads and sandwiches.

It took the seeds about one day to germinate and only a couple of days more to send up stems and leaves. At the end of five days the crop was ready to harvest with scissors. What a delicate, teasing taste! Quite lively on cottage cheese. Sinful in soups. Outrageous in sandwiches.

If someone doesn't send you this Food Idea in a Box then perhaps you should send us \$2.50 and we'll see that you get one in the mail.

## CUT IT

"Hardware freaks will appreciate the BernzCutter," wrote Gregg Dunham of Maple Shade, New Jersey. "It is a little Klondike of benefits. This hand-held cutting device outstrips tin snips and the like for cutting sheet metals, plastics, Formica, phenolics, asphalt tiles, almost any sheet material. It gnaws its way smoothly through these materials, leaving a smooth edge. It is hand-powered, but the design is such that the leverage is very effective and the tool is not fatiguing to use, whether you're cutting in straight lines, curves, or any other way."

The BernzCutter, which has three interchangeable blades and an acrylic knife, can be found in hardware stores and lumberyards, or you can order it from us postpaid for \$8.95.



Also, we've discovered that the surface of a Pop-Up will accept silk-screen designs, stencils, felt-tip markers, or pens. If you have Dear John letters to send out, or other bad news to report, why not write on Pop-Ups? Give your recipients something handy for wiping away their tears as they read.

Pop-Up Sponges can be found in hardware stores and some supermarkets, or they may be ordered from us at \$2.75 per dozen.

## BOOKWORM HOLDS ITS OWN

A steel spring coil on one end pulls the books firmly against the flat endpiece. Take out a book or two and the coil rolls up smoothly, keeping the others just as securely in place as before. The Bookworm is all steel, enameled in red, blue, black, or white. It is available in some stationery and department stores, or by mail through us for \$5.95.

## YOU GET THE IDEA

Since we can't do as much detective work as we'd like in digging out especially attractive products, we would welcome your help. If you are willing to stake your personal reputation on a product that has served you more than satisfactorily, send us a testimonial. We'll publish it if space permits and if the item is of general interest and availability. Write Tools for Living, c/o Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

## HOW TO ORDER

If you care to order these items from us, you may do so by sending a letter to Tools for Living, c/o Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Specify the item, quantity of each item, and color (if needed). Price is that indicated in the descriptions above. Add up the total for all items you order (N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax). Enclose a check for the total amount payable to Harper's Magazine. If you prefer to charge your BankAmericard or Master Charge, indicate your card number and expiration date. You may also order the works discussed in Sources by following these instructions.

## Of Making Books There Is No End

Time hath, my lord, a wallet  
at his back  
Wherein he puts alms for  
oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of  
ingratitudes.  
Those scraps are good deeds  
past, which are devoured  
As fast as they are made, forgot  
as soon  
As done. Perseverance, dear my  
lord,  
Keeps honor bright. To have  
done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a  
rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take  
the instant way,  
For honor travels in a strait so  
narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast.  
Keep then the path,  
For emulation hath a thousand  
sons  
That one by one pursue. If you  
give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct  
forthright,  
Like to an entered tide they all  
rush by  
And leave you hindmost.  
Or like a gallant horse fall'n in  
first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the  
abject rear.  
O'errun and trampled on. Then  
what they do in present.  
Though less than yours in past,  
must o'ertop yours.  
For time is like a fashionable  
host  
That slightly shakes his parting  
guest by the hand,  
And with his arms outstretched,  
as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer. Welcome  
ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing.  
Oh, let not virtue seek  
Remuneration for the thing it  
was;  
For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigor of bone,  
desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are  
subjects all  
To envious and calumniating  
time.  
One touch of nature makes the  
whole world kin,  
That all with one consent praise  
newborn gawds,  
Though they are made and  
molded of things past,  
And give to dust that is a little  
gilt  
More laud than guilt o'er-dusted.  
The present eye praises the  
present object.

—William Shakespeare  
*Titus Andronicus*, c. 1603

Books on the subject of time—in any of its guises—tend to be rather intimidating. They look important, they have commanding titles, and they seem to call, in deep, pealing tones, for thorough attention. And yet, as one tries valiantly to answer that call, one is likely to be distracted by one anxious thought after another: shouldn't I be out savoring life at its fullest instead of sitting indoors reading this big book? Why don't I take a speed-reading course? Boy, compared to the age of the universe (18 billion years), my lifespan is less than nothing! The books listed below, however, make up for their significance by being imaginative and informative.

*The Future of Time* (Doubleday Anchor, \$4.95), edited by Henri M. Yaker, Frances E. Cheek, and Humphry Osmond, is a fat collection of essays about man's temporal environment. They are written mostly by experts in the behavioral sciences and cover human perception of time (including disordered perception of time) and time and society.

*The Voices of Time* (George Braziller, \$12.50), edited by J. T. Fraser and subtitled "a cooperative survey of man's views of time as understood and described by the sciences and by the humanities," is another fat collection. It includes discussions by leading experts in philosophy, religion, history, music, linguistics, the sciences of the mind, the life sciences, and the physical sciences. If you want to know about the Chinese attitude toward biological change in time, meter in music, the child's concept of velocity, meaningful coincidence; about the symbolization of time, the microstructure of subjective time, evolution, the pendulum clock, causality and free will, the breakdown of Einstein's relativity theory, and one-way-ness in the universe, then this book is for you. "For the essence of time," Fraser concludes, "like that of man's existence, is only a permission to partake creatively in a world whose contents and properties we may experience, contemplate, and share but never completely describe or precisely formulate."

A somewhat slimmer volume, G. J. Whitrow's *The Nature of Time* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.95) is a bit donnish but commendably comprehensive nevertheless.

Along a narrower dimension, Ritchie R. Ward's *The Living Clocks* (New American Library, \$1.95) reports discoveries about biological time clearly and efficiently. What these discoveries have to do with you is best conveyed by Gay Luce in *Body Time* (Pantheon, \$6.95), a book we've had occasion to recommend before.

And if reading takes up too much of your time, then listen to Mark Time. He'll tell you all about *How Time Flies* (Columbia Records, \$5.98) right up until 1995. David Ossman, a member of the Firesign Theatre, is responsible for this risible attack on time. Be warned, however, that time gets swallowed up by the black hole in the center of the record and it therefore has neither beginning nor end.

## Stalking

"As we drove toward the hunting lodge, an hour away from Toronto, I finally got my attention off the scenery within the car and started studying the wayside vegetation. . . . When we stopped at a filling station I walked around it and found wild oats fully ripe, saw cattails in a low spot, and altogether located fourteen wild foods before the tank was filled and a phone call was made." "Cattails were in just the right stage so I could demonstrate the five different foods this plant furnishes: the green bloom spike for boiling and buttering; the cossack asparagus that is peeled, white base of the stalk eaten either raw or cooked; the pollen from blooms too old to eat that can be mixed with flour to make some very palatable golden flapjacks; the rosy rhizomes with their starchy cores that can be roasted around a fire and eaten, or dried and made into a fine white flour that makes excellent bread. The white sprouts

at the end of the rhizome which will be next year's cattails, can be broken off and boiled as a hearty, starchy, vegetable."—From *Stalking the Far Away Places*, the most recent of Euell Gibbons' guides and testimonials to nature's manifold wealth and goodness.

Mr. Gibbons lives as if in a surreal Garden of Eden. Root stalks, leaves, flowers, fruit, even pollen call out to him, reveal their secrets, ask to be eaten. His seemingly unbounded enthusiasm for the business of "reaping where you did not sow" ("but only if the food would go unused unless you take it"), is, importantly, limited by two caveats: if everyone did it too often there would be disaster; so do it only rarely, as a means of experiencing the rightness of the natural world; and don't do it at all if you don't know how to do it if you're not sure.

Gibbons disclaims interest in hard-nosed endurance tests and when he goes off on a "stalking" expedition, he takes with him the civilized foods of powdered milk, cooking oil, flour and sugar to make palatab (his word for delicious) what he finds. The stalking he ironically talks about and uses his book titles—reminiscent of Steinberg's *New Yorker* cover of a knight on horseback charging a giant pineapple—serves to stress the view that nature is a benign realm in which cooperation is of paramount importance.

I think his books can be recommended for many things: natural history, recipes, vicarious gustatory delights, practical information for camping trips, travel escape. His writing is restrained and while homey, never cloying. Viewed as a body of work, his books are repetitious. The same basic information can be learned from any one of them, with variations which may become important, depending on how deeply involved in food-foraging you become. Recommended are *Stalking the Far Away Places*, (McKay, \$6.95); *Stalking the Good Life* (McKay, \$5.95); *Stalking the Blue-Eyed Scallop*, *Stalking the Wild Asparagus*, and *Stalking the Hearty Herbs* (all three McKay paperback Field Guide Editions, \$2.95 each).

—Suzanne Mantell

Suzanne Mantell will be reviewing books of special interest to WRA AROUND readers every month.



**Recommendation #1**  
 During those moments the werewolf is standing on all fours, teeth bared, when he is crawling out of your consciousness, that your body releases an incredible burst of life energy, the high energy that comes when survival is at stake. These moments you have to fight with but your mind and nothing to fight but phantoms and illusions it is.

Those who have had the experience will appreciate the genius of the Norwegian writer Sandemose. Few have been able to recreate such an intensely personal feeling with clarity and realness. Read Sandemose is experiencing notions that drive his character, getting involved in those magical interactions between the mind and the psychological world. *The Werewolf* comes with a hot blast of tequila leaves you grasping at what is left of your shattered sense of normality.

—Gregg Olson  
 San Diego, Calif.  
*Werewolf*, by Aksel Sandemose, translated by Gustaf Weststock. The University of Wisconsin Press, 1966, \$7.50.)

**Recommendation #2**  
 Find *The Natural History of Nonsense* a model of skepticism and reasonable thought. It originally from West Virginia, where a curious mix of credulity and skepticism. It is a delight to hear the words of a man who would destroy revered foolishness. My favorite quotation: "The tumult and the shouting of the motion of the earth too violent to subside completely in three short centuries. There are still sporadic outbreaks of protest, and now and then, some zealot will seize an ancient weapon discarded in the past and deal the astonished world a blow on the pate with it. He is not always sure of the purpose of the weapon, but he is involved, or of the original purpose of the weapon, but as a convenient handle, and it makes a loud thwak, and that is enough for him."

—Michael Martin  
 Lake Hiawatha, N.J.  
*The Natural History of Nonsense*, by Bergen Evans. Knopf, 1966, \$5.95. Young adult.)

## Don't Touch That Madeleine

All novels are time machines, but a few that occur to us as specific and variously splendid attempts to wrestle with the intractability of time or to celebrate "the vast structure of recollection" are: *Remembrance of Things Past*, by Marcel Proust; *The Magic Mountain*, by Thomas Mann; *The Alexandria Quartet*, by Lawrence Durrell; and *Ada*, by Vladimir Nabokov.

## Present Tense

When a twenty-two-year-old college graduate was told, under hypnosis, that there was no present, he became immobile, unresponsive to pain, and almost totally rigid. Told either that the future had been abolished or that it had been expanded, he grew euphoric and mystical.

These and a variety of other temporal states were suggested to him by Dr. Bernard S. Aaronson, as part of a careful study conducted years ago. Aaronson has published accounts of the study in the *American Journal of Hypnosis* (July 1966) and *The Future of Time* (see facing page). Fascinating, frightening, and immensely provocative, his experiments will force you to speculate on the relative importance you accord the past, the present, and the future in your own life—and on the possible consequences of your emphases.

## IDEAS

How much of a difference can one person make? We have a sense that feelings of individual powerlessness have been abating recently, and we'd like to check that sense against your experiences.

Have you tackled city hall, the school board, the telephone company, a department store, a civil servant, or any other similarly mighty force within the past couple of years? What did you do and why did you do it? Did you think you'd be successful? And were you? And why?

Perhaps, instead of setting out to acquire power, you've suddenly found it was yours for the taking. At your office, say, or the PTA, or a club you belong to, you may have spotted

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Copy must be received by the 8th of the second month prior to the issue date.

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## OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

**Exciting overseas jobs.** Directory \$1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-H, Belmont, California 94002.

**Worldwide opportunities.** ... Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All Occupations! \$700-\$4,000 Monthly! Employment International, Box 29217 HM, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

**Overseas opportunities—Now Available!** Free Transportation! Complete information... plus Directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide... all occupations. Send \$2.00. INTERNATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES Box 29232 HM, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

## TRAVEL

**Village museum & Unitarian church** will take few teenage boys for year of history, travel. Standish Museums, E. St. Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

**Canadian wilderness trips—Twelve-day float trips on northern rivers (Athabasca, Coppermine, Nahanni), wilderness camping, wildlife, white-water. Also canoe trips. Contact: North-West Expeditions, Limited, Box 1551, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, for free brochure.**

a moment when the flow of events could be easily subjected to your direction and control. If you've seized this kind of opportunity, we hope you'll tell us about it in some detail.

To put a brake on megalomaniacal tendencies, we point out that power must be conserved as well as expended in the 1970s. A good many specific proposals for saving energy have been put forward by authoritative figures in government, industry, and the sciences. How are you personally planning to respond to the problem? If what you've done and/or what you intend to do might work for any of the rest of us, please write to: **WRAPAROUND**, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

**Ten-day wilderness canoe trips** in Northern Ontario. Follow an old fur-trading route to historic Moose Factory. Write: Missinabi Tours, Box 2, Postal Station D, Toronto, Ontario M6P 3J5.

**Air travelers fly rights.** Rights, responsibilities, information on denied boarding compensation, baggage loss, charter flights, etc. Send \$1 for each. Knowledge, Box 489, Cornwells Hts, Pa. 19020.

**Learn Mexican cooking in old Mexico:** 7-Day Workshop for Beginners and Gourmets. Field Trips, fun and Spanish Classes. Write Richard Merrill, IMLE, Hidalgo 206, Leon, Gto., MEXICO.

**Ski touring made easy at Waterville Valley,** New Hampshire's largest ski resort. Five-day ski-touring packages include lessons, equipment, tours, and lodging with two gourmet meals a day—for just \$129 per person, double occupancy. Brochure, write Waterville Valley Associates, Box 33, Waterville Valley, N.H. 03223. (603) 236-8371.

## FOREIGN HOME-STAYS

**A great summer abroad!** For young people 14 to 21. Live with a foreign family. Learn their language. Travel. Our world-wide organization specializes in foreign home-stays. Write (stating age) for free information. THE EXPERIMENT in International Living, 10 Kipling Road, Brattleboro, Vt. 05301.

## RESORTS

**Healthful vacationing—Fasting, Reducing, Rejuvenation.** Wholesome foods. Organic gardens. Peaceful surroundings. Pool, boats, solariums. Beaches. Health classes. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Fla. 33923-HA.

## REAL ESTATE

**Government lands . . . FROM \$7.50/ACRE!** Vacationing, Farming, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send \$1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 6588 HM, Washington, D.C. 20009.

**Central Ontario—Choice 640-acre sportsmen's paradises** still available —\$20.00 plus \$6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures, \$2.00 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 31, Ontario, Canada.

## VACATIONS

**Home Exchange.** The sensible, economical way to vacation in comfort. Write Viking Home Exchange, Box 3007, St. Paul, Minn. 55165.

**"Vacation ideas":** Dozens helpful articles, exotic places, bargain tips. Send \$1 for trial newsletters: VI, Box 5740H, Pikesville, Md. 21208.

## GOURMETS

**Chinese groceries by mail:** Catalogue 25¢. Starter kit with recipes, \$19.50. Gourmet Pacific, Box 42007, San Francisco 94142.

**Winemakers . . . free illustrated supply catalogue** of yeasts, equipment. Recipes. Continental Box 18223-H, Indianapolis, Ind. 46218.

**Winemakers.** Free illustrated catalogue of yeasts, equipment. Semplex, Box 12276 T, Minneapolis, Minn. 55412.

**Winemakers-Brewmasters.** Tremendous selection. Fast service. Free catalogue. Wine Craft, Columbia Mall, Columbia, Md. 21044.



# ATION WRAPAROUND

**Tea Importer.** select teas. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. H01, 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003. Free brochure.

**International recipes** and drinks. Selection lists sent with orders. Recipes from year 1523 to

restaurants and noble houses in the world. Start with Baked Alaska at L'Auteur, Monte Carlo. Ye Olde Gossipe's Bowle, England, 1662. Beefsteak and Kidney Pie, England, 1673. Ernest Hemingway, 1936. \$1 each. International Gourmet, Box 518-H, Cornwells Hts, Pa. 19020.

## LITERARY INTERESTS

**Manuscripts, Reports, Academic writing, editing.** All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized, Confidential. Professional team at work. RC Research, Box 138, Dayton, Washington 99328.

**"Sound sumbulz."** MA-shen and man need th-E-M. \$100ppd. Type-written Symbols, 45 Bellevue Avenue, Butler, N.J. 07405.

**Entry contest—send TODAY** for Entry Form. W. E. Houck & Company, Publishers, Dept. BU, 1641 Nokomis, Dallas, Texas 75224.

**"Emerging Voices in American Poetry."** Carrollton Press, 12844 Britick, Bridgeton, Mo. 63044.

## BOOKS

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# GAME

## OTHER WORDS

utarch said in his *Life of Solon* that Athenians never to apply unpleasant words to unpleasant things. In- they described harlots as "companions," taxes as tributions," and prisons as "chambers." throughout history, sensitive souls have flinched at talk and favored self-protective euphemisms—a "silk crown" referred to decapitation, "slumber rooms" and in the funeral business, "getting into trouble" meant unwanted pregnancy. And Mr. Ronald Ziegler speaks of an "inoperative" truth as if it hadn't al- been a lie.

winers of "A Novel Idea," the member game that asked readers write a synopsis of the story of a known book based on its title,

### st Prize

*New York Times Atlas of the World* (Quadrangle):

r: The coming energy crisis has ved. A must for those who want keep warm this winter.

—Landon Parvin  
Washington, D.C.

### nners-Up

Edward Penfield *Harper's* poster:

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e *Seven Minutes*: Something to llate the taste of collectors of the usual, this is the rough, tough auto- graphy of a very hard-boiled egg.

—Lila Arnold  
Wichita, Kans.

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—Herman Asarnow  
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ATURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. ose who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.

This month we invite readers to invent euphemistic words or phrases to mask disagreeable realities in any public or private aspect of U.S. life—taxes, TV commer- cials, politics, corruption, smog. Send your contribution to "In Other Words," *Harper's Magazine*, Two Park Ave- nue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked no later than January 10 and become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in the March issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: An Aurora fountain pen.

Runners-Up: A *Harper's* denim tote bag.

*Twice-Told Tales*: "A rose is a rose," intones Gertrude Stein in this re- sounding narrative which finds the au- thor compulsively repeating herself.

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—H. Raymond Cluster  
North Truro, Mass.

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—A. Baylor Cromwell  
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*V.:* Big Bird, Ernie, Grover, and the whole *Sesame Street* gang look for the missing letter in this tantalizing suspense thriller.

—Denver Elkins  
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—William B. King  
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*You Can't Go Home Again*: Users of the Long Island Railroad in partic- ular will empathize with this some- times bitter, often poignant, always despairing diary of a New York commuter.

*Goodbye, Mr. Chips*: Subtitled "The China Trade." There are brittle pas- sages in this basically softhearted accounting of what happens when a housewife swaps her Wedgwood din- nerware for Melamine.

—Patricia Linden  
Boston, Mass.

*The Naked and the Dead*: A con- cise study of trends in the contem- porary cinema.

—Ann Schwartzman  
Essex, Md.

*The Happy Hooker*: Rosey Grier gives step-by-step directions on how to achieve contentment through needlepoint.

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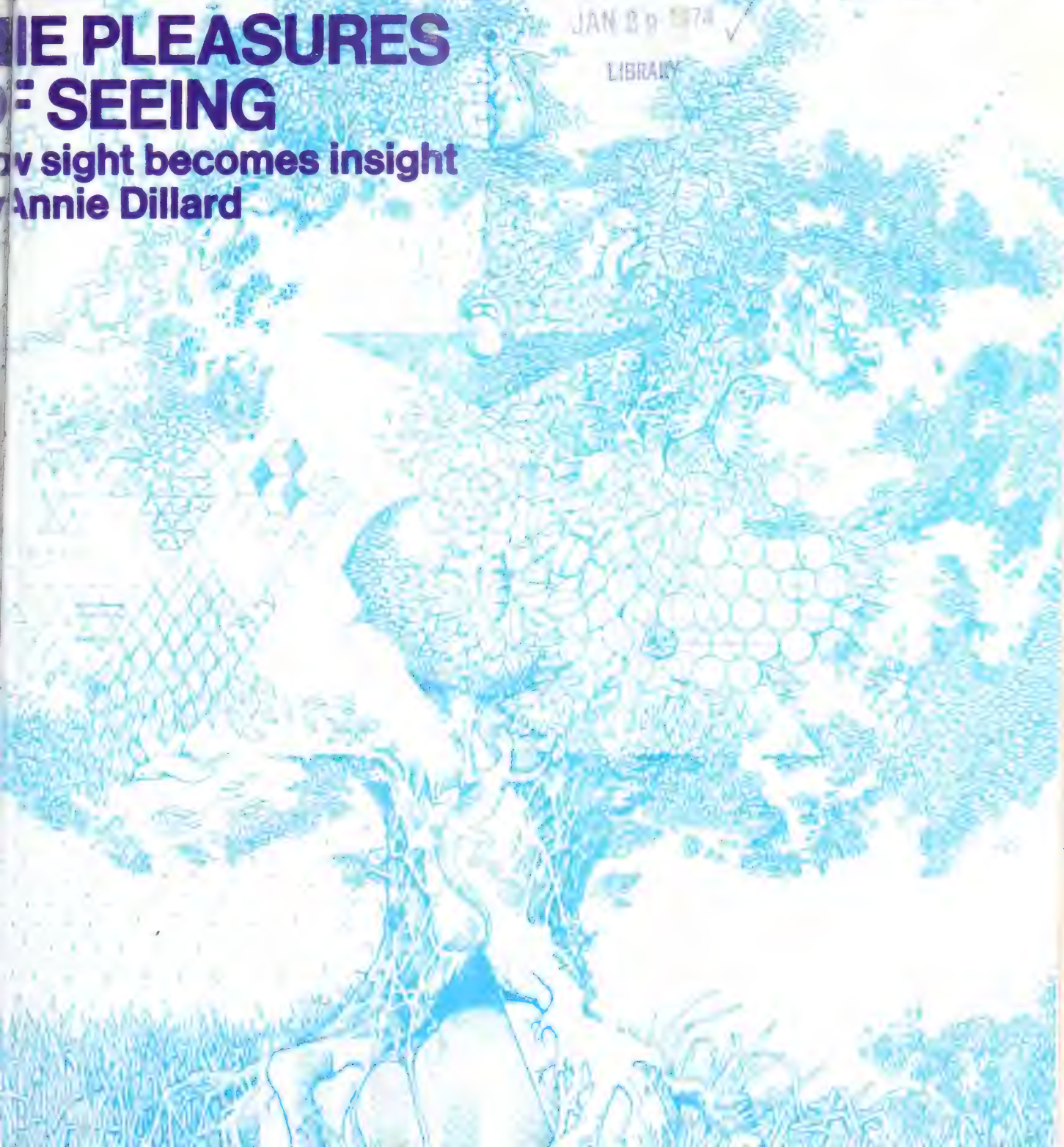
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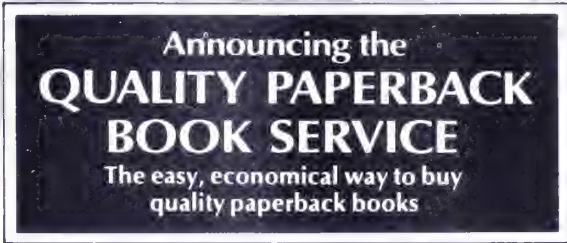
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# WRAPAROUND

## Secrets: Simple, Sinister, and Sublime



The Something that Robert East said doesn't love a wall probably isn't overly fond of secrets either. For secrets create walls, barriers that sequester people who know them on the inside and make sure that everyone else is Out.

This arrangement offers certain obvious benefits to Insiders. In the first place, an Insider can turn a secret into a tool of intimacy simply by sharing it with somebody. There's a sense of brotherhood among secret keepers that can easily lead to pleasures of friendship and conspiracy. In the second place, Insiders automatically become objects of envy and attention. Because of our pervasive cultural certainty that to be ignorant is to be deficient, Outsiders want to know what Insiders know, and they will often spend substantial amounts of time, trouble, and money trying to find out.

The passion for secrets to cherish, steal, or share is endemic in a changing, rootless, technological society. The secret creates a marvelous sense of being and a comforting illusion of control over inchoate events. Hence the extraordinary status of those who monopolize "data power" in Washington; the spooks of the "intelligence community" become the oracles of the alleged facts and the guardians of nothing less than "national security."

Anyone with secrets that his society considers valuable can arrange to make a living from them. Experts in management, metallurgy, or making bombs collect handsome fees when they

apply their special knowledge for the benefit of clients. And even those who do not regularly rent out secrets probably have some that are useful in money-making. The employee eager for promotion, for example, will not—if he's smart—share with his competition what he knows about technical advances or the boss's idiosyncrasies.

Possessing a valuable secret may pay off, but it may also have some extremely unpleasant side effects. Chief among them nowadays is paranoia. By its very nature a secret is something that has to be protected and it therefore raises the fear of violation. The larger the secret—and the less well-defined its boundaries—the more paranoia it inspires. Businessmen are afraid that someone will discover and copy their every successful move. Professionals of all sorts bridle defensively at the prospect of admitting non-professionals to their inner councils. Various specialists employ languages far more complicated than precision requires to foil boarding parties of the uninitiated. Government surrounds scientific and technical data with safeguards that probably impede our own progress more seriously than our enemies'. Whatever the secrets that might be revealed, Insiders clearly feel the need to prepare for barbarian invaders.

Reacting, perhaps, to a society in which things seem to exist in order to be covered up, a good many people have lately seized on the notion that the best policy must be honesty. The

watchwords "openness," "sincerity," "real," "natural," "letting it all hang out," "telling it like it is" signal a devotion to full disclosure that is reflected also in the popularity of encounter groups, sensitivity-training sessions, and assorted other therapeutic gatherings where, so the theory goes, the truth will make you free.

The kind of person who most frequently tells the whole truth—and always has—is, of course, a child. Small children do not hesitate to say anything they think. They will tell you if you smell funny; they will tell the neighbors if you broke a lamp during a fight last night; and, if you play hide-and-seek with them, they will tell you where they are hiding within thirty seconds because they cannot tolerate the strain of keeping things to themselves.

Learning to keep things to oneself, to take responsibility for them, forms a significant motif in the pattern of growing up. The first time a child withholds information from his parents, it is a sign that he is no longer totally dependent on them. Later his developing independence is exercised with the secret clubs and codes he shares only with his peers. Once he can be trusted to take reasonably good care of himself, he can probably also be trusted not to tell your Aunt Ida that nobody really wanted to invite her to Christmas dinner.

The adult's sense of what to keep quiet about tells you right away that there's no point in sharing that information with Aunt Ida. It will hurt her to

know it, and it will hurt you to know she knows it. Similarly destructive revelations might include confiding in your ten-year-old son that you often fear death or divulging to your wife that, every so often, you can't quite remember what it was you originally saw in her. Grant that these things are true and it would still not be undeniably sensible to state them. Indeed, your Aunt Ida, your son, and your spouse might all be better off if these facts remained your secrets. For the walls that secrets erect may offer enviable benefits to Outsiders after all.

When you think about it, walls can do more than protect Outsiders from gratuitously harmful information. They can separate the sheep from the goats, surround the humdrum with an aura of mystery, and provide challenges suitable for scaling or leaping. Something there must be that regards those attributes with affection.

This issue of **WRAPAROUND** explores various habitats and habits of secrecy, and invites you to consider the walls secrets have set up in your own life—where they've been built and by whom and whether individual ones are in need of demolition or shoring up.

Some of you, faced with the secret of a parent's terminal illness or an employer's sharp practice, or even with a six-year-old's belief in Santa Claus, must have thought hard about whether to tell or not. **WRAPAROUND** welcomes brief accounts of your experiences.

—Judith Appelbaum







# WRAP AROUND

## Tols' Gold

The market in inside information seems to be governed by the same principle that as the success of an artful con-  
fidence trick. The most effective information is both casual and abstract, offering the customer an empty mirror in which to look upon the eager desires of his own desire. It is the principle that regulates the content of newsletters and stock-market advice and accounts for the prosperity of Washington's political columns, television talk shows, and best-selling compilations of last year's gossip.

Consider the modus operandi of the Wall Street tout. Invariably he has acquired his information from a secondary source, from a man who heard from a friend who knows the president of the company. He has the word from the primary source, because if he didn't that kind of information wouldn't need to be sold to anybody else. Instead he would make a discreet fortune and retreat to a fortress in the Pyrenees. What would be the point of dispersing in corners? Why concern oneself with dog-eared maps on which drowned ships are marked once marked a faint cross?

The suckers neglect to ask themselves such questions; if they did, they wouldn't be suckers, and the tout wouldn't find it worth his time to trouble them with dreams. The distance between the primary source gives the tout a theatrical space in which to set up his lights and scenery. The sucker never meets the man who knows, and so he remains free to imagine a figure of his own invention. If he met the man in question, he might come frightened; he might recognize him as an accountant in a shabby suit, or as an old politician sick with drink and ill-remembered explanations.

The tout needs only to judge the precise distance at which the buyer begins to see apparitions. The distances vary according to the temperament of the buyer and the kind of information being offered for sale. Some buyers prefer to know nothing; others need to persuade themselves with the complexity of childish detail—the performance of the horse in mud, the price-earnings ratio, the rumors

in Japan, the Javanese theory known only to the intimates of Henry Kissinger, the sufferings of the jockey, or the name of the bartender in Mexico City.

None of these things matters very much, and all of them can be rearranged as the occasion demands. They don't matter because the transaction always takes place in the realm of magic, in the dark grove of the imagination where all things remain possible and where death and time never intrude upon the idiot dancing. The most convincing touts succumb to their own seductions. They come to believe in the divine origins of their information, and they forget that they overheard the conversation in a men's room, or that the Senator was talking about something else, or that yesterday's horse finished seventh. Their beliefs lend fervor to a pitch which only the most cynical recognize as a pitch. The editor of a Washington newsletter knows that he compiles a miscellany of obscure newspaper clippings, paragraphs borrowed from government press releases or annual reports, rumors three weeks old; and yet, each week as he signs his name to the sheet, he imagines that he has been present in the councils of the great. So also the columnist who thinks that he has unraveled the enigma of the Middle East, or the stockbroker who expects industries to rise thirty points on a technical correction in the market.

For years I used to listen to tips and secrets, half persuaded of their value and wanting to believe in the miraculous simplifications to which they seemed to lend substance. I stopped listening when finally I understood that few secrets are worth knowing. They are a form of ersatz truth, comparable to foam-rubber bananas or plastic flowers. Genuine truth has an unromantic way of presenting itself in one of two forms, neither of which offers much hope of a commercial market. Either it is too difficult, requiring thought and patient study, or it is too easy, requiring only that it be seen for what it is.

"Were I to lose all my fortune, I could, by torture, blackmail, ensure a penny of income twice as large."

—Julian Hawthorne (1847-1934)

The absence of enchantment obscures the credulous transparency of secrets. If the truth appears too obscure they will suspect of the extraneous requirements ("You expect me to read all that in German?"); if it appears too obvious, they will assume that they have been deceived ("Yes, ~~because~~ I came all this way for that? Just that flat angle of light?"). The man who catches the words of a rabbit must pay large sums of money to discover its presence in a field. —Lewis H. Lapham

## Rose Mary's Office Hints

(Rose Mary will answer your questions on office procedure if you mail her a self-addressed stamped envelope with \$100,000 in unusual denominations. No phonies, fatties, or civil-rights weirdos, please.)

Dear Rose Mary:

My boss is an important executive in a nationally known toy company specializing in line-for-line copies of nuclear weaponry. Our industry is a competitive one, and naturally my boss is security-conscious. Last night I was working overtime, eating a cheese Danish and typing up a report on our new Poseidon soap-fueled bathtub toy, when I heard this whirring noise. Anyway, to make a long story short, I discovered that my boss, unbeknownst to me, has been videotaping my every move for months. Should I be worried, flattered, or what?

Puzzled

Dear President:

I don't know what fly-by-night secretarial school you went to, but they sure burned your fingers. Listen, cupcake. Video Manners (how to keep your poise in the face of twenty-four-hour-a-day surveillance) should be a part of every Gal Friday's office trousseau. Of course, if you've got something to hide, that is another question, but if you've been keeping with the program (with one eye on the coach, and the other on the goal line) what's to worry?

Oh, by the way, that questionable personal habits and gestures. No girl wants to lose points on her video résumé for nail-biting and girdle-tugging.

Dear Rose Mary,

I am worried sick I just landed a high-paying job in the dynamic dental service field and now I find out that I'm expected to know how to run a tape recorder. Oh, Rose Mary, it's so complicated. All those buttons! My boss has recorded some confidential conversations he had with his patients while they were out on laughing gas; he says they are "hot stuff" and wants word-by-word transcriptions by next Tuesday. What do I do? I'll be heartbroken if I lose my job in the dynamic dental service field!

—At Sea

Dear At Sea:

Glad to help. Now, let's think. One of those white buttons is the PLAY button. You can press that button and hear what is on the tapes (that is, if you aren't in a brownout zone). One of the other buttons is the RECORD button. That one is red. I think that's right. Let me check on my own machine. That's right—the RECORD button is red. I'm almost sure. I just wish I could find my glasses so I could give you a definite answer. But, tentatively, let's work on the assumption that the RECORD button is red. If you want to record something, just press the red button alone or with the PLAY button, depending on your machine. Of course, if you're using a two-track machine, then on, I've got to get the phone. . . . Now, where was I? Oh, yes, the foot treadle. Well, but you don't want to record at all do you? Just transcribe? Well, let me see if I can't give you a definite answer on that PLAY button. Damn that phone! Listen, mother, I'll have to call you back. Now, let's just move this high-intensity lamp over so I can see what I'm doing. Yes, that's it. White for play, red for record, and black to activate the magnetic force field. Take care, and good luck in the dynamic dental service field!

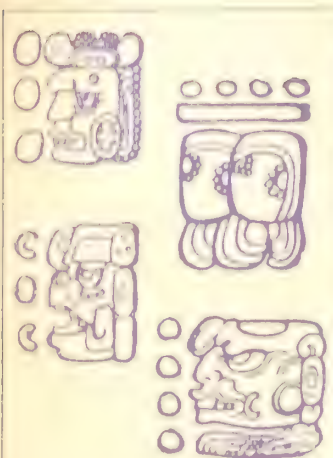
—George W. S. Trow

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We meet with cordial greetings  
In this our sacred cave,  
To pledge anew our compact  
With hearts sincere and brave;  
A band of faithful Klansmen,  
Knights of the KKK.  
We will stand together  
For ever and for aye.



# WRAP AROUND WRAP



Mayan glyphs. Even a few elementary glyphs signifying dates, place names, and directions, Mayan writing remains undeciphered.

## A Chain Is as Strong as Its Most Confused Link

Decentralizing was the principle of underground communication. . . . At the head of the apparatus was a chief. . . . The chief knew the identity of each of the men in the apparatus. In theory none of the others knew the identity of his coworkers. They knew one another only by underground pseudonyms—Bob, Don, Otto. Each man usually had more than one pseudonym. Don was also known as Mike. Otto was also known as Herbert and Carl. I was known as Bob, Carl, Eugene.

The second man in each chain of command knew how to reach the last man on the chain; he knew his name, address and telephone number. But the last man in the chain did not know how to reach the second man, his immediate superior. A third man from the end of the chain knew how to reach the second man in the chain, but the second man did not know how to reach the third man—and so on up to the top.

—Whittaker Chambers

Witness, 1952

It has been estimated that the Pentagon has 1,020,000 cubic feet of classified documents—the equivalent of 2,297 Washington Monuments.

## The Listeners

More than one person has suggested that if, in these times of troubled Presidential credibility and general bad faith, anyone wanted to get to the bottom of the Watergate affair really fast, he could just ask the telephone operators at the White House.

That's because telephone operators traditionally Know All. So do bartenders, as any veteran reporter will tell you; you can generally find out more about someone in an evening at his bar than you can in two-and-a-half days at the library.

Psychiatrists and priests get to hear everyone's secrets as part of their professions. Hairdressers? Well, as one told me, "People come in to see you often enough, and they just kind of assume you're their buddy."

To find out what sort of things people are telling their buddies these days, I had a chat with a shrink, a bartender, a hairdresser, a priest, and a switchboard operator.

I found that the myth holds true. People really do seem to confide in these types, and if you've been pouring your heart out, to say, that easygoing bartender in your local saloon, you're in good company. Whether your secret is safe with him—or any of the above-mentioned people—remains to be seen.

*Agnes Westfield (pseudonym), switchboard operator:*

"The first thing you find out is which men have mistresses. You can tell mistresses because they call at the same time every day and refuse to leave their names or numbers, until they start to recognize your voice and realize that you're wise to their game. When wives call they always say, 'This is Mrs. such-and-such, tell him I called.' Boyfriends almost never call; maybe men just hate to phone, but also, more men work and more women stay at home.

"Everybody thinks all switchboard operators listen in all the time, though I don't, personally, because most of what people have to say just isn't that interesting. A lot of the older operators do listen a lot, especially if they've been at one place for years. They feel they're the most important ones in the company, that the company couldn't function without them, which is true,

so they should know everything that's going on. And also, they're low-paid, and badly treated, so they feel they have a right to listen in because of that, too.

"And even when you don't listen in, people come to you and tell you things. The switchboard is away from the rest of the office, like on the way to the bathroom or something, so people feel freer there, and also, if the switchboard isn't lit up, you have time to listen.

"Mostly, people tell you about affairs. The most sensational thing someone ever told me was when this girl told me that a friend of hers at the office was having an abortion, even though everyone else thought she was away at a funeral.

"But I knew the week before she was having the abortion. She had been having an affair with one of the designers, and his divorce hadn't come through yet, and he had talked her out of having the baby. But that's a whole other story."

*Chris Anastasakis, hair stylist (for men and women) at Prana, New York:*

"It's the women who are the talkers. The men just come in and want to get out; it's the women who like to sit around and gossip.

"They tell me about sex, about love affairs, mostly, about themselves or their girlfriends—a lot of the time they talk about their friends.

"Some hairdressers don't like to listen. I don't mind, if it's interesting.

"The most outrageous thing anyone ever told me? Once one of my clients said that another client, who was a friend of hers, was a whipper.

"I said, 'You mean S-M?' and she said 'Yeah.'

"And you know, it was so funny, because I knew this girl, she was a regular customer. It really didn't change my attitude toward her, but when she came in, and I was with her, it was kind of, uh, funny."

*Archie Mulligan, bartender, The Lion's Head, New York:*

"The biggest secret most people have—that they try and keep from me—is their drunkenness. I'll give you a classic example. A guy is outside, drunk, rehearsing one line. I don't see him come stumbling down the steps, or holding onto the bar, but

when I look up to take his order I can always tell, y'know, situation.

"So I look him in the eye, I say, 'Can I help you?' and then he gives me this line he's been rehearsing, says very carefully, 'I'd like a Scotch and water.'

"Then you say, 'I beg your pardon?' and the poor slob can't handle it, he just can't get together to do it again. He says, 'Canihabuhscotchunwar?' I say, 'You say, 'Sorry, I'm afraid I can't serve you,' and he tries to make an exit in a manly way and then on his way out he falls on the steps.

"The second kind of secret, when this guy who's been sitting at the bar looks at you and you with the deepest sincerity, 'Be very careful, because in a few minutes I'm going to the guy next to me, because he's chewing Sen-Sen, and I know it.'

"When people tell you secrets about themselves, it's always a roundabout way, like they say, 'Why don't they understand it's not the same to stay at home and have a drink as it is to go out to a bar?'

"That's the biggest thing, men want to know why their wives don't understand."

*Father Charles A. Genet, St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York:*

"People still come in to talk about faith and moral problems, but the big thing, more now than five years ago, is this communication thing.

"People can't get along, parents can't talk to kids, they have trouble with drugs and infidelity and drinking. Maybe it's always been like that, but now there are so many articles and books written about the communication thing, people know more, they know what the problem is there.

"That's the biggest thing, people complain no one understands."

*Dr. Sherman Pazner, professor of psychiatry at the School of Medicine, New York:*

"The secret most people have is their inadequacy. They say, 'If people really knew me they wouldn't like me, because they'd see I'm not good enough or they'd know how I feel about myself.'

"And I know this just from true only of my patients, are mostly people in their twenties and thirties, highly edu-



# DUNDWTRAPAROUND

Ervin Yalom, a psychiatrist at Stanford University, held a group in group therapy, and 200 students—a lot of them could have been there for credits, not necessarily because they had problems—to find out what they felt most about in themselves. The overwhelming response: "If people really knew me, they wouldn't like me," or "I don't want them to know how terrible I feel about myself or 'I am insecure, sexually.' The secret people keep from me and from themselves—is the opposite of the first secret; they aren't nearly as helpful and inadequate as they think are."

—Joyce Wadler  
Wadler is a reporter for the New York Post.

## FKAS GUIDE TO GOVERNMENT

He does not have to wait years to know that if the government wishes to keep a secret hidden, a citizen reading it will be told he has a "particularity" and a "reasonable amount of effort"

Even if, through clairvoyance, he is able to describe the secret document in sufficient detail so that it can be retrieved without unnecessary exertion, the print promises only that the document shall be subject to review." There is no guarantee that it will be declassified, no assurance that if declassified, it will be made available. The entire secrecy system, in fact, is Kafkaesque.

—David Wise  
*The Politics of Lying, 1973*

## Tricks of the Trade

A trade secret is simply knowledge that puts its possessor one up on the competition. The trick lies in keeping the trade secret even though it is obviously helping its owner make money.

Medieval craft guilds gave away only their trade secrets, as English barber surgeons, by oath of 1486 demanded, did the secretes and counsel the same arte, ye shall trulie be." But it was comparatively easy to keep secrets before the time came when they were laid forth in machines, gadgets, and formulas that could

be fairly readily duplicated.

The most earthshaking theft of a trade secret was committed by one of America's heroes. In 1789, twenty-one-year-old Samuel Slater took leave of his indenture to a British mill owner. Posing as a farmer to circumvent British restrictions on the migration of textile workers, Slater slipped through a naval blockade into New York. He carried in his head, like a yogurt culture to a waiting bowl of warm milk, complete working specifications of the Arkwright mill. By relieving the Colonies of reliance on the mother country's textile mills, Slater may have done more than George Washington to bring about the undoing of George III.

Today trade secrets are as various as all knowledge. Many corporations now have more money riding on education, design, and organization, and the welter of activities that find shelter under the label "Research and Development," than they do on more tangible assets.

Modern hard trade secrets are frequently lost in the same way Arkwright's patents went astray: employees carry them off in their heads in hopes of exchanging them for money or loving appreciation. For heisting soft secrets like fashion and car designs, network program line-ups, product names, and marketing schemes, rapacious entrepreneurs sometimes use bugs, copying machines, or crooked private eyes.

Whatever the means, theft of trade secrets is generally a mundane, if risky, business. There are exceptions; for example, one enterprising college chemistry teacher allegedly sent his students out to do "fieldwork" in corporate laboratories so that he could trade on the information he received from their reports.

Much can be learned about a society from observing which secrets it chooses to shelter under law. An industrial country like ours relies on continuous renewal of its technology. Hence, our patent policies have shown the tendency of law in general to expand the concept of property so as to protect whatever has a real market, including the gauzy stuff of which trade secrets are made.

—Edward Engberg  
Edward Engberg is the author of *The Spy in the Corporate Structure* and *The Right to Privacy*.

## HIDING OUT

The "Secret Annexe" is an ideal hiding place. Although it leans to one side and is damp, you'd never find such a comfortable hiding place anywhere in Amsterdam, no, perhaps not even in the whole of Holland. Our little room looked very bare at first with nothing on the walls; but thanks to Daddy who had brought my film-star collection and picture postcards on beforehand, and with the aid of paste pot and brush, I have transformed the walls into one gigantic picture. This makes it look much more cheerful, and, when the Van Daans come, we'll get some wood from the attic, and make a few little cupboards for the walls and other odds and ends to make it look more lively.

—Anne Frank  
*The Diary of a Young Girl, 1942*



Declassified Greek military document depicts new secret weapon.

## WHAT TESTS TELL

The product of a personality inventory typically is a series of verbal or sensory responses that are highly subjective in character and often reveal the innermost feelings of the person under examination. Let the questions speak for themselves; the following inquiries or variations on them are found on many widely used personality tests:

Have you ever engaged in sexual activities with another man or boy (asked of male subjects)?

When you were a youngster, did you engage in petty thievery? Are you troubled by the idea that people on the street are watching you?

Do you think something is wrong with your sex organs? Do you think that Jesus Christ was greater than Lincoln or Washington?

Once in a while do you think of things too bad to talk about? Are you a special agent of God?

—Arthur R. Miller  
*The Assault on Privacy, 1971*



The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Washington, D.C.





Delta Tau Delta

## EXCEPT RONNY

The rules of a secret society of nine- and ten-year-old girls in a certain community on Long Island that shall here be nameless are as follows:

1. Do not tell a white lie unless necessary.
2. Do not hurt anyone in any way.
3. Do not hit anyone except Ronny.
4. Do not tell a black lie.
5. Do not use words worse than "brat."
6. Do not curse at all.
7. Do not make faces except at Ronny.
8. Do not be selfish.
9. Do not make a hog or a pig of yourself.
10. Do not tattle except on Ronny.
11. Do not steal except from Ronny.
12. Do not destroy other people's property, except Ronny's.
13. Do not be a sneak.
14. Do not be grumpy except to Ronny.
15. Do not answer back except to Ronny.

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## CANDID CAMERA

BARTOW, FLORIDA—Smiles and friendly greetings now far outnumber scowls and random left hooks among junior and senior high school students throughout Polk County, Florida.

That's because their actions are being recorded on film, and if anyone does anything to seriously disrupt school routine, the odds against establishing an alibi are far from even.

For the School Board of Polk County, plagued like 23,000 other systems in the United States with unrest, vandalism, and confusion, recently became the first in the nation to install a new automatic super 8 camera security system to monitor unfavorable situations, provide positive identification of troublemakers, and establish concrete evidence through which administrators can take remedial action. —Eastman Kodak Company press release, 1973

## Beyond the Confessional

After a period of analysis with me, a young woman produced a dream in which she was going to see a therapist who was not me, but, instead, a woman I had recommended in the dream. In this other therapist's house, she found a confessional booth. Across the room was a doorway. She knew that she would have to go "beyond the confessional" and through the doorway to find this woman. Upon entering the second room she met a woman who seemed to possess all the qualities of womanhood. As this priestess clothed her in a special cape, the dreamer suddenly realized that she was being initiated into the mysteries of the feminine.

This dream suggests, among other things, the ambiguity of secrets. The religious environment of the dream offers freedom from secrets and dispenses new ones as well.

Consider the confessional booth—a place where one comes to shed secrets, where one shares the darkness of his life, receives forgiveness, and emerges renewed. The confessional is the model for the first stage of psychotherapy. There, where the contaminating secrets of the person are often shared for the first time, the effect is usually cathartic.

C. G. Jung has written that a secret whose purpose is hiding one's inferiority or human fallibility is unhealthy and ought to be exposed. Such an unhealthy secret may be unconscious, living as an autonomous personality that, when triggered, distorts the person's functioning along a continuum of seriousness, ranging from relatively harmless but embarrassing slips of the tongue to a homicidal or suicidal streak.

A less dangerous type of secret is one of which a person is aware. As Jung remarked, a consciously contained secret safeguards an individual "from dissolving in the featureless flow of unconscious community life and thus from deadly peril to his soul." When the bearer of the secret is acquainted with his burden, he can, taking it in small doses, aid in developing his sense of uniqueness, but, when he exaggerates, it becomes unhealthy. This exaggeration is the act of chronically holding

back. As Jung points out, it is usually emotion which is driven back, and hidden feeling creates just as much guilt and isolation as an unconscious secret. Patients often self-diagnose relationship problems as due to being a secretive person."

Yet, remember that the dreamer was confronted having to go "beyond the confessional," as she put it, a surprising encounter which awaited her receiving a new secret and the implication was that this was crucial to her fulfillment. This secret involves participation in a religious or otherwise special human community where it is shared and is therefore healthy. Man needs this kind of secret because, like a religious sacrament, it points to the presence of something beyond itself, some intuition about the essence of person that demands homage and consciousness.

—Daniel M. Young

Daniel M. Young is an analyst practicing in New York City and the Plains.

## Creatures of the Dark

Secrets are energy. The operation of a secret is a magical operation that generates power. Children say, "I have a secret" and immediately they are the center of attention. Being the center of attention, the magical glass of concentration enlarges everyone.

And yet the most fiercely guarded secrets, when revealed, often appear trivial. They are to be like those deep-sea creatures that glow with all sorts of iridescent colors in the dark only to turn ash gray when hauled up to the surface. What was the fuss all about? The answer is that the real magic lies not in the secret, but in the act of keeping it. The effort we make to shield the secret is the ceremony that invokes its power.

If secrets are so often essentially unimportant, why said that those who betray bring down terrible punishment on themselves? Or are just fairy tales invented to deflate the egos of the masters of secret societies and occult powers? Not always. There is punishment. The babbling himself of the treasure best on him by the centripetal of keeping the secret. This is spiritual, not material—



# DOWNWARD AROUND

by artists are nervous about  
tussling work in progress.  
y understand that the fruits  
he spirit are like mushrooms  
ey grow best in the dark.  
hematians, physicists, and  
s masters also know what  
to lower a problem into the  
ths of the half-awake state  
come up with an answer.  
leads to the central para-  
of secrets—like seeds, they  
creative, and, seedlike, they  
e to exist at the moment of  
h.

While secrets are sacred, they  
demonic and irrational, too.  
in age of reason people feel  
r if they can abolish secrets  
gether. The nineteenth cen-  
produced two great inves-  
tors of secrets, Sigmund  
ad and Arthur Conan Doyle,  
of whom projected their  
vers onto mythical heroes.  
ipus is very like Sherlock  
mes, a private eye tracking  
criminal down to himself  
his own darkness. Oedipus  
es the riddle of the Sphinx,  
scientist solves the riddles  
Sphinxlike Mother Nature;  
for both of them the power  
erred by the revelation of  
secret is a double-edged  
rd. Some guilt always rubs  
on the unweaver of secrets,  
ever good his intentions,  
winning the kingdom of  
ven on earth may turn out  
be a bomb. For this reason  
making and keeping of se-  
s has traditionally been en-  
ted only to magi duly ini-  
ed and purified of selfish  
res. Who, in this day and  
, is qualified to be the sorcer-  
er rather than his apprentice?

—Kenneth Cavander  
Kenneth Cavander is a writer, di-  
rector, and playwright.

## Hidden Peoples

In the 1930s, after three cen-  
turies of British presence in In-  
dia and one century of domi-  
nance, an anthropological sur-  
vey turned up a quite unknown  
caste in a populous and far-  
flung southern area of the coun-  
try. It was not that the unfor-  
tunates had been cavalierly ig-  
nored by previous observers;  
rather, creatures, their niche in  
the world was so obscure that  
it was to wash the clothes of  
touchables and they were so  
mean that they polluted mem-  
bers of the higher castes at sight.  
As they could go out only at  
night, and even then had to  
hide passersby where possible.  
These are, let us hope, the

most tragic of the secret peo-  
ples. But there are others, and  
their stories are rarely good  
ones. Many of the Marranos of  
Spain, although superficially  
converted, maintained their Ju-  
daism quite strictly for cen-  
turies, living in dread of mob ac-  
tion or the Inquisition, their very  
name meaning "swine." At the  
other end of the Mediterranean,  
the Domneh, whose ancestors  
had acclaimed Sabbatai Z'vi as  
the Messiah in the seventeenth  
century, kept their belief stead-  
fastly and secretly until 1943,  
when, with so much else, it  
guttered out in the Salonika  
ghetto. The Druses of Lebanon  
and the Anti-Lebanon have only  
recently ceased to deny that  
their faith exists, let alone that  
they practice it. The Druses be-  
lieve that nine hundred years  
ago the apostle Darazi came to  
tell of an incarnation of Allah  
himself in the mountains. Ever  
since, his followers have main-  
tained a malevolent, secretive  
separation from their more or-  
thodox Moslem neighbors, an  
independence now satisfied by a  
grimly utilitarian attachment to  
the State of Israel.

But strangest and most fright-  
ening of all, perhaps, was the  
cult of the goddess Kali, which  
was practiced for centuries by  
the Thugs of northern India, who  
have given a word to our lan-  
guage. These self-effacing secta-  
ries robbed and murdered for  
the honor of their goddess. They  
would usually attach themselves  
to some caravan and travel with  
it for weeks, working their way  
into terms of the warmest friend-  
ship with their victims; and then,  
on a chosen night, at a signal,  
the companions and carousers  
would separate themselves from  
the party around the fires, and,  
with a literally religious, ritual-  
istic fervor, drive their knees  
into their friends' backs and  
cast their garrotes round their  
friends' necks.

Many thousands perished thus  
every year, until Sir W. H.  
Sleeman crushed the sect, over  
the protests of the more philo-  
sophical adherents of religious  
liberty among his colleagues. A  
curious story. No doubt, even  
now, it has echoes among the  
modern world's covens of  
witches, to say nothing of our  
Mafiosi and secret bands of  
Black September guerrillas.

—Timothy Dickinson

Timothy Dickinson is a contribut-  
ing editor of Harper's.



## ESCAPE TO THE OCCULT

The profession of magician... is one of the most perilous and  
arduous specializations of the imagination. On the one hand there  
is the hostility of God and the police to be guarded against; on the  
other it is as difficult as music, as deep as poetry, as ingenious  
as stage-craft, as nervous as the manufacture of high explosives,  
and as delicate as the trade in narcotics. Technically in its up-  
per atmospheres... it is social. For it aims to satisfy the deepest  
wishes of the human heart, which are rarely individual; and its  
tools are secret societies. The fear of death, crypto-sexual longings  
for supernatural terrors and beauties and all the rest of the com-  
plex motive that sends men to Mahomet, Beethoven, or Cagliostro,  
cannot be satisfied adequately except by a church, an orchestra,  
or a freemasonry. In occultism this apparatus must be secret, for  
it is not a salvation, but an escape; an escape from the prison of  
reality, into another world, without birth or death, outside the or-  
ganic flux, with another rhythm than the eternal Out and In, con-  
ception and corruption, eating and excretion. —William Bolitho  
*Twelve Against the Gods*, 1929

## THE FORBIDDEN PLACE

She had been five, old enough to be ashamed when the doctors  
shook their heads about the wrongness inside her, in the feminine,  
secret part. They had gone in with their probes and needles as if  
the entire reality of her body were concentrated in the secret evil  
inside that forbidden place. On the evening that her father made the  
plans for her to appear at the hospital the next day, she had felt  
the hard anger of the willful when they are dealt with and moved  
about like objects. That night she had had a dream—a nightmare—  
about being broken into like a looted room, torn apart, scrubbed  
clean with scouring powder, and reassembled, dead but now accept-  
able. After it had come another about a broken flowerpot whose  
blossom seemed to be her own ruined strength. —Hannah Green  
*I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*, 1964



## Who Was That Lady?

I got excited watching the Watergate hearings. All those mediocre people leading secret lives, getting found out, going on national television, making three-line heads every morning.

Since I've always been just a mediocre gal, I wanted a secret life, too. My friends were supportive. "You can do it," they said. "You've got what it takes."

I decided to plummet to fame.

First, I changed apartments and told no one my new address. I got an unlisted phone and blacked out the number on the dial. I peeled the address labels off my *New York Magazine* as soon as it arrived, since I didn't want my name, address, and expiration date falling into the wrong hands. I then began to practice the secret arts of equivocation, dissimulation, subterfuge, and outright lying.

At parties I no longer mentioned people or places by name, referring only to "a friend in retail" or "a predominantly English-speaking island northeast of the Canaries." When people asked, "Where are you from?" I replied, "Somewhere else." The answer to "Where did you go to school?" became "A certain urban, Ivy League institution."

My new secret life began to demand an unflinching will and supreme sacrifices as well. Once, at an elegant dinner, I forgot myself for a moment and talked intimately with an incredibly attractive man. When he asked where I lived and if he could take me home, I knew what I had to do. Choking back tears and smiling bravely, I said, "I live in a racially mixed area south of the Bronx combining academics, workers, ethnics, and the elderly." Then, recalling a ruse I had read about once, I pointed out the window and cried, "Look, there's a little dog chewing that bicycle tire!" and rushed out of the room.

About that time I stopped seeing people and also changed jobs. I chose a location in the West Village so that I could go to work in the garb of an Episcopalian nun without causing a stir. Soon I found the shame-guilt-ecstasy habit exhausting,

and decided it was time for a vacation. I left false clues about where I was going to foil the exterminator, the Con Ed man, and the occasional friend who had tracked me down and sometimes stopped by with chicken broth and the *Sunday Times* to see if I was all right. I left *The Last of the Midwest* and an Amtrak ticket to Chicago on the coffee table.

I cleaned my sneakers, had my tennis racket restrung, and placed them next to a Qantas airline bag in the hall closet.

At the last moment I changed my reservation on a group flight to Sydney, no stopovers, to a round-trip first-class flight to Malta. I bought snorkeling equipment, which I carried home during rush hour in the subway, holding my newspaper open at the shipping page, where I had circled the temperature in Rio de Janeiro.

When the time came to leave, I dyed my hair black, put on green, four-inch platform shoes, and, in a rented car, I drove upstate and spent two weeks in a secluded cottage using the name Babs McTavish.

In the fall, I switched to a Hare Krishna outfit and carried an empty one-pound Maxwell House coffee can. Sometimes I made a couple of dollars on the way to work, especially if I sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Right now I'm concentrating on the apartment, getting rid of all telltale signs that might reveal something about me. I've replaced the Delvaux and Magritte prints and a painting I did myself with a snowscape, a port scene, and a pencil drawing by a Dutch master. All my books are stacked in a closet. (I daren't throw them out in case someone goes through my garbage.) But I've left out a few titles for decoration, like the *Zip Code Directory* and *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary*. Sometimes, I casually leave the dictionary open at a page that has no significance. A favorite is page 263, which begins with "ectomere" and ends with "effacer."

The challenge now, as I see it, is making my way undetected down Broadway to the twenty-four-hour Greek grocery, which I do every third Tuesday at 2:00 A.M.

—Glenda Adams

Glenda Adams is a free-lance writer.

## Inside Soap

It's no secret that in February 1974 *The Secret Storm*, a daily television drama commonly referred to as a soap opera, will be twenty years old. When it began, Aunt Pauline—the character I played—and I were twenty years younger. We played the first episode and continued playing, several times a week, for seventeen years. We are now semiretired and ripe to spill a few secrets.

The use of the plural "we" is not editorial; it is factual. After watching a leading character—especially on a daily series—for a number of years, the viewers come to believe the performer is actually the person portrayed. All greetings, remarks, or grievances are addressed to the character, not the performer. If the viewer has been made privy to something in the drama that your character doesn't know, you will be called, wired, written to, or accosted in the street by some wild-eyed fan who will warn you of the coming catastrophe or infidelity. In a store, on a bus, in a restaurant, or sometimes on your own doorstep, people will feel free to speak to you, often with alarming intimacy (the afternoon plots are sex-oriented and extremely specific). Since you spend a half hour in their homes nearly every day airing the lurid details of your endless involvements, they feel free to continue the discussion, adding a few choice experiences of their own.

*The Secret Storm* was not the show's original title. Until just before its premiere, the serial was known as *The Storm Within*. Film titles were made and promotions prepared. The sponsors were apprehensive but game (the chronic state of sponsors) until some ambitious beaver pointed out that one of the products being advertised was a well-known stomach-distress remedy dedicated to stopping, not starting, the storm within. The title was hastily changed to *The Secret Storm*. Heads were shaken but none rolled.

Arabs attribute the camel's expression of sublime superciliousness to the fact that he alone knows the hundredth name of Allah. Man, according to Islamic tradition, knows but ninety-nine.

The story line—the lifeblood of the daily drama—is played out at minimum speed with maximum suspense. It is secret. Rival shows have a habit of copying story lines that rating-grabbers (now you know why they are so much alike). During the first year the performers on *The Secret Storm* were told the story line well advance to help them sustain their characterization through the morass of complications and the frequent change of writers. (Incidentally, television writers get used up and thrown away like Kleenex.) It was helpful to know what was going to happen to you, even if you didn't know who was going to write it. This crutch was yanked when a young actor, desperately trying to give an impressive interview to a national magazine, blew the plot for the whole first year. Actor and story line were replaced.

The contracts for daily TV performers are drawn to hold them captive for as many years as can be scared out of them, but the producer can drop an actor every thirteen weeks. The performer doesn't have the same option except when the contract runs out, and he or she is asked to renew. Producers are never very comfortable with the performer in the driver's seat, so they resort to "psychology"—sign or die. In every soap opera there are those moments of suspense when a character faces possible extinction. If the new contract is signed without too many actor demands, the character is miraculously saved. Otherwise—sudden death. There have been costly mistakes. Sometimes the popularity of the deceased has been misjudged. Floods of mail, phone calls, telegrams, even picket lines protest the action. If the character isn't too dead there might be resurrection, but that can't happen often. These days more caution is used. You are sent away somewhere until you regain your senses or lose your dollar.

Secrets! We've taken up a third space and only covered the first few months! There are many more, but Aunt Pauline and I must go and watch *The Secret Storm*. —Haila Stoddard

In addition to her acting career, Haila Stoddard has produced A Thurber Carnival, The Birthday Party, and The Last Sweet Days of Isaac. She is currently adapting a new Thurber revue for the stage.

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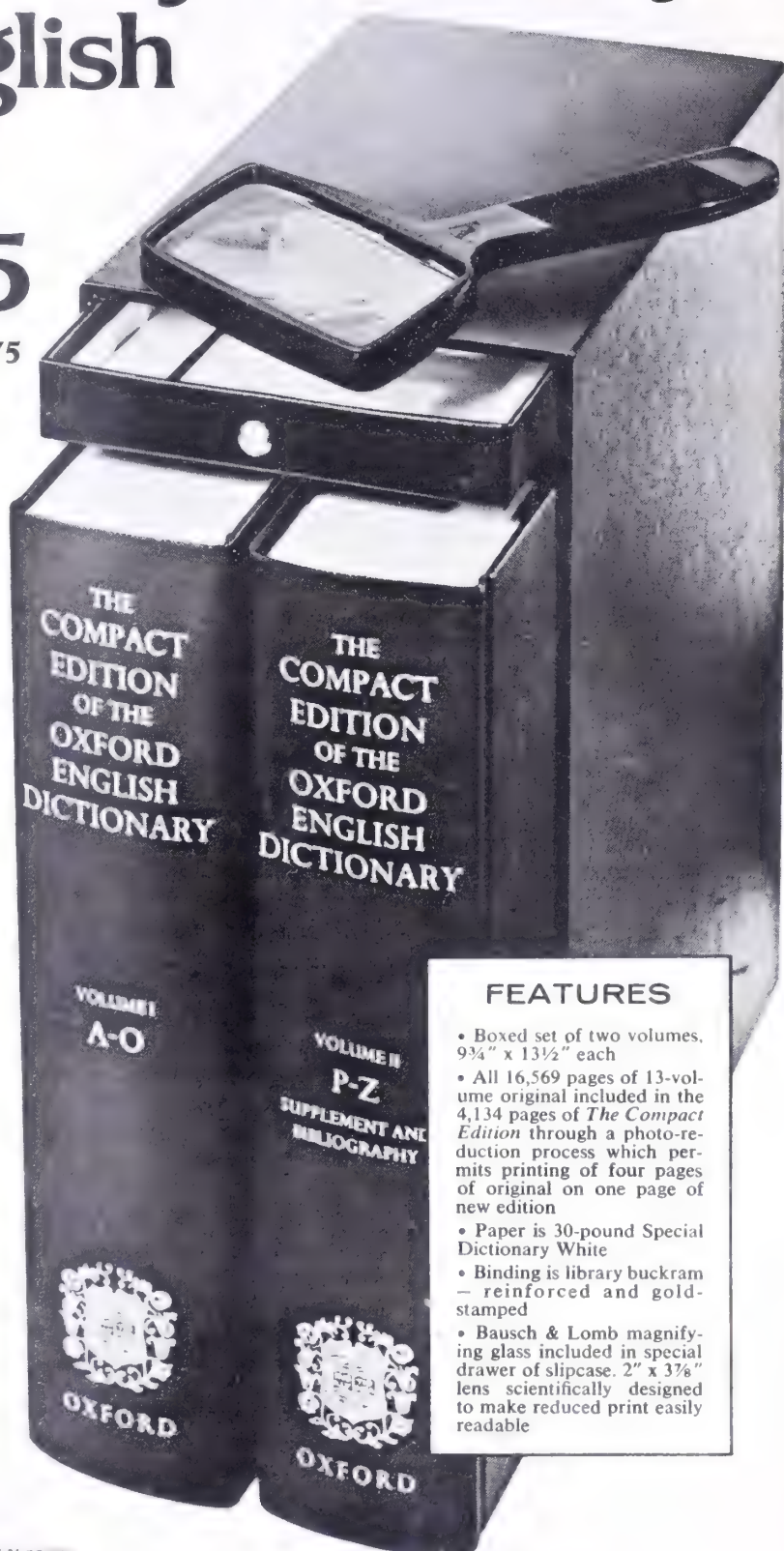
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# ABOUT THIS ISSUE

An editor's lot is not a happy one. Each day my mailbox fills up with strangely moving love stories, poems by crippled orphans, and collections of humorous traffic signs.

We were, therefore, a bit skeptical when, about a year ago, a colleague sent along an unsolicited manuscript with the note, "I know you don't like nature stories. Neither do I, but this is like nothing I've ever seen." Skeptical, that is, until we began reading Annie Dillard's essay, and decided we could learn to like, even love, nature pieces. "Monster in a Mason Jar" was promptly bought and published in *Harper's* August 1973 issue.

We were not the only convert; when Larry Freundlich, the editor in chief of Harper's Magazine Press, learned the piece was a chapter from a book in progress, he asked Mrs. Dillard for what she had written so far, and then contracted to publish the book. *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* was then submitted to the Book-of-the-Month Club, and was chosen as its main selection for April. We are proud to be publishing a third excerpt (page 39), which we feel is the best yet. (The second, "Heaven and Earth in Jest," appeared in our October 1973 issue.)

As *Pilgrim* is not an ordinary nature book, we asked Mrs. Dillard, now a *Harper's* contributing editor, to describe it for us.

"*Pilgrim* is really a book of theology. It's the result of one year's walking around and thinking about what kind of god gave us this kind of world. I decided it must have been a very carefree, exuberant one, saying, 'Here, have a tulip! Have a beetle! Have another beetle!'"

All well and good. But, as Mrs. Dillard's friends asked her, where did she find the *time*? After all, wasn't she, uh, a housewife?

"I don't do housework," she said flatly. "Life is too short, and I'm too much of a Puritan. If you want to take a year to write a book, you have to *take* that year, or the year will take you by the hair and pull you toward

the grave. *Let* the grass die. I let almost all of my indoor plants die from neglect while I was writing the book. There are all kinds of ways to live. You can take your choice. You can keep a tidy house, and when St. Peter asks you what you did with your life, you can say, I kept a tidy house, I made my own cheese balls."

If Annie Dillard does not write or talk like an ordinary nature writer, she doesn't look like one, either. We can report that, far from being a tiny old lady in berry-stained tweeds and tennis shoes, she is a snappy twenty-eight-year-old with long platinum blonde hair and a penchant for dancing the Charleston. And, having shaken hands with her, we can say that her strength is as the strength of ten.

Studs Terkel, whose interviews with a policeman and an ex-policeman begin on page 62, has often found himself on the wrong side of the law. In the heyday of radio soap operas, he was shot, electrocuted, or sent up the river with grim regularity. Since then, he has been a scriptwriter, author (*Giants of Jazz*), and a Chicago disc jockey and talk-show host, but he is, of course, best known for conducting the extraordinary interviews that make up *Division Street: America, Hard Times*, and his newest book, *Working*. We decided to let him answer some questions for a change.

*Why did you write a book called Working? What sort of people did you talk to?*

"Well, sex and work are the two things that have the most impact on man—*Liebe und Arbeit*, you know? And today we keep hearing about the dissatisfaction of man with his work—not the wages or hours, but the nature of the work itself. I talked to a switchboard operator. She's working in the communications field, you see, but she doesn't know the name of the girl sitting next to her. I talked to Pauline Kael. She says you never see people working in

films, there's no interest in showing what people do for a living. Most people's work has no connection with any kind of meaning, with life. There's no longer the idea of a calling—work is just something you do eight hours a day, and then you go and do something else. Many of the men I talked to called themselves machines, robots, mules. It's incredible how these men even survive the day. So I wanted to give these people a chance to talk, because more articulate people have their own forums."

*What sort of people were satisfied with their work?*

"I've got a stonemason. Now, he sees his work in front of him every day. He knows that wall will be there after he's gone—maybe one-sixteenth of an inch lost every hundred years. Now, that's as close to immortality as you can get. He can say, 'That's my wall.' The fireman saving people's lives, he can say 'It shows something I did on this earth.' People need to have something to point to. I guess you could say it's a book about immortality."

*You've interviewed a lot of policemen. Have you ever had any trouble with a cop?*

"In '68, the time of the riots at the Democratic Convention, I was in a hotel lobby with some other people, hiding from the tear gas. Two girls and a boy came up to us and offered to drive us out of there. We go out, get in the car, and five cops try to stop us. The kid starts to yell about how his First Amendment rights are being violated. I said, 'Cut that out. This is no time for *The Town Meeting of the Air*.' One of the cops said, 'Hey, that's Studs.' He recognized me from a TV show I used to do, though that was about twenty years before. He says, 'This night is a lot better than last. Last night we had hitters, tonight we got pitchers.' Here was this kid who'd seen me on TV twenty years ago, and now he was proud that they were just throwing tear gas at people, not hitting them over the head with clubs." —R. K.



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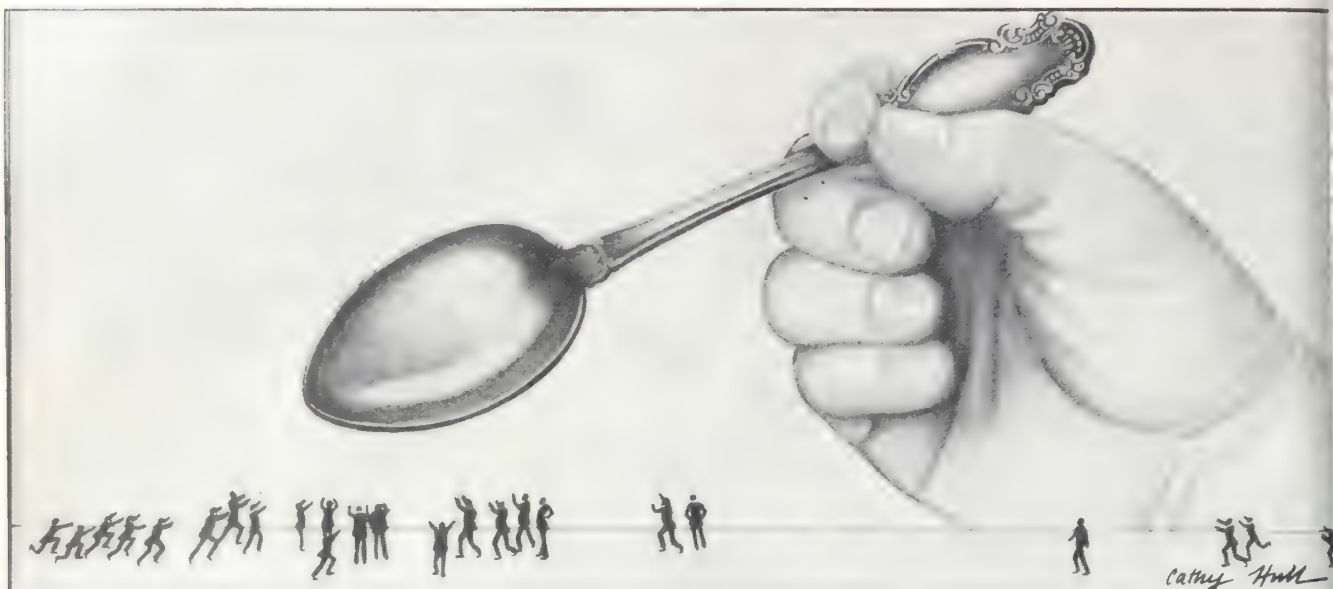


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# THE HELPING HAND BEHIND FOOD PRICES

How the federal government contributes to the high cost of eating



**L**AST AUGUST THE WHOLESALE index of food and feed prices jumped almost 20 percent from its mid-July reading. This was a record gain that prompted the anguished outcry from every American consumer, "Something must be done!" And, quite naturally, all eyes turned to the federal government.

This response is rather amusing and sad, for, compared to other commodity prices, food prices have been artificially high for many years now—because of the government. No conspiracy is involved. What the government has been doing at the behest of the farm bloc has been wide open, for everyone to see. Nonetheless, the scandal has surfaced only in economics textbooks. The public has remained largely ignorant of the fact that the government's Helping Hand has replaced the market's Invisible Hand and kept food prices high.

Indeed, the government first extended its Helping Hand a long time ago, and through the agency of a most unlikely politician.

**E**VERYBODY SEEMS TO ASSUME that Herbert Hoover was an advocate of laissez-faire capitalism who let the nation slip into its darkest hour with-

out any attempt at government intervention. The truth is that he believed in socialism for the rich and capitalism for the poor. All through the Twenties, the future President was a persistent advocate of a government/business partnership to "stabilize"\* industry and agriculture. When the Depression arrived during Hoover's Presidency, the Federal Farm Board he had set up during World War I under the Wilson administration was ready to take action. Its first big operation was to cartelize wheat farmers into cooperative marketing units in order to *withhold* quantities of wheat, thereby raising prices. This, however, didn't work too well. Wheat farmers could not be effectively persuaded to refrain voluntarily from producing more wheat. Hence, the Grain Stabilization Corporation was set up with the purpose of purchasing enough wheat to prevent its price from falling. It is difficult to maintain prices, though, when economic forces are pushing in the opposite direction, as they certainly were during the Great Depression. The Farm Board had an appropriation of only \$500 million. With so small a sum, it could not very well stabilize prices

\*This is a euphemism for cartelizing.

of the three major commodities in the program—wheat, cotton, and wool—and it soon ran out of money. The idiocy of trying to raise prices during a deflationary recession is obvious. The cost to the nation measured in wasted resources and additional unemployment far exceeds the cost of fostering monopolies in agriculture.

Nevertheless, the government's Helping Hand was not to be retracted. The New Deal gave us a full panoply of agricultural programs whose design set the stage for high food budgets for the next four decades right up to the present.

## Keeping those prices up

**I**N THE FIRST HUNDRED DAYS of Roosevelt's New Deal, a plethora of assorted programs was legislated to cover every aspect of American economic life. One of the most pervasive and—at least in hindsight—detrimental facets of this hasty legislation involved the agricultural sector. The Agricultural Adjustment Act

Roger Le Roy Miller is professor of economics at The University of Washington and author of fifteen books. His latest is *The Economics of Energy: What Went Wrong*.



1933 replaced the Farm Board with the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (AAA). The chief method for achieving its stated goal of raising up the prices of farm products was control of farm production. From its very beginning, the programs of the AAA were at the center of scandals. One, which became notorious as "The Murder of Six Million Little Pigs," had begun with a story that showed young pigs to be extremely numerous; in the near future there would be large supplies of pork and prices would go plummet. So the government's Farm Bureau, along with the privately sponsored National Corn Hog Committee and Farmers Union, all recommended six million piglets be killed. They were; the baby pork was bought by the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation. At the same time, the AAA urged farmers to plow under 11 million acres of cotton.

Finally, the public had had enough of such outrages; in 1936 the AAA was taken to the Supreme Court, where the agency was declared unconstitutional. Undaunted, Roosevelt vetoed the AAA of 1938 approved by threatening to pack the Supreme Court with his ideological cronies. The second AAA was essentially a more flexible version of the previous one, involving but not limited to: conservation programs, production allotments, Commodity Credit Corporation nonrecourse loans (loans that could not be collected on), payments to farmers who kept their production within quotas, and federal purchase of so-called surpluses. The major aspect, and the one most important for understanding how the government has kept food prices high, involves price supports. Since the 1930s, there have been price supports for such items as wheat, feed grains, cotton, tobacco, rice, peanuts, beans, dairy products, and sugar.

### Price supports

A PRICE-SUPPORT SYSTEM is precisely what the name implies. In one way or another, the government subsidizes, or fixes, the price of an agricultural product. In particular, a price support fixes the price above the level at which would obtain without government intervention: it sets a *high* price. Such supports produce two contrary effects: on the one hand, con-



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### THE HELPING HAND

sumers react to relatively high prices by buying less of a good; they do at lower prices; producers, on the other hand, react in the opposite direction by producing more because at relatively higher prices it is more profitable to do so. What results is just what you would expect—a surplus. Without government intervention, this surplus could not exist very long, for farmers would ultimately be forced to accept a lower price to get rid of their huge inventories.

With the program set up by the 1938 AAA, however, farmers had to sell their products at a price lower than that supported by the government, for the government allowed them to sell any "surpluses" to the Commodity Credit Corporation at a government-supported price. (This is sometimes called parity, or a "fair" price.) In principle, the CCC normally "loans" each farmer the support price for each bushel the farmer gives to the CCC. The loan, however, is a nonrecourse one: that is, the farmer can never ask the farmer for money back.

If a price support is set high enough, there will eventually be an immense quantity of surplus wheat and corn and other supported commodities lying around. That's exactly what happened. World War II and after saw large foreign demands for our agricultural products, thus forestalling any surpluses. But by the mid-1950s the Commodity Credit Corporation began to stockpile larger and larger inventories of the "surplus" farm products it purchased. In 1952, the CCC purchased \$1.3 billion of agricultural commodities. In 1955, the number had risen to \$6.7 billion, and in 1959, \$8 billion. When Kennedy came into office, one of his first major steps in changing farm policy was to raise price supports. This naturally increased the surpluses, the real and potential, and the Kennedy administration was forced to institute some fairly drastic measures to reduce the amount of production each farmer was allowed. To the end, even before Kennedy, a farm bank had been created. Through this institution the government paid farmers not to use land for production. More and more, farmers were forced to put part of their land in the bank (sometimes called a land-conservation program) in order to benefit from price supports.

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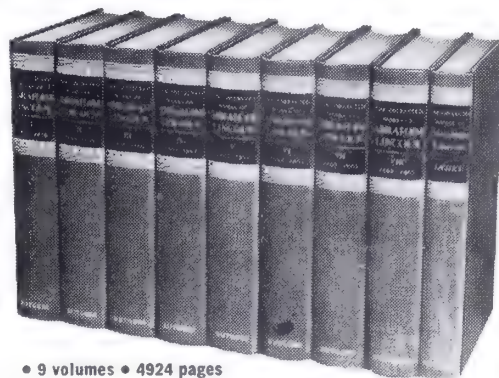
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One thing that's clear is that farmers aren't stupid. When asked to put part of their land in the soil bank, they simply and sensibly retired the worst, most unproductive part of their land and applied more fertilizer and seed to the remaining land. This stratagem had an astounding result: at the same time that the number of acres cultivated was *reduced* by 30 percent, overall output *increased* by 17 percent. The moral of this story is that when the incentive is there, farmers, like anybody else, will respond accordingly.

All during this time, up to the present day, price supports have benefited a certain group of farmers. They certainly haven't benefited the American consumer.

### Who profits?

**P**PRICE SUPPORTS were initially instituted to keep the incomes of poor farmers higher than they would be otherwise. Farmers were to be enabled to earn a "decent" living, which is what generates the notion of a "fair" or parity price. But think about it for a moment: the income a farmer receives is directly proportional to the amount of his production. Even when there are price supports, if he is producing very little, he will benefit only marginally. It is, rather, the very large producing farmers who benefit the most from price supports. The subsidy—the difference between the government's support price and the unrestricted market-clearing price, the highest price at which all of a commodity will be bought—becomes directly proportional to a farmer's production. Since we usually do not find poor farmers producing a lot, we would expect that the distribution of benefits from the price-support program would mirror the distribution of the income of farmers. And that's exactly what it does. The richest 7 percent of farms in 1969 received 42.3 percent of the benefits of price support, while over 40 percent of the farms (which individually had sales of less than \$2,500) received only 4.2 percent of the benefits. Some companies have been big money-makers thanks to the price-support program. For example, in 1970 the California-based J.G. Boswell Company and Giffen, Inc., obtained over \$4 million each in government pay-

ments. And although Congress has recently attempted to correct such fiascos by limiting the amount of payments to each individual farmer, the big money-makers have merely split up their holdings so as to nullify the effects of this legislation.

### Who pays?

**T**HE FARM PROGRAM imposes several different kinds of costs. For one, taxpayers are the source of all of the direct payments made by the government to farmers. Additionally, consumers pay even more to farmers through the higher prices that result from restrictions on acreage and from price supports. Both "costs" are essentially transfers and are only part of the whole cost. But a third cost is more comprehensive: because acreage-restriction schemes induce a more intensive use of the land, each acre of crops grown uses more resources—men, machines, fertilizer—than would otherwise be necessary. This overuse of such resources raises the price of *other* goods that compete with the agricultural sector for the same production inputs.

Last, and perhaps most important, government-fostered production that serves no consumer end is a huge waste. It is idiotic to have farmers produce crops that are then stored for long periods of time with no foreseeable use. This is worse than a direct transfer to farmers because resources are consumed to produce these crops that are put into "surplus." Today, there is little talk of surpluses because the market price has risen higher than the government-supported parity price. As one might expect, however, a new program has already been passed to keep farming incomes up, because today they are at last what they "should" be, according to the farm bloc.

Until recently, the total cost to the nonfarm sector for our agricultural-support program has been about \$10 billion a year—not an insignificant sum, being approximately equal to the cost of all federal, state, and local welfare programs in the United States. If we measure the farm program against what most of us consider it should be doing—helping poor farmers and consumers as a whole\*—it has been a dismal fail-

\* Two goals that are, of course, irreconcilable.

ure. But so, too, have been most government programs that are designed to help the poor; they generally end up further enriching the rich—irony that should surprise no one. The poor are badly organized and lack the resources that are available to the rich—otherwise, they would be rich themselves. That one group would transfer income away from itself is imaginable only by academicians, most of whom, of course, would receive large benefits from many of the redistributions they propose.

But, returning to price-support programs: for those who think that corporate farmers should be the subject of government charity, the program has been a smashing success.

### Milking the public

**M**ILK HAS RECEIVED extensive price supports since the days of the Roosevelt administration. Before then, farmers attempted by means of their cooperatives to bargain for a two-price system in which milk that was to be resold as fresh milk would fetch a higher price from dealers than milk that would be resold for manufacturing cheese, butter, or yogurt. But without monopoly power it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to maintain price differences for milk other than those accounted for by differences in production costs. Dairy farmers occasionally resorted to violence and to union-like milk strikes in order to maintain the two-price system they wanted for their benefit (certainly not ours). But without government support such two-price systems were unstable.

Since farmers were unable to maintain monopoly pricing, they decried the market for milk as being extremely "unorderly." Milk-price instability, caused by farmers' efforts to maintain discriminatory prices for their output, was deemed socially undesirable, and therefore the competition that caused this was to be eliminated. But since such a large number of producers were involved it was impossible to eliminate competition among them without government support.

They got what they wanted in the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1933, which provided, among other things, for federal controls over the marketing of *fluid* milk. The AAA still allows producers of milk resold as fresh



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***Dewar's never varies.***

milk to the public to force marketing controls upon dairies and bottlers. The federal government controls over 60 percent of today's milk markets, and states control the majority of the rest. The result is higher prices for the milk you drink.

It should be obvious to any disinterested bystander that federal marketing controls on milk have been established for the benefit of milk producers, not the public at large, since consumers lose out by having to pay a higher price for this item of their food budget. But certainly the government has not been disinterested. In a 1962 Federal Milk Order Study Committee Report from the Department of Agriculture, a justification for the milk-control legislation was given. It was needed "to promote orderly marketing conditions for farmers specialized in the production of fluid milk." If one reads the report very carefully, though, the true reason behind federal controls is found in a small note: "Price classification [high price for fluid milk; low price for manufactured milk products] was designed primarily to obtain higher returns for producers," that is, to protect producers

from the "greed" of consumers like you and me who prefer to pay low prices for fresh milk.

The effect of federal tinkering in the milk market has been to help out fluid-milk market producers, who get higher prices for their product, and hurt manufactured-milk market producers, who get lower prices. Thus, if you happen to like cottage cheese, butter, and other products made from milk, you are perhaps better off, because the supply of those products is larger now than it would be without federal controls. But if you happen to like fresh milk, you're worse off, because you are paying a higher price than you would in the absence of controls. Recently, the Justice Department has instituted antitrust proceedings against numerous fluid-milk marketing associations. It's about time the monopoly implications of the AAA Act were publicized.

### Controls on red meat


TO ASK SOMEONE if he or she is aware of the inflation we've been having is equivalent to wondering out loud whether the sun will rise

tomorrow morning. Prices have been rising rapidly ever since 1965. The rate of inflation, however, peaked in 1970 and was going downhill when Phase 1, the ninety-day freeze, was proclaimed on August 15 a year later, to be followed on November 14 by Phase 2, and that in turn by Phase 3 in January 1973. Most observers now look back with nostalgia on those first three freezes, for when Phase 3½ came around in June 1973, the true colors of rigid price controls were soon seen. Some astute Nixonophiles contend that Phase 3½ was deliberately set up by the President so as to fail in the most disgraceful manner possible, thus teaching the American public a lesson about the drawbacks of government intervention in the marketplace. The only truth in such wishful thinking involves the first part of the story: Phase 3½ was a disaster. Oddly enough, the freeze resulted in higher prices for meat instead of steady or lower prices.

It all started back in March 1973. In response to consumer complaints about increasingly high meat bills, the government slapped a ceiling on wholesale and retail beef prices. At that time, red meat was selling at record prices; the meat business was highly profitable. However, for a variety of reasons, overall inflation was taking its toll in feed prices. Soybean and feed grain costs went through the roof in response to increased foreign as well as domestic demand. Feedlot operators, the ones who buy the young animals to fatten, promptly dropped their placements (orders) by over 10 percent in the second quarter of 1973.

Then the sixty-day price freeze came in June. Not only were feedlot operators cutting back on the fattening process, but farmers were also cutting back on the production of chicken, pork, and eggs. In July, all hell broke loose. In an inane attempt at keeping raw food prices down, the government kept them frozen. Because most retail food ceilings were lifted at the same time, retailers and processors (but not ranchers) were allowed to pass on rising costs to the consumer. The wholesale beef ceiling, however, was to be kept on until September 12. Kenneth Fedor, the executive director of the Cost of Living Council's Food Committee, stated, "We wanted to manage the bulge by postponing increases." You



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can imagine, if you can't remember, how the beef industry reacted. Caught in the squeeze, some meat-packers either shut down or made arrangements to do "custom slaughtering" for food chains to get around the rigid ceilings. The specter of massive meat shortages quickly became entrenched in the public's mind. Increased demand for meat for storage ("hoarding") by the public further aggravated the problem. After all, with any given supply of beef, the larger the demand, the higher is going to be the price that retailers can get. Retail meat prices continued to rise all the way up until September. The same was true for poultry and pork. As the price of beef went up, consumers substituted hitherto cheaper commodities, and the price of those substitutes started rising, too: housewives everywhere were astounded at chickens priced at a dollar and more per pound. As soon as beef controls were lifted, the prices of chickens and eggs promptly came down somewhat, confirming that these products are considered substitutes by consumers—more red meat was bought and fewer chickens and eggs.

Another reason that meat prices have risen more than those of other foods concerns a little-known ban on the use of diethylstilbestrol (DES), a chemical agent injected into cattle to make them fatten faster. The ban was imposed at the beginning of the year, after the FDA linked massive doses of the substance with the incidence of cancer in laboratory test animals. If the government is right about DES, we're now getting a higher-quality beef for higher prices because the beef won't cause cancer. If the government is wrong, we're getting a rotten deal—more resources are now needed to raise the same quantity of beef and the quality is no better.

The reasons behind such extravagant and unprecedented meat prices are now obvious. In addition to the ban on DES, had the government not slapped on the controls it did, suppliers, knowing the controls were temporary, would not have withheld supplies from the market; meat-packers would not have closed down; and consumers would not have attempted to stock up on such large amounts of beef. The overall price index of meat, poultry, eggs, and fish probably would have been lower without

controls than with. This is just another example of the perverse nature of government's attempt at helping out the poor consumer. With that kind of friend...

### What the future holds

THE CURRENT FOOD-PRICE "crisis" has so many different causes it would be hard to name them all. There's been an exceptionally high demand for our agricultural products from abroad. For one thing, the price that foreigners pay for American products is now lower because of the lower value of the dollar on foreign exchange markets. On that score alone, we would expect the quantity of American products demanded by foreigners to rise—and it did indeed. Add to this the fact that the worldwide grain crop in 1972 decreased about 4 percent instead of increasing with the population. However, as a favorable countervailing force, farmers the world over are going to respond to these higher relative food prices, and if everything goes well, the 1974 crop should be up another 4 percent. Food prices may rise, but not at the rates of the past year or so. The Nixon Administration has also made some attempt at getting rid of some of the farm programs, such as acreage restrictions. But whatever success the Administration has will probably be short lived, for agriculture somehow seems to have a way with legislation. For example, even though cotton prices have been soaring, a farm bill was nonetheless passed that extended for four years the funding of an organization the sole purpose of which is to seek increased cotton use. Called Cotton Incorporated, it is supported jointly by cotton producers and the Treasury. The salary of its executive director is a cool \$100,000. Such things are going to happen as long as special-interest groups\* know how to get what they want, and as long as the American public continues to be duped into believing that the government must treat the farming sector as something special.

Some observers maintain that it is because Americans are just plain stupid that they are cheated by the politicians. After all, why were peo-

ple—that is, voters—generally in favor of the AAA, the NRA, and many policies that ultimately could hurt consumers? It has to do not with stupidity, but with the fact that information is costly. Each voter looks at the different policies different candidates support. However, each voter knows that individually he can hardly affect the outcome of the political process. So, because he knows that political wisdom will cost him much but return him little or nothing, he doesn't spend much time—that is, he doesn't invest very much—in obtaining information about the possible policies and their implications for his own welfare. On the other hand, pressure groups, which can indeed affect outcomes, will have great incentives to "cook" the information the voters receive.

The voter is ignorant, not dumb; his erroneous choice is rational. In fact, once he realizes that he is getting ripped off, he may choose either to drop out of the system or to forgo about trying to decide which candidates to vote for on the basis of their programs, and rather decide on the basis of such things as sex appeal, ethnic qualities, and so on. Only when the rip-off becomes super great does the payoff for the cost of obtaining good information rise, and political entrepreneurs find that it is profitable to educate and organize the general public.

It would seem that what the government has done in the agricultural sector has become so egregious that political entrepreneurs now will find it profitable to organize and educate the general public. Presidents are afraid to tell the truth: the agricultural industry should be treated differently from any other. How long are we to continue to pity the poor farmer, as John F. Kennedy did when he stated, "The farmer is the only man in our country who buys everything he buys at retail, sells everything he sells at wholesale, and pays the freight both ways"? We haven't yet devised a program to help poor farmers, and, even if we did, you can be sure that the rich farmers would soon turn it to their advantage, to the detriment of everyone else.

The American consumer now knows the correct course of action: bite the government hand that feeds us, for the Helping Hand has turned out to be certainly no better than the Invisible Hand.

\* Or individuals, such as Sen. James Eastland, who rake in huge benefits from agricultural land they own.



# HAWAIIAN RECALL

**call** *n (mil)*: a signal (as a bugle call) summoning soldiers back (as to ranks or camp)

BOY OF TWENTY-ONE, I had left Honolulu in August 1942 with members of the Twenty-fifth Division heading for Guadalcanal. I had been back since. Before that, I lived in Hawaii for three years as an enlisted soldier. After World War I, I spent four years writing a novel about those three years. Seven years, not an inconsiderable investment.

I was unable to get into the old Royal Hawaiian, luxury symbol of youth. So I was booked next door into the Sheraton-Waikiki, one of the new high-rise hotels that have multiplied in Waikiki. When we pulled up to it on Kalakaua Avenue, I didn't even find the old Royal. When I saw its characteristic pink, off-white between the buildings. Most of its lush gardens were gone, to shops and airline offices and high-rise competition. It looked dwarfed and stunt-size among its neighbors. From my room on the twenty-fifth floor of the Sheraton I could look down on it, or out on the Sheraton pool, or off at Diamond Head and along the beach, out to sea. After Vietnam, where I had just been, the sheer richness of Hawaii was like a luxurious hot fever.

Only the Waikiki Theater and the Mauna Hotel half a block down were things I had ever seen before. I had difficulty finding the entrance to the old Hawaiian. The corner where Magglio had his fistfight with the two who had disappeared completely. Once inside the entrance, I found it looked about the same. The rooms looked less expensive, though,

*beginning with From Here to Eternity, James Jones's books include Some Came Running, The Widow-Maker, and The Merry Month of May. This article is adapted from an forthcoming book, Viet Journal, to be published in March by Delacorte Press.*

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and the lobby less formidably rich. It struck me suddenly that I could walk into any of the shops and buy just about anything they had for sale. I bought a beer, drank it, and slunk back to the Sheraton. I remembered the times I had watched Air Corps pilot officers drunk and fighting on the Royal Hawaiian's lawn after Midway—or was that Prewitt?

I hired a chauffeured car driven by a friendly young Hawaiian who was maybe one-third Japanese. Had I ever been in Hawaii? he wanted to know. His voice had the soft, slurring lilt that is so delicious in the Hawaiian English. I told him yes, I used to live there, a long time ago. During the war. Then I cleared my throat. World War II, that is. "Well, you'll find us changed," he said. I could see his eyes watching me curiously in the mirror. Lamely, I told him to take me over into Kaimuki, the old Japanese section behind Diamond Head. There was a house up the hill I wanted to see. But I couldn't remember the name of the street.

Did I mean Maunalani Heights? Yes, that was it. The street ran straight up. Wilhelmina Rise? he asked. That was it.

The house was the house of Prewitt's hooker girlfriend Alma. From up there you could see the whole of Waikiki and downtown Honolulu. Alma had never actually lived in that house. I did not know who had lived there. I had never been inside. I had had a hooker girlfriend myself, who had served somewhat as the model for Alma and had lived not far away, and I had chosen the house for Alma because I had passed it so many times and wanted to live there. I saw the driver's eyes watching me curiously in the rearview mirror again. I told him to take me downtown to

the Army-Navy Y on Hotel Street.

It was amazing. The Hotel Street area had once been a swarming hive of bars, street vendors, tattoo parlors, shooting galleries, and market shops, with hooker joints occupying the rooms upstairs. Now there was hardly a soul on the streets, and most of the shops and bars were shuttered and closed. Once it had been our Mecca, toward which we rose and prayed every morning before reveille. It would all be coming down soon, the driver said, and an "urban reclamation" would be built in its place.

I had him drive me around the old streets. I had forgotten most of their names: Fort, Bishop, Bethel, Union, Queen Emma, Adams. I had even forgotten Beretania Street and Nuuanu Avenue. I looked at the corner bar, now closed, where Warden had come hunting for Prewitt when Prewitt was AWOL. Wu Fat's Chinese Restaurant was still there, but it had not been repainted in a long time and its once-bright Chinese colors looked drab. The driver said it was coming down, too. Wu Fat's was where Magglio had begun his final rampage that ended in his going to the stockade. Right next door to it had been the New Senator Hotel (I called it New Congress), where Alma worked. I saw the driver watching me again and told him to take me back out to Waikiki and the Sheraton.

THE NEXT MORNING I rented my town you-drive car, a little Dodge. It was good not to have someone eyeing me in the rearview mirror. I planned to visit Hanauma Bay, beyond Diamond Head at the foot of Koko Head, where Prewitt was trying to go when he was killed on the Waialea Golf Course, which I drove

past. Hanauma Bay was where the confrontation between Warden and Stark over Karen Holmes took place, and Stark chopped up his kitchen tent with his cleaver. Hanauma Bay was my company's command post for almost a year after Pearl Harbor, until we left for Guadalcanal.

The blind side road to Hanauma was there exactly as it had always been, except that now it was black-topped. At the foot of the hill you ran in under the same canopy of thorn trees and longleaf pine over the bare earthen soil. The weathered clapboard gents' and ladies' buildings we had used indiscriminately, one on either side of the road, were still there. I spotted in my mind's eye where Warden's—where our—CP tent had been, and on the other side of the road where Stark's kitchen tents had sat. I had never known a first sergeant named Warden, and had never known a mess sergeant named Stark. It was confusing.

The parking lot was full of cars. New ramparts of fieldstone had been built along the edge of the forty-foot cliff, and a new auto road ran down to the beach. I walked down. Tourists in trunks and bikinis sunbathed on the grass and the sand. Swimmers trumpeted and cavorted in the shallow water between the beach and the shallow reef just offshore.

In our day, after the war began, there was nobody. Deserted. The pavilion locked up. We had strung barbed wire all along the beach. Our company commander got permission to put a gate of concertina in the wire, so we could swim. But without girls it had been much less fun, and gradually we had all but stopped.

I sat on the grass a long time. I was uncomfortable. I seemed to be waiting around for something else to appear, or occur. Finally I put on my brand-new trunks and went to the spot where our concertina gate had been and waded out and swam to the reef. Even without a mask I could see the reef was exactly the same as I remembered. The hole we had blasted in it to enlarge the swimming area was still there. I swam back to the beach and lay on the grass, still looking around for something. Young kids yelled and pushed each other and played around me. Suddenly, without any preparation, tears rose up behind my eyes. All that blood, all that sweat. How many men. Tears for thirty years, gone somewhere.

THERE WAS NOW a four-lane highway all the way to Schofield Barracks, but first you had to extricate yourself from all the freeways around Honolulu and Pearl Harbor. Once I was safely north on Route 99 and could look at the country, I saw that just about everywhere the old pineapple fields had diminished and housing developments had increased. But when I went through the main gate—where the MP on duty hardly gave me a glance—everything looked the same as it had thirty years before. I drove down along the front of the four infantry quadrangles that I knew so well, one of which I had lived in for two years. They had not been changed. I knew every shelf on the inside of the library, too. It was there I had first picked up Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel* and heard some "mystic" call telling me I was a writer. I had called the post's public-relations officer the day before, and been given a number to call when I arrived. But I put off calling. I drove around the streets of the post, remembering this, remembering that. There was lots I did not remember. Mainly, the beauty. Schofield Barracks is probably the most beautiful Army post the U.S. Army has, or ever had. Long stretches of green lush lawn, with short palms and tall palms and spreading hardwoods thrusting up here and there out of its rolling expanses. And backdrop-ping it all, what I always thought of as The Pregnant Woman—Kolekole Pass in the Waianae Range to the west. You could see her breasts; Mount Kaala—the highest point—was her belly, Waianae Peak her knees, Peacock Flats her shins, and the cut at the pass made her long flowing hair, dropping straight from a jutting, face-shaped ridge. She had always haunted me, and from up close, inside the confines of the post, she haunted me anew. Immutable as the post itself, she loomed over it no matter where you stood, no matter where you looked, reminding every soldier of the feminine. A cruel sculpture to be perpetually confronted by.

I found myself on Kolekole Pass Road, headed toward the hills, and let the car run on, carrying me there. I had marched in formation on that road so many times. Hoarse voices counting cadence. Up past the baseball diamond to the empty field beyond for close-order drill. On up, past the golf course for squad and

platoon small-unit tactical problems. Beyond that were the ranges against the hills—rifle, mortar, artillery. Danger signs warned pass by to stay on the road. Then as road steepened and began to snake climbing to the pass, I passed the stockade rock pile, hollowed into amphitheater in the mountains. Overgrown with grass and weed clearly had fallen into disuse. I wanted to see that place again.

At the top of the pass I got out and talked with the chubby Major guard from the Naval Ammunition Depot in the Waianae Valley down the other side, and stood looking over Waianae Valley to the sea, then looked back down at the post spread out on the plateau behind me. I had once marched up to Kolekole again—twice; two times—with a full pack and an escorting noncom, and some stupid argument with my company commander. I had used the incident on Prewitt in the novel, and it had been reproduced in the new version. Now I no longer knew whether Prewitt had done it, or I had. After a while, I got back into the car.

I called the post's public-relations office from an outdoor phone booth under the open shed roof of the phone station in the theater parking lot. One of the phone booths had an out-of-service sign on it. Under it someone's graffitist had lettered, "Do you wish you were!"

If I did not call, I could not visit the installations I wanted to see. Once the PR people arrived, they went out of it. Vanished in thin air. Disappeared. It was as if I had held a tenuous cord that could not survive conversations and references and thoughts about itself, and the interplay of personalities. It became a typical, polite, convivial visit of a writer to a modern Army post, 1973. I was taken to an already scheduled parade of the division's service battalions, and introduced to the Twenty-fifth Division commander, a young major general. I chatted with some of the officers' wives. Then I was taken to the division's Administrative Headquarters Company. The colonel there gave me an elaborately formal pass, as a joke, entitling me to visit everything. I was taken up beyond the golf course to a new building, to visit one of the division's new Aircav outfits. The "new Army" was everywhere in evidence. A great store was set on the four-man barrack cubicle, as again



wide, open bays with rows of  
 kks as in my day. It was certainly  
 asanter, more homelike. Finally, I  
 s taken to the Headquarters Build-  
 of the Second Battalion, Twenty-  
 enth Infantry—my old outfit—  
 used in my old Twenty-seventh  
 giment quadrangle.

It was here that I would find—I  
 ought—the culminating experience  
 my return to Schofield. For two  
 rs this old quadrangle had been  
 home. I had slept on the second  
 or of the old Second Battalion  
 racks, which faced the Headquar-  
 s Building across the quadrangle  
 are. Nowadays, in the modern  
 eamlined division, which carried  
 own helicopter air transport, only  
 battalion of the regiment re-  
 mained in active service. The other  
 had been deactivated. And if the  
 quad had seemed the same on  
 outside, driving past, it was not  
 same inside. In the corner of the  
 erior square the old regimental  
 ndstand, which had also served us  
 a ring for the regimental boxing  
 okers, was gone. Most of the grass  
 s gone. Trucks were parked every-  
 ere, and men worked on them. In  
 e corner a volleyball game was in  
 gress on the packed earth. And  
 ground floor of our old Sec-  
 l Battalion barracks, which once  
 used the orderly rooms and mess  
 ls for the four companies, was now  
 e huge, nicely done, modern mess  
 l for the entire organization. There  
 e other changes.

But when we came off the stairs  
 to the second floor of the Head-  
 quarters Building—despite the other  
 ple present—for a moment the  
 t appeared again. Absolutely noth-  
 had changed here. The polished  
 concrete floor still gleamed, and  
 walls and doors were still paint-  
 the same horrible cream green.  
 ey might never have been repaint-  
 since my day. The regimental  
 phy room was in the same place.  
 e administrative offices were the  
 ne. And the colonel's office down  
 he end was the same, his desk in  
 identical place, the U.S. and reg-  
 ental flags behind his desk in their  
 ne stands. The only thing missing  
 s the guard orderly's desk outside  
 colonel's office. I had sat at that  
 k the morning of Pearl Harbor,  
 rying messages for distraught of-  
 ers, wearing the pistol I was later  
 e to get away with. The initial  
 uence of *The Pistol* had taken



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### HAWAIIAN RECALL

place right here on this floor. But was it Pfc. Richard Mast who had been here, or was it me? Or was it still a third, unnamed, unnameable person? Where had it all gone? I kept waiting for something to appear, to happen. For a moment I felt actively dizzy.

LATER THE YOUNG COLONEL walked Lime across the square to show me the new mess hall. Everything that could be done had been done to make eating pleasanter and more enjoyable, although, to me, the troopers didn't appear any less disgruntled. The young colonel had been a boy in grade school in 1940 when I had served here, his father an artillery officer. So had his adjutant. They grinned and he said he thought maybe I had been a little hard on the old folks. In any case, the old caste system was gone. You couldn't make these youngsters do anything, you had to explain to them what you wanted them to do, and make them understand it, and then lead them. I had heard pretty much the same thing all over Vietnam. We talked a bit about the new Army. The two officers took me upstairs to the second floor, which had not yet been remodeled into the four-man cubicles. The bunks stretched in rows across the barracks floor. I thought it looked considerably cooler this way. I stood in the spot where my old bunk had been and looked down.

On our way back to Headquarters Building, the young colonel hollered at two troopers who were washing their car in the street. "I've got one down here that could stand a little polish, when you're through there," he called. The two soldiers grinned. "Yeah? Why don't you grab a sponge and come help with this one?" was the answer that came back. The colonel smiled and winked at me.

Later, I went with a young sergeant who wrote for the Schofield paper to meet some of the unhappy types, the malcontents, whom he knew and had worked with. There were five of them sitting in a four-man cubicle, playing cards on a blanket on the floor around a candle. The lights had been turned off. All but one of them wore mustaches, and all of them had hair longer than was usual. Their complaints, when the sergeant got them down to bare rock, were mainly that they wanted to wear

their hair and their mustaches longer. I asked why. "So we will look so much like soldiers," one of the boys said glumly. "The girls don't like soldiers." Mainly, it came out, they did not like the Army because they were so lonely. In the years the song had changed almost not at all. The past seemed to stir up and roar at me like a wind tunnel.

We talked about the stockade. The new stockade. They did not appear to be afraid of it, as we had been. Apparently it had been moved from its old environs and now consisted of a rather pleasant area surrounded by a white picket fence, like a cottage. It appeared to be run on a semihonor system. The young public-relations sergeant offered to take me to see it, but added that it was rather late. There were only about seven guys there, working out some of the court-martial sentences, he said and grinned. It was not like the old days. So instead we had some beer. One of the boys had brought in, and talked about the Army. It was late after dark when I pulled the car onto the main road—past the MP guard the gate, who did not even glance at me—and started back to Honolulu.

THE NEXT MORNING I drove out to Makapuu Point. I was leaving the same night, and something kept telling me I shouldn't miss Makapuu. It, too, had played a very important part in my life, particularly after the war began. It had been the largest, most primitive, and most extensive beach position of my company headquarters at Hanauma Bay. The fact that got to us out there three times a day was always cold. There was no way to avoid it. I spent over three months there after the war began.

Makapuu Point lay at the easternmost corner of Oahu. The main mountain range, called the Koolau Range, ended there. And once you had turned that corner, you were what was called the windward side of Oahu, where the sea wind blowing in from the east never stopped. Both the story "The Way It Is" and the novel *The Pistol*, I had used the never-ceasing wind as a conscious symbol of pressure on the men.

It was five or six miles from the Hanauma Bay cutoff, and almost all the way bulldozers and earth-moving equipment were at work on either the landscape or the highway or both.



Lunalilo Freeway was obviously extended this way, and the development was following it. The cars and cattle ranges I remembered had almost totally disappeared. I arrived at Makapuu depressed. The Koolau Range ends at Makapuu in a huge cliff several hundred feet high. The old Kalanianaʻole Highway had been constructed down the cliff, leading to Waimanalo and Haleiwa. At the top of the fall there had always been a scenic overlook, looking out over Rabbit Island and the sea, where cars could park. Now a steady stream of them arrived, as motorists pulled up, parked, got out to stretch, and then drove on.

When I walked away from them, I saw the desolate little flat, seaward of the road, that led onto the lonely cliffs of Makapuu Point, the noisy city seemed to disappear. With the familiar, unceasing east wind in my face, I could no longer hear them in their protected spot. A curtain had dropped behind me, cutting me off from them, and with a kind of frightful awe I stood looking at a scene that had not changed one iota since I had last looked there thirty years before. In front of me the thin soil covered with outcrop led to the cliffs of the point. Not an outcrop had been disturbed. To the south, looking out over the fall and from the pass to the Kaiwi Tunnel, I could see the squared-off red spaces we had made to pitch our tents still there, exactly as we made them. Everywhere around the paths our feet and our picks made, still faintly visible in the sea grass. The only things missing were the men, and the tents themselves. And for a few moments every day and then from the corners of my eyes I thought I could see both the men moving, the tents blowing, silhouetted like ghosts.

It is hard to give a full picture of the acute desolation of that place. The rocks are black and sharp and everywhere, jutting up or just under the thin surface. Mostly it's because of that hard-blowing wind that never stops howling.

In November 1941, my company was built with our bare hands, and the aid of seven gasoline-driven jackhammers that would not shut off like automatic drills when you moved them. I dug five pillboxes in the virgin earth up there, on those cliffs, and I floored them and walled them

and roofed them with concrete. Only one of them was visible from the road, and to see that one you had to know where it was. On December 7 we had been moved down here in trucks and occupied the pillboxes with nothing but the machine guns and our rifles. And one canteen of water per man. My feet started carrying me up the complex of faded paths as surely as though they knew the way before my eyes did.

They were all there. All five of them. Somebody at some point had bricked the apertures shut, but most of them had been broken open. The hewn-rock stairs down into two of them had been blocked by rubble and trash, but by shouldering the steel doors of the other three I could get into those. I stood in each of them a long time, looking out and remembering times when late at night I had sat behind machine guns in all of them, staring into the dark toward Rabbit Island.

When I came up out of the last one and started back down, I automatically placed my foot on a natural step in the rock that we had always used to climb in or out. It was still there, unchanged, uneroded,

unchipped. And my foot still knew where it was. I stood looking down at it for several seconds, shocked, and when I looked down the hill at the tourists and the clustered cars, it was as if I were back there in 1942, when the overlook was empty, looking forward into an unforeseeable future when it would be open again and crowded with sightseers, as it was now. The only thing that was different was that I was alone, that there was nobody with me.

Foolishly, I began taking pictures. As if pictures could capture what was happening to me. In a way I felt I was bearing witness—bearing the witness I had come back to Hawaii to authenticate. But just exactly what it was—except a thumbing of my nose at time—I didn't know.

That night an old friend drove me to the airport. We ticket-holders then rode out to the plane in a bus, and I could not see the airport building to wave goodbye. The airport looked entirely foreign. As tired as the others, I climbed the steep stairs. I had come back hoping to meet a certain twenty-year-old boy walking along Kalakaua Avenue, in a "gook" shirt, perhaps, but I had not seen him. □



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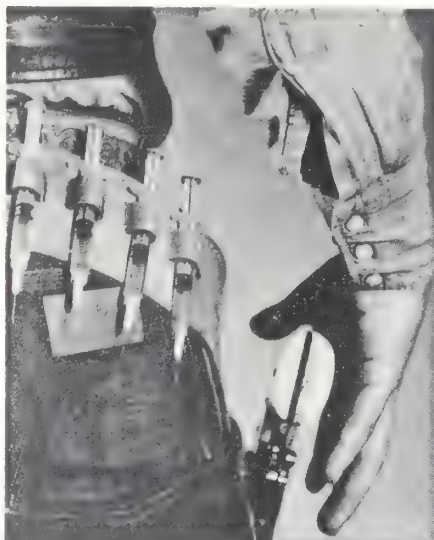
# SMACK CITY

A true scenario of a middle-class American nightmare

**T**HE STEADY HUM of Interstate 25 barely intrudes on the plush interior of the El Dorado. Cheech & Chong and Los Cochinos rise smoothly from the stereo tape. A joint gets passed slowly from Renaldo, the driver, to Tony, to me, and back. The white leather of the Cadillac shimmers and glows, and soon one feels ensconced in a soft, luxurious capsule watching the opening scene of a new American Western.

We float along in a penumbral world between the interior luxury of the car and the harshness of New Mexico outside, between the endless undulating prairie on our left and the rising walls of mountains to our right. We glide past bursts of rocky mesa pushing out of the dry land and float over dried-out arroyos. We turn gradually, rolling toward the Sangre de Cristo Mountains at the southern tip of the Rockies, and approach a tough little Chicano-cowboy-university town that sits on the edge of the plains and leans into the foothills of the Cristos. This is Las Vegas, New Mexico, population about fourteen thousand. It's the biggest town between Raton, 109 miles north on the Colorado border, and Santa Fe, 70 miles farther west. But that's not its distinction: Las Vegas is the most wide-open narcotics town in the Southwest.

Tony presses a button inside the Cadillac and his window slides noiselessly open. He snorts the fresh, cold mountain air. We all stir. "You can get high just on the air in this state, man," he says, and we laugh. Getting high is Tony's business. He's a major drug dealer, and he's developed a solid market. In the past three years, the number of addicts in Las Vegas has tripled. In New Mexico, say the state police, the number of addicts has also jumped threefold



Bruce Hirschfeld

since 1970. So Tony knows mountain air isn't everything.

Tony buys in Denver and sells in Las Vegas. His shipments come from Mexico in campers or small airplanes. "We sell Chicano smack, from Mexico," he says. "It's cut with brown sugar. Back East you get white smack cut with white sugar. There's never been no white smack here. Just my top-quality Chicano smack."

As we glide into town, Tony pops open the glove compartment and pulls an old but smoothly working Mauser pistol from its wooden holster. He snaps back the bolt, cocking the pistol. We are all very alert now. "This is still a frontier town, man," Tony explains. "You can easily get shot up here."

The New Mexico State Police agree with Tony. "We haven't got a man to put in Las Vegas," Sgt. George Ulibari of the NMSP narcotics division told me. "No one wants to work there. It's a rough town. That's one

*Jack Shepherd, former assistant managing editor of Look, is a free-lance writer who has lived in Las Vegas, New Mexico.*

reason that the traffic's so heavy."

Renaldo drives slowly down Grand Avenue, the main drag. It's small-town American perennial, and could sprout anywhere: the Great Western Motel, Texaco, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Mobil, the Chamber of Commerce. The town started in 1823 with some adobe houses around a central plaza. It was tough even then: Vircente Silva robbed and murdered here, Jesse James and Billy the Kid felt safe enough to soak in the hot springs four miles outside town. By 1879, it was a bawdy frontier town of saloons and gambling halls, and vigilantes held daily hangings from a windmill in the old plaza.

Tony and other dealers operate in and around that plaza today. "We just drive the shit down here in complete freedom," Tony says. "There's no arrests and no prosecutions."

But there are precautions. Renaldo drives the Cadillac into an old adobe garage off a dirt road outside town. He and Tony disappear into a two-room adobe house with freshly painted blue shutters and a rusted corrugated-steel roof. The house is like many in the western part of town. Las Vegas divides into two worlds: West Las Vegas, the Old Town, Spanish and historic with its plaza, adobe houses, the San Miguel county courthouse; Chicano self-help projects like *Nosotros*, *Juntos*, *Salvación*, and *La Salida* in storefronts along National Avenue. To the east, across the narrow and often dry Gallinas River, lies the newer Las Vegas, with the Safeway shopping center, the *Daily Optic* newspaper, banks, New Mexico Highlands University, tree-shaded streets and concrete-and-wood homes. The two worlds—largely old Chicano and new Anglo—have a tradition of deep distrust and political



agonism. Until 1967, they had separate governments, school systems, police and fire departments. Consolidation has not brought reconciliation. Tony, who had been wearing a suit, returns dressed in his "orkin' clothes"—a worn checkered cowboy shirt, dungarees, boots, and a cowboy hat. He drives a black pickup around Las Vegas, and acts as if he belongs there—which, in a way, he does.

"I buy ten ounces of smack at a time," he tells me as we get into the pickup and head for the plaza. "I get it here and deal it out to my men. I pushin's your thing, right here you can make a couple of thousand a week at least, \$2,000 a week easy in a nickel and dime bags. If you're dealing a couple of ounces, you can make \$1,000 a night." In a dirt-poor county with 13.2 percent unemployment, that's not bad.

NEW MEXICO HIGHLANDS University, the oldest in the Southwest, is on a rise near the Old Town plaza. Its architecture is Contemporary Pueblo Revival, and most of its 2,300 students regard the university that way, says James Neilsen—a minister who is often being called "Reverend"—is tall, bright, and soft-spoken instructor in education and a counselor of student psychological problems. He's also one of the new directors of Las Vegas's second attempt at a methadone program, called La Salida.

"Narcotics is a life-style among these kids in this town," he says. "They've used a lot of drugs for a long time. There's a lot of joy-popping, and some students are addicts." An application for federal funding for La Salida, written in May 1973, agrees: "Las Vegas . . . has developed an explosive drug abuse problem, aggravated by the fact that the university is located in the community. . . . Many local people have returned from other urban settings, and from military service in Vietnam [203 at NMHU], where they had a previous addiction problem and have continued in this pattern."

The La Salida report estimates that there may be one hundred addicts in Las Vegas. Salvación, the first, controversial methadone program, had seventy addicts when it collapsed last April. (La Salida replaced it.) Andy Vigil, chief of the Las Vegas Police Department, puts the

number at "about sixty-five known addicts in town, and probably another sixty or so not in any program and not known." By national and even state standards, sixty to one hundred twenty-five addicts are not many. But what looms large—and is well documented by Chief Vigil—is the impact of these heroin addicts on the townspeople.

The La Salida report detailed this impact: "In merchandise stolen from stores, homes and vehicles, for example, it now costs the overall community between \$20,000 and \$30,000 each year for every addict on the streets, who must resort to crime to support his increasing needs." Those figures may be high. But Chief Vigil, who keeps excellent statistics, says, "When we get a rise in burglaries we see it related to heroin use in the majority of cases." Is he seeing an increase in heroin use? "Hell, yes!" he says. "Heroin, when it started up three years ago, tripled the crime rate."

In 1972, for example, robbery in Las Vegas went up 300 percent. Through the fall of 1973, the amount of merchandise stolen every month in Las Vegas averaged \$18,760.

"We may not know the level of habit," says Jim Neilsen, "but we do know that one color TV a day is not going to satisfy it. Even as few as fifty addicts in a community of this size, ripping off two color TVs a day, create a major burglary rate."

"Albuquerque has the highest crime rate in the nation. It doesn't bother them. But here the community's so small that it's hard not to get hit. I know people who've been hit five, six times. I have neighbors who are afraid to leave their home to drive over to Santa Fe. The two or three times they did leave, addicts came in and stole everything."

"If we were seeing a burglary ring," says Chief Vigil, "they'd clean out some place, not just take one item and run. We have had a lot of little jobs, but no major ones like in the past. We've had just one major burglary in the last three years. Now everything is below \$5,000."

Take August. Tourists cruised along Grand Avenue, heading north to Denver and the Rockies or south and west to Santa Fe, Albuquerque, or Phoenix. Schools opened on August 24, but Highlands students weren't expected back for a month.

August began with a stolen bi-

cycle and hubcaps ripped off a car. On August 2, one woman came home to find a window broken, and the television set, an AM-FM stereo radio, a clock, and appliances gone. A dry cleaners got taken for small cash. On August 4, jewelry and a radio were stolen from another house, an oil company got hit, and a woman lost a pistol and tape recorder.

Anything left out overnight got lifted. On August 6, three ten-speed bikes went, along with four lawn chairs and eight tires. The next day, someone robbed the Santa Fe freight office, someone else grabbed a purse from a shopping cart in the Safeway, and a third thief a wallet, which was later found on the Highlands campus with fourteen dollars missing. On August 8, a tourist from Tulsa had his \$400 Nikon stolen. A spare tire, batteries, and tools also got lifted. In the next few days more than \$850 in cash and merchandise disappeared.

August 15, 1973, was typical: five spare tires were stolen, as well as a thirty-two-caliber pistol, a ten-speed bike, batteries from four cars, a handyman jack worth \$30, a tool box with tools (\$60), a twelve-volt battery (\$25); a clothing store was robbed, and a break-in at an elementary school netted two speakers (\$15 each), a science kit (\$150), and a microscope (\$65).

On August 16, a Maryland man picked up a hitchhiker who pulled out a twenty-two-caliber pistol. The driver lost his watch and \$500 in traveler's checks.

Not everyone traveling through Las Vegas got off so easily. Mr. and Mrs. John Martinez left Denver on August 22 to go to California. Unfortunately, they paused in Las Vegas—the Interstate isn't finished and travelers must pass through town on Grand Avenue. The Martinezes stopped at Lincoln Park about 11:00 A.M., and three kids jumped them, punched them, and stole \$130.

And so it went. A car, more ten-speed bikes, tools, stereos; the State Café was robbed of \$110 by two men, one with a dagger. Another thief took the battery from a school bus parked at Armijo Elementary School.

The month's end was typical also. Four tourists stopped in town on their way from Colorado Springs to Santa Fe. Someone pried open a window of their car, and stole eight suits, a camera, their wallets, and \$450.



In all, August yielded a pretty good haul. Stolen goods totaled just under the monthly average: \$18,002.44. Fifteen homes were robbed (ten at night, five during the day) for \$3,284. Eleven stores (five at night, six during the day) got hit for \$4,133.80. Eleven bikes were stolen, and four cars.

Most interesting, Chief Vigil keeps a robbery category called "miscellaneous," which includes such items as television sets, radios, stereos, household appliances—what he calls "little stuff." It's the largest category month after month, occasionally falling second only to stolen cars. In August 1973, \$5,665 worth of "little stuff" got ripped off in Las Vegas—a good indication of the constant burglarizing of homes and people in town. September was no different: robbery up 34 percent; assaults up 50 percent; burglaries up 43 percent over 1972.

"When I was growing up," says Elaine Marquez, "this was a safe town. We used to just latch the screen door at night and leave the other doors open. But they beat up a little boy down my street recently. Now, you've got to lock your doors and watch out. You can't trust anybody."

**W**HY IS THIS HAPPENING in Las Vegas? For one thing, there are no state or local undercover police working on narcotics in the town. The New Mexico State Police have just twenty-six agents covering a vast state with 3,000 addicts in it, and a long international border with Mexico. (Ten years ago there were four agents.) No undercover agents have worked in Las Vegas since Steve Martinez resigned last September to join the state police.

"It's very risky work," Martinez admits. "We've had contracts put out on people in this area. One of our informants was nearly killed in prison because he was helping us."

Martinez grew up in Las Vegas. "Las Vegas is probably the most wide-open town in the Southwest," he claims. "If the money's available, you can make a buy every time. If not heroin, cocaine. If someone wanted to buy a pound or two of heroin in Las Vegas—and that's a lot—he could, easily."

In New Mexico, fencing stolen goods can be lucrative. Even a New Mexico state senator has been fin-

gered as a fence. "You can rip off a ten-speed bike, take it to Albuquerque, and trade it off for some smack, no questions asked," one addict says. Dealing is tempting, too. "It's a very attractive business," says Sergeant Ulibari of the state police. "A pilot flying for six hours into Mexico and back can make \$18,000. A dealer here can make \$100,000 a year."

**N**ICKEL AND DIME BAGS of heroin in Las Vegas, as everywhere else in the United States, reach the street junkie wrapped in aluminum foil. After the heroin is cut and divided among the dealers, it gets sold quickly around the plaza in Old Town. I talk to a young girl, a university student who also deals. "There may be ten dealers in Las Vegas in all," she says. "I may be one of the biggest, I may not. I cut my shit and my mules run it. I make, say, \$800 a week getting the shit to my mules. I use the hungry kids—seventeen, eighteen—because if they're too young the narcs can always break 'em. At eighteen, a kid thinks he's immortal. He thinks the cops can never break him. And they can't."

Tony's heroin, carefully cut and wrapped, really jars the economy of Las Vegas. "Some addicts push maybe \$200 to \$300 a week," the girl continues. "They get to keep \$20 to \$30—10 percent—and \$30 in six nickel bags or three dime bags' worth, for their use. That keeps them coming back to me for more. And there's a strong sense of security in handing out \$300 worth of smack. You're the messiah with the loaves—the supply seems endless."

Another dealer adds: "You can live, really live, in this town for \$150 a week. Making \$500, \$800, \$1,000—man, you have chicks all over you day and night."

Tony and I drive the girl dealer to the Old Town plaza. A cluster of kids around the bandstand breaks up, and a few come over to the pickup truck. The girl sells "caps" to one kid, who turns and deals to the others.

We park, and quickly walk into an old building, filled with young kids, on the southeast corner of the square. The girl makes another sale, and another. I corner one buyer, who is reluctant to talk. Tony lifts his shirt and shows the kid his Mauser tucked inside his belt. How does he operate? I ask. The kid talks: "I fence. I deal.

I steal a little. My honchos go in fast and grab whatever they can, and go out. At night they send the little kid five, six—around to the house. You can tell who's at home and who isn't. People leave signs. The kid knocks on the door. If no one answers, they knock it over."

Tony and I watch the girl finish selling. She's making a lot of money, and the three of us walk back outside to the pickup feeling flushed with success: Tony's been paid in full, and the girl, too.

As we sit in the front seat, the girl between Tony and me, Tony pulls out his Mauser and sticks the barrel into the girl's left ear. "Let's have the bread," he demands.

The girl looks terrified. I'm in a cold sweat. But she's tough. "No," she answers firmly.

"Okay," Tony smiles. "Then how about your ass?"

"It's a deal," she replies, and smiles back.

**I**N 1960, FIVE HEROIN ADDICTS from Las Vegas began driving the 250-mile round trip to Albuquerque for methadone from a program then called Quebrar. But federal red tape caught up with them, and, as outsiders, they had to stop. A few weeks later, Dr. Thomas Lowry in Las Vegas started another program, at the state hospital. Thirteen Las Vegas addicts got methadone there until July 1971, when Dr. Lowry resigned and moved away, and the hospital administration declared that it was short of staff and federal funds for the program. Las Vegas addicts then circulated a petition in town asking for a methadone program. Four hundred townspeople signed, and Salvación started in November 1971, in an old bank building on the plaza.

Things went bad quickly. Steve Martinez, the ex-undercover agent, recalls: "Informants told me that there was a guy here in town involved in dealing in heroin and methadone who was a member of the methadone program." Also, there were persistent rumors about bad management at Salvación, and misused methadone. In February 1973, Leroy Montano, a "narcotics specialist" with Salvación for fifteen months, was arrested twice, once for receiving stolen property and a second time for burglary.

The numbers of addicts wanting help also gave Salvación trouble.





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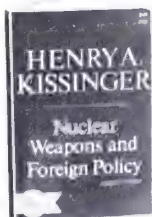
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Says one Las Vegas businessman: "It had little outside surveillance. It was funded for fifteen or so addicts, and had seventy. They never turned anyone down, and they didn't screen very well."

George Wallace, the community service coordinator at the New Mexico State Hospital outside Las Vegas, who helped start La Salida, believes that Salvación also "suffered from a lack of expertise. We turned over the administration of a sensitive program to people with little or no training in that area. They broke down under the pressure of administering that program. There was fiscal mismanagement by accident. I don't think anybody was ripping anybody else off."

Still, when the state moved in and took over on April 13, 1973—in a statewide move by Gov. Bruce King because of stricter federal regulations on methadone—the *Optic* reported that they found "a fiscal mess." Salvación closed.

George Wallace and others dispensed methadone at the state hospital during the summer on a temporary basis. The Highlands University Campus Ministry, the sponsor of La Salida, applied for federal money to cover the proposed \$65,605 budget.

By late September, La Salida had opened a storefront clinic near the plaza. La Salida began dispensing methadone from the storefront in October. "We're seeing approximately twenty-six addicts," says Lorraine Mares, La Salida's full-time, \$12,000-a-year director. "We believe that number will increase."

"The methadone program doesn't help or hurt as far as burglaries are concerned," Chief Vigil says. "Some guys arrested in burglaries are in the program."

Getting arrested and convicted—in Las Vegas isn't too likely. "There's just been no prosecution," Steve Martinez says.

Vigil is equally outspoken. "We can't get any prosecution. It's nil. Politics has a helluva lot to do with it. We do the undercover work, make a case, arrest. We present the case to the DA, and that's it—dismissed."

DA Jose E. Armijo, seventy-two, who has the size and temperament of a bantam rooster, has been in office only eight months. He decides who faces prosecution and who doesn't in San Miguel, Mora, and Guadalupe counties. Armijo has a scruffy cluster

of offices in the county courthouse a block above the Old Town plaza. He denies Chief Vigil's charges. "I've had quite a few narcotics prosecutions," he claims. "I forget when, but quite a few. There aren't many cases of heroin. It's not found around here. Mostly it's the marijuana."

There was a major bust last March, when federal narcotics agents bought several thousand dollars' worth of heroin from Las Vegas dealers, and no one got prosecuted. Armijo can't remember this. Says Vigil: "We felt bad, real bad. They found so much heroin in town. They even bought three ounces in one buy."

Instead, Armijo fingers his predecessor, Donald "Tiny" Martinez. "You know," Armijo says conspiratorially, "there were considerable complaints about his lack of attention to the duties of his office."

Donald Martinez, fifty, was DA for sixteen years before Armijo unseated him by 201 votes out of 13,723 cast in November 1972. (In 1968, Martinez won by just 7 votes out of 12,580, after a recount.) Before Martinez, Armijo had been DA for twelve years. (They've run against each other every four years since 1956.) In all, Martinez and Armijo have held what the *Optic* calls "this power-laden post" for the past twenty-nine years. And, when not in the DA's office, Martinez and Armijo practice law in town.

Martinez was a highly controversial DA. Armijo says he beat him in 1972 because Martinez "had become too powerful, dictatorial and tyrannical, and the people got tired of it." Perhaps. The *Optic* described Martinez as "a militant liberal and an advocate of . . . many stormy unpopular causes. Proudly he labels himself 'Chicano.'"

Martinez defended Reies Tijerina, the Chicano who took over federal lands at gunpoint in 1964. In 1971, Martinez also bailed out several Brown Berets—members of a paramilitary Chicano organization—who had been arrested in Santa Fe and charged with disorderly conduct and carrying concealed weapons. "Tiny" invited them to Las Vegas, and, as chairman of the West Las Vegas School Board as well as DA, he housed them for a month in the West Las Vegas High School.

As DA, Donald Martinez refused to prosecute Chicano narcotics addicts. "I didn't treat these arrests as

criminal cases," he admits, "unless was for sale and distribution, or even then more than just an isolate sale. I treated them as a social problem. Mostly, I worked with them myself. I'd counsel with them, for or thing. I'd try to get medical help and attention for them." Martinez admits that he wasn't very successful but insists, "This is an illness, not criminal activity."

Martinez is also skeptical of the methadone programs. "That's just transferring them from one addictive narcotic to another. The kids on methadone continue to shoot up. This is a nationwide problem. It's a business that's as big and as widespread as the telephone company. It's not different here than anyplace else. Heroin is being used not only in Las Vegas. We've now got kids coming in from the rural villages and ranches and farms."

The increasing robberies in town are frightening a lot of people. And Vigil is under pressure to halt the rip-offs, and one town councilman has called for his resignation. "They're really more concerned about the burglaries than about the people committing them, or the reasons why," Jim Neilsen comments.

TONY WAITS FOR THE LIGHT to change, and pulls into Grand Avenue, toward my motel.

"This town's consuming about half a pound, eight ounces, of smack a week, man," he explains. "That's a \$1,000 an ounce. Break that down to nickel and dime bags and you've got a town consuming smack at \$6,000 to \$10,000 a week. Let's say about \$8,000 in heroin sold every week in nickel and dime bags. Some guys have been cutting it more than that. But we eighty-sixed one of those dudes, and that ended that. We want to keep good-quality Chicano smack."

Tony pulls up by my motel. "I can make about \$5,000 to \$8,000 a week in coke and smack in this town. I'm saving it in a bank, and when I get to half a million, I'm going to buy me a ranch, or maybe get into one of them Texas land deals. I'm gonna let the younger dudes take over—there're enough of them hustling here already."

"And then what?" I ask.

"Me?" Tony smiles. "I'm just gonna sit back and get high on mountain air." He drives off laughing. □



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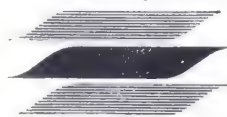
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Annie Dillard

# RIGHT INTO INSIGHT

What you see is what you get

WHEN I WAS SIX OR SEVEN years old, growing up in Pittsburgh, I used to take a precious penny of my own and hide it for someone to find. It was a curious compulsion; sadly, I never been seized by it since. For some reason I always "hid" the penny along the same stretch of sidewalk up the street. I'd cradle it at the roots of a maple, say, or in a hole left by a chipped-off piece of sidewalk. Then I'd take a piece of chalk and, starting at either end of the block, draw huge arrows leading up to the penny in both directions. After I learned to write I labeled the arrows "SURPRISE AHEAD" or "MON-THIS WAY." I was greatly excited, during all my arrow-drawing, at the thought of the first passerby who would receive in this way, regardless of merit, a free gift from the universe. I never lurked about. I'd go straight home and not give the matter another thought, until, one month later, I would be gripped by the impulse to hide another penny.

There are lots of things to see, unwrapped gifts and free surprises. The world is fairly dotted and strewn with pennies cast broadside from a generous hand. But—and this is the point—who gets excited by a mere penny? If I follow one arrow, if you crouch motionless on a bank to watch a tremulous ripple thrill on the water, and are rewarded by the sight of a muskrat kit paddling from its den, will you want that sight a chip of copper only, and go for rueful way? It is very dire poverty indeed for a man to be so malnourished and fatigued that he won't stoop to pick up a penny. But if I cultivate a healthy poverty and simplicity, that finding a penny will make your day, even, since the world is in fact planted in pennies, you have with your poverty bought a lifetime of days. What you see is what you get.

Unfortunately, nature is very much a now-see-it, now-you-don't affair. A fish flashes,

then dissolves in the water before my eyes like so much salt. Deer apparently ascend bodily into heaven; the brightest oriole fades into leaves. These disappearances stun me into stillness and concentration; they say of nature that it conceals with a grand nonchalance, and they say of vision that it is a deliberate gift, the revelation of a dancer who for my eyes only flings away her seven veils.

For nature does reveal as well as conceal: now-you-don't-see-it, now-you-do. For a week this September migrating red-winged blackbirds were feeding heavily down by Tinker Creek at the back of the house. One day I went out to investigate the racket; I walked up to a tree, an Osage orange, and a hundred birds flew away. They simply materialized out of the tree. I saw a tree, then a whisk of color, then a tree again. I walked closer and another hundred blackbirds took flight. Not a branch, not a twig budged: the birds were apparently weightless as well as invisible. Or, it was as if the leaves of the Osage orange had been freed from a spell in the form of red-winged blackbirds; they flew from the tree, caught my eye in the sky, and vanished. When I looked again at the tree, the leaves had reassembled as if nothing had happened. Finally I walked directly to the trunk of the tree and a final hundred, the real diehards, appeared, spread, and vanished. How could so many hide in the tree without my seeing them? The Osage orange, unruffled, looked just as it had looked from the house, when three hundred red-winged blackbirds cried from its crown. I looked upstream where they flew, and they were gone. Searching, I couldn't spot one. I wandered upstream to force them to play their hand, but they'd crossed the creek and scattered. One show to a customer. These appearances catch at my throat: they are the free gifts, the bright coppers at the roots of trees.



Martín Avilés

Annie Dillard is a contributing editor of Harper's. This article is adapted from *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* (Harper's Magazine Press, March), the April selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

**I**T'S ALL A MATTER OF keeping my eyes open. Nature is like one of those line drawings that are puzzles for children: Can you find hidden in the tree a duck, a house, a boy, a bucket, a giraffe, and a boot? Specialists can find the most incredibly hidden things. A book I read when I was young recommended an easy way to find caterpillars: you simply find some fresh caterpillar droppings, look up, and there's your caterpillar. More recently an author advised me to set my mind at ease about those piles of cut stems on the ground in grassy fields. Field mice make them; they cut the grass down by degrees to reach the seeds at the head. It seems that when the grass is tightly packed, as in a field of ripe grain, the blade won't topple at a single cut through the stem; instead, the cut stem simply drops vertically, held in the crush of grain. The mouse severs the bottom again and again, the stem keeps dropping an inch at a time, and finally the head is low enough for the mouse to reach the seeds. Meanwhile the mouse is positively littering the field with its little piles of cut stems into which, presumably, the author is constantly stumbling.

If I can't see these minutiae, I still try to keep my eyes open. I'm always on the lookout for ant lion traps in sandy soil, monarch pupae near milkweed, skipper larvae in locust leaves. These things are utterly common, and I've not seen one. I bang on hollow trees near water, but so far no flying squirrels have appeared. In flat country I watch every sunset in hopes of seeing the green ray. The green ray is a seldom-seen streak of light that rises from the sun like a spurting fountain at the moment of sunset; it throbs into the sky for two seconds and disappears. One more reason to keep my eyes open. A photography professor at the University of Florida just happened to see a bird die in mid-flight: it jerked, died, dropped, and smashed on the ground.

I squint at the wind because I read Stewart Edward White: "I have always maintained that if you looked closely enough you could see the wind—the dim, hardly-made-out, fine debris floating in the air." White was an excellent hunter and devoted an entire chapter of *The Mountains* to the subject of seeing deer: "As soon as you can forget the naturally obvious and construct an artificial obvious, then you too will see deer."

But the artificial obvious is hard to see. My eyes account for less than 1 percent of the weight of my head: I'm bony and dense: I see what I expect. I just don't know what the lover knows: I can't see the artificial obvious that those in the know construct. The herpetologist asks the native, "Are there snakes in that ravine?" "No, sir." And the herpetologist comes home with, yessir, three bags full. Are there butterflies on that mountain? Are the bluets in bloom?

Are there arrowheads here, or fossil ferns in the shale?

Peeping through my keyhole I see within a range of only about 30 percent of the light that comes from the sun; the rest is infrared or some little ultraviolet, perfectly apparent to many animals, but invisible to me. A nighttime network of ganglia, charged and firing within my knowledge, cuts and splices what I do not edit it for my brain. Donald E. Carr points out that the sense impressions of one-celled animals are *not* edited for the brain: "This is philosophically interesting in a rather momentous way, since it means that only the simplest animals perceive the universe as it is."

A fog that won't burn away drifts and floats across my field of vision. When you see a fog move against a backdrop of deep pines, you don't see the fog itself, but streaks of clearness floating across the air in dark shreds. So I see only tatters of clearness through a pervasive obscurity. I can't distinguish the fog from an overcast sky; I can't be sure if the light is direct or reflected. Everywhere darkness and the presence of the unseen appalls. We estimate now that only one atom dances alone in every cubic meter of intergalactic space. I blink and squint. What planet or power yanks Halley's Comet out of orbit? We haven't seen it yet; it's a question of distance, density, and the pallor of reflected light. We rock, cradled in the swaddling band of darkness. Even the simple darkness of night whispers suggestions to the mind. This summer in August, I stayed at the creek too late.

## Strangers to darkness

**W**HERE TINKER CREEK FLOWS under the sycamore log bridge to the tear-shaped island, it is slow and shallow, fringed thinly by cattail marsh. At this spot an astonishing bloom of life supports vast breeding populations of insects, fish, reptiles, birds, and mammals. On windless summer evenings I stalk along the creek bank or straddle the sycamore log in absolute stillness, watching for muskrats. The night I stayed too late I was hunched on the log staring spellbound at spreading, reflected stains of lilac on the water. A cloud in the sky suddenly lighted as if turned on by a switch; its reflection just as suddenly materialized on the water upstream, flat and floating, so that I couldn't see the creek bottom, or life in the water under the cloud. Downstream, away from the cloud on the water, water turtles smooth as beans were gliding down with the current in a series of easy weightless push-offs, as men bound on the moon. I didn't know whether to trace the progress of one turtle I was sure of, risking sticking my face in one of the bridge's spider webs made invisible by the gathering dark, or take a chance on



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seeing the carp, or scan the mudbank in hope of seeing a muskrat, or follow the last of the swallows who caught at my heart and trailed it after them like streamers as they appeared from directly below, under the log, flying upstream with their tails forked, so fast.

But shadows spread and deepened and stayed. After thousands of years we're still strangers to darkness, fearful aliens in an enemy camp with our arms crossed over our chests. I stirred. A land turtle on the bank, startled, hissed the air from its lungs and withdrew to its shell. An uneasy pink here, an unfathomable blue there, gave great suggestion of lurking beings. Things were going on. I couldn't see whether that rustle I heard was a distant rattlesnake, slit-eyed, or a nearby sparrow kicking in the dry flood debris slung at the foot of a willow. Tremendous action roiled the water everywhere I looked, big action, inexplicable. A tremor welled up beside a gaping muskrat burrow in the bank and I caught my breath, but no muskrat appeared. The ripples continued to fan upstream with a steady, powerful thrust. Night was knitting an eyeless mask over my face, and I still sat transfixed. A distant airplane, a delta wing out of nightmare, made a gliding shadow on the creek's bottom that looked like a stingray cruising upstream. At once a black fin slit the pink cloud on the water, shearing it in two. The two halves merged together and seemed to dissolve before my eyes. Darkness pooled in the cleft of the creek and rose, as water collects in a well. Untamed, dreaming lights flickered over the sky. I saw hints of hulking underwater shadows, two pale splashes out of the water, and round ripples rolling close together from a blackened center.

At last I stared upstream where only the deepest violet remained of the cloud, a cloud so high its underbelly still glowed, its feeble color reflected from a hidden sky lighted in turn by a sun halfway to China. And out of that violet, a sudden enormous black body arced over the water. Head and tail, if there was a head and tail, were both submerged in cloud. I saw only one ebony fling, a headlong dive to darkness; then the waters closed, and the lights went out.

I walked home in a shivering daze, up hill and down. Later I lay openmouthed in bed, my arms flung wide at my sides to steady the whirling darkness. At this latitude I'm spinning 836 miles an hour round the earth's axis; I feel my sweeping fall as a breakneck arc like the dive of dolphins, and the hollow rushing of wind raises the hairs on my neck and the side of my face. In orbit around the sun I'm moving 64,800 miles an hour. The solar system as a whole, like a merry-go-round unhinged, spins, bobs, and blinks at the speed of 43,200 miles an hour along a course set east of Hercules. Someone has piped, and we are dancing a tarantella until

the sweat pours. I open my eyes and I see dark muscled forms curl out of water, with flapping gills and flattened eyes. I close my eyes and see stars, deep stars giving way to deeper stars, deeper stars bowing to deepest stars at the crown of an infinite cone.

"STILL," WROTE VAN GOGH in a letter, "a great deal of light falls on everything." But we are blinded by darkness, we are also blinded by light. Sometimes here in Virginia at sunset low clouds on the southern or northern horizon are completely invisible in the lighted sky. I only know one is there because I can see a reflection in still water. The first time I discovered this mystery I looked from cloud to cloud in bewilderment, checking my bearings over and over, thinking maybe the ark of the covenant was just passing by south of Dead Man Mountain. Only much later did I learn the explanation: polarized light from the sky is very much weakened by reflection, but the light from clouds isn't polarized. So invisible clouds pass among visible clouds, till all slide over the mountains; so a greater light extinguishes a lesser even though it didn't exist.

In the great meteor shower of August, the Perseid, I wait all day for the shooting stars I miss. They're out there showering down, committing hara-kiri in a flame of fatal attraction and hissing perhaps at last into the ocean. But at dawn what looks like a blue dome clamps down over me like a lid on a pot. The stars and planets could smash and I'd never know. Only a piece of ashen moon occasionally climbs up or down the inside of the dome, and our local star without surcease explodes on our heads. We have really only that one light, one source for all power, and yet we must turn away from it by universal decree. Nobody here on this planet seems aware of this strange, powerful taboo, that we all walk about carefully averting our faces, this way and that, lest our eyes be blasted forever.

Darkness appalls and light dazzles; the spray of visible light that doesn't hurt my eyes hurts my brain. What I see sets me swaying. Size and distance and the sudden swelling of meanings confuse me, bowl me over. I straddle the sycamore log bridge over Tinker Creek in the summer. I look at the lighted creek bottom: snail tracks tunnel the mud in quavering curves. A crayfish jerks, but by the time I absorb what has happened, he's gone in a billowing smoke screen of silt. I look at the water: minnows and shiners. If I'm thinking minnows, a carp will fill my brain till I scream. I look at the water's surface: skaters, bubbles, and leaves sliding down. Suddenly, my own face, reflected, startles me witless. Those snails have been tracking my face! Finally, with a shuddering wrench of the







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will, I see clouds, cirrus clouds. I'm dizzy, I fall in.

This looking business is risky. Once I stood on a humped rock on nearby Purgatory Mountain, watching through binoculars the great autumn hawk migration below, until I discovered that I was in danger of joining the hawks on a vertical migration of my own. I was used to binoculars, but not, apparently, to balancing on humped rocks while looking through them. I reeled. Everything advanced and receded by turns; the world was full of unexplained foreshortenings and depths. A distant huge object, a hawk the size of an elephant, turned out to be the browned bough of a nearby loblolly pine. I followed a sharp-shinned hawk against a featureless sky, rotating my head unawares as it flew, and when I lowered the glass a glimpse of my own looming shoulder sent me staggering. What prevents the men on Palomar from falling, voiceless and blinded, from their tiny, vaulted chairs?

I reel in confusion: I don't understand what I see. With the naked eye I can see two million light-years to the Andromeda galaxy. Often I slop some creek water in a jar, and when I get home I dump it in a white china bowl. After the silt settles I return and see tracings of minute snails on the bottom, a planarian or two winding round the rim of water, roundworms shimmying frantically, and finally, when my eyes have adjusted to these dimensions, amoebae. At first the amoebae look like *muscae volitantes*, those curled moving spots you seem to see in your eyes when you stare at a distant wall. Then I see the amoebae as drops of water congealed, bluish, translucent, like chips of sky in the bowl. At length I choose one individual and give myself over to its idea of an evening. I see it dribble a grainy foot before it on its wet, unfathomable way. Do its unedited sense impressions include the fierce focus of my eyes? Shall I take it outside and show it Andromeda, and blow its little endoplasm? I stir the water with a finger, in case it's running out of oxygen. Maybe I should get a tropical aquarium with motorized bubblers and lights, and keep this one for a pet. Yes, it would tell its fissioned descendants, the universe is two feet by five, and if you listen closely you can hear the buzzing music of the spheres.

Oh, it's mysterious, lamplit evenings here in the galaxy, one after the other. It's one of those nights when I wander from window to window, looking for a sign. But I can't see. Terror and a beauty insoluble are a riband of blue woven into the fringes of garments of things both great and small. No culture explains, no bivouac offers real haven or rest. But it could be that we are not seeing something. Galileo thought comets were an optical illusion. This is fertile ground: since we are certain that they're not, we can look at what our scientists-

have been saying with fresh hope. What if the are *really* gleaming, castellated cities hung upside-down over the desert sand? What limp lakes and cool date palms have our caravans always passed untried? Until, one by one, the blindest of leaps, we light on the road these places, we must stumble in darkness and hunger. I turn from the window. I'm blind as bat, sensing only from every direction the echo of my own thin cries.

## Learning to see

CHANCED ON A WONDERFUL BOOK called *Space and Sight*, by Marius Von Senden. When Western surgeons discovered how to perform safe cataract operations, they ranged across Europe and America operating on dozens of men and women of all ages who had been blinded by cataracts since birth. Von Senden collected accounts of such cases: the histories are fascinating. Many doctors had tested the patients' sense perceptions and ideas of space both before and after the operations. The vast majority of patients, of both sexes and all ages, had, in Von Senden's opinion, no idea of space whatsoever. Form, distance, and size were so many meaningless syllables. A patient "had no idea of depth, confusing it with roundness. Before the operation a doctor would give a blind patient a cube and a sphere; the patient would tongue it or feel it with his hands, and name it correctly. After the operation the doctor would show the same objects to the patient without letting him touch them; now he had no clue whatsoever to what he was seeing. One patient called lemonade "square" because it pricked on his tongue as a square shape pricked on the touch of his hands. Of another postoperative patient the doctor writes, "I have found in her no notion of size, for example, not even within the narrow limits which she might have encompassed with the aid of touch. Thus when I asked her to show me how big her mother was, she did not stretch out her hands, but set her two index fingers a few inches apart."

For the newly sighted, vision is pure sensation unencumbered by meaning. When a newly sighted girl saw photographs and paintings, she asked, "Why do they put those dark marks all over them?" "Those aren't dark marks," her mother explained, "those are shadows. That is one of the ways the eye knows that things have shape. If it were not for shadows, many things would look flat." "Well, that's how things do look," Joan answered. "Everything looks flat with dark patches."

In general the newly sighted see the world as a dazzle of "color-patches." They are pleased by the sensation of color, and learn quickly to name the colors, but the rest of seeing is tor-



mentingly difficult. Soon after his operation a patient "generally bumps into one of these color-patches and observes them to be substantial, since they resist him as tactual objects do. In talking about it also strikes him—or can if he pays attention—that he is continually passing between the colours he sees, that he can go past a visual object, that a part of it then steadily disappears from view; and that in spite of this, however he twists and turns—whether entering the room from the door, for example, or returning back to it—he always has a visual space in front of him. Thus he gradually comes to realize that there is also a space behind him, which he does not see."

The mental effort involved in these reasonings proves overwhelming for many patients. It oppresses them to realize, if they ever do at all, the tremendous size of the world, which they had previously conceived of as something touchingly manageable. It oppresses them to realize that they have been visible to people all along, perhaps unattractively so, without their knowledge or consent. A disheartening number of them refuse to use their new vision, continuing to go over objects with their tongues, and lapsing into apathy and despair.

On the other hand, many newly sighted people speak well of the world, and teach us how full our own vision is. To one patient, a human hand, unrecognized, is "something bright and then holes." Shown a bunch of grapes, a boy calls out, "It is dark, blue and shiny. . . . It isn't smooth, it has bumps and hollows." A little girl visits a garden. "She is greatly astonished, and can scarcely be persuaded to answer, stands speechless in front of the tree, which she only names on taking hold of it, and then as 'the tree with the lights in it.'" Another patient, a twenty-two-year-old girl, was dazzled by the world's brightness and kept her eyes shut for two weeks. When at the end of that time she opened her eyes again, she did not recognize any objects, but "the more she now directed her gaze upon everything about her, the more it could be seen as now an expression of gratification and astonishment overspread her features; she repeatedly exclaimed: 'Oh God! How beautiful!'"

I SAW COLOR-PATCHES FOR WEEKS after I read this wonderful book. It was summer: the peaches were ripe in the valley orchards. When I woke in the morning, color-patches wrapped around my eyes, intricately, leaving not one un-filled spot. All day long I walked among shifting color-patches that parted before me like the Red Sea and closed again in silence, transfigured, wherever I looked back. Some patches swelled and loomed, while others vanished utterly, and dark marks flitted at random over the whole dazzling sweep. But I couldn't sustain

the illusion of flatness. I've been around for too long. Form is condemned to an eternal danse macabre with meaning: I couldn't unpeach the peaches. Nor can I remember ever having seen without understanding; the color-patches of infancy are lost. My brain then must have been smooth as any balloon. I'm told I reached for the moon; many babies do. But the color-patches of infancy swelled as meaning filled them; they arrayed themselves in solemn ranks down distance which unrolled and stretched before me like a plain. The moon rocketed away. I live now in a world of shadows that shape and distance color, a world where space makes a kind of terrible sense. What Gnosticism is this, and what physics? The fluttering patch I saw in my nursery window—silver and green and shape-shifting blue—is gone; a row of Lombardy poplars takes its place, mute, across the distant lawn. That humming oblong creature pale as light that stole along the walls of my room at night, stretching exhilaratingly around the corners, is gone, too, gone the night I ate of the bittersweet fruit, put two and two together and puckered forever my brain. Martin Buber tells this tale: "Rabbi Mendel once boasted to his teacher Rabbi Elimelekh that evenings he saw the angel who rolls away the light before the darkness, and mornings the angel who rolls away the darkness before the light. 'Yes,' said Rabbi Elimelekh, 'in my youth I saw that too. Later on you don't see these things anymore.'"

Why didn't someone hand those newly sighted people paints and brushes from the start, when they still didn't know what anything was? Then maybe we all could see color-patches too, the world unraveled from reason, Eden before Adam gave names. The scales would drop from my eyes; I'd see trees like men walking; I'd run down the road against all orders, hallooing and leaping.

### Silver flashes

SEEING IS OF COURSE VERY MUCH a matter of verbalization. Unless I call my attention to what passes before my eyes, I simply won't see it. If Tinker Mountain erupted, I'd be likely to notice. But if I want to notice the lesser cataclysms of valley life, I have to maintain in my head a running description of the present. It's not that I'm observant; it's just that I talk too much. Otherwise, especially in a strange place, I'll never know what's happening. Like a blind man at the ball game, I need a radio.

When I see this way I analyze and pry. I hurl over logs and roll away stones; I study the bank a square foot at a time, probing and tilting my head. Some days when a mist covers the mountains, when the muskrats won't show and the microscope's mirror shatters, I want to climb

"The secret of seeing is the pearl of great price. But although the pearl may be found, it may not be sought; it is always a gift and a total surprise."



Annie Dillard  
SIGHT  
INTO INSIGHT

up the blank blue dome as a man would storm the inside of a circus tent, wildly, dangling, and with a steel knife claw a rent in the top, peep, and, if I must, fall.

But there is another kind of seeing that involves a letting go. When I see this way I sway transfixed and emptied. The difference between the two ways of seeing is the difference between walking with and without a camera. When I walk with a camera I walk from shot to shot, reading the light on a calibrated meter. When I walk without a camera, my own shutter opens, and the moment's light prints on my own silver gut. When I see this second way I am above all an unscrupulous observer.

It was sunny one evening last summer at Tinker Creek; the sun was low in the sky, upstream. I was sitting on the sycamore log bridge with the sunset at my back, watching the shiners the size of minnows who were feeding over the muddy sand in skittery schools. Again and again, one fish, then another, turned for a split second across the current and flash! the sun shot out from its silver side. I couldn't watch for it. It was always just happening somewhere else, and it drew my vision just as it disappeared: flash! like a sudden dazzle of the thinnest blade, a sparking over a dun and olive ground at chance intervals from every direction. Then I noticed white specks, some sort of pale petals, small, floating from under my feet on the creek's surface, very slow and steady. So I blurred my eyes and gazed toward the brim of my hat and saw a new world. I saw the pale white circles roll up, roll up, like the world's turning, mute and perfect, and I saw the linear flashes, gleaming silver, like stars being born at random down a rolling scroll of time. Something broke and something opened. I filled up like a new wine-skin. I breathed an air like light; I saw a light like water. I was the lip of a fountain the creek filled forever; I was ether, the leaf in the zephyr; I was flesh-flake, feather, bone.

When I see this way I see truly. As Thoreau says, I return to my senses. I am the man who watches the baseball game in silence in an empty stadium. I see the game purely: I'm abstracted and dazed. When it's all over and the white-suited players lope off the green field to their shadowed dugouts, I leap to my feet, I cheer and cheer.

**B**UT I CAN'T GO OUT AND TRY to see this way. I'll fail, I'll go mad. All I can do is try to gag the commentator, to hush the noise of useless interior babble that keeps me from seeing just as surely as a newspaper dangled before my eyes. The effort is really a discipline requiring a lifetime of dedicated struggle: it marks the literature of saints and monks of every order east and west, under every rule and no rule,

disclad and shod. The world's spiritual geniuses seem to discover universally that the mind's muddy river, this ceaseless flow of trivia and trash, cannot be dammed, and that trying to dam it is a waste of effort that might lead to madness. Instead you must allow the muddy river to flow unheeded in the dim channels of consciousness; you raise your sights; you look along it, mildly, acknowledging its presence without interest and gazing beyond it into the realm of the real where subjects and objects are and rest purely, without utterance. "Launch into the deep," says Jacques Ellul, "and you shall see."

The secret of seeing, then, is the pearl of great price. If I thought he could teach me to find it and keep it forever I would stagger barefoot across a hundred deserts after any lunatic at all. But although the pearl may be found, it may not be sought. The literature of illumination reveals this above all: although it comes to those who wait for it, it is always, even to the most practiced and adept, a gift and a total surprise. I return from one walk knowing where the killdeer nests in the field by the creek and the hour the laurel blooms. I return from the same walk a day later scarcely knowing my own name. Litanies hum in my ears; my tongue flaps in my mouth, *Alim non*, alleluia! I cannot cause light; the most I can do is try to put myself in the path of its beam. It is possible, in deep space, to sail on solar wind. Light, be it particle or wave, has force: you rig a giant sail and go. The secret of seeing is to sail on solar wind. Hone and spread your spirit till you yourself are a sail, whetted translucent, broadside to the merest puff.

When her doctor took her bandages off and led her into the garden, the girl who was no longer blind saw "the tree with the lights in it." It was for this tree I searched through the peach orchards of summer, in the forests of fall and down winter and spring for years. Then one day I was walking along Tinker Creek thinking of nothing at all and I saw the tree with the light in it. I saw the backyard cedar where the mourning doves roost charged and transfigured each cell buzzing with flame. I stood on the grass with the lights in it, grass that was wholly fire, utterly focused and utterly dreamed. It was less like seeing than like being for the first time seen, knocked breathless by a powerful glance. The flood of fire abated, but I'm still spending the power. Gradually the lights went out in the cedar, the colors died, the cells unflamed and disappeared. I was still ringing. I had been my whole life a bell, and never knew it until at that moment I was lifted and struck. I have since only very rarely seen the tree with the lights in it. The vision comes and goes, mostly goes, but I live for it, for the moment when the mountain opens and a new light roars in spate through the crack, and the mountains slam.





# The Morgue at The New York Times

How it became The Information Bank

## IBM reports:

**I**n two huge, quiet storerooms behind the noisy newsroom on the third floor of The New York Times building off Times Square, slotted into some thousands of ugly one-drawer green filing boxes, lies one of the nation's great and irreplaceable treasures: the clipping file, or "morgue," of The New York Times. Nobody knows for sure, but the people who run the place guess that the boxes contain twenty million clippings, most but by no means all from The Times itself, dating back to the beginning of this century. Twenty-eight people work in the dark corridors between the high piles of boxes, keeping the folders

current at a rate of fourteen thousand new clippings every week.

The morgue's pledge to the newspapermen is that before five o'clock tomorrow afternoon today's paper will be properly clipped and slotted, some stories into one file folder only, others into dozens of different folders. Normally, only three or four minutes are required for the "counterman" to "pull" the correct file for every impatient reporter who has to get the background of his story under his belt so he can write it by forty minutes from right now. "The morgue is the lifeblood of this newspaper," says assistant managing editor Peter Millones; "we couldn't put out a paper without the morgue."

Nine flights further up in the same building, in a rather airy room where some of the light arrives through the windows, an entirely separate staff of thirty-six pores over each day's newspaper and makes abstracts of all the stories and features, editorials and columns, for publication in The New York Times Index. Twice a month the stapled sheets of the Index, thicker than all but the Christmas issues of the most successful magazines, arrive in the mail at all the important research libraries in the country, public and private, corporate and university, giving handy access by alphabetical order to a fortnight's presentation of all the news that was fit to print. A few months into each new year, these libraries are further enriched with new bound volumes indexing in alphabetical order and abstracting the whole of the previous year's New York Times. Student, scholar and scientist, bureaucrat and biographer rely on this extraordinary research tool.



When they need more detail than is provided in the abstracts, they use the Index as a guide to the location of the full story or document in the rolls of microfilm that present, one page to a frame, pictures of the full newspaper.

Though distinguished outsiders with special needs are occasionally allowed a few hours' use of the Times morgue, the clipping file essentially serves only the newspapermen who produce the paper; and though reporters have been known to look something up in the Index, the books essentially serve only people who are not in the newspaper business. But the services are essentially similar, and both are supervised by Dr. John Rothman, a precision-minded information scientist and literary scholar with a neat desk and a neat bookcase. As early as the mid-1950s, while working as assistant editor of the Index, Rothman had begun looking into the possible uses of computers to store, sort and deliver information. In 1965, he first proposed a project to link the morgue and Index and improve both through data processing.

**I**n 1966 Rothman began planning a system for automating information retrieval both for customers of the Index service and for users and potential users of the morgue. "What we needed," Rothman says, "was a one-input operation with two different services at the output end." IBM was asked to work on the problem, having been involved for some years in information retrieval for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and other government agencies. The "Information Bank," as The

Times' projected service was called, would have to provide three rather different kinds of output.

*First*, a terminal in the Index subscriber's office or library to communicate with the central computer at The Times through ordinary telephone lines. This terminal would combine a typewriter keyboard that would allow the user to make requests of the computer (in his own English) and a read-out screen on which the requested information would be presented.

For the user, this sort of system would be both faster and better than pulling books off the shelf. There would be no more thumbing through pages looking for the entry (in more than one book if the story ran more than one year or if the user didn't know exactly when the incident occurred). Looking for something about animals, for example, he could request either Bronx Zoo or New York Zoological Society from the machine and get the same results; in a book system, one of those entries would offer only instructions to look up the other.

Restricting the request to precisely what was wanted would save hours of search time. If a user wished to know, for example, what John Lindsay had said about drug addiction in New York, he could look in the Index under Lindsay, find the cross references to drug addiction, then turn to drug addiction and look up the entries that had been referenced. Using "logic" circuits in the machine, he could ask for Lindsay *and* New York *and* drug addiction, and the machine would deliver only those abstracts in which all three elements appeared. And do it within a second or two of receiving the request.

*Second*, The Information Bank had to provide a way for subscribers to look at the complete story described in the Index. Microfilm rolls were awkward for this purpose, because turning them to the necessary page takes time. Instead, The Times planned a "microfiche" system, a set of 4x6-inch cards each of which would contain ninety-nine miniature film frames, micro-pictures of the clippings from a single day's Times. (One microfiche handles all of a weekday paper; four are needed for The Sunday Times.) Once the microfiche for that day had been plucked from the file and put on the microfiche viewer, the reader could gain instant access to the story he needed.

At The Times itself, where the microfiche system would substitute for actual clippings from the morgue, Rothman wanted a system that would automatically place the desired microfiche page before a television camera, which would send a picture of the clipping to the computer terminal at which the reporter was working.

*Third*, The Information Bank needed some sort of "hard copy" facility that would permit the subscriber to get a print-out on paper of the Index entry that was







chance to cull from one hundred and fifty items just the eight things I really need," says one reporter, "a big light bulb went on—this is *great*." "But," notes another, "when you narrow the search you may miss the chance to get something that's surprising, something you might stumble across browsing through a file folder." For all its advantages, machine retrieval is not quite serendipity either.

**S**till ahead for The Times is the decision about how much of what appeared in the paper before 1968 should be included in The Information Bank. "We are going to go through the morgue all the way," Rothman says, "but the further back we go the more selective we will be. We hope to include everything of research value, but we haven't yet determined the criteria of selection." What makes the decision a little less hard than it might otherwise be is that it doesn't have to be made once for all: something left out now can always be added later. Unlike printed material, the contents of a computer memory device can be changed, expanded or contracted at will. And unlike a book, or a newspaper, a computer memory must get more useful as it gets bigger—provided that the program for systematic retrieval yields the user neither too little nor too much of what it contains.

Information overload is a burden few businesses,

scholars or journalists can escape in our interdependent, endlessly complicated society. Automated retrieval and sorting does not by itself solve the information problem, but certainly makes it more manageable. Abstracts from the journals of the American Chemical Society, medical records in New York State, the laws of Mississippi, the progress of bills through the House of Representatives—all these and much more are now being tracked by computers dedicated to the tasks of storing and supplying information. The Times Information Bank is the first such system that can and will be used by the public at large.

The development of The Times Information Bank meshes neatly with a number of other developments on the expanding edges of electronic technology. When satellite communications systems make the cost of data transmission independent of distance, which may happen soon, the service will become available all over the country. Recent improvements in copying machines make it possible to duplicate hard copy at a distance. One has to be only a little visionary to foresee a day when the vast resources of The Times morgue will be available, complete to copies of the clippings themselves, for the use of newspapermen, college students, legislators and researchers anywhere in America. And one has to be only a little optimistic to believe that better information makes for better debate—and for better decisions.





# THE COVENANT OF WAR

A dispatch from Israeli-occupied "Africa"

ON THE WESTERN SIDE of the Suez Canal, there is a rather sizable patch of desert occupied by Israeli soldiers. On newspaper maps the patch, *pointillé* in gray, looks a little like the scar of an internal wound—its base resting against the Gulf of Suez, its center curled around the Great Bitter Lake, its top touching the spot where the man-made canal meets Lake Maryout near the town and railroad junction of Ismailia. In depth, the patch of desert extends about thirty miles, bringing it to within some forty miles of Cairo at its northwest edge.

To the soldiers of Israel's Defense Forces, this patch of desert is known, proudly and perhaps somewhat contemptuously, as "Africa." It is the high-water mark of Israeli military success in the war of 1973. It is also, according to his political and military admirers, something like the personal property of Maj. Gen. Ariel "Arik" Sharon. Sharon is the commander who led about two hundred tanks and five thousand men between two Egyptian army corps, across the canal just above the Great Bitter Lake, then deployed them out to the west, north, and south, trapping in the process the entire Egyptian Third Army Corps. This achievement, generally conceded to be the most brilliant and daring of the whole war, is also at the center of controversy in Israel.

It is controversial in two senses: first, on the rather petty level of who shall be given the credit, the Israeli Defense Command or Sharon alone; second, and much more important, on the strategic level of what sort of lessons should be drawn from the existence of this piece of territory as Israel considers her political and military options at the end of her fourth war in twenty-five years.

In itself the Israeli bridgehead in "Africa" is nothing. On the morning of November 4, fourteen days after the cease-fire, the land around Sharon's headquarters in Faïd was as desolate a place as man and nature can make on this earth. The few towns and cities along the canal were wretchedly poor, their inhabitants never far

from hunger and disease. I had come there the night before from El Tâsa in the Sinai Desert by helicopter, before that, from Tel Aviv to El Tâsa by Sharon's own automobile, an Alfa Romeo with sirens and a driver. (Sharon and I have known each other for some time.)

The sun had already blown off the harsh cold of the desert night when we met out by the tanks surrounding the trailer that served him as a command post. Sharon's prematurely white hair and seraphic, almost beautiful face are an ironic contrast to his reputation as a warrior who loves his profession. His early life (he is now forty-five) was typical of hundreds of young sabras who grew up on the moshav, the private agricultural settlements of Israel, intending only to be farmers. Instead he joined the Haganah and, in the 1948 War of Independence, he was very seriously wounded at Latrun, escaping with his life only by feigning death on the battlefield. It is said that afterward he vowed never again to be in a losing battle. In any event, his rise in the army was fairly rapid. In 1953, the then chief of staff, Moshe Dayan, called on him to organize the first commando units to retaliate against Arab border attacks. Sharon distinguished himself in hundreds of raids and parachute drops deep into Egypt, Syria, and Jordan. Like Ben-Gurion and Dayan, Sharon has always believed that Israel must carry war into the enemy's territory, and he hasn't abandoned that belief just because Israel's defense perimeter has expanded in successive conflicts. As a field general, he is scornful of textbook strategy—his genius is in quick decisions based on his reading of battlefield situations; he is a commando whose moves are determined by long experience and a quick eye for opportunity. He was the obvious choice to lead the counterattack across Suez and as he went into battle his staff car, characteristically, was stocked with caviar and vodka.

While his rise has been rapid, it has not been easy. Sharon's pride and outspokenness have made him many enemies, and during his long

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Amos  
Perlmutter  
THE  
COVENANT  
OF WAR

military career he has frequently quarreled with his superiors, most recently with former Chief of Staff Haim Bar-Lev and his successor Lt. Gen. David Elazar. In 1969, he went so far as to quit the army in open disgust, returning, however, at Dayan's request a year later. Moreover, although born into a left-wing family, he has drifted steadily right in politics until he has now become one of the leaders of the Likud, the rightist opposition party he helped organize. Nevertheless, he is adored by his soldiers and officers (everywhere I went with him on "his" patch of Egyptian desert, the troops cheered him: "Arik, King of Israel!" "If it weren't for you, we would have been sunk!") and he has earned the respect of at least one former chief of staff, Israel's former Ambassador to Washington, Yitzchak Rabin, who calls him "the greatest field commander in our history."

### Lines of war

ON NOVEMBER 4, HOWEVER, the field commander has no fighting to do, not for now. It is a moment known to many generals in many wars. The sense of triumph has gone, blown away with the smoke of battle by contingencies and powers beyond his control. For each hour and day of fighting, he has been in command, until toward the end he seemed to control time

*General Ariel Sharon flanked by two of his officers.*



itself. The dissipation of that power, the restoration of time to events beyond his control and to wills other than his own, tastes bitter in his mouth. Sitting in his cramped trailer in the desert, he talks of strategy, the war just past and the significance of the great victory he feels was snatched from him by the cease-fire fourteen days before. Though he speaks calmly, his exhortation of those in Israel who would put their hopes in walls of security built in the sand reminds me of the prophet Ezekiel: "Because even because they have seduced my people saying Peace, and there was no peace; and one built up a wall, and, lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar: Say unto them which daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall: there shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall; and a stormy wind shall rend it."

"This war was terribly mismanaged," Sharon told me. "And the most serious damage Israel has suffered is that we have lost our power of deterrence. That's what we have been fighting about for the past twenty-five years—to show the Arabs that no matter what they do we have the means to react decisively and bring about their defeat. This time that did not happen." He speaks softly, almost without emotion—the quality of his voice is like that of a teacher, anxious to be understood so that he can move on to the next point. He does not wait for questions.

"The first two days of the war [October 6 and 7, 1973] were a catastrophe that could have been avoided. We had enough troops and enough contingency plans to prevent the disaster. But the forces were not deployed, despite the intelligence reports that had come in. In my opinion the Arabs never dreamed of winning as much as they did in the first two days, even with surprise on their side. Even getting from the west to the east bank of the canal was an achievement beyond their wildest dreams.

"So the casualties we lost in the first two days were without justification. Now the second phase of the war, the 'Bar-Lev phase' [when Gen. Haim Bar-Lev was brought out of retirement to coordinate the southern front]—well, this was a political appointment. Bar-Lev came to save his own reputation and his concept of defense [the Bar-Lev line]. But he also made a contribution; he brought some order into the command and ended the catastrophe stage.

"Meanwhile, you must remember that I came with my regular troops and my reservists—there was more than a division, and on Sunday morning, the day after the fighting started, we were ready. A line of defense was established preventing the Egyptians from advancing to the crucial junction at El Tasa. The mobilization had been very fast—after twenty-four hours we were ready for war.

"But here the same thing happened that oc-



red in 1956 and even 1967—there was a of self-confidence among some of the senior command and among the political leaders. er the first two days the southern command ame bankrupt, ran out of ideas. I spoke with -Lev, David Elazar, and others at this point. ey had no sense of time, that time was pass- . I said to Yigal Allon on October 19: 'Time orking against us. We won't be able to finish job on time,' and he said to me, 'I was put charge of this problem and I can tell you on highest authority—there is no time prob- a,' and then he repeated it in an arrogant y. 'There is no problem about time.'

'Bar-Lev's strategy assumed that the Egypt- ns wanted to go all the way to Tel Aviv, or at st to the middle of the Sinai, but the Egypt- ns were fighting just as a political strategy. ey weren't going anywhere—they tried to vance exactly once. It lasted two hours; they led and then stayed put. Meanwhile, they re massing huge numbers of troops on the st bank of the canal—Bar-Lev sat there, wait- g for the Egyptians to advance so we could stroy them. But they were not so accommo- ting. I wanted to attack, and Dayan backed . . . .'

"So why didn't you?" I asked.

"You know the Defense Minister. He never poses his will; his problem is he has no feel- g for power. He doesn't know how to impose s will. He advises, and maybe his advice is cepted. . . ."

Sharon goes on, the words this time a little ld from the mouth of a man so politically am- tious. "The problem in Sinai was that the ole command was political. I went to a staff eeting in El Tâsa one time. On my right sits aim Heffer, the poet of the Palmach.\* On the ft is Yehuda Illan [a political protégé of Yigal llon] and next to him Yoram Peri, spokesman the Labor alignment—this was not a military aff meeting, it was a political convention! om the first day of the war, politics has been ore important than military considerations in etermining strategy. When finally they decided was time to cross the canal, everyone was dis- ssing who would do the crossing, which polit- al faction would have the prestige. I said, listen, I am in charge of 15,000 soldiers and must fight with them. But in the end I'll screw ou all. First I will go across the canal and rew the Egyptians, then I will come back and rew you. And you'll *all* have to wear helmets." Sharon has a sore spot on his head where he as recently wounded; he hates being ordered wear his helmet.)

About the crossing operation itself Sharon is ore modest now, although even his enemies

concede it was the most brilliant maneuver of the war, perhaps in all of Israel's military history. I ask him to describe it and he draws me a field map (see map, page 59). In the corner he inscribes, somewhat bitterly: "In the time I have been here, none of the commanders has visited me at the bridgehead, no one from the [southern] command and no one from the general staff, except for the Minister of Defense [Dayan], who comes every day. . . ." He signs it "A. Sharon."

## Lessons

SHARON'S DISPUTES with his fellow officers are now widely known; since the first weeks of the war the daily press in Israel and abroad has covered the "war of the generals" so well that Sharon was pointedly warned not to talk to any reporters. But while the dispute has centered on questions of military strategy, the rift between him and the general staff, and between him and the Labor government, extends to a whole philosophy of defense, indeed to differing notions of the State of Israel itself.

Since 1967, the attention of the Israeli government has been focused on the possibility of a negotiated peace with the Arabs. Immediately following the Six-Day War, there was tremendous optimism in Israel. "We've taken so much territory they will have to negotiate with us now," people said. Even after it became clear that Egypt was in no hurry to get the Sinai back, at least not through negotiations, Israel still pressed the diplomatic offensive: peace feelers, hints about the Israeli "map" for a permanent peace settlement, and so on. Militarily, the Israelis dropped back.

Then, in 1970, the Arabs embarked on a new war of attrition, attempting through constant buildups to force the Israelis to mobilize so often that the present borders would become more of an economic and political burden than they could support. The Israeli response was the "thin line of defense"—a token force on the outskirts of the new territories that could handle any small skirmishes. For the larger ones, Israel would depend on superior intelligence, the Bar-Lev line, and the ability to mobilize all her reserves within a day or two. This strategy—largely the creation of the hero of 1967, Moshe Dayan—was a great success until it was finally tested on Yom Kippur, 1973.

After the war started, Sharon tried to convince the general staff to defend the Bar-Lev line, though he is philosophically opposed to it (and fought bitterly with Bar-Lev in 1969 about the line's construction). He prefers to ignore borders. The only borders between Cairo and Tel Aviv he recognizes are psychological ones. He sees deterrence as the will and ability to

"Israel faces an acceptance of near-constant mobilization, the garrison state, Masada without defeat, but without victory either."

\* The shock platoons of the pre-1948 underground, which Dayan and Rabin—but not Sharon—belonged.

react immediately and decisively to any Arab provocation, anywhere, anytime. Defense forces should be always ready, nearly always in motion, striking and jabbing at the Arab armies. If the Israelis are unwilling to make the necessary sacrifices in manpower, the territories should be given back.

Israel as a whole has been reluctant to accept the logic of this argument. Two or three weeks before the Yom Kippur war, an article by Prof. Y. Harkabi of the University of Jerusalem appeared in the Israeli daily *Maariv*. His point, reiterated in another article published after the war began, was that both the "hawks" and "doves" in Israel had been fooled into focusing all their attention on the possibilities of a peace settlement. The hawks were "tough," demanding that Israel hold on to most or all of the territories occupied in 1967, while the doves were willing to trade land for diplomatic recognition from the Arabs and guarantees of peace. But the Arabs, Harkabi argued, were not interested in any political solution, hawkish or dovish. "Their goal—the destruction of Israel—does not stem from aggressiveness or ill will, but from the nature of their perception of Israel. . . . It is Israel's existence which is the reason for the continuation of the conflict. The solution they propose is, true enough, peace with the Jews, but with the Jews as they were in the past [i.e., stateless]."

Israeli policy before the 1973 war was not based on this grim analysis. Now, however, surveying their policies in the light of the 1973 war, Israelis, whether hostile or not to Sharon, must conclude that their government made serious mistakes in judgment, both political and military, in its post-1967 strategy:

- It was wrong about the Russians. Israel believed the Soviet Union had lowered its aspirations in the Middle East, because of increased Arab resistance to Soviet policy (culminating in Sadat's expulsion of the Russian advisers in Aug. 1972) and because of the growing détente between Russia and the U.S. The expulsion of the Russian advisers was probably an act of straightforward Egyptian pique (and not, as some have claimed, a hoax designed to throw Israel off guard)—but it should not have been overemphasized. The Russians still continued to pour large amounts of weaponry into Egypt and never interrupted friendly relations with other Arab countries. The U.S.S.R. and Iraq even signed a defense treaty in 1972. And the détente was largely through American initiative, which did not change Soviet policy in the Middle East.

- It misread Arab intentions. After the Six-Day War, Israel assumed the Arabs would have to seek a political, rather than a military, solution to their dispute with Israel. Israel countered with a political offensive and proceeded with "de-garrisonization," that is, a reliance on the

thin line of defense, and an attempt to normalize civilian life in Israel.

- It was, lastly, wrong about its ally, the United States. Israel acted as if its alliance with the U.S. was of the Cold War variety, i.e., that the U.S. would match Russian moves in the Middle East point for point. The American failure to rearm Israel to the extent of the Russian rearmament of Egypt after the Six-Day War was perhaps explainable on the basis of Israel's proven military superiority. But even after the start of the 1973 war, America was initially reluctant to send supplies, and made it clear that the only Russian act it would oppose was direct intervention. On the first day of the war Secretary of State Kissinger announced that the U.S. did not feel Russia had acted "unreasonably" in the area. Israel's error was to confuse America's military might with political will power.

After the Egyptian mobilization for the war began, Israel's errors were military. The failure to recognize the importance of the Egyptian buildup was incredible, an error of intelligence in both senses of the word. The Egyptians followed a basically Russian style of attack—reliance on massive manpower over air power, combined with sensitive strategic weapons such as the SAM series of anti-aircraft missiles and the RPG-7 antitank missiles. (The Egyptians fight this way not only because the Russians are advising them but because their pilots are inferior to the Israelis' and would lose in a straight air contest.) For this reason massive troop movements are always a prerequisite to an Egyptian attack; the intelligence reports should have been taken more seriously.

Once the attack began, Israel found herself hampered by the very territories she had relied on to save her. Up to 1967, Israeli military strategy was successful because of rapid internal lines of supply that were dependent on the local civilian population. But there is no Israeli population in Sinai, and only sparse settlements in the Golan Heights; Israel was forced to rely on long lines of supply, maintained externally, and this severely hampered mobility in the first days of the war.

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## Fallacies

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**T**WO CONTRADICTORY ARGUMENTS about the future are being advanced in America, though both see the 1973 war as the beginning of a new era of peace in the Middle East. The first, the "proud people" argument, holds that the principal motive behind Egyptian and Syrian aggressiveness since 1967 has been the reestablishment of Arab pride. "Now that the Arabs have proven to themselves and to the world that they are indeed good fighters capable of inflicting heavy losses on the Israelis,"



is this argument, "their pride has been re-  
red. They are now ready to sit down at the  
ice table and, in exchange for territorial con-  
sions, recognize Israel and end their policy  
hostility to the Jewish state."

The second argument, based on the "resound-  
defeat" theory, holds that the 1973 war has  
ceeded where all previous Arab-Israeli wars  
ve failed—in convincing the Arabs that Is-  
l cannot be defeated and must therefore be  
epted as a fact of life. The Six-Day War  
led to accomplish this precisely because it  
s such a swift and total victory (so this argu-  
ment goes); Arab armies felt cheated of the  
ance to prove themselves and attributed the  
aeli victory solely to the strength of Israel's  
emptive attack. But in 1973, the tables were  
ened—the Arabs had the element of surprise  
their side—and the fact that they still failed  
defeat Israel, and indeed would have suffered  
other humiliating military near-annihilation  
re it not for Kissinger's intervention, should  
nvince them once and for all of Israel's mili-  
ary invincibility.

Both arguments are tragically wrong, and for  
e same reason: an unwillingness to take seri-  
sly the inescapable and oft-stated determina-  
on of the Arab states toward Israel—that it  
ould cease to exist as a state. The first dis-  
isses this declared policy as trivial, arguing  
at once some childish pride has been satis-

fied Arab animosity will disappear. The second  
proposes, only slightly more seriously, that it  
will be abandoned in the face of hard military  
reality. It will not be abandoned, in my view,  
any more now than it was in 1956 or 1967. On  
the contrary, now that Egypt has seen that she  
too can use surprise to her advantage, she will  
try to develop a more imaginative and ambi-  
tious military strategy than the one used in  
1973. In this respect, the Yom Kippur war was  
a defeat for Israel, because it was a psychologi-  
cal victory for her enemies.

For Israel's conflict with her neighbors is  
more psychological than territorial. What is at  
stake is not the Sinai Peninsula or the Golan  
Heights, but the notion, carefully built up since  
1967, that an Arab army could not inflict seri-  
ous damage on Israeli defenses. This was lost  
with the Egyptian crossing of the canal, and  
whatever the subsequent military gains for Is-  
rael, the first two days of the 1973 war consti-  
tuted a psychological victory for continued  
Arab militarism.

Egypt's strategy after 1973 will be precisely  
the same as before—to counter Israeli peace  
proposals by casting Israel as the "aggressor,"  
focusing attention on Israeli occupation of Arab  
lands, but all the while preparing for the next  
attack. The only difference between pre-1973  
and post-1973 conditions is that things are now  
much easier for Egypt: her army has gained



*The drive into "Africa,"  
October 15-16, 1973:  
Sharon's sketch of the  
breakthrough across the  
Suez Canal. At 5:00 P.M.  
on October 15, "Tuvia"  
(for security reasons,  
Israeli officers are re-  
ferred to by their first  
names) attacks the eastern  
front of the Egyptian  
Second Army Corps. One  
hour later, "Amnon" at-  
tacks from the south, pro-  
tecting the crossing-point  
just above the Great Bit-  
ter Lake. Then forces  
under "Dani" and  
"Haim" begin their race  
for the canal. By 1:00  
A.M. on October 16, they  
are on the other side.*

prestige at home and among other Arab countries: the Russians will be more trusting with their most sophisticated weapons; and, most important, the necessity of another try, of one more massive attempt to destroy the Jewish state, has been made obvious by the surprising success of the canal crossing.

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### Time

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**I** LEFT SHARON IN THE DESERT, a Joshua whose trumpet had been stilled by God and Henry Kissinger. Driving to Lod Airport, I asked my cabdriver whom he would like to see as Israel's new prime minister. A veteran of three Arab-Israeli wars, he had taught himself how to maneuver his vehicle with the two artificial legs he had gotten as a result of wounds suffered in the Six-Day War. He turned halfway around in his seat and his response was clear and enthusiastic. "Arik Sharon! Sharon, King of Israel! He will save us!"

Israelis as a whole, however, haven't often elevated their heroes to the height of political power; theirs is a system of parliamentary government and tumultuous party politics that isn't hospitable to men on white horses. Moreover, it is questionable whether sufficient numbers of Sharon's socialist compatriots are yet prepared to swallow his, and the Likud alignment's, pronounced anti-socialist views. But whether Sharon's political career turns out to be MacArthur's or Eisenhower's, there is little doubt that the lessons he has drawn from the Yom Kippur war will contribute a good deal to Israel's political and military strategy.

What makes this conclusion inescapable is Israel's position in the world today. Europe has given up pretense of neutrality in the Arab-Israeli conflict, preferring apparently to confess its bitter dependence on Arab oil. Japan cannot for long maintain its ties with the Jewish state. China chooses to affirm its ideological solidarity with all but the most Neanderthal of the Arab governments. And these last—"radical" and "conservative" alike—demonstrated a novel degree of concert at the recent Arab summit in Algiers, thereby neutralizing a well-established Israeli advantage: chronic intra-Arab bickering. This newfound harmony may (indeed probably will) evaporate in the future, but what will not go away is the obdurate fact that few Arab leaders, whether monarch or praetorian, can feel wholly secure in their domestic power so long as they appear to condone the continued existence of a sovereign Israel.

As for the United States, the people of Israel must now confront a nearly unbearable question: for how long, and under what conditions, can any U.S. administration continue to afford a policy of strong support of their country?

American backing of Israel has traditional been grounded in a number of politically influential segments of the population: American Jews; believing Christians and some intellectuals who perceive a historical responsibility for the Holocaust; the more or less traditional right wing and their professional military ideologists, both of whom admire the Israelis as successful warriors and/or despise the Arabs as undeserving wogs who, incredibly, now seem to have the U.S. at their mercy. Nonetheless, according to polls, the overwhelming majority of Americans seem unwilling to sacrifice very much to preserve the security of Israel, certainly not their blood, and maybe not six degrees on their home thermostats or gas on Sundays.\*

There is no major power whose interests are served by the continued existence of a Jewish state except one—the Soviet Union. While Israel survives, and America continues its moral and material support, few Arab governments will feel free to follow their ideological and/or commercial proclivities and wholeheartedly ally themselves with the United States.

This might be benefit enough to Russia. But there is further profit for Moscow in the wedge that the Middle East conflict continually jams between America and its European allies—no to mention the friction induced among the Common Market partners themselves by their competition for dependable oil supplies.

The fact that only the Soviet Union among the major powers stands to profit by the presence of a Jewish state in the Middle East is hardly cause for joy in Israel, needless to say. For Russia's interest in Israel is an interest in endless conflict. Russia is far from omnipotent in the world, of course; nevertheless it seems likely that her interest in the Middle East will continue to be served.

Such being the likely circumstances of international politics in the years to come, what are Israel's prospects? The answer must be: exceedingly grim. Very broadly, Israel faces two features, two sets of contingencies; but to either one her response must very probably be the same—an acceptance of near-constant mobilization, the garrison state, Masada without defeat, but without victory either.

One future consists of more of the present. Israel and Egypt will, under joint Russian-U.S. pressure, work out some kind of cease-fire line that will dampen overt violence for a time. A broad peace agreement between Israel and her adversaries seems mythical, however. For whatever may be the Israeli will to believe in peace

\* The connection between the Arab boycott and America's energy crisis has been vastly overdrawn. Nonetheless, it is in the interests of both the oil companies, with their enormous PR capabilities, and President Nixon, with his, to keep that connection very strongly in the forefront of the American imagination.



security, the experience of Yom Kippur runs the other way—to a settled belief in Arab determination to destroy them as a foreign people. And whatever may be theifiable longing for respite among some Arabers, their experience of Ramadan 1973 also runs the other way—to the firm determination that they must, and can, drive Israel from Arab soil, if not tomorrow, then twenty-five, or thirty years from tomorrow.\*

Under these circumstances, then, the prospect of a war of attrition at a high level of intensity. Russia and the U.S. will continue to supply their respective clients with arms sufficient to keep their eyes, not the clients' to balance military gains by either side. Over the course of time, the number of casualties and the psychological and economic costs of endless mobilization may weigh increasingly on the Israeli political system until the political price of a devastating preemptive strike on her enemies will no longer seem too much to pay. I am speculating here, of course, but it seems to me necessary that everyone concerned about the tragedy in the Middle East consider the unpleasant possibilities inherent in the conflict there.

Speculatively, one can readily conceive of a situation similar to the one that existed before the last war. Except that now the newly confident Egyptians will—even if slowly and intermittently—crank up the war of attrition to a point, say, of three or four hundred Israeli casualties per year\*\* and severe economic hardship at home. At that point, the Israeli leadership may very well come to feel that a loss of even 1,000 men in a massive attack would not be too high a price for the destruction of Egypt as a political and economic entity. What would happen then is rather less predictable. One possibility has to be an immediate Soviet invasion. This might be followed by a full-scale U.S.-Russian confrontation, narrowly averted this time, (at best) a United Nations-enforced disarmament of Israel and a reduction of her frontiers to those of 1948.

It is also possible to conceive of a situation in which America's restraining hand on Israel's defense policy combines with Arab provocations to the extent that Israel begins to feel her very existence intolerably threatened. At that point, her leaders might have to consider "bringing the war home" to her ally by, for example, a

commando raid to set fire to a substantial oil field in Saudi Arabia or Libya. More desperate still, she could seek to manipulate events in such a way as to bring the U.S. and the Soviet Union into an unresolvable conflict. Henry Kissinger has only recently been quoted (by Muhammad Hasanin Heikl†) as saying that the U.S. will never permit American arms to be defeated by Russian arms, even if the former are wielded by Israelis, the latter by Egyptians.

Endless warfare is only slightly less probable under the second set of contingencies the Israelis face in the years to come. These consist of a peace treaty between Israel and her Arab enemies—not the mythical voluntary treaty, but one that is imposed and guaranteed by the U.S. and the Soviet Union. It seems unlikely, however, that any peace treaty can make Israel secure enough to permit her to let down her guard. For no peace treaty that confers an enduring legitimacy to a Jewish state should be considered binding on most (if any) of the Arab states that sign it. The Arabs have made no secret of their attitude toward Israel. They do not, perhaps cannot, recognize its existence—not just its existence as a state, but the mere presence of the Israeli people on Arab soil. Their presence is not simply a thorn in the Arab side; it is a profound metaphysical wound to the Arabs' sense of themselves as a people. This attitude may change in time, but probably not before every Arab is dead who can remember a period when Israel was not established in Zion. In the meantime, that attitude must be assumed as a fact of life by every Israeli government that takes seriously its responsibility to protect the well-being of its people.

Thus an imposed peace will mean no peace for Israel. The garrison will remain mobilized, the people always aroused for war, their leaders and diplomats constantly seeking reassurances from an America increasingly bored with other nation's problems. Israel throughout her history has fought only for time—even as time, tragically, has brought her only more fighting. Until recently, as Arik Sharon knows, Israel has managed to hold that paradox in bearable tension. She has done so *militarily*, by making hours count more than days, days more than years. And she will have to do so for many hours and years to come. How long? How long can a people wait for the fulfillment of Ezekiel's old promise to the soil which is the occasion of so much bloodshed: "I will settle you after your old estates, and will do better unto you than at your beginning. . . . Yea, I will cause men to walk upon you, even my people Israel; and they shall possess thee, and thou shalt be their inheritance, and thou shalt no more henceforth bereave them of men." □

\* What I have said about the sorry performance of Arab soldiers in last autumn's war needs one important qualification. Arab soldiers and junior-to-middle-ranking officers fought with considerably more skill and courage than in the past; they were let down by their field commanders. The memory of these early days of victory will be tonic for the soldiers and their immediate superiors.

\*\* Multiply by 100 to get a sense of the equivalent impact on the American public.

† The editor of *Al-Ahram*, Cairo's leading newspaper.





man to hold himself in  
he goes up on a bridge, we  
Kelly tools to pry out  
ed people, we give oxygen. . . ."

ity to 75 percent of our calls  
or oxygen. I had people that  
pronounced DOA by a doctor  
ad on arrival. We have  
citated them. One man  
for eight hours after I had  
ght him back. The doctor  
flabbergasted. He had written  
rs on it and thought we  
the greatest rescue team in  
York City. We give oxygen  
the arrival of the ambulance.  
t of the time, we beat the  
ulance.

e set up a net for jumpers.  
caught a person jumping from  
ty-three stories in Manhattan.  
usta looked like a postage stamp  
im. We caught a girl from a  
school, four stories high. If it  
s one life, it's worth it, this net.  
young man was out on a ledge  
a six-story building. He was a  
tial patient. We try to get a close  
ad to talk to him, a girlfriend,  
riest, a guy from the old baseball  
n. Then you start talkin' to  
i. You talk to him as long as  
can. A lot of times they kid  
laugh with you, until you get too  
e. Then they tell you, "Stop  
at where you are or I'll jump."  
i try to be his friend. Sometimes  
i take off the police shirt to make  
i believe you're just a citizen. A  
of people don't like the uniform.  
You straddle the wall. You use  
Morrissey belt, tie it around with a  
e your partner holds. Sometimes  
i jump from a ledge and come  
ht up in front of the jumper  
trap him. But a lot of times they'll  
np if they spot you. You try to be  
cautious as possible. It's a life . . .  
Sometimes you have eleven jobs  
one night. I had to shoot a  
ious dog in the street. The kids  
uld curse me for doin' it. The  
g was foaming at the mouth and  
apping at everybody. We came  
hind him and put three bullets  
his head. You want to get the  
ds outa there. He sees the cop  
ooting a dog, he's not gonna  
e the cop.

We get some terrible collisions.  
ie cars are absolutely like

accordions. The first week we had  
a head-on collision on a parkway.  
I was just passing by when it  
happened and we jumped out. These  
were parents in there and a girl  
and a boy about six years old. I  
carried the girl out. She had  
no face. Then we carried out the  
parents. The father had lived  
until we jacked him out and he  
collapsed. The whole family  
was DOA. It happens twenty-four  
hours a day. If Emergency's gonna  
be like this, I'd rather go back  
to Bedford-Stuyvesant.

The next day I read in the papers  
they were both boys, but had  
mod haircuts. You look across  
the breakfast table and see your  
son. My wife plenty times asked  
me, "How can you do that? How  
can you go under a train with a  
person that's severed the legs off,  
come home and eat breakfast, and  
feel . . .?" That's what I'm waiting  
for: when I can go home and not  
feel anything for my family.  
See, I have to feel.

A patrolman will call you for a  
guy that's been dead for a month.  
He hanged himself. I'm cuttin'

him down. You're dancing to get  
out of the way of the maggots.  
I caught myself dancing in the  
middle of the living room, trying  
to get a ring off a guy that had  
been dead for a month, while the  
maggots are jumping all over my  
pants. I just put the damn pants  
on, dry-cleaned. I go back to the  
precinct and still itch and jump  
in the shower.

And to go under a train and the  
guy sealed his body to the wheel,  
because of the heat from the third  
rail. And you know you're gonna  
drop him into the bag. A sixteen-  
year-old kid gets his hand caught  
in a meat grinder. His hand was  
comin' out in front. And he asks us  
not to tell his mother. A surgeon  
pukes on the job and tells you to do it.

One time we had a guy trapped  
between the platform and the train.  
His body was below, his head was  
above. He was talking to the doctor.  
He had a couple of kids home. In  
order to get him out we had to use  
a Z bar, to jack the train away  
from the platform. The doctor  
said: "The minute you jack this  
train away from the platform, he's



Mark Haven

gonna go." He was talkin' and smokin' with us for about fifteen minutes. The minute we jacked, he was gone (snaps fingers). I couldn't believe I could snuff out life, just like that. We just jacked this thing away and his life. And to give him a cigarette before it happened was even worse.

I'm afraid that after seein' so much of this I can come home and hear my kid in pain and not feel for him. So far it hasn't happened. I hope to God it never happens. I hope to God I always feel. When my grandmother passed away a couple of months ago, I didn't feel anything. I wondered, gee, is it happening to me?

One time a guy had shot up a cop in the hospital and threw the cop down the stairs and his wheel chair on top of him. He escaped with a bullet in him. He held up a tenement in Brownsville. They called us down at three o'clock in the morning, with bulletproof vest and shotguns. I said to myself, "This is something out of the movies." The captain had a blackboard. There's eight of us and he gave each of us a job: two cover the backyard, you three cover the front, you three will have to secure the roof.

This guy wasn't gonna be taken alive. Frank and me were the assault team to secure the roof. We're loaded with shotguns and we're gonna sneak in there. We met at four o'clock in the morning. We're goin' up the back stairs. On the first stairway there was a German shepherd dog outside the doorway. The dog cowered in the corner, thank God. We went up three more stories. We secured the roof.

We could hear them assaulting in each apartment, trying to flush the guy out. He fled to the fire escape. As he was comin' up, we told him to freeze, Tony, it was all over. He started to go back down. We radioed Team One in the backyard. We heard shots. The rooftops had actually lit up.

Assault man had fired twenty-seven bullets into this guy and he recovered. He's still standing trial, from what I heard. This was one of the jobs I felt, when

I was goin' up the stairs, should I give my wife a call? I felt like I had to call her.

If a perpetrator's in a building you either talk to him or contain him or flush him out with tear gas rather than run in and shoot. They feel a life is more important than anything else. Most cops feel this, yes.

I went on the prison riots we had in the Tombs. I was the first one on the scene, where we had to burn the gates out of the prison where the prisoners had boarded up the gates with chairs and furniture. We had to use acetylene torches. My wife knew I was in on it. I was on the front page. They had me with a shotgun and the bulletproof vest and all the ammunition, waiting to go into the prison.

I wonder to myself. Is death a challenge? Is it something I want to pursue or get away from? I'm there and I don't have to be. I want to be. You have chances of being killed yourself. I've come so close...

I went on a job two weeks ago. A nineteen-year-old, he just got back from Vietnam on a medical discharge. He had ransacked his parents' house. He broke all the windows, kicked in the color television set, and hid upstairs with a homemade spear and two butcher knives in one hand. He had cut up his father's face.

We were called down to go in and get this kid. He tore the bannister up and used every pole for a weapon. We had put gas masks on. All the cops was there, with sticks and everything. They couldn't get near him. He kept throwing down these iron ashtrays. I went up two steps and he was cocking this spear. We cleared out all the policemen. They just wanted Emergency, us.

If you wait long enough he'll come out. We had everybody talk to him, his mother. He didn't come out. The sergeant gave orders to fire tear gas. I could hear it go in the windows. I went up a little further and I seen this nozzle come out of his face. I said, "Sarge, he's got a gas mask on." We fired something like sixteen cannisters in the apartment. When he went back to close one of the doors, I lunged

upstairs. I'm very agile. I hit him in the face and his mask went flyin' I grabbed his spear and gave him a bear hug. He just didn't put up any resistance. It was all over.

The patrol force rushed in. They were so anxious to get this guy, they were tearing at me. I was tellin' him, "Hey, fella, you got my leg. We got him, it's all over." They pulled my gas mask off. Now the party starts. This was the guy who was agitating them for hours. "You bum, we got you." They dragged him down the stairs and put him in a body bag. It's like a straitjacket.

When we had him face down a patrolman grabbed him by the hair and slammed his face into the ground. I grabbed his wrist. "Hey, that's not necessary. The guy's handcuffed, he's secure." I brushed the kid's hair out of his eyes. He had mod long hair. My kid has mod hair. The guy says, "What's the matter with you?" I said, "Knock it off, you're not gonna slam the kid."

The neighbors congratulated me because the kid didn't get a scratch on him. I read in the paper, patrolman So-and-so moved in to make the arrest after a preliminary rush by the Emergency Service. Patrolman So-and-so is the same one who slammed the kid's face in the ground.

I'm gonna get him tonight. I'm gonna ask if he's writing in for a commendation. I'm gonna tell him to withdraw it. Because I'm gonna be a witness against him. The lieutenant recommended giving me day off. I told my sergeant the night before last the lieutenant can have his day off and shove his up his ass.

A lot of the barricade snipers are Vietnam veterans. Oh, the war plays a role. A lot of 'em go in the Army because it's a better deal. They can eat, they can get an income, they get room and board. They take a lot of shit from the upper class and they don't have to take it in the service.

It sounds like a fairy tale to the guys at the bar, in one ear and out the other. After a rough tour, a guy's dead, shot, people stabbed, you go into a bar where the guys work on Wall Street, margin





## The Bloodhound.

What's red, has Smirnoff in it and is served in a tall glass? Think you know? Suppose we add it's easy to make and it has a nut-like taste instead of a spicy one? Still confident?

Well, even we were fooled when somebody served us what appeared to be a Bloody Mary but turned out to be a nifty new drink. It's made with Smirnoff, tomato juice and a little dry sherry. We're calling it the Bloodhound. So nobody gets fooled.

To make a **Bloodhound**, pour 1½ ozs. of Smirnoff into a glass with ice. Add 3 ozs. tomato juice and ½ oz. or so of dry sherry.

**Smirnoff**  
leaves you breathless®



clerks: "How ya doin'?" What's new?" You say, "You wouldn't understand." They couldn't comprehend what I did just last night. With my wife, sometimes I come home after twelve and she knows somethin's up. She waits up. "What happened?" Sometimes I'm shaking, trembling. I tell her; "We had a guy . . ." (sighs). I feel better and I go to bed. I can sleep.

I notice since I been in Emergency she says, "Be careful." I hate that, because I feel jinxed. Every time she says, "Be careful," a big job comes up. I feel, shit, why did she say that? I hope she doesn't say it. She'll say, "I'll see you in the morning. Be careful." Ooooh!

Bad accidents, where I've held guys' skulls . . . I'm getting used to it, because there are younger guys comin' into Emergency and I feel I have to be the one to take charge. 'Cause I seen a retired guy come back and go on a bad job, like the kid that drowned and we pulled him out with hooks. I'm lookin' to him for help and I see him foldin'. I don't want that to happen to me. When you're workin' with a guy that has eighteen years and he gets sick, who else you gonna look up to?

Floater, a guy that drowns and eventually comes up. Two weeks ago, we pulled this kid out. You look at him with the hook in the eye. You're holdin' in because your partner's holdin' in. I pulled a kid out of the pond, drowned. A woman asked me, "What color was he?" I said, "Miss, he's ten years old." What difference does it make what color he was? "Well, you pulled him out, you should know." I just walked away from her.

Emergency's got a waiting list of 3,000. I have one of the highest ratings. I do have status, especially with the young guys. When a guy says, "Bob, if they change the chart, could I ride with you?" that makes me feel great.

I feel like I'm helpin' people. When you come into a crowd, and a guy's been hit by a car, they call you. Ambulance is standing there dumbfounded, and the people are, too. When you give orders to tell this one to get a blanket, this one to get a telephone book, so I can splint a leg, and

wrap it with my own belt off my gun, that looks good in front of the public. They say, "Gee, who are these guys?"

Last week we responded to a baby in convulsions. We got there in two minutes. The guy barely hung up the phone. I put my finger down the baby's throat and pulled the tongue back. Put the baby upside down, held him in the radio car. I could feel the heat from the baby's mouth on my knuckles. At the hospital the father wanted to know who was the guy in the car. I gave the baby to the nurse. She said, "He's all right." I said, "Good." The father was in tears and I wanted to get the hell out of there.

This morning I read the paper about that cop that was shot up. His six-year-old son wrote a letter: "Hope you get better, dad." My wife was fixin' breakfast. I said, "Did you read the paper, hon?" She says, "Not yet." "Did you read the letter this cop's son sent to his father when he was in the hospital?" She says no. "Well, he's dead now." So I read the part of it and I started to choke. I say,

"What the hell . . ." I dropped the paper just to get my attention away. I divided my attention to my son that was in the swing. What the hell. All the shit I seen and did and I gotta read a letter . . . But it made me feel like I'm still maybe a while away from feeling like I have no feeling left. I knew I still had feelings left. I still have quite a few jobs to go.

## The fireman

*He has been a fireman for two years. For the preceding four years he was a member of the police force. He is thirty-two, married. "It's terrific for a guy that just got out of high school with a general diploma. I don't even know English. My wife is Spanish, she knows syllables, verbs, where to put the period. I wish I was a lawyer. Shit, I wish I was a doctor. But I just didn't have it. You gotta have the smarts."*

*"There was seven of us. Three brothers, myself, and my sister, mother, and father. It was a railroad*





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*flat. Me and my brother used to sleep in bunk beds until we were twenty-seven years old. And they're supposed to be for kids, right?"*

*He owns his own house and can't get over the wonder of it, mortgage or not. A backyard "like a piece of country back there. It smells like Jersey. We have barbecues, drink beer, the neighbors are good.*

*"Twenty years ago it was all Irish, Italian, Polish. I went in the Army in '62 and everybody was moving out to Long Island. There's a lot of Puerto Ricans now. They say the spics are movin' in, the blacks are movin' in. They're good people. They don't bother me and I don't bother them. I think I'm worse than them. Sometimes I come home four in the morning, piss in the street. I think they might sign a petition to get me out."*

I got out of the Army in '64. I took the test for transit police, housing police, and city police. It's the same test. It was in March '66, when I got called. For the first six months you just bounce around different housing projects. I got called for the housing police.

I was engaged to this other girl and her father was mad that I didn't take the city police, because I could make more money on the side. He said I was a dope. He said, "What are you gonna get in the housing projects? The people there don't pay you off." I said, "The money they give me as a cop is good enough." Most of the people around here don't go on to be doctors or lawyers. The thing to get is a city job, because it's security.

I worked in Harlem and East Harlem for three years. There was ten, eleven cops, and they were all black guys. I was the only white cop. When they saw me come into the office they started laughin'. "What are they sendin' you here for? You're fuckin' dead." They told me to get a helmet and hide.

This one project, there were Five Percenters. That's a hate gang. They believed that 70 percent of the black population are Uncle Toms, 25 percent are alcoholics, and 5 percent are the elite. These guys'll kill ya in a minute.

This project was twenty-five buildings, thirteen stories each. It was like a city. I remember the first night I got there, July 4. It was 105 degrees out. I had come in for the midnight-to-eight tour. I had an uncle that was a regular city cop. He called me up the night before and he said they expected a riot in this project. He said the cops had helicopters going around above the people and a lot of cops in plain clothes and cars. He was worried about me: "Be careful."

The thing is, you gotta like people. If you like people you have a good time with 'em. But if you have the attitude that people are the cause of what's wrong with this country, they're gonna get you upset and you're gonna start to hate 'em and when you hate, you get a feeling in your stomach that can destroy you, right?

I couldn't wait to go to work because I felt at ease with these people. Sometimes I'd look in the mirror and I'd see this hat and I couldn't believe it was me in this uniform. Somebody'd say, "Officer, officer." I'd have to think, oh, yeah, that's me. I wouldn't really know I was a cop. To me it was standin' on the corner in my own neighborhood. Poor. I'd see drunks that are like my father.

One project I worked out of, I made nineteen arrests in one year, which was tops. I didn't go out lookin' to make 'em, I ran into 'em. If you run into a person that's robbin' another person, man, that's wrong! My mind was easy. I just figured if a guy was drunk or a guy's makin' out with a girl, it shouldn't be a crime.

I made all these arrests and they transferred me out. I didn't want to leave.

I wasn't against Harlem, but there was no people. It was a new project. I was just there to watch the Frigidaires. I was a watchman. Then they transferred me to Canarsie. Middle-income white. And all these bullshit complaints. "Somebody's on my grass." "I hear a noise in the elevator." Up in Harlem, they'll complain maybe they saw a dead guy in the elevator.

I was with a cop, Vince, when a kid came around, a Puerto Rican

seventeen years old, walkin' with his girl. They all knew me. He says, "Hi, baby," and he slapped my hand like that. "How you doin', man?" Vince said, "What ya lettin' the kid talk to you like that for?" I said, "This is the way they talk, this is their language. They ain't meanin' to be offensive. He says to the kid, "Hey, fucko, come over here." He grabbed him by the shirt. He said, "You, talk mister, sir, to this cop." He flung the kid down the ramp. We had a little police room. The girl started crying. I went down after this Vince, I said, "What're you doin' You lock that kid up, I'm against you. That kid's a good friend of mine, you're wrong." He said, "I'm not gonna lock him up, I'm just gonna scare him. You gotta teach people. You gotta keep 'em down."

Just about that time, twenty kid start poundin' on the door. The kid's brother was there and his friends. We're gonna get a riot. And the kid didn't do anything. He was just walkin' with his girl.


The more arrests you make, the got the assumption you're a better cop, which is not right. They put pressure on me to make arrests. You gotta get out and you gotta shanghai people because you got the sergeant on your back. It come down to either you or the next guy. You got a family and you get everybody fuckin' everybody. It's crazy, know what I mean?

The project I worked in in East Harlem, you grab a kid doin' wrong—"Come here, you." That's it. He don't argue. But the middle income the kid'll lie to you. He won't tell you his right name. His father is a fireman or a cop. He tells his son, "Don't give any information." They know the law better.

I didn't want to be a cop. Money comes into it. I was twenty-six and I worked in the post office and I wasn't makin' money, \$2.18 an hour. I was young and I wanted to go out with the girls, and I wanted to go down to the Jersey shore, I wanted to buy a car, I just got out of the Army. That's why I took it.

Know why I switched to fireman? I liked people, but sometimes I'd feel hate comin' into me. I hated it, to get like that. I caught these three





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we're consumer owned



guys drinkin' wine, three young Spanish guys. I said, "Fellas, if you're gonna drink, do it in some apartment." 'Cause they were spillin' the wine and they'd piss right in front of the house, in the lobby. I came back in a half hour and they had another bottle out. They were pissin' around. I'm sayin' to myself, "I'm tryin' to be nice." I walked over. There was two guys facin' me and one guy had his back to me. So he says, "What's that mick breakin' our balls for?" He's callin' me a mick. He's changing roles, you know? He's acting like they say a cop does. So I said, "You fuckin' spic." I took the nightstick and swung it hard to hit him in the head. He ducked and it hit the pillar. He turned white and they all took off. It scared me that I could get this hatred so fast. I was fuckin' shakin'.

A few times I pulled my gun on guys. One time I went to the roof of this project and there's this big black guy about six-seven on top of the stairs. He had his back to me. I said, "Hey, fella, turn around." He said, "Yeah, wait a minute, man." His elbows were movin' around his belt. I was halfway up. I said, "Turn around, put your hands up against the wall." He said, "Yeah, yeah, wait a minute." It dawned on me he had a gun caught in his belt and he was tryin' to take it out. I said, "Holy shit." So I took my gun and said, "You bastard, I'm gonna shoot." He threw his hands against the wall, and there was a girl standin' in the corner, which I couldn't see. He'd been tryin' to zip up his fly! Maybe a lot of guys might have killed him. I said, "Holy shit, I coulda killed ya." He started shaking, and my gun in my hand was shaking like a bastard. I said—I musta been cryin'—I said, "Just get the hell outa here, don't..."

I took the Fire Department test in '68 and got called in '70. I always wanted to be a fireman. My brother was a fireman eleven years. I like everybody workin' together. You chip in for a meal together. One guy goes to the store, one guy cooks, one guy washes the dishes. A common goal. We got a lieutenant there, he says the Fire Department is the closest

thing to socialism there is.

The officer is the first one into the fire. When you get to captain or lieutenant, you got more work, not less. That's why I look up to these guys. We go to a fire, the lieutenant is the first one in. If he leaves, he takes you out. One lieutenant I know got heart trouble. When he takes a beatin' at a fire he should go down to the hospital and get oxygen or go on sick. He don't want to go on sick. I used to go into a fire, it was dark and I'd feel a leg and I'd look up and see the lieutenant standing there in the fire and smoke takin' beatings.

When I was in the Army, I didn't respect the officers because the men did all the work. That goes for the Police Department, too. Cops get killed. You never see a lieutenant get shot. Ten battalion chiefs got killed in fires in the last ten years in the city. The last three guys in the Fire Department that got killed were lieutenants. 'Cause they're the first ones in there. I respect that. I want to respect an officer. I want to see somebody higher up that I can follow.

When you get smoke in your lungs, these guys are spittin' out this shit for two days. A fireman's life is nine years shorter than the average working man's. Because of the beating they take on their lungs and their heart. More hazardous than a coal miner. The guy don't think nothing's wrong with him. You don't think until you get an X ray and your name's on it. We got this lieutenant and when he takes a beating he can't go to a hospital because they'll find something wrong with him.

There's more firemen get killed than cops, five to one. Yet there's only one third of the amount of men on the job. We get the same pay as policemen. These politicians start to put a split between the departments. I'd like to take some of these politicians right into the fire and put their head in the smoke and hold it there. They wouldn't believe it. They don't give a shit for the people. Just because they wave the flag, they think they're the greatest.

The first fire I went to was a ship fire. I jumped off the engine,

my legs got weak. I nearly fell to the ground, shakin', right? It was the first and only time I got nerves. But we have to go in there. It's thrilling and it's scary. Like three o'clock in the morning. I was in the ladder company, it's one of the busiest in the city, like 6,000 runs a year. The sky is lit up with an orange. You get back to the firehouse, you're up there, talkin', talkin' about it.

I was in a fire one night, we had an all-hands. An all-hands is you got a workin' fire and you're the first in there, and the first guy in there is gonna take the worst beating. You got the nozzle, the hose, you're takin' a beating. If another company comes up behind you, you don't give up that nozzle. It's pride. To put out the fire. We go over there with oxygen and tell the guy, "Get out, get oxygen." They won't leave. I think guys want to be heroes. You can't be a hero on Wall Street.

You get a fire at two, three in the morning. The lights go on, you get up. I yelled, "Jesus, whatsa matter?" It dawned on me: where else could we be goin'? All the lights goin' on and it's dark. It's exciting. Guys are yellin', "Come on, we go. First due." That means you gotta be the first engine company there. You really gotta move. It's pride. You gotta show you're the best. But what they're fightin' over is good. What they're fightin' over is savin' lives.

You go in there and it's dark. All of a sudden smoke's pourin' out the goddamn building. It's really fast. Everybody's got their assignments. A guy hooks up a hydrant. A guy on the nozzle, I'm on the nozzle. A guy's up to back me up. A guy's puttin' a Scott air pack on. It's a breathing apparatus. It lasts twenty minutes.

Two weeks ago we pulled up to this housing project. On the eighth floor the flames were leaping out the window. We jumped out, your damn heart jumps. We ran into the elevator. Four of us, we rolled up the hose, each guy had fifty feet. We got off on the seventh floor the floor below the fire. We get on the staircase and hook into the standpipe. The guys were screamin' for water and smoke was backin'



# **Waste Watcher Israel Proler — he collects steel cans by the millions**

Israel Proler is one of America's new breed of waste watchers. The chairman of Texas-based Proler International Corp., he is concerned about America's environmental shape. And he is doing something about it by reclaiming everything from junked autos to used tin cans.

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Israel Proler is on the prowl for used steel cans which can be economically handled by his plants. The nation's copper mines can use an estimated 10-billion annually.

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If you would like to know more about "waste watching," write to: Tinsplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute, 150 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.



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up. You're supposed to have a wheel to turn on the water and the wheel was missin'! Somebody stole it in the project. You get these junkies, they steal brass, anything. They steal the shittin' life. A guy with a truck company came with a claw tool and the water came shootin' out.

They started yellin' for a Scott. It weighs about thirty pounds, got the face mask and cylinder. I couldn't get the damn thing tight. There's three straps, I tied one. They need me upstairs. This is it. One guy's layin' on the floor and I'm crawlin', feeling along the hose. The second company comes in with Scotts on. One guy's got his face piece knocked to the side, so he's gotta get out because the smoke is gettin' him. The other guy yells, "Give me the nozzle." It started whippin' around, fifty, sixty pounds of pressure. Knocked my helmet off. I grabbed the nozzle. I looked up and saw this orange glow. I start hittin' it. The damn thing wouldn't go out. It was a damn light bulb (laughs). A bulb in the bathroom.

I felt this tremendous heat to my left. I turn around and this whole damn room was orange, yellow. You can't see clear through the plastic face piece. You can just see orange and feel the heat. So I open up with this nozzle to bank back the smoke. The guys came in and ventilated, knocked out the windows. A seven-room apartment, with six beds and a crib. That's how many kids were living there. Nobody was hurt, they all got out.

There was a lot of smoke. When you have two minutes left on the Scott, a bell starts ringin'. It means get out, you got no oxygen. The thing I don't like about it, with the piece on your face, you feel confined. But as I went to more fires, I loved the thing because I know that thing's life. Ninety percent of the people die from smoke inhalation, not from burns.

You got oxygen. It's beautiful, but you can't see. It's a shitty feeling when you can't see. Sometimes a Scott's bad because it gives you a false sense of security. You go into a room where you're not supposed to be. You'd be walkin' into a

pizzeria oven and you wouldn't know it. You can't see, you feel your way with the hose. You straddle the hose as you get out. You gotta talk to yourself. Your mind's actually talkin'. I'm sayin' things like, "It's beautiful, I can breathe, the fire's over."

When you're with the police, it wasn't real. I heard guys makin' arrests, they found a gun in the apartment. In the paper they say the guy fought with the guy over the gun. When you know the truth, the story's bullshit. But in the fire department there's no bullshit. You gotta get into that fire. To be able to save somebody's life.

About two years ago a young girl ran to the firehouse. She's yellin' that her father had a heart attack. The guy was layin' in the kitchen, right? He pissed in his pants. That's a sign of death. The fella was layin' there with his eyes open. Angie pushes the guy three times in the chest, 'cause you gotta shock his heart. The son was standin' in the room, just starin' down. I got down on his mouth. You keep goin' and goin' and the guy threw up. You clean out his mouth. I was on a few minutes and then Ed Corrigan jumped on the guy's mouth. The captain bent down and said, "The guy's dead. Keep goin' for the family." We took over ten minutes, but it was a dead man. The son looked down at me and I looked up. He said: "Man, you tried everything. You tried." You know what I mean? I was proud of myself. I would get on a stranger, on his mouth. It's a great feeling.

We had this fire down the block. A Puerto Rican social club. The captain, the lieutenant, and the other firemen took the ladder up and saved two people. But downstairs, there was a guy tryin' to get out of the door. They had bolts on the door. He was burnt dead. Know what the lieutenant said? "We lost a guy, we lost a guy." I said, "You saved two people. How would you know at six in the morning a guy's in the social club sleeping on a pool table?" He said, "Yeah, but we lost a guy." And the lieutenant's a conservative guy.

You get guys that talk about niggers, spics, and they're the

first guys into the fire to save 'em. Of course we got guys with long hair and beards. One guy's an artist. His brother got killed in Vietnam, that's why he's against the war. And the guys are all super firemen. It's you that takes the beating and you won't give up. Everybody dies. . . .

My wife sees television, guys get killed. She tells me, "Be careful." Sometimes she'll call up the firehouse, I tell her we had a bad job, sometimes I don't. They got a saying in the firehouse, "Tonight could be the night." But nobody thinks of dying. You can't take it seriously, because you'd get sick. We had some fires, I said, "We're not gettin' out of this." Like I say, everybody dies.

A lotta guys wanna be firemen. It's like kids. Guys forty years old are kids. They try to be a hard guy. There's no big thing when you leave boyhood for manhood. It seems like I talked the same at fifteen as I talk now. Everybody's still a kid. They just lose their hair or they don't fuck that much.

I think you perform with people lookin' at you. You're in the limelight. You're out there with the people and kids. Kids wave at you. When I was a kid, we waved at firemen. It's like a place in the sun.

Last month, there was a second alarm. I was off duty. I ran over there. Now I'm a bystander. I see these firemen on the roof, with the smoke pouring out around them, and the flames, and they go in. It fascinated me. Jesus Christ, that's what I do! I was fascinated by the people's faces. You could see the pride that they were seein'. The fuckin' world's so fucked up, the country's fucked up. But the firemen, you actually see them produce. You see them put out a fire. You see them come out with babies in their hands. You see them give mouth-to-mouth when a guy's dying. You can't get around that shit. That's real. To me, that's what I want to be.

I worked in a bank. You know, it's just paper. It's not real. Nine to five and it's shit. You're lookin' at numbers. But I can look back and say, "I helped put out a fire. I helped save somebody." It shows something I did on this earth. □



# 10 QUESTIONS THAT WINE EXPERTS ASK EACH OTHER.

Wine is an endlessly fascinating subject.

And people who really develop an interest in wine can spend hours discussing, debating, and drinking it on into the night.

We've set down 10 of the most interesting questions and answers we've heard in our 94 years of making fine wine. Try them on yourself and your friends and see where you come out.

## 1. WHAT DO RABBITS HAVE TO DO WITH THE MAKING OF SHERRY?

In Spain in the 1800's, it was customary to put rabbit carcasses in casks full of sherry in order to enrich the alcohol. Fortunately, for rabbit lovers as well as rabbits, this practice was discontinued around the turn of the 20th Century.



## 2. WHAT IS THE LARGEST WINE BOTTLE COMMERCIALY AVAILABLE?

The Jeroboam, also known as the double magnum, is the largest bottle of wine available for sale to the public. It contains 5 bottles of wine (a bottle being about 1 1/2 pints). There have been larger bottles of wine sold in the past, but they are no longer in general distribution. They are the Rehoboam, 6 bottles; Methuselah, 8 bottles; Salmanazar, 12 bottles; Balthazar, 16 bottles; and last but not least, the Nebuchadnezzar, containing 20 bottles of wine.

## 3. WHAT IS A "FORMAL MESS"?

During the reign of the British Empire, an affair at which military officers gathered together in formal dress for the sole purpose of toasting was called a "formal mess." Each man had a bottle of wine before him. One officer would rise and say, "I propose a toast to the Queen of England. Gentlemen, charge your glasses." Everyone stood up, charged his glass, put away another glass of wine, and sat down. This procedure continued on down through the hierarchy of the entire British Empire. By the time they came to the Governor of Rhodesia the wine was gone.

And so were the officers.

## 4. HOW DID COLORED WINE GLASSES COME INTO USE?

Wine glasses tinted red, blue and green were introduced in the Victorian age in order to mask the large amount of sediment present in wines at that time. Better bottling techniques have been developed since then, and tinted glasses have become a thing of the past.

## 5. WHO INVENTED CHAMPAGNE?

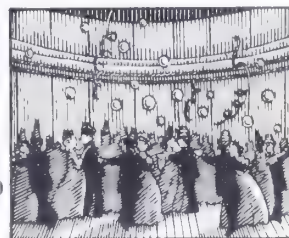
When Dom Perignon first tasted his luscious creation in 1705, he said, "Come quickly, I am drinking stars." He is also credited with the invention of the cork.

## 6. WHAT WAS THE BIGGEST PARTY EVER THROWN IN A WINE VAT?

Back in 1897, Italian Swiss Colony of Asti, California decided they needed a wine vat.

Since they were already a very big winery,

they didn't mess around. They built a vat capable of holding 500,000 gallons of wine, which was at that time the world's largest wine vat, underground or not. In order to celebrate the event, they threw a party in the vat. It was large enough to hold a 15 piece military band, and 100 couples who danced and drank for 2 days and 3 nights.



## 7. IS IT TRUE THAT THE BIGGER THE BOTTLE, THE BETTER THE WINE?

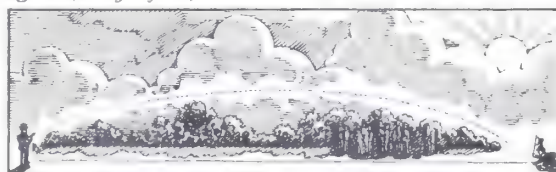
It doesn't make a bit of difference with Champagne. But with a claret, burgundy, or port, the wine will age more slowly in a larger bottle, the end result of which is a fuller-bodied wine.

## 8. WHAT IS THE VALUE OF 1 ACRE OF LAND IN THE NAPA VALLEY?

The Napa Valley is one of the finest wine producing areas in the world, often compared to the Bordeaux region of France. To buy 1 acre of grape producing land there could cost you as much as \$10,000.

## 9. WHAT IS THE WORLD'S DISTANCE RECORD FOR A CHAMPAGNE CORK?

According to the 1973 edition of the Guinness Book of Records, the longest distance for a champagne cork to fly is 73 feet 10 1/2 inches, popped by A. D. Beaty at Hever, Kent, England, on July 20, 1971.



## 10. WHAT WAS THE HIGHEST RECORDED PRICE EVER PAID FOR AN AMERICAN WINE?

The price was \$5,000 and the wine was a 12 bottle mixed case of Inglenook Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Noir produced between 1887 and 1900, and sold at auction in 1971. This should come as no surprise, since this is an ad for Inglenook. What is surprising is that we make these same wines today as if we were still in the 19th Century.

For instance, our wine cellar in the Napa Valley probably could have been replaced long ago with an easier-to-maintain structure. But its 3 foot thick stone walls keep our wine at a perfect 56° year around. And our 200 year old German wine barrels could probably be replaced with more modern steel vats. But the

Black Forest oak has a mellowing effect on our wine that we couldn't get any other way.

In addition, we still produce estate bottled wine at Inglenook, which is about as practical as making Tiffany shades these days.

But growing, crushing and fermenting our grapes right there where we can keep our eyes on them, gives us the control necessary to produce a great wine year after year.

That's the way they do it in Europe. And that's the way we do it at Inglenook.

That way, a case of 1968 Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine will be worth a small fortune another hundred years from now.



*Inglenook*



NAPA VALLEY  
GREY RIESLING

Produced and bottled by Inglenook Winery, Inc., 1972. All rights reserved. No other wine produced in the Napa Valley has been awarded this honor. Inglenook Winery, Inc., Napa Valley, California. Alcohol 12.5% by volume.

# INGLENOOK

In Europe, there are many great wines.  
In America, there is Inglenook.



# U.S. LOSES RHODE ISLAND, "DEACCESSION" DISCLOSED

## WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

By GEORGE W. S. TROW

### Rhode Island sale confirmed

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3—Avery Parsing, administrator of the National Collection of States, publicly acknowledged today that Rhode Island has been removed (or "deaccessioned," to use the official term) from the National Collection. There have been rumors for some time that Rhode Island (which was hailed at the time of its acquisition as "a small but important work") was no longer regarded as essential to the National Collection, but today's news came as a surprise—even to those

familiar with current Administration policy. "I knew they'd have to chuck something to pay the bill for recent acquisitions," said one source close to the Administration, "but my impression was that they were thinking in terms of the Aleutians. This is incredible, I mean I know some people who live in Rhode Island."

Mr. Parsing was grim and tight-lipped as he spoke and he appeared upset that word of the deaccessioning had reached the public. News of the sale broke unexpectedly yesterday when a man who was conducting a beauty pageant in Atlantic City noticed that the beauty delegate from Rhode Island had not appeared in her accustomed place. He investigated and found that the Rhode Island beauty delegate had been ordered to withdraw from competition "because Rhode Island is no longer a part of the National Collection." Upset, he notified the press.

### Newport Part of Mass. Now

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4—The Administration announced today that Newport, famous Rhode Island watering place and social mecca, was not deaccessioned with the rest of the state. "Newport is most definitely Collection quality," the statement from the office of Avery Parsing read, "and will remain with us. From now on, Newport will be regarded as part of Massachusetts."

*First excerpt from interview with Max Leesp, Curator of Modern American States at the National Collection.*

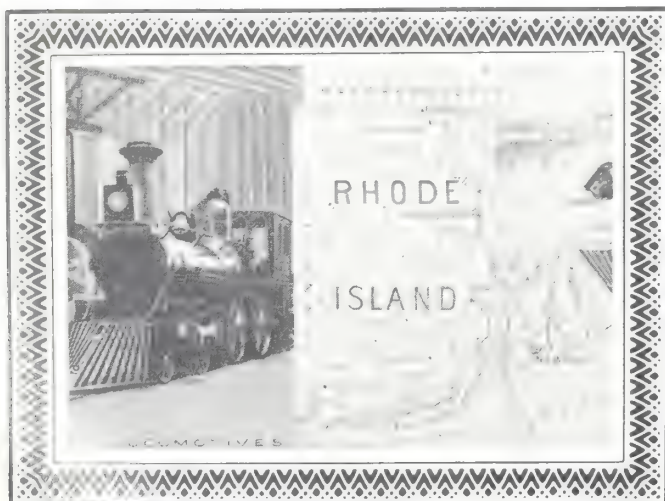
(Mr. Leesp is the controversial young curator who has led the Collection to redefine its concept of "state" by granting statehood to several pieces of neon sculpture. It is generally understood that recent expensive acquisitions in Mr. Leesp's department necessitated the deac-

cessioning of Rhode Island.)

"Some people seem to have a romantic fascination for the number fifty when it comes to the nation's collection of states. Fortunately the nation's curatorial and administrative staff has no such silly fixation. We would rather have fourteen or fifteen really first-rate states than fifty mediocre ones."

### Interview with a New Jersey Beauty Pageant Promoter

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Jan. 5—"I was giving the girls their bathing suit run-through and I got to Pennsylvania, you know, and then instead of the beauty delegate from Rhode Island coming out, the beauty delegate from South Carolina comes out, and I ask what gives and somebody says the beauty delegate from Rhode Island is inside all broken up. So I go backstage and the kid has got this letter that says Rhode Island isn't a state anymore



The Bettmann Archive





and she can't compete. Well, I'm not mad as heck. I mean it's at right do they have to help that kid from competing when she got all the way through the prelims? Everybody tried to calm me down, and everybody got nervous because that letter was stamped "Top Secret" but I just got mad and blew the whistle on the whole rotten thing. I mean I got no respect for anybody that does a thing like that to a nice kid. Let me tell you I had a nice little figure, . . . Not much talent-wise, but a nice little figure. You know, petite."

*Second excerpt from an interview with Max Leesp.*

"What's the fuss about? Rhode Island is in terrible condition. Irreparable. Have you ever seen Rhode Island? Textile mills, indigent Portuguese. Ugh."

#### **Penelux Turns Tidy Profit on Little Rhody**

NEW YORK, Jan. 8—A Manhattan real-estate broker Orme Crull, president of Marlborough-Blenheim Properties, Inc., revealed today at his firm was the purchaser last week when Rhode Island was sold (or "deaccessioned") from the National Collection of States. Crull said he was willing to confirm the purchase because Marlborough-Blenheim was no longer the owner of the property. "We've owned Rhode Island for just about twenty-five minutes," Crull said this morning in an interview at Marlborough-Blenheim's Madison Avenue offices. "It took just one phone call to resell it." Crull confirmed that Rhode Island had in fact been resold to the Penelux Collection in Europe. "They were awfully keen to have it and paid a pretty penny, I can promise," Crull said. "Rhode Island is eminently collectable from their point of view."

Crull refused to discuss the price he paid for Rhode Island except to say that it was an incredible bargain."

#### **Williams Heir Dismayed**

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 9—Mrs. Caroline Williams Furz, a direct descendant of Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island (the state recently deaccessioned from the National Collection of States), expressed dismay that the Williams heirs had not been consulted before the sale. "Roger thought that Rhode Island would be a permanent part of the National Collection," Mrs. Furz said. "His will reflected that belief. It is absolutely amazing that our patrimony has been sold to a European collection." Mrs. Furz said that she had consulted a number of lawyers but the consensus was that the National Collection had a "moral" but not a "legal" obligation not to sell Rhode Island. Mrs. Furz said that she was "seriously reconsidering" provisions in her will which were to have benefited the National Collection and was urging others to do likewise.

*Third excerpt from an interview with Max Leesp.*

"A 'state' isn't necessarily real estate. Pennsylvania is a state, of course, but neon sculpture, laser beams, *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*—these things are deserving of statehood, too, and we are determined to give it to them."

#### **Two More Major States Deaccessioned**

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15—A list of sales by the National Collection of States during the past year reveals the previously undisclosed disposal of two important states—Mississippi and North Dakota. Avery Parsing, administrator of the Collection, acknowledged the sales at a press conference today, but he could not explain why the sales had not been publicly announced or why they had been listed in the Collection's annual report under the heading "Mineral Leases—Permanent."

Mr. Parsing defended the sales as "in the interest of the Collection as a whole." He pointed out that neither North Dakota nor Mississippi had been displayed for some time and said that their sale would enable the Collection to develop in areas where it is currently weak. Mr. Parsing noted that there were many fine examples of Southern and Midwestern territory in the National Collection, but no tundra and little rain forest. "We are trying to make the public aware of the need for *balance* in the Collection. A really important collection must have balance. There seemed to be no valid reason for keeping both North and South Dakota when we haven't got a single important fjord," he said.

*Fourth excerpt from an interview with Max Leesp.*

"You ask me about Mississippi. I've always been frankly embarrassed by that state. It's no good. I would say it was on the cusp between a really, really bad state and no state at all."

*Fifth excerpt from an interview with Max Leesp.*

"Some people are pleased, I suppose, that our collection of Middle Western states is so exhaustive, but I find it a little sick-making to think that because we are keeping our money tied up in corn states, all the really important neon sculpture is on its way to Japan."

#### **Postcards Still on Sale**

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17—Although Rhode Island, Mississippi, and North Dakota have been officially "deaccessioned" from the National Collection of States, postcards and other souvenirs which describe these areas as "states" and "American" are still widely available. Administration sources said that the situation would be rectified soon, but a casual walk through a nearby gift shop revealed that not only postcards, but pennants, tea cozies, and even "whoopie cushions" bearing the names of these former states were available in profusion a few blocks away from the offices of Administration policy makers.

*Sixth excerpt from an interview with Max Leesp.*

"Some people will be uncomfortable with what is happening to the Collection, but some people, I suspect, are uncomfortable with everything the twentieth century has taught us. For those of us who have kept an open mind, it is a terribly exciting period." □

*George W. S. Trow writes for The New Yorker and is an executive editor of the National Lampoon.*









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# THE PROPHET'S SLIPPERS

Translated by Paul Bowles

**M**ORE PLEASURE AND FANTASY. More money. More ways of getting hold of it. I was tired of enjoying myself, and yet I was not satisfied. Fatin walked toward me, white as snow in the blood-red light of the bar. She took one of my notebooks, looked at it, and grinned.

She muttered something unintelligible and moved away again, disappearing among those who were kicking the air. It was three o'clock in the morning, and I was bored and nervous. Om Kalsoum was singing: "Sleep never made life seem too long, nor long waiting shortened life."

A black man appeared, white on black. He took one of my books and began to read aloud: "This total liberty has its tragic and pessimistic side." He put it down. "What's that book about?" he demanded.

"It's about a man who doesn't understand this world," I said. "He hurts himself and everybody who comes near him."

He nodded, lifted his glass, and drank. When he had finished, he said: "You're crazy."

I saw Fatin writing in a notebook. Meanwhile I smoked, drank, and thought about the matter of the slippers. The lights went off. Women cried out. When they came on again, both men and women murmured. I bought another drink for Khemou, and she gave me a kiss that left a sweet taste in my mouth. Her brown tongue tickled. She was eating chocolate, and her laugh was red in the light from the bar. Khemou walked off and Fatin came up to me. She handed me a slip of blue paper. On it she had written: *Rachid. What do you know about love? You spend more time writing about love than you do making love. The one who has never studied love enjoys it more than the one who knows all about it. Love is not a science. Love is feeling, feeling, feeling.*

Miriam Makeba went into "Malaysia." She has a white voice. I began to write on the same piece of blue paper. *Fatin, you are my red bed, and I'm your black blanket. I'm beginning to see it that way.*

I looked around for Fatin. Her mouth was a wound in her face, and a foreign sailor was sucking on it. She had her right arm around him and was pouring her drink onto the floor with her left hand. Khemou came by and offered me her lips, like a mulberry. I bought her another drink. I was so pleased with the effect

of her kiss that I began to think once more about selling the slippers. How much ought I to ask for them? A million francs, the Englishman ought to pay, if he wants the Prophet's slippers. He's an idiot in any case, or he couldn't be taken in by such a tale. But how can I tell just how stupid he is? It was he who first brought it up, the black-market story.

Fatin appeared, black, blond, white. I handed her the slip of blue paper. She looked at me and smiled. I was thinking that girls like her only made trouble. Her little mouth now looked like a scar that had healed. I thought of the Indian poet Mirzah Asad Allah Chaleh:

*For those who are thirsty  
I am the dry lip.*

She wants a kind of love that will make her unhappy. What I like about her is that she still believes the world ought to be changed.

Khemou and Latifa began to scream at each other like two cats fighting, while Miriam Makeba's white voice continued to sing. Khemou pulled Latifa's black hair, knocked her down, and kicked her face. Latifa screamed and then blood ran from her nose. The colors all came together in my head. Leaving the blue paper with me, Fatin ran to separate the two. I read on it: *You're right. I serve them my flesh, but I don't feel it when they eat me.*

Vigon is singing in his white voice. "Outside the Window." Vigon is singing, and I think of the almond trees in flower, and of snow, which I love.

Khemou and Latifa came out of the room. They had made up, like two little girls. They began to laugh and dance as if nothing had happened. I sat there smoking, while in my imagination I attacked each man in the bar whose face I didn't like. A kick for this one, a slap in the face for that one, a punch in the jaw for that one over there. Watching myself do as I pleased with them put me into a better frame of mind.

Tomorrow I'll sell the slippers. Fatin came past again, and I asked her why Khemou and Latifa had been quarreling. She said it was because Khemou had told the man Latifa was drinking with that she had tuberculosis.

Is it true? I asked her.

Yes, she said. But she says she's cured now.

Mohammed Choukri is the author of an autobiography, *For Bread Alone*, translated by Paul Bowles and published in England by Peter Owen. Paul Bowles has written four novels and a book of travel sketches, and has translated a collection of short stories from the Mograbi language.



THE ENGLISHMAN AND I were at my house, eating couscous. He turned to me and said: "This is the best couscous I've ever tasted." From time to time he looked toward the corner where my grandmother sat, her head bent over. I told him the couscous had been from Mecca. "My aunt sends a lot of it a month."

He looked at me with amazement. "It's fantastic!"

So that he would get the idea, I added: "Everything in the house was brought from Mecca. Even that incense burning is sent each month." We finished the couscous and started on their dish of meat baked with raisins and hot spices. "It's called *mrozeya*," I told him.

He muttered a few words, and then said: "Very nice. Very nice." My grandmother's head was still bent over. I saw that the Englishman was looking at her, sitting there in her white robes. The incense and the silence in the room made her seem more impressive. She was playing her part very well. Our demure little servant brought the tea in a silver teapot. She too was dressed in immaculate white, and she too kept her face hidden. Her fingers were painted with elaborate designs in henna, and her black hair shone above her enormous earrings. She made false moves. She greeted the Englishman without smiling, as I had instructed her to do. She became her to look grave. I had never seen her so pretty.

The mint tea with ambergris in it seemed to please the Englishman. "Do you like the tea?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes! It's very good!"

There was silence for a while. I thought: The Englishman has come to rub Aladdin's lamp. I got up and went to whisper in my grandmother's ear. Words did not even form words; I merely made sounds. She nodded her head slowly, without looking up. Then I lifted the white cushion and moved the piece of gold-embroidered green cloth that covered it.

The Englishman looked at the slippers, made colorless by age. His hand slowly advanced to touch the leather. Then he glanced at me, and understood that I did not want him to touch them.

"My God! They're marvelous!"

I covered the slippers as I stood there, in order to let him observe them through the veil of green silk. Slowly and with great care I unrolled and put the cushion back into its place, as if I were applying a bandage to an injury. He glanced at me, and then stared for a long time in the direction of the slippers. Understanding that it was time to leave, he stood up.

We were sitting at the Café Central. For the first time since we had left the house, he said: "Then it's impossible?"

"A thing like that is so difficult," I said. "I

wouldn't know how to do it. It was hard enough to get her to let you even look at them. You can be sure you're the only Christian ever to have seen them. And no other is going to, either."

"I understand," he said. "But perhaps we can come to an agreement."

"I understand too. But what can I do? Those slippers are my grandmother's very life. If she should find them missing, she might lose her mind, or have a heart attack. I'm very fond of her, naturally, and I respect her feelings about the slippers."

"I'll give you time to think about it," he said. "But try and persuade her."

"Yes. But when you think of how hard it was to get her to allow you to look at them, you can see how much harder it would be to persuade her."

"Do what you can," he said.

I said I would, but that I thought it was out of the question. Then I said: "Listen. I have an idea. But only on one condition."



Chip Barnard

Mohammed  
Choukri  
THE  
PROPHET'S  
SLIPPERS

"What's that?"

I hesitated for an instant.

"Tell me. Perhaps we can find a way."

"You'd have to leave Tangier the minute you got the slippers."

"That would be all right," he said, understanding. "It's an excellent tactic."

"And I'd have to get out of Tangier myself and stay somewhere else. And I couldn't come back as long as my grandmother was still alive."

"No."

"I couldn't stay on here once they were gone."

"I quite understand."

"It's those slippers that keep her alive, you might say."

"Yes, yes. How much do you want for them?"

I stared at him, and my voice said: "A million francs."

"Oh!" he cried. "No! That's very high!"

"But you'll have something extremely rare. No museum has anything like them. And I'll regret what I've done for the rest of my life."

"I know, I know. But that's a great deal of money. I'll give you half a million. I can't pay any more than that."

"You'd have to pay more than that," I told him.

"No, no. I can't. I haven't got it."

"You give me your address, and I'll write you from wherever I go, and you can send me the rest later."

We looked at each other for a few seconds. In my mind I was thinking: Go on, say the word, Mister Stewart.

"Very well," he finally said.

Wonderful, Mister Stewart, I thought.

"Where shall we meet tomorrow?" I asked him.

He reflected for a moment, and said: "I'll wait for you in the lobby at the Hotel Minzah."

"No," I said. "Outside the hotel. In the street. And you must have your ticket with you, so you can leave the minute I give you the slippers."

"Of course."

"What time will that be?"

While he hesitated I was thinking: Come on, Mister Stewart. Make up your mind.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon."

I got up, shook hands with him, and said: "Keep it to yourself."

"I shan't breathe a word."

"It's not only my grandmother who's going to be upset, but everybody who knows she has the slippers."

I walked away. A moment later I turned and saw him leaving the café.

I found him waiting for me in front of the hotel. He seemed nervous, and he looked wide-eyed at the bag I was carrying. I saw that he had a packet in his hand. Half a million, I thought. More pleasure, more time to think of other such tricks later. The colors in the bar.

I motioned to him to follow me, and stopped walking only when we were a good distance from the entrance to the hotel. We stood facing one another, and shook hands. He looked down at my bag, and I glanced at the packet he held in his hand.

I opened the bag, and he touched the slipper for a second. Then he took it out of my hand, and I took the packet from him. Pointing to the parked car, he said: "There's the car that's going to take me to the airport."

I thought to myself: And tonight I'll be in the Messalina Bar.

I sat down in the corner the same as always. I smoked, drank, and bought kisses without haggling over their price. I'm fed up with pleasure. Fed up, but not satisfied. One woman is not enough.

"Khemou's in the hospital," Fatin told me. "And Latifa's at the police station. She got drunk and hit Khemou on the head with a bottle."

I asked Fatin who the girls were who were sitting in the corner opposite me. She said they were both from Dar el Beida. She picked up one of my notebooks and walked away with it. She waved at the younger of the two. She spoke for a while with her friend. And I drank and smoked and waited for the first kiss of a girl I had never yet touched.

She got up and came over, and I saw the small face relax. Her mouth was like a strawberry. She began to sip the drink I bought her. Her lips shone. Her mouth opened inside mine. A strawberry soaked in gin and tonic. Eve eating mulberries. Adam approaches her, but she puts the last berry into her mouth before he can get to her. Then he seizes the last berry from between her teeth. The mulberry showed Eve how to kiss. Adam knows all the names of things, but Eve had to teach him how to kiss.

Two men had begun to fight over one of the girls. The shorter of the two lost his balance. The other kicked until someone seized him from behind.

Fatin put a piece of blue paper in front of me. I was drinking, smoking, and eating mulberries from the new small mouth. I read what was written on the piece of blue paper. *I'm not the same person I was yesterday. I know it but I can't say it clearly. You must try and understand me.*

The new face held up her empty glass. I looked again at the mulberries. The barman was busy drawing squares on a small piece of white paper. "Give her another drink," I told him. The friend who had been sitting with her came over. "Give her a drink too," I said.

I thought: More mulberries and human flesh. More tricks and money. I began to write on Fatin's slip of blue paper: *I must not try to understand you.*



# COMMENTARY

## VISIONS OF AMERICA

We Americans don't have a poet laureate—which is just as well, considering our distrust of official spokesmen. But why don't we have a photographer laureate? And why not (since tastes vary) appoint a different one every year?

Photography—unlike poetry—is an art few appreciate and still fewer practice. Quite the opposite. Nearly all of us have photographs we cherish, and most of us take pictures. From its early decades photography has had remarkable popularity in America because, I suggest, it fits our character. It is mechanical, like much that excites our genius and devotion. It is a preposterously democratic art: no great skill or training is needed to get agreeable results. And, most important, its results, the photos themselves, have a immediacy and immediacy that satisfy our pragmatic temper (I think we distrust poetry a little because of this indirect way of talking and ragged right edge).

But though we love photography, it is the older, "higher" arts we have subsidized. Until quite recently, little was spent on preserving collections of out-of-date photographs, even the work of professionals. Moreover, with the notable exception, no systematic attempt has been made to record the

*William Stott is an assistant professor of American studies and English at the University of Texas at Austin and the author of the recently published Documentary Expression and Thirties America (Oxford University Press). Robert P. Burruss, Jr. is a freelance mechanical engineer and a professional expert witness on engineering matters.*

*Harper's welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*



*Wooden church, South Carolina, 1936, by Walker Evans*

passing appearance of America, to hand it down to the future.

The exception was the Depression photographic project of the Resettlement Administration (later the Farm Security Administration) begun by Rexford G. Tugwell in 1935, nurtured by Roy E. Stryker, and ended seven years later by the war.\* Tugwell's goal, he said recently, was simply "to make as complete a record as we could of an agonizing interlude in American life." At his direction the RA set up a Historical Section, hired a handful of photographers, and had them travel America's back roads taking pictures of rural and small-town life, particularly the life of the poor. The photographers (Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, Russell Lee, Carl Mydans, Arthur Rothstein, John Vachon, and Ben Shahn among them) left an archive of 270,000 photos, now splendidly maintained in the Library of Congress. Because these pictures are public property, they have been much consulted by writers and scholars interested in America during the

\* For a personal memoir of the project, see "Commentary" by John Vachon, September 1973.

1930s; many consider the archive the essential visual record of the Depression.

I don't think that we need a new Historical Section making a huge and random record of America today. Indeed, we may already have something of the sort in "Documerica," an Environmental Protection Agency project that has begun gathering images of man's relation to the American landscape. But I do suggest that there would be historical value in a small archive of good American photographs that was open to public use, rigorously maintained, and steadily added to.

The surest way to have such an archive is to establish a (for want of a humbler title) Photographer Laureate to the American People. This photographer, appointed by the President for a year, would be commissioned to record what he (or she) considered America's true face. He would receive the salary of a Supreme Court justice, plus a per diem on the road, and be free to follow his vision wherever it led him: the national parks, suburbia, skid row. All photographs he made while laureate would belong to the American people, and all negatives would go to the Library of Congress.

The America that one laureate brought to posterity would no doubt be quite different from another laureate's America. And a laureate's work might well be unlike the rest of his career, since he could spend the year on an assignment he had dreamed of but realized would never pay. In any event, the archive of our Photographers Laureate would have one priceless virtue: it would complicate and enrich the simplifications by which the present knows the past, and by which we, too—in this era of racial desegregation, Vietnam, and Watergate—will, alas, be known.

—William Stott  
Austin, Texas

# PROOF THAT THE SOLUTION TO THE ENERGY CRISIS IS AT HAND

*In the understanding of nothingness, one learns the meaning of everything.*

—Old Hindu saying

Anthropologists have found evidence that man's use of fire dates to more than a quarter of a million years ago. Prior to the use of fire, man's primary energy source was the food he ate, namely plants and animals. As an energy source, wood was used almost exclusively until about three hundred years ago, when coal started becoming popular. By the middle of the last century, oil was beginning to step into the energy picture, and it was only two decades ago that the controlled fission of uranium became a reality. Within the next twenty years, many scientists believe, controlled fusion of hydrogen will be possible. Several trends are apparent:

Curve I shows how energy density—that is, the amount of energy available from each pound of fuel—has increased with each new fuel type put into use. Wood, for example, has enough energy per pound to raise the temperature of 1,000 pounds of water by  $8\frac{1}{2}$  degrees Fahrenheit. Coal has about 1.7 times the energy content of wood, oil about 2.4 times, and uranium roughly 2 million times the energy of wood. Hydrogen fusion theoretically releases 200 million times the energy of wood. Notice how energy density is increasing extremely rapidly at the present time.

Curve II shows how the basic physical unit of each fuel type is becoming progressively smaller. The cellulose molecule of wood is larger and more complex than the typical molecule of the fossil fuels coal and oil. In turn, coal and oil are more complex molecularly than single uranium atoms. And uranium atoms are much more complex than the simplest and smallest of all atomic structures, hydrogen.

Curve III shows how the mean time of energy storage has increased with each new kind of fuel. For wood, about ten to a hundred years pass between the time the wood starts to

grow and the time man burns it. For coal and oil, thousands to millions of years pass between the time the fuel starts to be created and the time it is used. Uranium was created near the time the solar system was created—about five billion years ago, according to current theory. The hydrogen for the fusion process dates to the beginning of the universe itself, about 20 billion years in the past.

Curve IV shows man's ability to perceive small things as a function of the same time scale used in the other diagrams. For example, the unaided eye remained unaided until lenses were invented about three hundred years ago. Large bacteria became visible through microscopes built a little over a hundred years ago. Individual virus units have been seen only within the past twenty years, and in the past decade large organic molecules, and even single large atoms, have been seen.

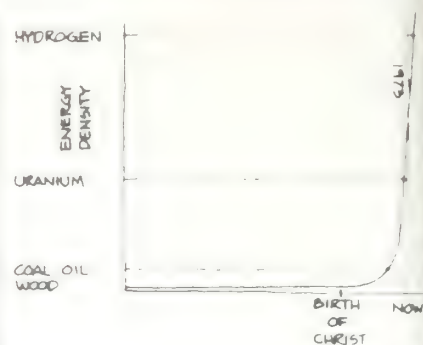
Several conclusions can be drawn: First, the fuel complexity curve (Curve II) will reach zero in the near future. Second, at about the same time, man's ability to perceive very small things will pass to being able to perceive nothing—according to the extrapolated curve. Third, with zero complexity of fuel—that is, when the size of the unit of fuel becomes infinitely small—energy density will have to be infinite in order for any finite amount of energy to be derived from the fuel, and this is the direction Curve I is tending toward.

All this will happen around the year 2000. The final conclusion is that at that time man will have the knowledge and ability to extract all the energy he wants from absolutely nothing. And notice how Curve III substantiates this in that nothing exceeds the age of hydrogen, which is the age of the universe itself.

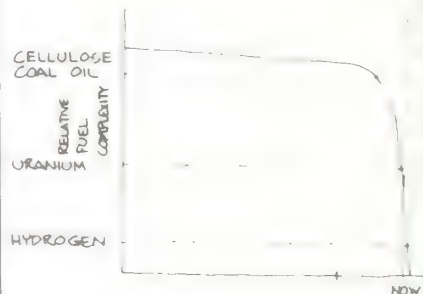
Well, according to the bumper stickers, Christ is coming. Now that we know the form he's coming in we may as well start practicing right now: "Let there be light." Say it.

Robert P. Burruss, Jr.  
Washington, D.C.

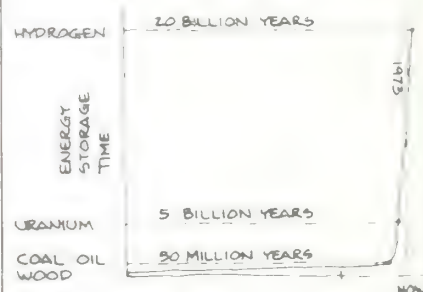
CURVE I—Energy density of fuel type as a function of time. Hydrogen fusion releases 200 million times as much energy (per pound) as wood.



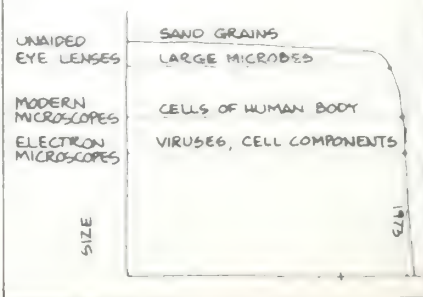
CURVE II—Fuel complexity in terms of molecular and atomic weight.



CURVE III—Length of time between creation of the fuel and use of the fuel.



CURVE IV—Man's ability to perceive smallness.





# BOOKS

## A PEOPLE DOES NOT CHOOSE ITS POETS

by Charles Newman

**Complete Poetry of Osip Emilevich Mandelstam**, translated by Burton Raffel and Alla Burago. State University of New York Press, \$15.  
**Selected Poems of Osip Mandelstam**, translated by Clarence Brown and W. S. Merwin. Atheneum, \$6.25.  
**Hope Abandoned**, by Nadezhda Mandelstam, translated by Max Hayward. Atheneum, \$13.95.  
**Russian Literature and Culture in the West: 1922-72**, *TriQuarterly* 27 and 28. Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. \$2.95 per volume.  
**Stalin: The Man and His Era**, by Adam B. Ulam. Viking, \$12.95.  
**Ten Years After Ivan Denisovich**, by Zhores A. Medvedev, translated by Hilary Sternberg. Alfred A. Knopf, \$6.95.

*Drunk with . . . Russian alliteration, with the longing to live . . . puerile, perishable poems, which, by the time the next were printed, would have been certain to wither as had withered all the previous ones written down in the black exercise book; but no matter: at this moment I trust the ravishing promises of the still breathing, still revolving verse; my face is wet with tears, my heart bursting with happiness, and I know that this happiness is the greatest thing existing on earth.*

—Vladimir Nabokov,  
*"Torpid Smoke"*  
 Berlin, 1935

THE COINCIDENCE of these books is a major event, for they certify for the layman what many Russian specialists have claimed; that Osip Mandelstam is not only the finest

Russian poet of the century, but deserves a place among the greatest modernists.

It is a fashionable cliché that the best Russian writers are virtually untranslatable, and anyone who calmly measures the various English artifacts of *Eugene Onegin* or even Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* against the effusive praise and polemical debate they generated can only concur. Mandelstam is obviously difficult, and occasionally one wonders if these two teams of translators were working from the same original. But there is a modest strategy available to the English-bound reader, and that is to read these translations side by side. Only then do *both* the force and complexity of the poet come through, and besides, it is enormous fun, if mildly presumptuous, for the reader to collaborate in producing the text. What follows is my own assemblage of a poem, combining what seem to me the best effects of the Raffel/Burago and Brown/Merwin collaborations. No translation in either of these collections fails to benefit from a reading of the other, and I mean that as a collective tribute.

*We live, not feeling the ground  
 beneath us*

*At ten paces you can't hear our  
 words.*

*But whenever there's a snatch of  
 talk*

*It turns to the Kremlin  
 mountaineer,*

*Those ten thick worms his fingers  
 His words final as iron weights  
 falling,*

*The huge laughing cockroaches  
 on his top lip*

*The glitter of his boot-rims.*

*Ringed with a rabble of chicken-  
 necked bosses  
 He toys with the tributes of half-  
 men.*

*One whistles, another meows, a  
 third snivels  
 He pokes his finger and he alone  
 goes boom.*

*Forging decrees like horseshoes—  
 One gets it in the balls, another  
 in the forehead,  
 Him right between the eyes.*

*He rolls the executions on his  
 tongue  
 A broadchested Georgian  
 munching a raspberry.*

The poem is Mandelstam's most notorious; the subject is, of course, Stalin. In November 1933, he read it to a group of intimate acquaintances, one of whom informed upon him, causing his arrest. Through the intervention of a friend, Bukharin, his death sentence was commuted to exile to Cherdyn' in the Urals, where he attempted suicide, and subsequently to the provincial town of Voronezh, where, after a long period of silence, he produced some of his most stunning work. Permitted to return to Moscow in 1937, Mandelstam endured the contumely of former associates as well as police harassment; eventually, the Writers' Union promised him a place in a rest home in Samatikha. There, in May 1938, during the Great Terror, he was re-arrested and never seen again.

It is due to his wife, Nadezhda Iakovlevna, that Mandelstam lived as long as he did, and that the bulk of his work survives. Her first memoir, *Hope Against Hope* (Atheneum, 1970), describes in detail their last

Charles Newman's latest book is *A Child's History of America* (Swallow Press, Chicago).

incredible years together, and in this sequel she completes an unprecedented portrait of the Thirties in Russia as well as the thirty-five years of her wandering as an internal émigré since her husband's death. It is a fierce, radiant, rambling narrative, a unique realization of self as well as a resurrection of those whom she has survived—one woman's story in which there is no conflict between wifely loyalty, currently the object of so much derision, and the steely spirit of an utterly independent and lucid mind.

Russia's consciousness is carried by such extraordinary survivors, and Nadezhda Iakovlevna speaks not only for the liquidated but for the émigrés of her generation, not so much the Nabokovs, the Stravinskys, the Balanchines but those genuinely talented writers who were to discover that Western indifference and commercialism would deny them their rightful audience as surely as any official censor. Writers are naturally more culture bound by their media and material than composers or choreographers, and the purges killed off artists in Berlin and Paris as surely as they did Osip Mandelstam. Vladislav Khodasevich, whom Nabokov, that preeminent exception to the rule, believes to be "the greatest Russian poet of our time," spoke for many of this lost culture: "I cannot, cannot, cannot live and write *here*, and I cannot, cannot, cannot live and write *there*." Their lesson was surely not lost upon Pasternak, Solzhenitsyn, and other Russians who have been "invited" by the state to live abroad. The *TriQuarterly* volumes represent the first concerted attempt to dispel the apathy and prejudice surrounding Russian writers and artists who "survived" outside the Soviet Union. The fact that I worked with Simon Karlinsky and Alfred Appel in editing this collection won't prevent me from praising it.

TOWARD THE END of his exile in Voronezh, it was suggested to Mandelstam that an "Ode to Stalin" might improve his situation. Apparently, he tried, but it was obviously without effect, and the text does not survive. Imagine, if you can, circumstances in which a poem could, on the one hand, cause your execution, and on the other save your life. It is the sort of fantasy prevalent

among American writers when they are most depressed about how little our literature affects our politics. But it raises a more interesting and ultimately terrifying question. Could an "Ode to Stalin" be a "good" poem, as we understand the term? If not "true," then "beautiful"? If Art is a "useful lie," as so many critics now insist, then what lie could be more useful than that which would permit a genius to live and write another day? Or is it impossible, if not to write, then to recognize a "good" poem that comes to terms with the most palpable evil? It is admirers, not the authorities, who destroy such poetry. And in the end, all such questions become rhetorical. Mandelstam himself was typically calm and laconic. The ode "was an illness," he confided to Akhmatova. Of the importance of literature in a police state, he can only inquire of Nadezhda, "where else do they kill people for writing poetry?"

Rhetorical questions. In Alexander Tvardovsky's\* words, "What can you put differently? What can you add? Such things really did happen on this, our earth." This is the tone of Ulam's *Stalin*. The book is brilliant, readable, definitive no doubt; but it is incredulity and outrage which remain after the massive documentation and impressive synthesis. After 700 pages of closely reasoned argument, the Stalin era remains thoroughly charted but finally inexplicable. That may seem a left-handed compliment to a scholar; it is intended to be a very great one.

Ulam's Stalin is neither insane nor often cunning. His basic weapon seemed to be his understanding of fearfulness. Like most totalitarians, even our own petty American breed, he feared men of competence around him, feared men willing to be *powerless* rather than disrespected. With Mandelstam, it was an easy matter to deal with simply another act of individual defiance, but he knew at some gut level that "genius" survives even execution. Indeed, after Mandelstam's first arrest, Stalin called up Pasternak, reproaching him for not helping his fellow poet, and asking, "He is a genius, he is a genius, isn't he?"

"That's not the point," Pasternak replied. He then requested a personal

audience to discuss "life and death. Stalin hung up.

Rhetorical questions. Obviously, Ulam demonstrates, Stalin wished to be immortalized by geniuses as well as sycophants. But more than that, though he could not articulate it except through "policy," Stalin feared the power of language, the poetry the single voice that always undermines and outlives slogans. And in some sense, Mandelstam wrote Stalin's epitaph as surely as the commissar pronounced his:

*The speed at which language develops is incommensurable with the development of life itself. Any attempt to adapt language mechanically to the needs of life is doomed to failure before it begins.*

Mandelstam's legacy remains immutable, if not as pervasive, as Stalin's. Last "officially" published in Russia in 1928, he believed, with something of a religious fury, that his poetry would liberate the prose that was to come. Nadezhda Iakovlevna, among many others, has proved him right.

For every Ministry of Culture there endures a Solzhenitsyn, the most recent harassment of whom is the subject of Medvedev's execrably written yet necessary book. Medvedev tells us that his publication date had to be moved up, due to Russia's decision to sign the Geneva Copyright Convention (hardly a gesture of détente, but rather to ensure that such foreign publication will be open to legal prosecution as well as routine persecution). But no deadline pressure can excuse the fact that another "suppressed" typescript of a courageous, truthful man has been so perfunctorily edited for "publication in the free world." (As it turns out, the Soviet authorities have revoked Medvedev's passport, denying his return.)

It is a privilege to read such writers in the banal despondency of Watergate, the energy crisis, et al. They not only put our problems in perspective, they remind us what severe allegiance to craft, conscience, and even country can accomplish. They also serve to recall that the major social experiments of the twentieth century, with their unprecedented sufferings and endurance, occurred practically everywhere on this earth except America. By what perverse ethnocentricity, then, can we still call this the *American* century? □

\* The late editor of *Novy Mir*, whose last years and funeral are described in *Ten Years After* by Zhores Medvedev.



February 24, 1974:

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June 4, 1974:

**They'll be wrestling in oil  
in Turkey.**

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**They'll be celebrating the fig  
in Cyprus.**

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# ANGRIES: S-M AS A LITERARY STYLE

Josephine Hendin



Marshall Arisman

HERE ARE WRITERS who hate people, who thrive on the rage that rages in every American city. They are the few who say what so many are too afraid to feel in silence: anger is the most irresistible emotion. They know the crowd craves blood because they feed it themselves to feel thoroughly alive. What they appeal to is what makes the crowd roar at the car crash, the man jumping from the roof. Such writers want to seem respectable—they intellectualize their gripes, sexualize their fear, politicize their rage. The angry even come masked as feminists who fear colossal social or political malice, and dread someone's fury. But what really torments them is their own addiction to cruelty. What they fear is what they would do. Yesterday's paranoiacs are today's closet murderers.

William Burroughs, for years the underground's loudest voice against racial, political, and sexual repression, writes in *The Wild Boys*, one of his latest novels, about packs of homosexual guerrillas dedicated to de-

stroying people. His "boys" race into the "chintzy middle-class living room throwing gasoline on the nice young couple watching TV. One wild boy lit a match, [his] face young pure pitiless as the cleansing fire" that envelops the young couple. "He lit a [cigarette] with the same match, sucked the smoke in and smiled. He was listening to the screams." Asked in a *Rolling Stone* interview, "Is the book a projection?" Burroughs replied, "Yes. It's all simply a personal projection. A prediction? I hope so. Would I consider events similar to *The Wild Boys* scenario desirable? Yes, desirable to me."

Burroughs has been called a prophet of political doom and a satirist of the American scene, but he has in fact never written about institutions so much as about emotion, never about ideas so much as about the experience of degradation or fear. His political outrage has the meaning of a series of expletives strung together with great intensity. What it communicates is not content but energy—that diffuse, furious revolt that gives his work the edgy power of acid rock. Burroughs' cut-up or fold-in method (take a page or tape, cut it into pieces, and paste or splice together in any order except the original one) is designed not only to destroy any coherent statement, but to dissolve the line between personality and society in a jolting music. This very confusion has served to conceal Burroughs the writer and the hater within his many indistinguishable characters, those anonymous voices choking with nausea at being alive. For Burroughs' final subject is not the particular psyche, nor the social scene, but quaking nerves.

Burroughs' novels are the experience of his orgiastic hate. Passion is

Josephine Hendin teaches at the New School for Social Research and is the author of *The World of Flannery O'Connor*.

the work of demon bacteria, "virus powers" that infect with love, or a craving for heroin, cruelty, or power. Men are no more than the hosts of personality parasites, victims that virus-gods use for food. And the sex parasite is the most voracious. Just as Burroughs politicized heroin addiction in *Naked Lunch* (as the mode of all addictions—of governments to power, of men to cruelty), so in his later novels sex becomes the model for every kind of conflict and degradation. For Burroughs always writes of those lonely, homosexual men who are doomed to be tempted into sex by the likes of Johnny Yen, "the boy-girl god of sexual frustration from the terminal sewers of Venus." His characters tell of lust rolling into degradation and torture, of beautiful boys metamorphosing into slimy green newts. Living is only being wrecked by desire, being violated by men who are not even people, but like the mutant whose "penis had absorbed the body," leaving only "vestigial arms and legs."

Yet no matter how far they recede into abstraction, Burroughs' spaced-out men can never escape the sense that every eruption of life is a force for destruction. Burroughs' titles—*Nova Express*, *The Ticket That Exploded*—tell nearly all: life is a nova express, a fulminating train speeding toward its final, explosive stop. Your ticket to ride is your body, the raging host that makes you ride whether you will or no. How to stop the train? How to escape the "orgasm death"? How to avoid Johnny Yen who promises "love love love in slop buckets" but is nothing but trouble? How to avoid self-loathing and fury?

In *Naked Lunch*, *The Soft Machine*, and *The Ticket That Exploded*, Burroughs wrote of people consumed by their own passions, of lovers spliced together in hate, their intestines locked in a parasitic bond. But

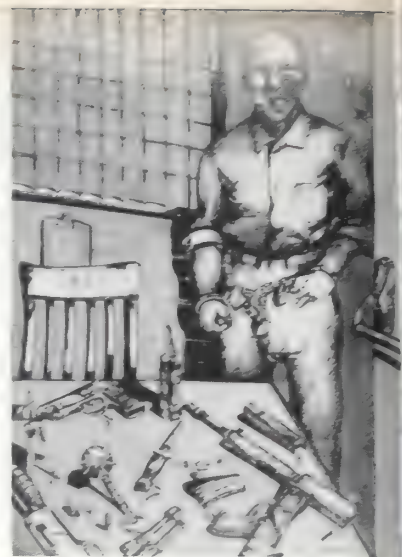


in *Nova Express* and *The Wild Boys* he evolved a way of dealing with every agony. In these novels, a man can escape his hate by going out of his mind. Burroughs turns emotion into a psychic event that releases feeling in a brilliant, removed image. Over and over he describes astral bodies in sexual agony. Mr. Bradley, a small, dense, blue star, pulls fuel from Mr. Martin, a large red one, and grows brighter while Mr. Martin is diminished. "First it's symbiosis, then it's parasitism," comments Burroughs on love. In *The Soft Machine*, a Mayan peasant is degraded by a high priest. Events like these reflect the process by which Burroughs' characters disown what happens to them, where it happens, and what they feel. In the remote recesses of hallucination they symbolize their rage away.

In *The Wild Boys*, Burroughs finally emerges as a fury, the demon artist he calls the Incomparable Yellow Serpent, who "shifts from AC to DC as a thin siren wail breaks from his lips." Pictures "leap from his eyes blasting everyone to smoldering fragments. . . . When comes such another singer?" demands Burroughs.

Burroughs' fantasies are clearly

meant to kill off all the straights. What he wants are vindicators, "wild boys," the sudden coming of "a whole generation . . . that felt neither pleasure or pain." Wild boys have no hearts because they have no pasts—some are born through a process of replication in which they spring full grown (but not *too* old) from another man, vibrate into life, and immediately begin having anal intercourse with their creator without desire or loathing. (This is Buddhism à la Burroughs.) The wild boys' iciness reflects Burroughs' passion for purging all the old humiliation that memory harbors, all the hates that fester in the mind. In Burroughs' filmland, memory and emotion can be exploded away. When one man begins to remember "the pawn shops, the cheap rooming houses, the chili parlors," he detonates a "film grenade" and "explodes the set." The "boys" end the novel by wishing the world dead (the ultimate in social protest!) and watch the "screen explode in moon craters and boiling silver spots." They see "dim jerky stars blowing away across the empty sky." Having turned us all to ashes, "wild boys smile."



**H**UBERT SELBY prefaced *The Room* with the words, "This book is dedicated, with love, to those who remain nameless and know." From his man dregs, from the unremittingly tormented, Selby extracts the very odor of rage, the essence of that floating anger that lies like a pall over all of us. In *Last Exit to Brooklyn* he wrote of the back alleys, the bars, the empty lots where petty crooks and local gangsters break out of the endless boredom of their lives into violence. Selby's Brooklyn was not a place so much as a nightmare where manhood could be won only through one man's torment of another. His preoccupations are the relentless pursuit of machismo through all the ways of cruelty, the fear, failure and worthlessness that drive men into deeper and deeper violence. Selby is a clinician of male violence dissecting straight to the center of sexual chaos and cruelty.

Harry, the hero of "Strike," rolls over on Mary, his wife, "hitting her on the head with his elbow wanting to pile drive his cock into her, his anger and hatred started him lunging and lunging until he finally was all the way in—Mary winning slightly, then sighing—Harry shoved and pounded as hard as he could wanting to drive the fucking thing out of the top of her head; wishing he could put on a rubber dipped in iron filings or ground glass and rip her guts out—Mary wrapping her legs around him, rolling from side to side with excitement."

This is one of Selby's rare, heterosexual love scenes. Most of his characters hate women so totally that

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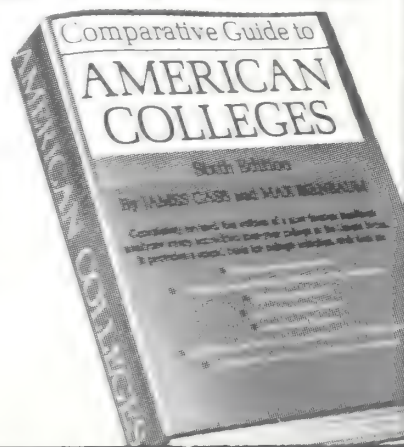
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to not want to get close to them  
to destroy them. His most mor-  
equences deal with the affairs  
eens" and "johns," with those  
ons between men in which one  
in sexually terrorizing the oth-  
e of his best achievements is  
portrait of Georgette, a "hip  
." Out of a vertigo of bennies,  
and sexual hunger, Georgette  
Vinnie, who is really "rough  
." She spirals higher and higher  
r hope that she is the most in-  
ing woman in his life, quiver-  
ver his final willingness to let  
low him, only to find that what  
astes is not his "love" but the  
stakable leavings of his anal in-  
urse with someone else. Welling  
her mouth like recognition is  
ausea at the humiliation of her  
nd the terrible, pathetic denial  
what she tasted "wasn't... it  
t... shit." But in Selby's world  
ways is.

here *Last Exit to Brooklyn* fo-  
l on the social scene of violence,  
brawls to sexual infighting, *The*  
on is the story of one mind rivet-  
in fury. Sadism is the only means  
rvival for Selby's nameless hero,  
festers in prison as he awaits trial  
n unnamed crime. He yearns to  
oy the teachers, judges, cops  
have put him down. Only in  
ning another living thing has he  
felt whole or alive. But only  
e torturing two dogs has he ever  
eved that power: "What a su-  
e joy... to watch them crawl  
ll fours over gravel and broken  
and then when their palms were  
ened so they could plod along as  
lly as possible, the callouses were  
ed off and they had to start all  
again."

his is Selby's vision of a culture's  
rock psyche, a portrait of an  
merican mind gone the limit in its  
ptance of cruelty as life's only  
l principle. Selby perceives pain,  
ther inflicted or felt, as the basic  
d between people. If he does not  
t over the cruelty he describes,  
y nevertheless sees nothing else,  
ing but the terror of those dis-  
festering characters who spring  
n his imagination so fully formed  
heir vileness. He does write of  
n with love, with an energy and  
ty of style that is absolute in its  
stence on your glimmer of recog-  
on and assent: is their life yours?  
ether it is or not, reading Selby is  
being mugged.



**T**HE ONE SURREAL, the other prim-  
itive, Burroughs and Selby ulti-  
mately regard pain as pleasure, fury  
as a lovable experience. But there are  
writers who are into hate, but out of  
love with it, who use various devices  
to reduce their anger. Donald Bar-  
thelme and Truman Capote are de-  
pression-freaks whose anger is muted  
to pessimism and discontent. Their  
rage takes the form of despair over  
the possibilities for life.

Removed, more than slightly mod-  
ish, Barthelme has such disdain for  
life he aestheticizes even his depres-  
sion. His themes in *City Life* are ab-  
solutely rarefied: the exhaustion of  
creative power, the disintegration of  
individual consciousness, the artist's  
alienation from the ethos that pro-  
duced a Tolstoy. *City Life* is, among  
other things, a collection of stories  
about an artist's affliction and cure.

"The Glass Mountain" is a parable  
about an artist caught between an  
exhausting labor, his own frustration,  
and the fury of his audience. The  
story parodies a fairy tale, partly re-  
told in it, about a youth who must  
reach the top of a glass mountain to  
free a beautiful, enchanted princess.  
But Barthelme's hero is a New Yorker  
painfully climbing a glass mountain  
on the corner of Thirteenth Street  
and Eighth Avenue with the aid of  
two plumber's friends. He wants to  
free an enchanted symbol at the top.

The climber inches along, aware  
that the mountain is already ringed  
by corpses of people who have made  
the attempt and failed. The streets  
around them are studded with dog  
shit and crowded with passersby who  
shout obscenities at the climber.

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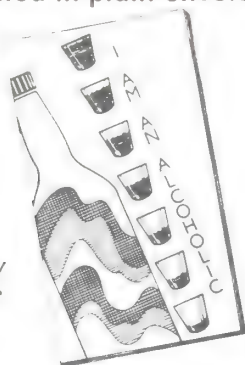




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## BOOKS

wonder who will get his apartment, and make such comments as, "Won't he make a splash when he falls now?" He realizes he will never free the symbol through his labor; only a literal flight of imagination could do it. He borrows a method from the fairy tale he parodies: he seizes the legs of an eagle and is carried above the mountain until, at the proper point, he cuts off the eagle's legs and lands upright on the mountaintop. And he even finds the enchanted symbol. But when he touches the symbol, it changes into "only a beautiful princess." He flings her "headfirst down the mountain" to the cursing crowd who "can be relied upon to deal with her." At the heights and depths there is nothing but hatred for other people.

Meaninglessness is Barthelme's conceptual and emotional answer to the rage of the glass-mountain artist who is always sliding into the fact of his own hatred. He suggests an alternative in "Brain Damage." In droning emptiness and trivial activity Barthelme finds a cure for the brain damage that is thought and feeling: "The elevator girls were standing very close together. One girl put a candy bar into another girl's mouth, and the other girl put a hamburger into another girl's mouth." Just as concentrating on a candy bar frees the elevator girl from an awareness of highs and lows, so the Winston ad, sung by a passing girl, saves another Barthelme character from falling apart, plunging into his own fiery wrath. Barthelme's collapsing personalities are stabilized only when boredom numbs the emotions that "damage" the mind. Feeling looms only between episodes when the questions, "To what end? What recourse?" appear in heavy type. Barthelme's episodes never do more with these questions than show how the answers can be avoided. The remedy for rage is the literature of novocaine.

The most chilling thing in *In Cold Blood* is Truman Capote's contempt for the Clutters, who were murdered by Perry Smith and Dick Hickock. It is living in cold blood, not merely murdering in it, that fascinates Capote and shapes his description of the Clutters into something less than kind. They appear almost ruthlessly empty: the father, Herb Clutter, who is such a pillar of the community, so able to keep his emotions in check; the daughter,

Nancy, pie-baking, Girl Scout in ways with a niceness and integrity too great to be believed; the mother, Bonnie (poor Bonnie) who could keep up with all this sunny sanity broke down, whisked off to a mental hospital. Capote depicts the Clutters as unable to stop their dog-gone long enough to feel for her or to think about anything. They are as much an abstraction for him as the symbols are for Perry Smith, who murders them, probably as symbols for everyone who has ever rejected him.

Against the Clutters' stark emptiness, Capote places his complex, intensely sympathetic portrait of Perry, a half-breed drifter, a loser raised in orphanages where he was often beaten, where, at the age of seven, he first dreamed a dream so rich in symbolic connections, so baroque in imagery, so beautifully violent that he could not help but appeal to another author whose books had hitherto been so lush. After being battered by a dream for wetting his bed, Perry dreams that "the parrot appeared, arriving while he slept, a bird taller than Jesus, yellow like a sunflower, a viceroy-angel who blinded the nuns with his beak, fed upon their eyes, slaughtered them as they pleaded for mercy, then so gently lifted him, enfolded him, winged him away to paradise. The "holy spirit" for Perry was violent revenge, a child's dream of a force great enough to overwhelm the forces that overwhelmed him. The spirit of vindication came to Perry Smith in reality, in the form of a writer who would have so much compassion for him, who would immortalize his suffering and his act as he faced Herb Clutter, knife in hand.

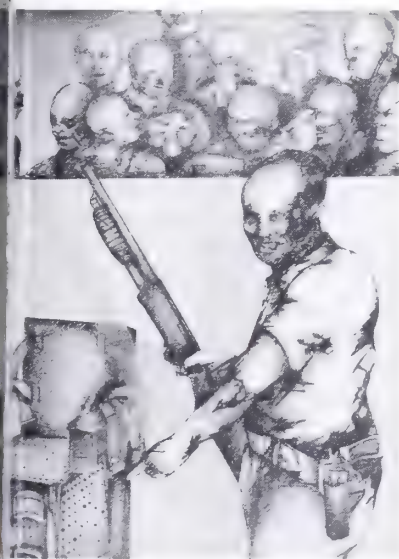
"Who is lonelier, the hawk or the worm?" Capote raised that question in *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, and it must have obsessed him throughout *In Cold Blood* as he turned the encounter between Smith and Clutter into a collision between two emotionally dead men—the "hawk" and the "worm" who are equally locked in their own isolation. The one murdering, the other dying, they are one. Capote's most dramatic symbols for human "interaction."

Capote sees everyone trapped between one kind of death and another. Even the FBI man hunting the Clutters' killers is really investigating himself. As he watches a bonfire of the Clutters' effects, he asks, "How was it possible that such effort, such



virtue could overnight be re-  
l to this—smoke thinning as it  
and was received by the big, an-  
ting sky?” Between the “anni-  
ng sky” and the “scraping tum-  
ed” lies Capote’s vision of the  
ican soul living, dying, and  
ering in cold blood. Capote’s  
air over the ruined Perry Smith  
index of his distance from the  
ers. But his insistence that cold  
and cold life are the American  
periences is probably his wish  
than his fear. Is it better to  
freeze fury than to feel it, or  
see it?

Only connect!” wrote Forster.  
for Barthelme and Capote, the  
valid connection is to the evil,  
r, or death they see at the center  
f every human being. Barthelme  
es fury as a problem of art. But  
boredom and emptiness his char-  
s use to keep themselves from  
ng about anything are more than  
netic devices. In the fiction of  
Barthelme and Capote, knowing  
aring about people is invariably  
experience of evil and suffering.  
helme’s aestheticism and Ca-  
’s journalistic “realism” serve as  
ces for distancing both the writer  
the reader from the violent core  
their work. What grips Capote  
ne world is finally what justifies  
depression, the quiet frustration  
runs through all his serious nov-  
Reality is where Capote’s fan-  
es happen.

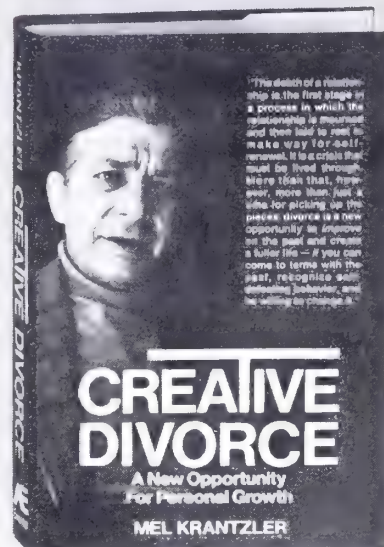


*he Dogs Bark*, Capote’s recent  
collection of portraits, interviews,  
travel memoirs, underlines what  
akes the world irresistible to him.  
ces are, for Capote, most vivid as  
ge sets for the perpetual combats

in his mind. In Hollywood on a Sun-  
day in 1946, Capote says his “shad-  
ow” is “moving down the stark white  
street... like the one living element  
in a Chirico” where every house or  
“crack in the wall” can “strike an  
ugly note prophesying doom.” New  
Orleans streets, he says, “have long  
lonesome perspectives; in empty  
hours... things innocent ordinarily  
...acquire qualities of violence.”  
“Acquire”? How? Streets are mag-  
nets for Capote’s venomous fantasies.

Capote infuses his own violence  
into the quietest, emptiest places; he  
brings it to his portraits and inter-  
views with public persons, particu-  
larly with those men who have been  
among the greatest symbols of viril-  
ity. Humphrey Bogart is neatly struck  
down for his stupidity in less than two  
pages. “A most moral—by a bit of  
exaggerating you might say ‘prim’—  
man, Bogart employed ‘professional’  
as a platinum medal to be distrib-  
uted among persons whose behavior  
he sanctioned; ‘bum,’ the reverse of  
an accolade, conveyed, when spoken  
by him, almost scarifying displea-  
sure. ‘A guy who doesn’t leave his  
wife and kids provided for, he’s a  
bum,’ said Bogart, even of his own fa-  
ther.” “Bums, too,” explains Capote,  
“were guys who cheated on their  
wives, cheated on their taxes, and all  
whiners, gossipists, most politicians,  
most writers, women who Drank,  
women who were scornful of men  
who Drank; but the bum true-blue  
was any fellow who shirked his job,  
was not, in meticulous style, a ‘pro’  
in his work.” Having nailed Bogart  
for having the moral sharpness of a  
meat cleaver, Capote gets Marlon  
Brando for his confusion. Interview-  
ing Brando in Kyoto during the film-  
ing of *Sayonara*, he makes him seem  
ridiculous for his pursuit of philos-  
ophy, his professed ambivalence over  
his success, his perpetual appearance  
of discontent. Noting—as any in-  
terviewer would—the gap between  
the piles of books on Zen and the  
lacquered trays heaped with food  
brought into Brando’s opulent hotel  
room, Capote reduces most of what  
Brando says to merely the preten-  
sion of a “boy on the candy pile.”  
During the Bogart sketch and the  
Brando interview, the adroit, man-  
nered ad hominem attack so absorbs  
Capote’s energies that he will not  
even acknowledge that the enormous  
success of these men was rooted in  
precisely what he mocks them for.

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—LUCY FREEMAN

*“So good that I can think of ten  
people right now I must give it  
to... the very best book on the  
subject.”*

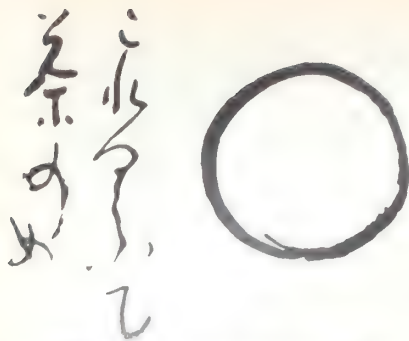
—EDA LeSHAN

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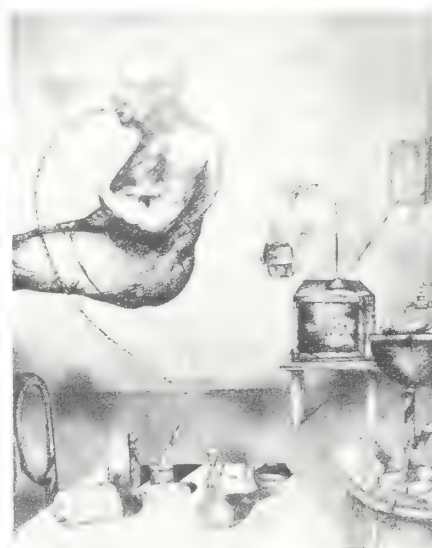
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## BOOKS

What does Capote admire? Jean Cocteau's ability to be "vastly imaginative but vivaciously insincere." He quotes Gide's journal describing a meeting with Cocteau in August 1914. Gide says, "his conversation shocked me like a luxury article displayed in a period of famine and mourning. He is dressed almost like a soldier, and the fillip of the present events has made him look healthier. When speaking of the slaughter of Mulhouse, he uses amusing adjectives and mimicry; he imitates the bugle call and the whistling of the shrapnel. Then, changing subjects . . . he claims to be sad . . . then he talks of the lady at the Red Cross who shouted on the stairway, 'I was promised fifty wounded men for this morning: I want my fifty wounded men.'"

Capote has Cocteau's unerring instinct for the ghoulishness of everybody—even himself. But he thinks it's funny. He passes it off as coy wit in "Self-Portrait," in which he asks himself, "Have you ever wanted to kill anybody? No? Cross your heart?" He answers, "As for me, if desire had ever been transferred into action, I'd be right up there with Jack the Ripper." Some fun!



BEYOND THE ICINESS of Capote or Barthelme or the hot wrath of Burroughs and Selby is the kick of moral outrage, played out in that institutionalized hate-circus, politics. What better way to express one's anger, detach oneself from it, and even legitimize every private gripe than by turning it all into outrage at the system? What makes the political gripes of the hate-freak unique is that there is no real difference between his feel-

ing about his friends or himself, his feeling about the people in power whom he hates for being "other." In fact, the people that hates are exactly like himself.

Establishment politics is turned cool, the institutional spectacle of people sniping at each other. For the angry reporter, absurdities of a Presidential campaign must be irresistible. No wonder Hunter Thompson's *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail* radiates the special energy of a man doing his thing by chronicling how drunken bozos grab at Muskie's paragon how he met McGovern unzipped in front of a urinal. No wonder some of Thompson's one-line portraits are brilliant: Hubert Humphrey is "like an eighty-year-old woman who just discovered speed."

Politics are just as ruthless as a hate-freak would like them to be, an arena where the situation justifies the private anger even of Hunter Thompson, the subterranean reporter who surfaced with *Hell's Angels* and wrote in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* that the failure of the Youth Movement was sealed when Ginzberg and Kesey could not persuade the Hell's Angels to join the Berkeley radicals. What the movement needed was more kinkiness! Thompson is basically a heavy; what appeals to him is finally the combat of the invective. What he likes is not bringing down the Establishment, but using it for a showy rip-off.

The kick in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* is to drive there in an expensive-account white Cadillac, rent an expensive room, and stock up on cocaine, red blotter acid, ups, downs, and other goodies, all at "their" expense and to drug up in the middle of a convention of narcos. And there is the joy of outraging a maid who has a "face like Mickey Rooney," who opens a closet and stares down at Thompson's "attorney" who "kneeling, stark naked, in the close vomiting into his shoes, thinking he was actually in the bathroom."

Vomit along with meeee! To be I you have to join the togetherness that wells over the shoe and bowl. One of Thompson's friendliest conversations with his attorney is about how the attorney ate a whole Jimsonweed in twenty minutes. "What happened?" demands Thompson. "I vomited most of it right back up. But even so, I went blind for three days. I was such



s that they had to haul me back  
a wheelbarrow. They said I  
trying to talk, but I sounded  
a raccoon." "Fantastic," says  
mpson. But "I could barely hear  
I was so wired that my hands  
clawing uncontrollably at the  
read. . . . I could feel my eye-  
swelling about to pop out of  
sockets. 'Finish the fucking  
' I snarled."

Thompson's particular insight into  
ship as an exchange about nau-  
fury, and incomprehensibility  
s him uniquely sensitive to dis-  
as the major force for human  
ction and political power. In  
*and Loathing on the Campaign*  
, he says: "There are only two  
to make it in big-time politics  
y: one is to come on like a  
dinosaur with a high-pow-  
machine that scares the shit out  
our entrenched opposition (like  
y or Nixon) . . . and the other is  
up the massive, frustrated ener-  
of a mainly young, disillusioned  
orate." For Thompson the coun-  
runs on frustration, its power  
ce is anger, its most marketable  
modity is hate. Thompson sees  
best of us as frustrates, angries,  
ies. He supported McGovern  
ough McGovern did not have  
gh kinkiness for him), yet he  
with such a peculiar edge, "Mc-  
ern made some stupid mistakes,  
in context they seem almost friv-  
s compared to the things Rich-  
Nixon does every day of his life,  
urpose, as a matter of policy and  
rfect expression of everything he  
ds for." But isn't that the point?  
t that what we stand for? Isn't  
e an absolute rightness that out  
all us paranoids and snipers  
ld come the man who so epit-  
zes the faces of fear and loath-  
that he would be elected the an-  
st angry of us all? "Jesus!" cries  
mpson in righteous wrath. "How  
do you have to stoop in this  
ntry to be President?"

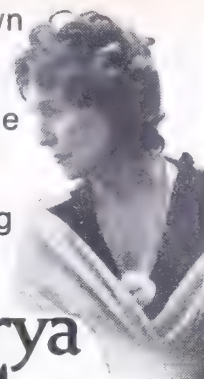
Why have such angry writers been  
admired? For all their extremes  
y convey the emotional facts of  
America where life increasingly  
saws between open hate and de-  
ssion. People are no longer re-  
led by a fiction whose aggression  
so clear cut, so much the point.  
s is less because the angries pro-  
e a catharsis than because they  
reate in an overt drama the fury  
t inheres in everyone—not just

muttering loonies on the street. What  
Selby achieved was a brilliant re-  
velation of those anonymous haters,  
the potential Sirhans or Bremers who  
are the excretions of American life,  
the compost heap of losers where  
this culture breeds the envy unto  
death. Capote and Barthelme—so-  
phisticated, Olympian—are at the  
other end of the social ladder, tap-  
ping the anger of the cosmopolite  
who regards the world as so intrin-  
sically disappointing that he "knows"  
it deserves no more than the poison-  
ous aphorism, the clever put-down.

Debunking is now the American  
pastime, the obsession that marks our  
attempt to cut the past down to the  
paucity of the present. George Wash-  
ington was an expense-account  
fraud! Kennedy only a hollow man!  
This war against the dead, however  
true any of its specific attacks, sig-  
nals the degree to which many of us  
live sophisticates have become snip-  
ers, addicted to the cheap shot at  
whoever is too unstained for current  
taste. And this in turn is the mark  
of our preoccupation with our own  
impotence and power, the nonsexual  
yin and yang of our time.

What kills depression now is the  
electrifying experience of open fury.  
S-M fiction brings the reader out of  
his down by making a spectacle of  
his own cruelty and vulnerability. It  
offers the kick of the murder, the  
vicious election, the spleeny vilifica-  
tions that fill its pages. What the  
reader gets to see is the literary  
equivalent of the lynching, the witch-  
burning that have each had their  
time and place in American life. In  
a literate consumer society, why not  
market rage to the quiet man, the  
reader desperate in his armchair?  
Why not sell him the voyeur's jolt  
at watching the author—the closet  
angry—come out? The S-M spirit  
reaches from underground minds like  
Burroughs' or Thompson's to the  
modish elegance of Capote and Bar-  
thelme, from tabloids to the most  
fashionable magazines. Anger has  
brought the underground up and ev-  
erybody down. Look at your news-  
paper! The latest truth about the  
milk deal! The new facts about why  
Nixon had his brother wiretapped  
and followed! The blurbs for *Mean  
Streets*. The rerun, by popular de-  
mand, of *Slaughter's Big Rip-Off*!  
He stole \$3 million from the Man and  
Got Away! Isn't this society more  
united than you thought? □

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of American  
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last remaining  
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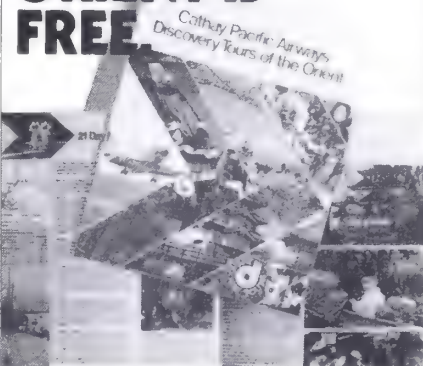
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# GAME

## CURIOUS CRITICISM by W. D. Lewis, Decatur, Ill.

The following is a portion of a review of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, once written for *Field and Stream* magazine by Ed Zorn:

"This fictional account of the day-by-day life of an English gamekeeper is still of considerable interest to the outdoor-minded readers as it contains many passages on pheasant raising, the apprehension of poachers, ways to control vermin, and other chores and duties of the professional gamekeeper. Unfortunately, one is obliged to wade through many pages of extraneous material in order to discover and savor these sidelights on the management of a Midland shooting estate."

This month we invite readers to review a well-known book as it might appear in an unlikely source. How

would *The Odessa File* be treated by a reviewer in *Popular Mechanics*, *The Happy Hooker* in *Marketing Research*, or *Breakfast of Champions* in *Creative Cookery*? Send your review (in fifty words or less) to "Curious Criticism," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked no later than February 8 and become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in the April issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *The Best Plays of 1972-1973*, edited by Otis L. Guernsey, Jr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

Runners-up: *Sense Relaxation* by Bernard Gunther (Collier Books).

**Winners of "Hip Haiku,"** the December game that asked readers to write their own haiku, the Japanese poem in three unrhymed lines of five, seven, and five syllables, are:

### First Prize

*Civilisation* by Kenneth Clark (Harper & Row):

Farewell, my lovelies.  
Bright lights, warm rooms, Sunday  
drives  
No more fuelish things.

—Bennett Orman  
Fresno, Calif.

### Runners-up

A Bookworm:

Scandals and crises.  
Today, what could be worse? Why,  
Tomorrow's, of course!

—Jim Bauman  
Park Ridge, Ill.

Cross-country athletes  
Who condition themselves well  
Win in the long run.

The alcoholic  
Little dreams he's the victim  
Of wishful drinking.

—Arthur Camper  
Madison, Wis.

I do what I want  
When I want to do it—if  
It's all right with you.

—Mitch Cohen  
Carmichael, Calif.

A haiku is like  
Eating a potato chip—  
Try to write just one.

—Deborah Crawford  
New York, N.Y.

College professors  
Believe wisdom is acquired  
Degree by degree.

—David Elkins  
Montreal, Canada

If you wish to break  
The habit of a lifetime,  
You need but drop it.

—Frances Gibson  
New Orleans, La.

Two persons peeking  
Opposite in same keyhole  
Will see eye to eye.

—R. Haines  
Suitland, Md.

Politicians spend  
Their promises to decrease  
Taxes they will raise.

—Kurt C. Hartmann  
La Vernia, Tex.

Will Old St. Nick's team  
Cheerfully extend its hours  
And keep at fifty?

—M. S. Houston  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A narcissist is  
A person who looks in the  
Mirror and says, "Wow!"

—Philip H. Pratt  
Mill Valley, Calif.

What's wrong with aging  
Is that the undertaking  
Presents no future.

—Helen Punc  
New York, N.Y.

Most nonconformists  
Seem to be nonconforming  
The very same way.

—Varoujan Samuelian  
Watertown, Mass.

Fairy tales are not  
Necessarily happy;  
Some of them are Grimm.

A kid who puts his  
Pennies in the slot machine  
Hasn't any cents.

—Mae Z. Scanlan  
Washington, D.C.

Counterculture kids  
Encounter much less culture  
Than square counterparts.

—Val C. Sherman  
Chevy Chase, Md.

What a paradox  
Is an unbending person  
Who cannot unbend.

—Ruth von Phu  
New York, N.Y.

Prognostication  
Of one's own future makes one  
Autonomystic.

—M. J. Walker  
Rye, N.H.



# STARTING POINTS

## ers Share

Women have always enjoyed telling secrets and sharing them. From the menstrual harems, and quilting circles in the past, to the consciousness-raising groups of the present and the women's movement, women confided in one another through tears and raucous laughter. Each group is a small circle of ten to twenty women (not necessarily friends) with a bond of shared secrets. The conversations that take place are different from those in social settings or from the discussions in seminars because women concentrate on releasing their feelings about their experiences.

When secrets are revealed? "I was raped once and never told anyone till now, except for the women in the group." They tried to find out if my boyfriend was lying. I was in a state of shock—on sedatives—for three days. "I had my baby thirteen years ago and I remember the day as if it were yesterday. My doctor gave me scopolamine to help me to sleep. For days after I had hallucinations and he wouldn't tell me why. I noticed I wasn't remembering things. It was horrible." My baby daughter died from a rare disease. I have always blamed myself. No one gave

me sympathy then, but when I was in a car accident recently, I got lots of it. I understand now that it was the others' rejection that made me feel guilty."

"I realize now that I got married so I could get away from my parents." "I think about sex all the time." "The only reason I am still with my husband is that I have no money to live on by myself and, after twenty-five years of raising kids, no chance of getting a job." "I hate to admit it, but I have been so angry that I beat my children." "I want to be very famous and very rich. I never get enough rewards." "I fear that things are going on without me." "In my dream God asked me to take His place—and I said yes!" "I am obsessed with the problems of making music. I go to bed, dream, and wake up thinking about them."

When secrets are told, social change sometimes follows. For instance, now that rape can be discussed openly, there is a new demand for police rape squads and active prosecution of rapists. Women have established self-help clinics, where they can care for their own bodies and control pregnancies. Women know more about natural methods of childbirth, deliveries in the home, the use of midwives. They are experimenting with new ways of living together as

couples, married or not, and of taking care of the children and home. With greater self-respect and courage they have started their own businesses and created new forms of art.

Women are now also influencing men to look at their own emotional selves, to divulge their secrets, to seek consciousness of their acts. If men make contact with the woman principle in themselves (attitudes of relatedness, nurturing, intuition), they may be able to counteract the oneness of the prevailing masculine mode (aggression, rational science and technology, materialism) of Western civilization. The psychological struggle involved in delving into suppressed areas is a source of renewal for human beings, as it opens up the inner world of the spirit, which truly activates us all.

—Valerie Harms

Valerie Harms is the author of *Unmasking: Ten Women in Metamorphosis*.

## Come Out, Come Out

It's a commonplace that we all move through our social worlds wearing masks. By the time we're grown up, most of us have a sizable wardrobe of them: two or three for colleagues, some for assorted relatives, and at least one each for the neighbors, the local trades-

men, fellow alumni, and the children's friends. Some people even have a special mask just for writing in their diaries.

Every so often, I used to wish that I could get up the courage to dispense with my various false fronts. I felt a desire to be "me"—the me I feel like inside and not the outward one perceived by others. How could I let this "inside me" out? I decided to make a new face in the form of a mask of satin. But masks are paradoxes; they both hide and reveal. Once I put mine on I found that my usual inhibitions and affectations pretty much vanished. Somehow I had gained the confidence to act the way I felt.

Since then I've made many masks—for myself, for art galleries, for my friends. I even give parties at which I provide masks for my guests. And I've found that almost everyone responds to wearing a mask as I did, by suddenly feeling free to be himself.

Maybe some of you will want to see if the same thing happens in your case. You can buy masks, or make them out of paper bags or old pillowcases or anything else you have at hand. Why not give it a try?

—Sas Colby

Sas Colby has just completed a term as artist in residence at California State College, Fresno.

"And Secrecy the human dress" —William Blake (1757-1827)





# WRAPAROUND WR

"Loose lips sink ships."

—Anonymous, c. 1939-1945

## HARPER'S TELLS ALL

You probably think that staff members of big-time, high-class magazines are in on a lot of *entre nous* chitchat that folks out in Readerland never hear about. Well of course you're right, as usual. The most formidable secrets in the world are to be found right here among the people who put out *Harper's*, and as a special service, we've decided to divulge a few of their most significant ones.

1. *Secret of the perfect dry martini*: "Mix three parts gin, one part vermouth, and one part 180 proof grain alcohol."
2. *Secret of stopping a snorer from snoring*: "Whistle at him. Later he will resume snoring, but maybe by then you'll have fallen asleep."
3. *Secret of taking bad-tasting medicine*: "First you rub an ice cube on your tongue to numb the taste buds."
4. *Secret of staying awake while driving*: "I think about all the people who are conspiring against me and the paranoid condition I achieve keeps me alert."
5. *Secret of how to catch and keep a man*: "Imagine what the man you desire would have been like if he'd been born a woman. That is the woman he most wants to kill—although he doesn't know this. Become that woman. This doesn't work for catching a woman for some reason."
6. *Secret of cleaning discolored glass cookware*: "Spray it with oven cleaner."
7. *Secret of doing everything in the most efficient way possible*: "Use a single-edged razor blade."

## Confidence

As a general rule, confidences are made to persons below one socially rather than to those above. Much more readily than we can employ our superiors in secret affairs, we make use of our inferiors, who consequently become committed sharers in our most hidden thoughts; they are present at our deliberations.

—Honoré de Balzac  
*La Cousine Bette*, 1847

## Unspeakable Thoughts

Among the papers left by my late uncle, Wilbur Slats, there is one that I believe would be most suitable for your forthcoming WRAPAROUND on secrets. It appears to be a draft of a letter to his four children. Whether the letter reached them I do not know, since my efforts to contact them on this or any other matter relating to their father have been consistently rebuffed.

Faithfully yours,  
Protagonist Bruce

**Love**: It is harder to declare one's love for his wife or dog than to confess one's lust for a secretary or a schoolboy.

**Shame**: Both as emotion and tool of social control, shame has disappeared from the catalogue of human behavior. It has been replaced by guilt, which (*salve* St. Sigmund) can be freely exposed before anyone, and is thus far less painful, either to feel or to inflict.

**Envy**: Envy has become admissible only by being mistaken for covetousness—"I envy you your house in the country"; "I envy you your lovely complexion." True envy never declares itself. It says, "I hope your house burns to the ground"; "I wish your face were as pocked with acid as mine is with acne."

**Grief**: Love now being less conventional than lust, grief has joined jealousy as one of those things you only read about in old novels.

**Hate**: It is as inconceivable to admit an occasional hatred of one's children as it is fashionable to express murderous feelings toward one's parents.

**Ambition**: Just as I was taught never to show fear, you have felt it wise to conceal your drive for power. I was ambitious. You are carnivorous sheep.

**Happiness**: The reason you try so hard to get high is that you have forgotten the words to express mere happiness.

**Blame**: Because any act, no matter how heinous, is now routinely traced to an infinite regression of soulless causality, we have lost the pleasures of blaming along with the assumption of responsibility.

**Triumph**: It is permissible to dance on the grave of one's enemies, though only in secret. To show triumph to the living is to invite homicidal resentment.

—Wilbur Slats

"Spying is a fine thing: you get the enjoyments of a thief and still remain an honest man."

—Johann Nestroy (1801-1862)

## The World's Most Closely Guarded Secrets, or Who Knows...?

...who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?

...why salmon swim upstream to spawn?

...Jack Benny's age?

...the sex fantasies of an amoeba?

...the answer to the riddle of the *Mary Celeste*?

...what population centers are to be sacrificed in the event of a nuclear attack?

...the whereabouts of Howard Hughes (and Martin Bormann)?

...whatever happened to Amelia Earhart, Judge Crater, and Ambrose Bierce?

...whether Israel has the A-bomb?

...the author of *The Story of O*?

...what accounts for the deliciousness of the banana-and-peanut butter sandwich?

—Susan Witty

Susan Witty is a free-lance writer.

## YOUR SECRET IS SA WITH YOUR SPOUSE

Even at the early common law, husbands and wives were not permitted to testify for or against each other in a proceeding. This rule, however, does not owe its origin to recognition of the need for freedom of confidence in marriage, but stems rather from the fact that at common law husband and wife were in many ways regarded as one person. It followed that one could not testify either for or against himself; if the testimony was favorable, it would be serving and repetitious to submit the spouse to confirmation of his alter ego had said. If the testimony was unfavorable, it would be like permitting a schizophrenic witness to testify both for and against himself. The rule persisted long after common law in other respects had changed to regard husband and wife as two separate individuals. Justification then shifted to the theory that family harmony would be better served if spouses were not permitted to testify for or against each other.

—Harriet F. Matthews and Theodore S. Wright

*Your Mother and the Law*

"At no time are people so sedulously careful to keep their appointments, attend to their ordinary occupations, and thus give the commonplace aspect on life, as when conscious of some secret which if suspected would make them look monstrous in the general eye."

—Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Marble Faun*

## WHAT DO YOU THINK A SECRET IS?

A secret can be a couple of things. One may be something someone whispers in your ear. It can also be a surprise or it can be something hidden or lost a long or a short while ago.

I've read a lot of Nancy Drews and my favorite one is *The Secret at Shadow Ranch*. This is about a treasure hidden somewhere in Shadow Ranch or the mountain. There is a secret hideout with a treasure in it and Nancy has to find it.

In school my friends whisper a lot of funny things in my ear which my friends call secrets. It is usually about someone in the class or school.

One of the secrets my friend told me was this: "Ellie, don't tell Jennifer this but I invited

her to spend the night one day, but I've already told Lisa over. So when she tells her mother about it I'll have to say, 'No, Jennifer, I decided that I'm going to Lisa over because I don't think you're fit to play with me.'"

This is a hard secret to keep because if I tell Jennifer she won't hurt her feelings when it happens, but I'll tell her my friends were telling secrets about me.

Another kind of secret to keep is a surprise party for something. Your mother tells you not to tell anyone about this, or, in other words, it's a secret!"

—Ellie Jones

Ellie Jones is a fifth-grader in Pennsylvania.



# SOURCES AROUND

## ivate Your Own

garden was mysterious, own, a long-neglected m of roses, poppies, ir, crocuses, and lilies, after ten years of being to the world, it became fuge and then the sweet sibility of a lonely, or- English girl named Mary k. She is the heroine of *Secret Garden* by Frances on Burnett (Lippincott,

book was read to me was nine. I will not for- Of all the books I read were, in effect, telling me necessity of growing up, is one enchanted me suf- y to make moving into own-up world not the usu- bersively harsh adult and. Reading it now many later, I try to find out perhaps the reason is that

dum: *Real time 1*, men- in December column yet available, is in fact le (a Doubleday Anchor l, \$3.95). The predeces- *real time 2*, it has the commendable qualities. ooks, journals, and insti- it reviews reflect the tex- thought in the late Sixties.

## AS

of people have trouble to sleep at night. At s many find it hideously get up out of bed in the g. **WRAPAROUND** is for clues to the manage- and comprehension of Please write us if you of a good way to: asleep. p soundly. ce up fast. e up cheerful. enough sleep. along on too little sleep. p it off.

could say you were feel- mpy. Or you could say re as nervous as a long- at in a room full of rock- irs. In search of colorful ic Americana, **WRAP- ND** invites you to send ly memorable metaphor. know who said it first, or ection of the country it from, we'd be grateful at information, too. Our is Two Park Avenue. ork, N.Y. 10016.

little, withdrawn Mary Lennox discovered not only the need to tend the flowers, to be gentle and understanding of the people and animals she learned to love; she also discovered that she herself could keep her privacy and still grow in and as a part of the world. And so the walled, fragrant English garden came to represent the most magical and comforting of places, a nest in which to experience life in its purest state.

I have found secret gardens since then: on abandoned estates, behind New York tenements, in small foreign villages, in desert oases. But the first garden, the one I tell my children about, the sacred Eden, is the one on the Yorkshire moors.

—Valerie Brooks

Valerie Brooks works for a New York publishing firm.

## THE MYSTERIOUS SEX

*Woman's Mysteries*, by M. Esther Harding (Bantam, \$1.95). Women have been associated with the mysteries of nature since the Stone Age. The author of this interpretation of the feminine principle as it is portrayed in myth and dreams suggests that this is so because of the secret of fecundity each woman carries within her body. Harding discusses in fascinating detail not only the sacred rituals that once linked the hidden life of women to the cycles of the moon but also the modern myths that, on a psychological level, continue to associate the feminine with ideas of rebirth and sacrifice and with the force of the unconscious.

## Beyond Pig Latin

Want to amaze your friends? Confound your enemies? Compete with Lord Peter Wimsey? *Secret Codes and Ciphers*, by Bernice Kohn (Prentice-Hall, 95¢), will tell you all you need to know to devise and read messages in an impressive variety of ciphers. The book's large type and relentlessly cheery tone of voice indicate that it is marketed for children, but we don't see why adults shouldn't be allowed to experience the joys of arcane knowledge, too.

## Choosing to Choose

While looking in *Whole Grains: A Book of Quotations* (Douglas Links, \$3.95) for especially provocative and illuminating sayings, I saw, "The only antidote to mental suffering is physical pain," by Karl Marx. Which I might have passed by as only a fair example of the unpredictable, a poor example of the gutsy nature of this amusing compilation—if I hadn't been thinking hard about *How People Change*, a small, moody tract by California psychoanalyst Allen Wheelis, whose work I have just, to my pleasure, discovered.

The starting point of *How People Change* (Harper & Row, \$5.00) is that mental anguish ("created suffering") exists no less potently than physical anguish ("imposed pain"), that knowing "deep carpets, thin china, great music, rare wine," and love is no guarantee against misery or the ledge ten stories up. Imposed pain is the result of injustice and the human condition; created suffering is the result of a lack of inner freedom. While these conditions may feel equally painful, the victim of one is innocent of his suffering, the victim of the other bears responsibility for his condition, is guilty of complicity with a life that imposes necessity where choice could be. For us "guilty" sufferers, the task is to develop awareness in order to create choice. We should know this. Psychoanalysis rests on this principle. What we need is to be reminded of it, to see how the road to change can be reached, and Wheelis shows us.

I've always considered it the business of art to ask questions, and of entertainment to give answers. It's part of the pleasure of Wheelis that he gives few answers. He asks, and asks, and asks. He draws a character who feels seeking is better than finding. He includes himself in his prose, tells stories from his past in an attempt to get at the dynamics whereby, at some point, he let his hold on freedom drop a notch and became hung up on necessity.

Choice or the illusion of choice, god or puppet? More philosophy here than psychoanalysis. After a lengthy exploration that examines each of the guises of determinism and

existential therapy, Wheelis leads them to their logical conclusion and reasons, "What destroys the behaviorist's argument is not the evidence marshaled to demonstrate that we are controlled by environment—that is utterly convincing—but the use of that evidence to deny freedom." So, we are what we do. And we can do otherwise. We can learn the freedom to choose.

Wheelis has also written an interesting novel called *The Desert* (Harper & Row, 95¢). Part of its interest lies in its use of chapters that reappear in *How People Change*. These repeated essay chapters intertwine with the fictional chapters and create a different experience than one gets from reading the essays without the fiction. It's worthwhile to contrast his passions in both forms.

Another Wheelis fiction, *The Illusionless Man: Some Fantasies and Meditations on Disillusionment* (Harper & Row, \$1.95), is wonderful. In it are obsessions couched in the form of fables, followed by essays on the same themes. Wheelis's storytelling is superb, his eye for detail both cruel and loving in its sharpness. On death: "Everywhere I looked there it was, and sometimes terribly close: once my mother dropping a live lobster into boiling water, and I simply could not believe that this was she who tucked me in and drove away my demons at night. How can one reconcile such images?" On illusion: "What else is there?" Wheelis's existential stand shows most clearly in *The Illusionless Man*, though at times his point of view resembles the child's attempt to grasp the far shores—the limits of the universe, the beginning of time, the why of the blue sky.

Each of these books is short (approximately two hours' reading time) and rewarding. I suggest *How People Change* for an understanding of how you can begin to free yourself from necessity; *The Desert* for a similar understanding and some sexiness; and *The Illusionless Man* for fine stories and company.

—Suzanne Mantell

Suzanne Mantell reviews books of special interest to WRAPAROUND readers.

To order books mentioned in Sources, please follow the instructions in Tools for Living.



# TOOLS FOR LIVING

## BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

Tools for Living is not a product testing service. If we feature something here, it's because we like it. There are no best buys, no check-rated items, no guarantees or warranties. Our items are not selected by an organized process. Somewhere along the line one of you or one of us has run across that particular product, used it, and found it to be functional and worth its price.

If you decide to order any of these items through *Harper's*, just follow the instructions on the next page. Postage and handling charges are on us.



## THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

"Ardent bicyclists have long lamented the fact that there was not one well-designed, soundly built bicycle light to be had," writes Bruce Coppola from Roseville, Michigan. "We have had to put up with drag-inducing generators or bulky, unreliable, chintzy battery-powered toys. But now the Wonder Corporation has begun distributing the Wonder Bike Headlight."

"The headlight is small, molded of high-impact plastic, and powered by an amazing little battery included in the light that puts out 4.5 volts—equal to three D flashlight batteries—which means this light shoots out a powerful beam. The switch is reliable, the strong two-piece bracket swivels to any position and stays where you put it. The light also slips out of its bracket to become a powerful palm-size flashlight."

Mr. Coppola told us that this headlight is new and might not be widely distributed yet; you can purchase one from us for \$5 postpaid.

## CHILD LABOR AND FUN

*Sticks & Stones & Ice Cream Cones*, by teacher/crafts columnist Phyllis Fiarotta, is a 300-page treasure-house of projects that will involve children in things that can be used as games or toys and appreciated for their beauty as well. There are all kinds of things to do: footprints to be sandcast, origami birds to be folded, cookies to be baked, mini-gardens to be sown in an eggshell, a rug to be braided for a child's room, macramé to be knotted, cloth to be patch-worked or batiked or tie-dyed, even a puppet show (complete with script and tickets).

The crafts call for supplies found in most homes or easily purchased at stationery or art-supply shops. When the directions involve the use of a potentially dangerous piece of household equipment, parental supervision is advised. Each project has easy-to-understand drawings of the construction process, instructions, and a list of the craft materials needed.

We think this book appeals to a very wide range of ages. As soon as a child can read he will be able to use the whole book on his own, but even if he hasn't yet mastered the words he will be able to investigate the crafts through the illustrations and go on to construct more objects on his own.

*Sticks & Stones & Ice Cream Cones* is a Workman publication and is available in bookstores or from us for \$4.95 postpaid.



## GRIPPING NEWS ON VISE

Two votes for vise—Vise-Grip that is. A reader from Claremont, California, D. Peters, writes, "Most tools-in-one sacrifice efficiency for versatility. Not so the Vise-Grip. It can reach places that are inaccessible to most other tools, such as a pipe wrench."

I have used the Vise-Grip on nuts of various sizes as well as on round-surfaced objects; to remove headless nails which broke off practically flush with the surface of the wood; to give extra leverage to a screwdriver; to hold small pieces during grinding or fitting, and sheet metal during soldering; and to clamp pieces together after gluing and joining."

J. J. Russell of Ann Arbor, Michigan, thinks that the Vise-Grip "looks superficially like a crescent wrench, but is much, much more stable. With just a squeeze, the wrench locks onto whatever you want it to turn or hold, and it stays locked on until you release it. The stability greatly increases leverage, enabling one to unscrew corroded faucets, tighten bolts really tight, start screws into a wall without first drilling a hole. It comes with a wirecutter at the axis of the bite, so that you can cut wires and bolts that would otherwise require Superman."

To get a great grip on your problems, send us \$4.95 and we'll send you a ten-inch Vise-Grip Locking Wrench postpaid.

## TOTE THAT PLYWOOD

Paneling? Putting up sheetrock against Old Man Winter? Here's the tool for carrying that cumbersome load. A Plywood Toter. That's just what it is. Your load fits on the steel lip of the toter and is carried comfortably with the handle. The strap is 3,500-pound test nylon. Fold the whole thing up when not in use. Quite a solution to portage problems.

The Plywood Toter may be found in lumberyards or bought through the mails from us for \$5 postpaid.

## ROOM AND BOARD

Odette Jarrell wrote from Baytown, Texas, to tell us she'd like to recommend an interesting board without legs. Familybord is portable and ingeniously designed to hook a chest of drawers. It's a boon to travelers or those who clutter a squander closet space on a standard-size model. Approximately the size of a large cheese board (11½ by 33 inches), it can be hooked into almost any chest and rested on a half-drawer for support. A major improvement over a steamy towel on the bed."

We tried out the Familybord and found it to be everything Miss Jarrell said and more. It's very sturdy and can be set in a moment for a whole night or a crease or two. So small it can be stored in the most crowded of quarters (like a dormitory room), it hangs on a nail or a shelf until needed.

These are hard to find in the best notions departments; you may order directly from us for \$8.98 postpaid.



## COLD AND CONCERNED?

The following is a selection of publications that will help with heating and insulation problems. All are available from us or from the sources listed. Supt. of Documents U.S. Govt. Printing Office Washington, D.C. 20402

1. "Seven Ways to Reduce Household Consumption in House Heating... Through Energy Conservation," 35¢.
  2. "Eleven Ways to Reduce Energy Consumption and Increase Comfort in Household Cooling," 40¢.
  3. "The Citizen Action Guide to Energy Conservation," \$1.00.
- Concern 2233 Wisconsin Avenue, NW Washington, D.C. 20007 "Eco-Tips" No. 5 (how to save fuel), free.



# RAPAROUNDWRAP

## IT SKIS

It's a cleverly designed "writes Helene Von Ro- who identifies herself skier-costume restorer." ad somebody finally de- one because I haven't tten around to it.

Rally Ski Bag unfolds zippered pouch to cover skis and poles. The skis, it and put on top of a e protected by the water- bag from the ravages of salt and rusting winds. ou get to the snow or the ation, just take down the skis and sling it over your er with the convenient er strap. Your hands are and your clothes won't smudged. You can walk without knocking passers- n or feeling like Ichabod

When you get to the the bag folds into its own g pouch and then slips our belt. There's even a e pocket for wax and tools of the trade with a space for at least a cou- triple-decker peanut but- jelly sandwiches (yes, g is machine washable). ag has special side straps ed security and would be for storing skis and poles n seasons. Best of all, it's 16.95."

Rally Ski Bag is avail- n some sporting goods or from us postpaid. The acturer guarantees it for

bag fits skis up to 190 eters, blue bag fits skis 0 centimeters. Please spe- roper color.



## A PICTURE'S WORTH...

We've had so many questions about the Kinder-Gard Child Safety Latch mentioned in our November 1973 issue that we thought we'd better let you see what it looks like. A set of seven latches is still available from us for \$4.95. Childproof your medicine cabinets, drawers, and cupboards.



## HOT TIP

The electronic wizard on our staff has insisted that we feature the Wahl® "Iso-Tip" Cordless Soldering Iron. After using it for a couple of months, he reports, "It heats up mighty fast and really works. It affords the craftsman a freedom from dangling cords and electrical outlets. According to the manufacturer, after the 'Iso-Tip' is automatically charged in its stand it is armed with enough power to solder more than 150 consecutive joints, depending on wire size, without recharging. The thing is as easy to manipulate as a ball-point pen, especially since its light illuminates the work area, and it's beautiful for hard-to-get-at areas where a cord would be a real hindrance. Instead of having to completely remove the generator from an electric organ in my basement to replace a couple of parts, I was able to solder right on the unit. Since the tip heats up to over 700° F., it is very versatile for any number of jobs, whether they're in the shop, lab, or way out in the field."

The Wahl® "Iso-Tip" Cordless Soldering Iron is available in hardware stores or by mail from us for \$20 postpaid. The manufacturer guarantees this solderer for one year.

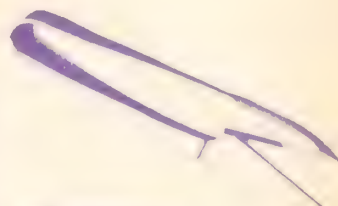
## CAN OPEN CANS

"Besides the regular blades, my pocketknife has a couple of patent 'utility' blades, the kind found on Swiss army and Boy Scout knives," writes Hugh Paradise, a reader from Seattle, Washington. "One is the familiar screwdriver-bottle-cap remover; the other looks like a pinch bug mandible.

"I carried this knife for several years. Every now and then I tried to use the can opener. No luck. You couldn't even jab it in and hack around the rim by main blundering strength, because there wasn't a sharp edge on it. That, at least, was a virtue; you couldn't cut yourself trying.

"I would sometimes appeal to ingenious-looking strangers, friends, even relatives. Nobody could make it open a can. Finally I hit on the answer. My local library has a file of U.S. patents. Sure enough, there, at 2,391,732, was a sketch of my knife, pinch bug mandible protruding, and a clear explanation printed beneath. Hook it onto the rim of a juice can, lift up, and it punches a hole in the top. That's it. Punch another hole for air and drink hearty. It's a can opener because if you've punched a hole in a can, you've opened it."

As for the always-popular Swiss army knife itself, the manufacturer's representative has lately advised us that knives like these are in very short supply—so much so that we cannot order them for at least a year. So if you see one, buy it.



## CLIPPING SANS JOINT

The great-granddaddy of the scissors is back. Originally used by the ancient Egyptians, these Bow Scissors, forged from a single piece of inlaid steel, are scalpel sharp for specialized close cutting. The scissors are used by holding them in the palm of the hand and squeezing the blades together (as in a handshake) between the thumb and the forefinger. They spring open after each squeeze. When you hold close to the blade points, you ensure the accuracy needed for clipping buttonholes and the fine pruning of bonsai. We think that the Bow Scissors would also be a good tool for cutting clippings or threads, ripping seams, trimming decoupage material or cuticles; and they might come in handy as a leader snipper for fishermen. They can be used by right- or left-handed persons.

These Bow Scissors are found in better hardware stores or may be ordered from us for \$3.95 postpaid.

## NOTICE

We are sorry, but we can no longer accept BankAmericard or Master Charge on orders under \$15.

## YOU GET THE IDEA

Since we can't do as much detective work as we'd like in digging out especially attractive products, we would welcome your help. If you are willing to stake your personal reputation on a product that has served you more than satisfactorily, send us a testimonial. We'll publish it if space permits and if the item is of general interest and availability. Write Tools for Living, c/o Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

## HOW TO ORDER

If you care to order these items from us, you may do so by sending a letter to Tools for Living, c/o Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Specify the item, quantity of each item, and color (if needed). Price is that indicated in the descriptions above. Add up the total for all items you order (N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax). Enclose a check for the total amount payable to Harper's Magazine. If you prefer to charge your BankAmericard or Master Charge on orders over \$15, indicate your card number and its expiration date. You may also order the works discussed in Sources by following these instructions.





# READERS WRAP-AROUND

## Boredom Line

Boredom can be fun. Or, anyway, reading about it can. As witness, the following excerpts from some of your letters on the subject. We're particularly interested in learning more about home remedies for boredom, no matter how strange they may be, and we hope that others of you will send them in to **WRAP-AROUND**, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Sitting here at my desk, not using my B.A. in English, working as a receptionist-typist for a chemical company, having to answer boring questions ("What are you doing here?" "Aren't you bored?"), I have contemplated the word *boredom* quite often. My day consists of rushing to work in morning traffic to sit until lunch to sit until the end of the working day. Therefore, I find myself forced to engage in mind-elevating activities that can be done at my desk and that can prepare me for complete use of my free time. I have managed to read all of my current magazines and, in doing so, I have compiled a library of reference books that deal directly with the subjects that will help me with my leisure activities.

For instance, as a novice gardener, I often find myself in need of a plant encyclopedia. I have researched and put together a personal guide to my plants. There are pictures and descriptions, and care instructions. I have also put together a craft book (with information on things that I will eventually get around to making), recipe books and files, maintenance books, book lists, etc. These guides help me accomplish other tasks.

I think there are different degrees of boredom depending on your locale, what you are doing, education—but the universal remedy boils down to keeping your mind as active and young as possible with ideas and activities that you really like and that make you happy. Setting up projects and living is the key.

—Marilyn Manning  
Cranbury, N.J.

A rather esoteric means of alleviating boredom involves a nylon stocking, a tennis ball, and a long hall (preferably with a linoleum-covered floor). Insert the ball in the toe of the stocking and bounce it down the hall. It will resemble a strange and slightly mad squirrel. You must be extremely bored to find relief in this activity. But it works.

—Karen L. Schauer  
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Bored? Yes. Often? Daily. I am a claims authorizer. Each day I open case folders, take necessary action, close case folders. I have done this every day for ten years, and will be doing it until I retire. Why? \$15,000 a year, that's why. No human qualities necessary, just staple remover and ball-point pen. Won't you taxpayers arise and abolish bureaucracies so this won't happen to your children?

—Jean R. Wenzell  
Novato, Calif.

For me, school always provided the toughest test in battling boredom—confinement to one seat for a period of an hour or more during a maddeningly dull lecture.

My initial defense was a mind game that dealt with sports statistics. While a professor droned on and on at one end of a lecture hall, at the other end I'd be living out the career of an outfielder who played twenty years with the Senators, or I'd be following the imaginary exploits of a running back with the Packers.

The first games I played were very simple. At first I would make twenty lines on a piece of paper and then fill in, on each line, the number of home runs hit each year by an invented outfielder. If I wanted to add a little element of chance to his career, I converted my pencils into dice (you can draw a number on each of a pencil's six sides); then I rolled them a certain number of times to calculate his yearly home run total. At the end of his illustrious twenty-year career, I'd figure out his yearly home run average. This little ritual relieved boredom and gave the impression to others that I was taking notes, as long as the pencil rolling did not become too obvious.

The simple games soon gave way to more complex ones. At some lectures I found myself

following the day-to-day struggles of a major-league starting pitcher. I would allow for forty starts per season and then calculate how many innings he pitched each game before he was taken out, how many earned runs he allowed, how many batters he walked and struck out, and whether he won or lost the game. After inventing these statistics for each of forty games, I would total them up for the season, see how many games he won and lost, compare his total of men struck out to his number of walks, and determine his earned run average.

Soon after I began playing out whole seasons, however, I realized that my involvement in these statistical games were occupying my time, and my life, much more than I had intended. They seemed to be taking over what was, otherwise, a rather unfocused academic career. At that point, I instituted the ultimate solution to boredom—avoidance. Instead of attending lectures that I knew would be dreadfully dull, I took up the guitar.

—Carl Lowe  
Massapequa Park, N.Y.

Thousands of widows find evenings long (days go by quickly with many hobbies). Telephone? Only to other widows. Letter writing? Not when one is feeling luv.

We do not want to pass the time. We want to fill it.

My answer: weed out magazines, paperbacks; clip articles; write quotes in diary; clean desk and kitchen drawers; reorganize medicine chest; change linen closet; renew address book; rearrange books. Activity will bring serendipitous joys, shake up your thinking, and banish boredom.

—Estelle Spurck  
North Hollywood, Calif.

The most boring thing in the world is being home alone all day and doing housework. The second most boring thing in the world is sitting in an office and typing all day. When those are your choices, you've had it! The solution: be born a man in your next incarnation—preferably an intelligent man. In this incarnation, forget it. There are worse things than being bored and trying to liven up your life may lead you to them!

—Lois Duffield  
Elgin, Ill.

My conception of boredom used to change with the times. At one time boredom meant a summer afternoon, with books and sidewalks stretching empty blocks in either direction no one to play with. Several years later I thought boredom had reached new heights for some forgotten reason. I took a course on personnel management in local government. Five years or so after that, though I would have been ashamed to admit it at the time, the boredom meant being stuck by the rain with a toddler learning to walk, crankily stumbling into furniture unwilling to take a nap.

Then, at the age of forty, I learned that boredom could be something more than the absence of absorption, that it could be mind-crushing and excruciating. In 1967, along with several others, I sat down in front of an Army truck in the desert, California, knowing I would be arrested. I thought the experience would be enlightening and perhaps painful, but it was neither; it was boring. For three days, while the process of booking, arraignment, and trial took place, we were kept in a succession of small, very crowded rooms, each with a cot and a wooden bench and nothing else. All our possessions were taken away. The Alameda County Courthouse is a grand. It was built in the 1920s and has plenty of glass and marble in the public areas. Prisoners are kept in windowless cubicles that might as well be on the moon. They don't know what is happening to them—or if indeed anything is happening. Footsteps in the hallway outside become the only source of interest, of suspense.

After the judge sentenced me to nineteen days, we were taken to the county rehabilitation center and crowded into a small room. Here at least there were windows and a copy of the Bible, but there was no way to walk around as the floor was covered by our mattresses.

Five days after we arrived at the center we were moved to a large dormitory, where we did calisthenics, walk laps around the room, and even made sets out of torn paper to read. But we were still locked in without books, so the time stretched miserably. There was constant rock music from



# ADWRAPA! INFORM

ker attached to an over-  
am, maddeningly out of  
it kept us from dozing  
reaming, and thus gave  
dimension to the bore-

lay on my cot, I thought  
e accounts I had read of  
e who spent years in  
confinement doing math  
heads or other heroic  
feats in order to main-  
in sanity. I remembered  
rvantes had written *Don*  
in prison and despaired  
own lack of inner re-  
at the hopelessly wasted  
y mind felt like a wad  
y cotton.

me it was all over in a  
of weeks, but many of  
men in that jail would  
remain for as long as  
a months awaiting trial,  
we were unable to make  
learned then that a coun-  
can be an even crueler  
han a state prison. The  
weapon is boredom,  
is brutal and eventually  
ng, but leaves no physical  
With freedom there is al-  
way to escape boredom.  
prisoner knows the real  
—Rachelle Marshall  
Stanford, Calif.

er some ways for people  
nporarily unbore them-

stage a movie star. Go  
ress conference open to  
ublic and faint. (Cau-  
e sure it's very crowded  
er to avoid concussion.  
ay just be trampled or  
be devoured by red ants,  
n there are some offbeat  
ities even there.)

Share your unboresness  
riends or enemies. Put  
in the Sunday person-  
-ying, "Redhead really  
male companionship im-  
ely. No strings." Then  
your redheaded friend  
y or Monday evening. Or,  
ly describe the huge di-  
ring you found and tell  
they can pick it up Mon-  
ght (at your friend's) if  
an identify it.

se a name like *Lily Lang-  
oward Hughes*, or *Lady  
rley* whenever possible  
(not grossly illegal) on  
travels or at "labeled"  
il parties or conventions.  
Pauling" has class, but  
l uses.

Lie outrageously about  
age—in the other direc-

tion. You're thirty-five, so you  
say you just turned fifty-four  
and let them go slack-jawed,  
feeling rotten over all those lost  
jogs. (Caution: *do* be psycho-  
logically prepared for the rare  
but crushing, "My God, I could  
have sworn you weren't a day  
over forty.")

5. If you're lucky enough to  
be a bleeder (not in the hemo-  
philiac class): Get elegantly  
dressed, except for your wash-  
able shoulders, and go to a very  
swank, unsuspecting depart-  
ment store and have your ears  
pierced. Take friends who will  
be suitably and volubly hor-  
rified to heighten tension. (Ac-  
tually, this is just as stimulating  
an afternoon for a man as for  
a woman.) —R. Zehra

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

I'm bored right now. That is  
why I am writing. I hope this  
will get me out of it. When I'm  
bored, it is because I am out of  
contact with myself. My Self is  
hidden inside; I've lost it. Not  
being in contact with myself, I  
have nothing with which to  
meet and contact my world.  
Some sort of jolt is what I need  
—an emotional catharsis, an  
outside event large enough to  
bring me forward, something  
new, like writing this. And  
damn it, this isn't helping.

—Virginia B. Glennon  
Boston, Mass.

So you want to know how to  
become a bore! The first phase  
in the development of a full-  
fledged bore is the mastery of  
voice control. A surefire method  
is nasality, but that may or may  
not be suited to your sinuses.  
Never mind. Whichever voice  
has been selected for you, re-  
member to speak s-l-o-o-o-w-l-y,  
and in drone tones. Always be-  
gin each thought with "I" or a  
reasonable facsimile thereof. Do  
not forget to decorate your  
speech with such phrases as "it  
just so happens" and "you see."  
Never omit a fact! Of course it  
matters if the clock was red or  
green! Rarely, if ever, reach  
the point of your story. And re-  
member never to let your listen-  
er contribute his gem.

—Joanne Bernstein  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

(yawn)

—Bren Wilcox  
Wallingford, Conn.

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# LETTERS

## The IQ controversy

man Daniels' assault on intelligence testing ["The Smart White Burden," October] was full of unfocused vitality. Unfortunately it was not the only thing it was. It seems to have been written in a hurry, shed light on a timely subject but sow confusion about it. Here is a sampling of his polemical blunders:

To the "Jensen-Herrnstein" article, says Daniels, it is "absolutely certain" that the IQ be *the* measure of intelligence. He seems to quote to prove his charge, but his proof is on a truncated quotation, as follows: "IQ tests give us, says Herrnstein, a 'single number measuring a person's intellectual power.'" Having served himself a hanging, Daniels proceeds to knock it out of the park. What reasonable person, after all, could actually believe that a person's intellectual power is measured by IQ tests?

In my book, *I.Q. in the Meritocracy*, which Daniels is commenting on (and in which, for all I know, the sentence fragment he quotes), there was a thirty-three-page chapter ("What Is Intelligence?") whose main point was that the whole of intelligence *cannot* be measured in a single number.

Several times Daniels baldly states that "class background correlates [s] even better with . . . achievement than IQ does," or words to that effect. That, to be brief, is not the case. The relevant data (collected by numerous investigators, and recounted in my book) show that one's paracultural and occupational success *in and of themselves*, are less predictive of success than one's childhood IQ. There are *no* data in the empirical literature that I have seen to support Daniels' claim.

It is not necessarily more predictive of success than schooling, as I pointed out in my writings.

However, schooling itself is best predicted by childhood IQ—more so than by parental social standing taken alone.

(3) Professor Daniels quotes the early mental testers, to expose their racist biases. If the quotations are accurate (I have not checked them), then we must grant that Galton, Thorndike, Otis, Terman, etc., were guilty of holding to the common, though unwarranted, ethnic and racial prejudices of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries (to which, I understand, Abraham Lincoln and Eleanor Roosevelt were also subject). Nevertheless, the evolution of tests has converged on *smaller* ethnic differences, not larger ones, in most cases. As a rule, testers expect their tests to discover latent talent in the lower classes and oppressed minorities, not the reverse. The main thrust of the testing movement—with exceptions, no doubt—has been liberal and antielitist. It is no small irony that a liberal, antielitist movement now enrages egalitarians, but the irony seems to be lost on Daniels.

(4) Daniels makes much of Prof. Leon Kamin's criticisms of the data on twins that bear on heritability. Unfortunately, it is characteristic of the polemicists in this field to argue that a *single, unpublished* work, like Kamin's, containing no new data, refutes more than half a century's published research by scores of respected and competent scientists. The case for the heritability of the IQ rests on facts collected and analyzed by many investigators, some of whom vigorously disagree on details but not on the main conclusion. The technical literature on the genetics of IQ contains a virtual consensus on the substantial genetic ingredient in individual differences.

(5) Daniels claims that I "subtly equate 'high heritability' with 'fixedness' or 'resistance to change in all circumstances.'" By this line of argument, says Daniels, I am implying that "education directed at the dis-

advantaged would not significantly boost mean IQs." I actually said the reverse. I noted that, in spite of the high heritability, unusually good or unusually poor environments might promote or retard IQs by as much as twenty points. On the "fixedness" of IQ, I said it was *not* fixed. If other readers, in addition to Daniels, are confused by the fact that a trait may be *both* heritable and subject to change, I can only suggest that they read further on the topic, perhaps in my book or the works cited therein.

R. J. HERRNSTEIN  
Harvard University  
Cambridge, Mass.

## NORMAN DANIELS REPLIES:

I am sorry if Professor Herrnstein has been further confused by my article. But, as I suggested there, it is not just good old-fashioned confusion that has made the current efforts to prove blacks and working-class whites genetically less intelligent into a "timely subject," to use Herrnstein's phrase. "Timely," indeed. Ideas about inferiority such as these are necessary to justify the intensified tracking just proposed for higher education by the influential Council on Economic Development.

But let me attend to some of Herrnstein's confusions to see if they are indeed sown by my "polemical method." Herrnstein claims that the main point of his chapter on intelligence is that "the whole of intelligence *cannot* be expressed in a single number" and charges that I distorted his view by quoting a sentence fragment. Well, here's the whole sentence, from p. 106 of *I.Q. in the Meritocracy*, which sums up much of the preceding chapter: "When the task is to get a single number measuring a person's intellectual power, the I.Q. still does the job, even with the proliferation of theories and tests." If there is confusion about what Herrnstein now says he means and what he says in the chapter, it is not sown by my article.

But is it simple confusion, or is it dodging, that leads Herrnstein to shift the subject from my real claim, that IQ does not *at all* measure intelligence, to a nonissue about whether IQ "fully" measures intelligence or has to be supplemented by other tests? In any case, he has not answered my arguments that IQ test items, test design, standardization procedures, and the whole theory behind them, give not one good reason to think IQ measures intelligence at all. Rather one can only conclude that they measure the acquisition of certain skills, motivations, values, and attitudes characteristic of the upper middle class.

What about Herrnstein's other examples of my sowing confusion? True, I did "baldly" assert that class background correlates as well as or better than IQ with success. I did so with reason: Samuel Bowles and Herbert Gintis, for example, report in *Social Policy* that IQ and social class correlated with success .52 and .55 respectively. But my whole point was not, and is not, to quibble, as Herrnstein does, about which is correlated fractionally better. Rather, I was pointing out the fallacy in claiming, as Jensen and Herrnstein do, that IQ measures intelligence simply because IQ correlates with success. Since social-class background also correlates about as well with success, Herrnstein's own argument gives us no more reason to think IQ measures intelligence than it does to think IQ measures social class!

Nor does Herrnstein's confusion about history derive from my article. Far from the testing movement being antiracist and antielitist, as Clarence Karrier and others have shown, from its very inception the IQ movement has provided a justification for class- and race-biased tracking in our public schools.

Herrnstein's refusal to respond to the Kamin material exhibits a different confusion, this time about scholarly responsibility. Herrnstein apparently feels no obligation to answer Kamin's arguments even though they were presented in a formal paper at the Easter Psychology Association meetings, were sent to him in writing, and are soon to be published. But even if Kamin never existed, I raise in my article the same issues about devastating methodological flaws, including perhaps even dishonesty, in the central twin studies. Why does

Herrnstein not answer these "published" arguments?

What about the "no new data" charge? Herrnstein's own famous *Atlantic* article also contained "no new data." Nor did Jensen's article. Nor, for that matter, did Einstein's papers on the theory of relativity. Kamin's whole purpose was to reanalyze the *existing* data, not to provide new data.

What about the "virtual consensus" in the technical literature? Herrnstein fails to point out that, to the extent there is any agreement, it is based in large part on the discredited twin studies themselves!

What about the "tens of thousands of cases?" Cases of what? Nonevidence added to nonevidence produces a pile of nonevidence. For example, studies of correlations between IQ and degree of kinship, of which Jensen and Herrnstein make a lot, can be accounted for *both* by hereditary and by environmental explanations. After all, relatives share more than just genes.

Finally, Herrnstein suggests that it is really I who am confused, in particular by the fact that a trait may be *both* heritable and subject to change. Now, I know a trait may be both heritable and subject to change. That's what I said in my article. And I believe Herrnstein knows that and may have tried to say that at points in his book. My criticism, however, was that Herrnstein's famous syllogism relies for its plausibility on cleverly assimilating high heritability and "fixedness." Once again, Herrnstein has dodged my criticism.

Surely, when the implications of the Jensen-Herrnstein argument are so serious, it is a bit irresponsible to dodge every fundamental criticism and to try to dismiss your critic as a "polemicist."

### On cancer

In the November issue of your magazine, you carried a highly personalized account entitled "An Experience of Cancer." This article was coauthored by the patient, John Bennett of Cambridge, and Dr. Stanley Sagov of the Harvard University Health Service.

I regret that I must take serious exception to the manner in which this article was presented. The two principals are portrayed as them-

selves. Three other specialists are tititiously presented. As one of the physicians who arrived at the definitive diagnosis, management program and follow-up care, I cannot state my chagrin. I had no knowledge that the article was being prepared until the published product was placed in my hands.

Frankly, one can only feel betrayed: the most personal exchange between the patient and the oncologic physician has been violated and secretly recorded for public broadcast. It seems inexcusable that material of unquestionable importance to the reading public could be presented without so much as a courtesy check of the data's accuracy not to mention the oncologic physician's point of view or his consent.

Cancer in the front two-thirds of the tongue may have a 90 percent chance for cure if it is comparable to the size lesion in the base of the tongue the patient described. Any medical author should have cleared this with the oncologists involved.

Far beyond a personal reaction (which I do not discount as insignificant) my dismay centers on both misinformation presented and distorted impression of the patient-physician relationship in the management of cancer. This is not to imply that the family physician is unimportant, but the oncologist should not be relegated to a lesser role.

This letter is indeed a warning to my colleagues, medical specialists and medical journalists alike, to verify all facts and sources prior to publication.

"DR. FRANK BERG  
Boston, MA

### STANLEY SAGOV REPLIES:

I wish to apologize to any persons who were pseudonymously represented in our article in the November issue. I hope, however, that humanistic aspirations that prompted us to write the article will not be obscured by this journalistic game.

I am glad that "Dr. Frank Berg" has clarified the statistical position about cancer of the tongue. I am aware of the differences in five-year survival rates between anterior and posterior situations, but since this was an article not about cancer, but about a mode of doctor/patient interaction and humane health care, we didn't feel it necessary to deal with those statistics in detail.



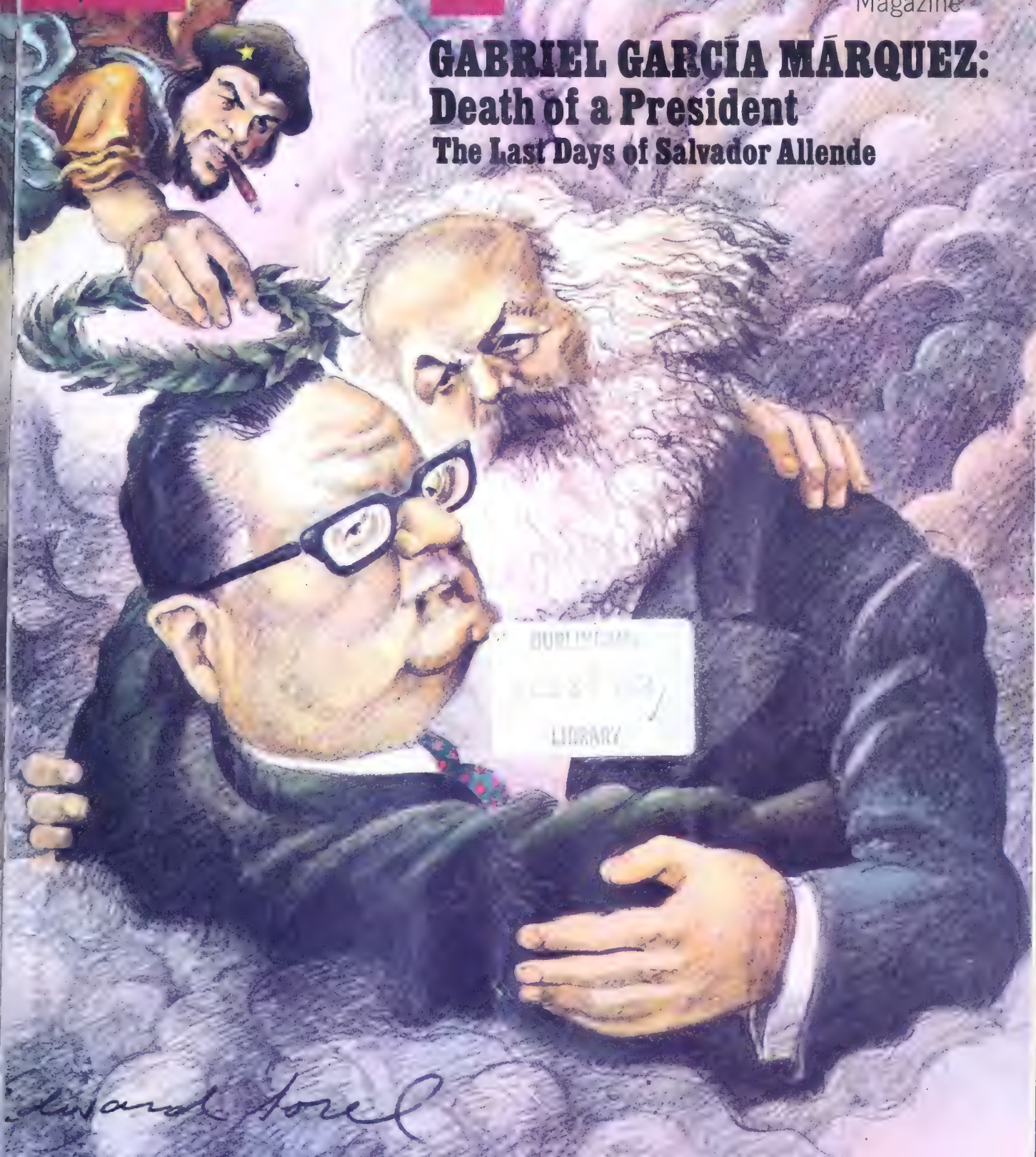
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Magazine

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**Death of a President**  
**The Last Days of Salvador Allende**





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# Harper's

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Cover drawing by Edward Sorel.

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**PUBLISHER:** Russell Barnard; **CONTROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCTION MANAGER:** Louis Seeger; **PUBLIC RELATIONS:** Ronni Fiedler

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS** **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert Shnayerson, Executive Vice President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: \$1.50 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.

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**POSTMASTER:** Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.  
Reprints and Permissions: Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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# WRAPAROUND



"Knowledge Is Power"

—The Universal Self-Instructor, 1883

## LINE TO POWER: Where They Are and What to Do with Them

**P**ower has been getting a consistently bad press in recent years. We regularly see or hear about exercises of power that are dreadfully callous, arrogant, stupid, or destructive. We have grown distrustful. Where once we were inclined to respect power for its own sake, we are now quick to question its legitimacy. Even in its established and familiar forms, power today is more likely to excite our cynicism or stubbornness than our envy or admiration.

At their worst, the abuses of power have been so flagrant and so frequent that we are led to assume that it is impossible for a person of sensitivity and conscience to occupy a position of power. The disenchantment reaches a point where any exercise of power is judged to contribute more to the problem than to the solution. The result is a steady stream of people who have sworn off power and retreated to the woods to find as private an existence as possible.

Of course, the problems of power aren't so easily escaped.

Because it is an element of relationships between people, power is an issue that comes up between friends, between husbands and wives, between parents and children. In such personal contexts, however, the principles by which power ideally operates are somehow clearer. One begins to understand power by realizing it is not a function of position or money or system or institution or office. Its actual source is other people. True power is what people grant to one another in networks of mutual accountability.

Today there seems to be a growing number of people who

are working outward from such personal realizations about power. They are identifiable because of their efforts to maintain a human proportion about the power in their lives. They prefer the kind of power that operates at arm's reach, not the kind that seeks the leverage of impersonal distance. They consider fragmented, decentralized power more trustworthy than concentrated power. They believe that power is most fluid, most responsive, and most effective when it is the least self-conscious. In short, they seek and support power that works from the bottom up instead of

from the top down. It is a strategy designed to reduce the monstrous proportion of so many of the powers that move through modern life.

This month's issue of **WRAPAROUND** contains some cautionary words about power as well as some examples of powers that contribute more pleasure than pain to the world. Our assumption is that the power rippling outward from concerned and active individuals is the power to watch and encourage. We admit the view is impressionistic and we invite our readers to submit further evidence for or against the case. We hope you will look into your life, your newspapers, magazines, books, television programs, movies, and plays to select examples that show how individuals exercise power. Send us case histories, reflections, clippings, and copies of relevant information. If you act with dispatch, we can use your findings to create another display of power during the summer.

—Tony Jones

### BRAND NEW

Next month, **WRAPAROUND** has something special. Stewart Brand, the founder of *The Whole Earth Catalog*, will be using these pages to assemble for *Harper's* readers a collection of ideas and tools for surviving in the Seventies. This guest issue of **WRAPAROUND** will serve as a kind of launching ceremony for two projects that Brand is beginning—one, a *Whole Earth Epilog* that will be a companion volume to *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*; the other, a quarterly magazine devoted to matters of learning to live with scarcity. We think you'll find it a surprising issue.



# INTRAPAROL REPORTS



*The Frog Prince: The power of love.*

## THE OUTER WORLD

It was only after the heyoka ceremony, in which I performed my dog vision, that I had the power to practice as a medicine man, curing sick people; and many I cured with the power that came through me. Of course it was not I who cured. It was the power from the outer world, and the visions and ceremonies had only made me like a hole through which the power could come to the two-leggeds. If I thought that I was doing it myself, the hole would close up and no power could come through. Then everything I could do would be foolish.

—Black Elk

*Black Elk Speaks*  
John G. Neihardi, 1932



*Sleeping Beauty:  
The power of tenacity.*

## Fetching and Carrying

For the past several years I have been given to wondering why I become so depressed in the company of the rich. The feeling strikes me as perverse and un-American. I go to the movies and read the advertisements, and I tell myself that I should be inspired to a feeling of awe. And yet, whenever I find myself in the greenhouse atmosphere of wealth, my mind begins to sag with the heaviness of sleep.

It isn't a matter of place. The arrangement of horses and lawns, or the Impressionist view of the summer sea, doesn't necessarily preclude the hope of consciousness. Neither is it a lack of cunning or connections. Somebody always knows something, whether a corporation, a football team or an island in the Bahamas, and somebody else has friends in Washington. He might not know what to say to those friends if and when he reaches them on the telephone, but he has paid \$20,000 for the privilege of leaving his name with a secretary, and he deserves to take pride in his knowledge of affairs. The ignorance of the rich follows from their single-minded squinting at their own interests. If they are well-informed, by assistants bearing portfolios and statistical estimates, they seldom know how to translate the numbers into political or social reality. (cf. Nelson Rockefeller at Attica).

If it isn't a matter of place or information, then why do I doze off in the midst of the chairman's recollection of the NATO alliance? Probably because the rich, like most literary critics, confuse the lesser forms of power, those deriving from the accumulation of money, with the greater forms of power that derive from the wellsprings of the human imagination and the force of a moral intelligence. This confusion accounts for the public unhappiness, always widespread, and for phenomena as diverse as a city slum, the Nixon Administration, and network television. It also accounts for the dullness of people who think only in terms of commodities. They have talent, but it is the talent of children adept at hoarding bubble-gum wrappers.

Consider the testimony of Charles Francis Adams. In the

latter half of the nineteenth century, during the heyday of American capitalism, Adams spent twenty-five years in the railroad business, finding and losing fortunes. He had known the great men of the period (Gould, Morgan, Hill), and he regretted having made their acquaintance. "Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, whether in this world or the next; nor is one associated in my mind with humor, thought, or refinement." Adams could as easily have been describing the present generation of admired overlords (the Rockefeller brothers, Armand Hammer, Harold Geneen, the Watsons of IBM). The names change, and so does the line of goods, but the vacuity remains.

The subsidiary power of money becomes clear in the perspective of time. Who can remember last year's tycoon? Who can name the ten most powerful men in St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1845? When I read the lists of names in the pages of *New York* and *Fortune* magazines ("The Power Brokers"; "The Men Who Really Count"; "Five at the Top"), I think of the patrons and donors disguised as magi who stand around in the foreground of Renaissance religious painting. They peer at the Madonna with the same anxious obscurity of Robert Scull staring into the camera of a photographer from *Women's Wear Daily*. They have paid for the space, and they hope to be introduced to the best people in heaven.

Over the course of time it has been the power of the spirit and of the imagination that has shaped the clay of civilization. The greatness of man expresses itself in the force of mind—in Bach's music or Shakespeare's plays, in the art of da Vinci or Newton's physics, in Lincoln's courage or the theory of Marx. The rest is fetching and carrying. Money follows with the baggage, traveling among camp followers and putting up the tents; it has nothing to do with the direction of the journey. It can maintain the status quo, whether of tyranny or democracy; it can build markets or temples, employ 400,000 automobile workers or Benvenuto Cellini, buy Panama or *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer*. It is a power worth hav-

ing, but without the greater power of thought it amounts to little more than the temporary dominion of a bully. When they are not breaking up the furniture or tearing the wings off flies, bullies tend to be dull companions.

—Lewis H. Lapham

*Lewis H. Lapham is the managing editor of Harper's.*

## Who's in Charge?

I have in India a teacher. He is what's known as a jungle sadhu, that is, he has lived many years in the jungle. He's a very simple man, and he moves around from village to village. He has a loincloth and a blanket, and many devotees of different cities build temples in hopes that he will come and stay there; but he comes and he drops by and then he disappears again. Or he goes off in the night somewhere. So it's very hard to find him.

When I visited India this last time, I went to his usual haunts and he wasn't there. So I went to a place called Buddh Gaya, where Buddha received enlightenment. I went into a Burmese ashram where the disciples were training in Southern Buddhist meditation. I pursued this meditation with a number of other Westerners, about one hundred other Westerners, for about two months. It could have gone on and on, a continuous thing, but at the end of two months I felt that I had gotten what I could get at that time from that particular technique. I had been invited informally by a very eminent swami to come to Delhi for a holy festival. Delhi is about three hundred miles away. So, sort of at the last minute, a few days earlier, I decided I would go.

When a number of these people heard that I was going and that there was a possibility of this festival in Delhi, they decided, many of them, that they would like to go. So it turned out that there were maybe about thirty-four of us who wanted to go to Delhi. It also happened that one of the girls had come from London to India aboard one of these tour buses that you pay so many pounds and you go to Delhi by bus, or Afghanistan or so. The bus driver was hanging around in India waiting for a return tour to take back to England, and he sort of



# WTRAPAROUNDWTR

was a little soft on this girl, and he thought it would be kind of nice to hang out with us. And he had this huge bus. So about two days before, she received a letter asking could he come and be with us. He was in a nearby city, and we sent him a telegram saying, "If you want to meet us, we will all go with you to Delhi," and suddenly thirty-four of us just get on his bus and go to Delhi. And the route goes through a city called Allahabad.

Now Allahabad has a very special significance in the spiritual world of India, because it is where certain very holy rivers meet, and it's the scene of what is called the Kumbha Mela, which is the gathering of holy beings from around India. They come to the confluence of these rivers at a certain time in relation to the moon and so on at a certain time each year. Every twelve years is a major festival, and each year there is a small one. We were going through there about a week after it was over, I guess. One of the boys, Danny Goleman, who is also a psychologist, had previously left the meditation course and gone to see the Kumbha Mela when it was held, and he had come back and told us how beautiful it was. As we were heading toward Delhi—it was now late in the afternoon—he said, "I'd love to have you all be where the Mela was held." I was sort of in command, and I said, "Well, it's kind of late in the day, and really we have a small child here, and we're all a little tired, and we have a long trip. Why don't we pass it up this time? After all, the Mela is all over. We're just going to see an empty place, you know." And Danny said, "Yes, but the preparations will be very beautiful." Well, you know vibrations are very ephemeral, and you may get them and you may not. It's just an empty fairground from one way of looking—depending on how tired you are. I said no, I didn't think we could do that. He said okay. I went back and sat down. I was sitting up with the bus driver.

And I thought, "Well, you know, I'm being pretty square about all this. After all, you've got to drive off the road and it's maybe fifteen minutes to get to this fairground and see the place, and we could go and see it and spend maybe fifteen, twenty minutes and watch the

**"You can't underestimate the power of fear." —Tricia Nixon**

sunset and then go on. That would be nice." And I reflected about the pros and cons and whether we would get to a hotel in time for the night, and when the food would be available, and I was thinking all these thoughts. Finally I said, "All right, we'll go," and I said to the driver, "Right up here is the junction, and you turn right here." It was a bumpy road, and I thought, "Gee, I don't know whether I made the right decision, but..." We come down this long hill to this huge ground, which is now empty. It's like a carnival ground after the carnival has left. So there are sort of papers blowing in the wind. It was very deserted, and there were the rivers in the distance. And Danny said, "You know those little medallions I bought at the Mela. I bought them from a stand right over there, so why don't we just park right over there? That's a nice place, and we'll just sit there for a few minutes." So we pulled the bus over to park, and just as we're parking one of the boys looks and he yells. "There's Maharajji!" which is the name of my guru, or teacher.

Maharajji walks by the bus, and he has with him another man, and he stops at the end of the bus—there are no other human beings around, by the way—and he says, "Well, they've come," to the other man. We get out and we rush to him and we fall at his feet, and he says, "Come, follow me." We follow in the bus behind this rickshaw and we go to this house. It's around 5:30 or 6:00 at night, and we walk into the house where food has been prepared since morning for thirty-four people, and where lodgings have been arranged for thirty-four people for the night. Now, all I ask you at the beginning, at the outset, is, Who was it that thought he was sitting in the bus deciding whether he would go to those grounds or not? This is the predicament I'm faced with, being around this man. Who do I think I am? What do I really think the game is?

—Ram Dass

*Ram Dass, born Richard Alpert, formerly taught psychology at Harvard. This is an excerpt from his book *The Only Dance There Is*, to be published this spring by Doubleday.*

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*Chicken Little: The power of rumor.*

## NEW CHOICES

"Power" is derived from an Old French word meaning, "to be able." When we return to this definition, the real question becomes, "What do you want to be able to do or be, to feel or enjoy?" The past has taught us well: Playing power games and losing is a waste of time. Playing power games and getting exactly what you want is the ultimate despair. The future offers other choices: a chance to lead by example rather than by dominance, to share rather than hoard, to flow with the present rather than scheme for the future. The earth is small and round and lovely when viewed from space, a perspective that makes attempts at rugged individualism, hot competition and dominance seem merely absurd.

—George B. Leonard

"The Future of Power," *Look*, January 13, 1970



## Medieval Space Program Disclosed

Like all great churches, that are not mere storehouses of theology, Chartres expressed, besides whatever else it meant, an emotion, the deepest man ever felt—the struggle of his own littleness to grasp the infinite. You may, if you like, figure in it a mathematic formula of infinity—the broken arch, our finite idea of space; the spire, pointing, with its converging lines, to unity beyond space; the sleepless, restless thrust of the vaults, telling the unsatisfied, incomplete, overstrained effort of man to rival the energy, intelligence, and purpose of God.

—Henry Adams

*Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, 1904



# APAROUND WRAPAR

## Salvaging a City

One rainy morning in 1955, Harry Van Sinderen left his home in Washington, Connecticut, to drive to his office in New York, about a hundred miles away. The rain turned into a downpour—the heaviest he could remember. Switching on the car radio, he learned that he was in the midst of a tropical storm that had swung inland from the coast, and that streams were flooding all through northern Connecticut. A few minutes later he got worse news: a dam on the Shepaug River above Washington had broken, and the resulting flood had wiped out the center of the town, with considerable loss of life and property.

Harry drove on to New York, walked into his office, and wrote out his resignation as chairman of the board of the export-import company he had managed for many years. He then drove back to Washington, through the still-pouring rain, and appointed himself Chief Rebuilder of the town. He was sixty-six years old at the time.

As he told me later, he considered the disaster—aside from the loss of life—the best thing that ever happened to Washington. The flood had swept away a clutter of hideous old stores and shanties along the river bank—an instant clearance for urban renewal. Harry was determined to rebuild the village as a model of town planning; and before the month was out, he had persuaded a majority of the surviving residents to let him try. To this undertaking he devoted the rest of his life, until he died in 1968 at the age of seventy-nine.

He raised money: from Washington, D.C., from insurance companies, from fellow townsmen, and from his own pocket. He hired town planners and architects. He persuaded landowners to donate property bordering the stream to make a series of parks and woodland hiking trails. He coaxed the voters into accepting his plan, relocating most of the business district on higher ground, and designing all the new stores and offices according to a single, harmonious architectural scheme. He even planned the storefront signs to be as attractive and inconspic-

uous as possible. Whatever the town needed, he saw to it—a new private school, tree plantings, zoning laws, a hotel he started himself.

Today Washington is one of the most attractive communities in New England, thanks largely to the imagination and energy of one "retired old codger," as Harry Van Sinderen often called himself.

—John Fischer  
*John Fischer is an editor of Harper's.*

## Rescuing a River

Fred Danback, fifty-one, was born and raised along the Hudson River, and has never lived more than two blocks from it.

"I've loved that river," he says, "and I spent my childhood out in boats with the shad fishermen. I used to crab and fish in the Hudson, and I was out on the river all the time when I was growing up."

On December 14, 1950, Fred Danback started a new job as a maintenance man in the mill at the Anaconda Wire and Cable Co., along the river in Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. Like other industries along other American rivers, Anaconda used the Hudson as its sewer. "I noticed the copper pouring into the river the first day I went to work," Danback says. "It started getting to me, seeing all that go into the river."

So Fred Danback took on the giant Anaconda in an eighteen-year struggle.

"There was one fight after another," he recalls. "The amount of copper going in was tremendous, and copper kills marine life. I started calling state and federal authorities about Anaconda. But I got the runaround. The company didn't like me calling all these agencies down on them. They told me, 'You work for us, stop complaining about what we dump into the river.' And I told 'em, 'That's my river you're throwing junk into. It's gotta stop.'"

One weekend in 1965, Fred Danback found a copy of the 1888 New York Harbor Act, a local law that prohibits dumping anything into the harbor,

the rivers or their tributaries, or Long Island Sound. "It was perfect—so well written I couldn't believe it."

While Danback collected evidence against Anaconda, a group of conservationists, worried about massive pollution of the Hudson River, banded together and formed the Hudson River Fishermen's Association (HRFA). Fred Danback joined in 1966, and told them about the 1888 act. Soon, HRFA members dusted off another old law, which became a national weapon for environmental cleanup: the 1899 Refuse Act.

The 1899 Refuse Act, simply and clearly written, makes it a crime for anyone—individual, corporation, municipality, or group—to discharge refuse of any kind, with a few exceptions, into any navigable water or its tributary without a permit from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Some forty thousand U.S. industries dump their wastes directly into our nation's waterways. Less than one percent ever bothered to apply for a Corps permit. Under the 1899 act, polluters may be fined \$500 to \$2,500 per violation, with possible imprisonment for not less than thirty days or more than one year. And the law offers an exciting fringe benefit: one-half the fine imposed may be awarded to the citizen who informs the Corps or the U.S. Attorney about a violation and gives sufficient information that leads to conviction.

In 1969, HRFA won the first case in history along the Hudson: against Penn Central for dumping oil. HRFA collected half the fine: \$2,000. In 1971, with Fred Danback's help, HRFA caught the Ciba-Geigy Corporation dumping along the Saw Mill River, a Hudson tributary, and won its second case. Reward: \$1,000.

Anaconda was next. Danback quit his job, took his evidence, and went hollering. "You know something?" he says angrily. "There are federal and state people paid—and pretty well—to clean up this river, and they're not doing it!" HRFA and Danback presented evidence of Anaconda's pollution to the New York State Department of Health, to the U.S. Coast Guard, the Corps of Engineers, the Interstate Sanitation Com-

mission, and four different U.S. Attorneys. No one helped. The pointed out specific sources of discharges at Anaconda, named cover-up methods at the plant, diagrammed the physical layout and the locations of effluent pipes. They hauled reluctant inspectors out to see actual discharges. When the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation declared that Anaconda had solved its effluent problem, HRFA and Fred Danback argued successfully that they had not.

Finally, after eleven months of yelling, HRFA got Anaconda indicted on 100 counts for polluting the Hudson River.

On November 12, 1971, Anaconda was fined \$200,000 for dumping copper into the Hudson—the largest fine ever imposed in a pollution case.

On May 22, 1972, half the fine—or \$100,000—was apportioned by a court among the four government agencies who had finally helped out with the suit, and HRFA. The \$20,000 that went to HRFA was the largest reward ever made to citizen informers under the 1899 Refuse Act. And, appropriately, Fred Danback got half the prize: \$10,000.

—Jack Shepherd  
*Jack Shepherd, now a free-lance writer, was assistant managing editor of Look magazine.*



Hansel and Gretel: The power of the small and good over the big and wicked.

**"You can generally get success if you do not want victory."**

—William Ralph Inge  
(1860-1954)



# ND WRAP AROUND W

## Taming a Toymaker

I am the mother of three boys (the youngest is thirteen), so I have had many opportunities to observe the role of a toy in a child's life. My continuing interest in playthings led ultimately to a confrontation with a billion-dollar corporate giant—the National Biscuit Company.

For several years I have been active in a group called Parents for Responsibility in the Toy Industry, which has been urging toymakers to stop making toys that perpetuate the violence in our society. In 1971 a dreadful example appeared. Manufactured by Aurora Products Corporation, a subsidiary of Nabisco, it was a series of eight torture kits for boys, called Monster Scenes. A typical one consisted of a guillotine with a platform in which one strapped a semi-nude "girl victim" with a razor-sharp pendulum at her throat.

When I first saw these kits in toy departments I phoned the Nabisco public relations department to object, and was told that they did not interfere with the operations of a subsidiary. When I spoke to Aurora's vice-president of marketing. He said these kits didn't mean the same thing to children as they did to adults and, what's more, they were so successful that Aurora

intended to expand the line. They had already sold 800,000. (It is important to note here that one-third of all toys purchased are bought by children themselves. In the category of kits it is a much larger percentage. I mention this because the toy makers say it is the parents' option to choose toys for their children, but we know that simply is not so.)

Together with members of the National Organization for Women (which felt that the kits encouraged blatant sadism and the idea that manhood is achieved through power over a "girl victim"), we decided to picket Nabisco. My son Tom assembled some of the kits for us to show the press. We made posters which read "Sadistic Toys Make Violent Boys," "Sick Toys for Children Make a Sick Society," "A Toy Should Be A Joy," and "Juvenile Crime Up 167% in Year." I sewed a hangman's hood for one woman to wear, and we made a mock gallows to attract attention. We also printed a flyer in which we reproduced Aurora's own advertisement for the kits, which had been appearing in comic books. It showed a boy joyfully hovering over a torture scene.

If there is validity in a cause, even a few people working for it can get results. That is my cheerful conclusion after help-

ing to organize that protest. Only about twenty-five women turned out on that cold, rainy November day. Still, our objections were communicated more successfully than we'd hoped.

Arriving in front of Nabisco's executive offices, we were met by three TV camera crews, reporters from radio stations, the *New York Times*, *Business Week*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and the toy business magazines. Later our protest was mentioned in *Time* magazine and *The New Yorker* and on the *Times*' editorial page. A cartoon in the *New York Post* caricatured the toys, and media as diverse as *Forbes* magazine and French television picked up the event. When we were interviewed at the NOW office by the French TV crew, their commentator said, "The French may have invented the guillotine but it took the Americans to make a toy of it."

Our sidewalk demonstration got a quick response from Nabisco. We were invited with our soggy signs to go up to their conference room to meet with two executives. They were embarrassed and agreed to reexamine the kits. They did, in fact, announce nine days later that the kits would be discontinued, but "not because of the pickets," W. Glenn Craig, director of publicity, told the *New York Times*. "We've been looking into

this all along," Craig claimed.

These toys had been on the market for at least six months and had not been seriously challenged until we saw them and acted. In retrospect, I think we were too timid. We should have insisted that Nabisco not only discontinue the kits but also remove them from store shelves just as they would have poisonous cookies.

When staff members of Ralph Nader's Public Interest Research Groups investigating unsafe toys heard of our success with Aurora, they suggested a coalition of all consumer groups concerned with toys. In February 1973, the National Organization for Women, Action for Children's Television, National Association for the Prevention of Blindness, Parents for Responsibility in the Toy Industry, and several public-interest research groups formed PACT (Public Action Coalition on Toys).

We in Parents for Responsibility in the Toy Industry are now engaged in a new campaign: to convince Quaker Oats to discontinue the twenty-eight different models of guns for children manufactured by Marx, a toy company Quaker now owns. Anyone who'd like to help is more than welcome.

—Victoria Hughes Reiss

Victoria Reiss's home base is New York City.

## Selling Clean

I Address a letter to "Old Push room," San Antonio, Texas, and it will be delivered without hesitation to O. P. Schnabel (rhymes with able), the city's famous cleanup crusader.

After seeing the neatness of Swiss cities on a European tour in 1948, Schnabel was depressed by his tawdry hometown. Since he promptly started a campaign to spruce it up, San Antonio has gotten more than a score of awards, and O. P. himself has many times received national recognition, including official commendation by the President. He is Beautify San Antonio Association has served as the model for similar groups throughout the country.

Schnabel in no way fits the conventional image of such an environmentalist. He is not a long-haired member of the Sierra Club with a master's degree in biology. Instead, he wears his

hair short; is a self-made man without any degrees; and has been for more than fifty years a Mason, an American Legionnaire, and a successful insurance executive. Now seventy-six, he has outlived two doctors who told him to slow down.

A salesman since his twenties, Schnabel uses techniques learned in years of selling to keep environmental concerns before the public. High-school boys may be enlisted to picket a business careless about litter. Pretty girls may be elected antilitter queens in elaborate contests.

Capitalizing on the nickname coined by the public to fit his initials, O. P. gives away symbolic push brooms to dignitaries. His tie clasp is a miniature gold push broom. Sometimes refuse cans are unveiled and dedicated to prominent citizens in a dignified ceremony, with O. P. standing by, push broom in hand.

Schnabel once went parading through the streets with a jack-ass that bore the sign: "I will not clean up, I will not paint up, I will not fix up, you know what I am." Another time he dropped a bottle containing a \$10 bill on a busy street corner, then stood by to watch. Before someone picked up the bottle, 579 people had passed it by. The newspapers loved the story.

Today San Antonio is one of the most environmentally conscious cities in the world. In the Battle of the Flowers parade each year there are, in true Texas fashion, many people riding horses. Last of all comes a busy high-school group with shovels and brooms following a banner—"The Superscoopers."

The half-million spectators always give them the biggest hand.

—John Robinson

John Robinson is the author of *Highways and Our Environment*.

**"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."**

—William Shakespeare  
Julius Caesar, c. 1600

*The Emperor's New Clothes:  
The power of flattery.*





# RAPAROUNDWRAP



*The Fisherman and his Wife: The power of wishes, and the consequences of their being granted.*

## EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY

I tell you that as long as I can conceive something better than myself I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence or clearing the way for it. That is the law of my life. That is the working within me of Life's incessant aspiration to higher organization, wider, deeper, intenser self-consciousness, and clearer self-understanding. It was the supremacy of this purpose that reduced love for me to the mere pleasure of a moment, art for me to the mere schooling of my faculties, religion for me to a mere excuse for laziness, since it had set up a God who looked at the world and saw that it was good, against the instinct in me that looked through my eyes at the world and saw that it could be improved.

—George Bernard Shaw  
*Man and Superman*, 1903

"The germinal phase is the crux. As long as things are in their beginnings they can be controlled, but once they have grown to their full consequences they acquire power so overwhelming that man stands impotent before them."

—Richard Wilhelm, introduction to the *I Ching*, 1923

## All in the Mind

A new force, an energy connected with people, an energy known or unknown that can be directed by mind. That's why excitement, why interest is running high in the Soviet Union. If you think of [psychokinesis] as edging matches around a table, or even sending water pitchers sailing through the air, you're overlooking the Soviets' point. They're trying to find the general laws behind the spectacular but essentially unimportant feat, just as flying a kite to catch a spark of lightning is important only because it led to the discovery of the fecund laws of electricity.

—Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder  
*Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*, 1970

## Beyond Bureaucracies

Electoral representation may be the backbone of democracy and community, but people's independent action is their heart. Citizen participation must challenge people at large, not just a few of them. It must be basic to community design, not an afterthought or a fifth wheel.

How public resources are made available is crucial, especially among people in poor communities. We spend thousands of dollars on social services for each poor family in the United States every year (on reservations, often as much as \$8,000 per poor Indian family), but still they remain poor. The spending is not money in their pockets, however, but goes to hire more and more "keepers." The present process assumes the agency staff hierarchy is the only way to manage the public interest. It brings services easing the pain of being poor; it does little to develop self-confidence and the drive to escape being poor.

Instead of just buying service delivery, why not promote the small group processes, the capillaries through which citizen participation works and through which individual dignity pulses with power? For example, in the early 1960s, a dynamic self-help program was developed in Indianapolis. More than 320 black families volunteered their labor and put in at least 1,000 man-hours per family, each doing a task contributing to the cooperative construction of their own new homes. The contributed labor was accepted by local banks as the down payment; no cash was necessary, a vital point in the black community with average negotiable net worth of less than \$500 per family.

The cooperative construction meant that as soon as completed, the homes had values almost twice their mortgages (\$16,000 to \$18,000 vs. \$8,000 to \$9,000), thus almost instant equity of \$8,000 to \$9,000 for each participating family! And the monthly mortgage payments, around \$90, were the same as, or lower than, slum rents had been for most of the residents. Through the years, the community bond formed by the project has grown stronger, and home values have continued to rise.

What a contrast to publicly subsidized housing, in which

those who gain and pocket the value increment are *not* the people—housing which is almost always "turnkey," with no citizen participation; high in unit-cost (recent project near Washington averaged \$30,000 per family) and limited in scale to helping a tiny, tiny fraction of the poor, because of limited availability of public funding and subsidy.

Communities are not brick-and-mortar but networks among people. When it was built, the Pruitt-Igoe public-housing complex in St. Louis was called national "model." It was recently dynamited, having failed to last even one generation, because it was only bricks and mortar, devoid of pride and community.

As a nation, we seem to know no other way to cope with modern technological society than to standardize and discipline with mediocre service-to-dependency systems that, paradoxically, expand and deteriorate the same time. A democracy can survive imbalances of income and wealth, but it cannot survive a crushing imbalance of capacity that leaves substantial numbers of its citizens atomized without responsibility to one another, and, therefore, powerless.

—Morgan Doughton

Morgan Doughton has organized community initiative programs nationwide and was recently associate director of OEO. He is working on a book entitled *The Self-Energized Community*.

## COME FOLLOW FOLLOW FOLLOW

When I was an undergraduate I found myself at a performance given by a snake doctor who called himself an avant-garde composer. It was an evening of high culture and assorted noise which bore no relationship to anything I in my ignorance would have thought of as music. Since I was interested in the concept of dada, I decided to contribute to the "composition" by clapping at odd intervals if the "composer" had his warm spot in my musical ear. Rather than being summarily thrown out, I was joined by several people in the audience. Now there's power, and in its purest form: there was no in the world for me to make any money from it.

Somehow I managed to land a straight face, and an interesting evening ensued. At first



# INDO WRAP AROUND

ted what looked like the inappropriate intervals for supply. People followed along. Then I tried clapping very often, say, once every seconds or so. After the or seventh round, the auge was noticeably dropping so I stopped that experiment. I had to maintain my bility, at least for a while. the dropping off had given a new tack to play with.

discovered that it is possible ap tentatively. There was a luring which I was the only clapping which lasted a and a strong of time—about seconds. If I started strong te and *con brio*, so to and then *divagare*—*ritardando* immediately, the cause would be a mere spat- lust to see if I had worn my credibility, I tried the se. The result was heart- ing, except to the snake or. One can man recognizes er. He had caught on and livid.

the time the avant-garde position finally came to an both audience and per- er felt duped, and the ap- e was perfunctory. Except me.—**Russell C. Lawrence**

*R. C. Lawrence is a surveyor lives in Nevada.*

## Ms

hen you're driving hard out e limit and the true love of l comes over you, you don't to slow up. You know you t to maybe. But you're d onto something so big you can't let go. It's always me—the faster you go the ou care about being able p. Ever. —**Sam Posey**

Racing driver, quoted in *Whole Grains*, edited by Art Spiegelman and Bob Schneider, 1973

## ies in the Woods

ce moving to an island argely lacks tradesmen, my my children, and I have, ree, done things for which ad no training. Although sed to be heavily depen- on other people, we have our house, repaired our or, butchered our animals, so on. I note that in all of my twelve- and fourteen-

year-olds arrive at solutions just as fast as or faster than I do. I attribute this mastery of situa- tions to two factors:

**Logic.** There is in machinery and electricity a logic of opera- tion, and if you know the basic components you can logically analyze any problem. For our tractor's gasoline engine to run, three things are required: air, fuel, and a spark. I have yet to see an occasion when a child was unable to track down the cause of no-go. See which of the three elements is missing and resupply. Fool's work, really, but every summer marinas report dozens of boat owners asking for engine repairs when the only problem is an empty fuel tank.

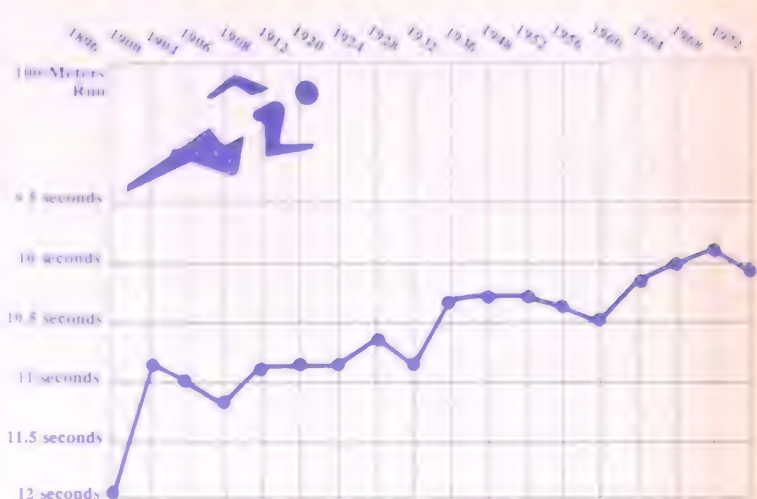
When we were building our house, I was anxious to have the floors level. The children's solution was to pour a bottle of water on the boards and see if it stayed in a puddle or ran; then correct if necessary. I saw the plumb line discovered—invented—as we were erecting the walls. "Tie a hammer to a rope, Dad, and we can see which way it swings from the top." Simplicity and logic at work.

**Necessity.** When you have to cope, you cope. A visiting friend watched with increasing apprehension as a boy moved a forty-foot log rafter up an incline into place. He was driving the tractor while winding in on its winch cable, which was attached to a block and tackle that was lifting the log. Three different motions were involved. "Help him," my friend exhorted me. But it is his feet on the pedals, his hands on the controls; he has to do it. And he does. Learning through necessity, of course, also means learning from mistakes, but they are the best teachers. The worse the mistake, the more permanent (usually) the lesson. The necessity of redoing a sixteen-hour job done wrong is more memorable than repairing a ten-minute boo-boo.

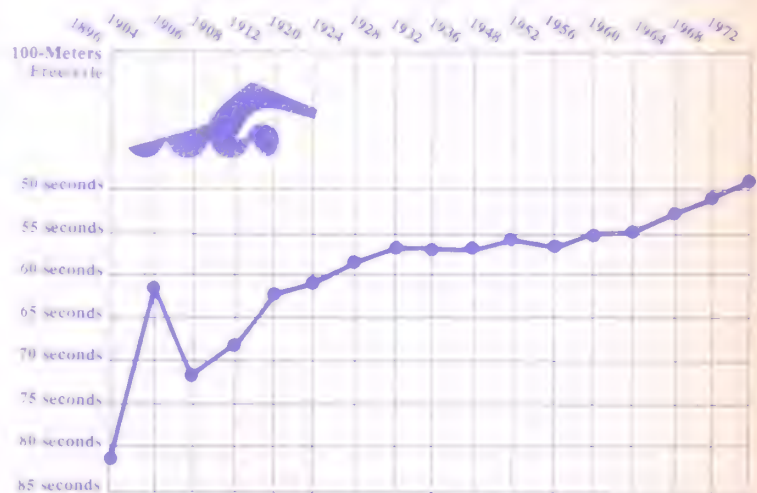
A hundred years ago none of this would have seemed unusual; it would have been taken for granted that a family was self-sufficient. Self-sufficiency is a nice possession, and one I have found not difficult to acquire, even today.

—**David Outerbridge**

*David Outerbridge is a sometime publisher, now living in Maine and writing a book about his experiences.*



The graphs—based on the Olympic records—tell of man's physical prowess.



"In former days, men sold themselves to the Devil to acquire magical powers. Nowadays they acquire these powers from science, and find themselves compelled to become devils." —**Bertrand Russell**  
*Power*, 1938

## BECAUSE I'M BIGGER THAN YOU ARE

You can't stop [a baby] by just saying No, at least not in the beginning. Even later, it depends on your tone of voice and how often you say it and whether you really mean it. It's not a method to rely on heavily until he has learned from experience what it means—and that you mean it. Don't say "No" in a challenging voice from across the room. This gives him a choice. He says to himself, "Shall I be a mouse and do as she says, or shall I be a man and grab the lamp cord?" Remember that his nature is egging him on to try things and to balk at directions. The chances are he'll keep on approaching the lamp cord with an eye on you to see how angry you get. It's much wiser, the first few times he goes for the lamp, to go over promptly and whisk him to another part of the room.

—**Dr. Benjamin Spock**  
*Baby and Child Care*, 1957

"In this world there are only two ways of getting on—either by one's own industry or by the imbecility of others."  
—**Jean de La Bruyère** (1645-1696)



# WRAPAROUND WRAPA

## Words

A witch makes up a word of power by associating it intensely and repeatedly with one or more impulses she discerns in her own nature, fixing the word in her depths by rite and image, repeating it only after sacred preparations. Gradually, if not overused, the word becomes magic: invoking it truly summons from the unconscious those forces or moods the witch has locked into those sounds. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the Word was God," said that Christian witch John. What can a mere word do?

One word can organize sounds, repeating and varying whatever vowels, consonants, glottal stops, and even rhymes a language may offer into miniature tone poems, manufacturing a tutu, or a go-go boot, or dribbling off into antidisestablishmentarianism. One word can recall an image, and suggest therewith an entire class of pictures in our mind, a dictionary of remote possibilities seen on the internal screen. A new word gives us a way of sharing some unfamiliar experience—witness *spacewalk*, *laser*, *voiceprint*, *mugger*, *real-time*, or even *biodegradable*. One word can invoke a spirit, evoke a vision, provoke a riot, pronounce or relieve guilt, cloak hate in high-toned law-'n'-order, unlock the unarticulated, win or repel love, give a local name to a dream, see a bear in a bush, or open up the exclamation to a wide-mouthed *OH!* Words only hint

at realities, they do not define. One word, then, acts like a finger of God: it suggests, glances at, points the mind toward, and disappears in the same flash.

The strongest words are in your own style. Ponder the names people have invented for their own locales. As George Stewart says in *Names on the Land*, "All such names are in fact strangely permanent; they cannot be stricken from the map by official decree, because they are not on the map." They persist because the folk like them as truer, and more personally expressive, metaphors than those made up by mayors or town councils: Hard Bargain, Hell's Half Acre, Hen Roost, Hangtown, Hannibal, Hobo Hot Springs, Hoodoo Bar, Horse Meadow, Horseshoe Creek, Hoss Goin' Over, Humbug, and Hungry Camp are a few of the Hs. They're local, and strongly poetic, for style comes about when you take care to be precise about what your eye falls on, naming the subject you think of, and associating it then with other things. Watch Shakespeare running through a verse paragraph free-associating half a dozen times, homing in on the point, never quite defining it, always swarming toward it, but rushing on before he limits his poetry by cutting out some new burst of insight.

A word gains power by not answering questions. In *King Lear*, Shakespeare ruminates on life's mystery, and concludes solemnly, "Ripeness is all." Ah, yes. But what is ripeness? Well, it's one of the most suggestive, but least definite, words going: you must free-associate for half an hour to get some idea, and by then you have a baker's dozen of meanings. Think how much more limiting each would have been: timing is all, the moment is all, maturity is all, lush fruit is all—no, the most powerful word is the one that escapes such easy "answers."

The choice of a word can express one's whole life. Think of the teen-agers who rove in gangs through the subways with their Magic Markers; they are banned from jobs by their color, class, and age, bored with school; they have been told they cannot make their mark in the Establishment, so they become The Signer or The Marker. It's illegal to write on the walls, so signing your own name means

you risk jail; hence you must make up one, singing your individuality in vivid spray: Zig Zag, Stay High, Be Be, Sunday, Sly, Elijah, Doctor Sex, Speed, Hilt, Mary as Shorty, King Flame as Fearless Fame. Words are not commands; they are claims.

What makes the power go out of a word? Overuse. Look at any demagogue's slogan; like law-'n'-order, the words decline into a joke, then blow away in irony, mocking their maker. Use a word once, like Shakespeare's *ripeness*, and use it at the right time, and the word will reverberate for years. De Gaulle, a firm believer in not saying anything publicly for months, broke his silence after the riots of 1968; he called the students and workers *pissenlits*, a noun implying that they were pissing in their own beds. His riot squads cracked their skulls, but it was the old soldier's choice word that broke the movement.

Naturally, there's one word of power for us all. What was it the ghost—perhaps played by Shakespeare himself—wanted Hamlet to recall? Oh yes: "Remember me!" —Jonathan Price

Jonathan Price is a concrete poet. His recent work "The Watergate Express" was exhibited at the 1973 New York Avant-Garde Festival.

## Harnessing the Hidden Power in Our Socks

That microcosmic chain reaction commonly known as "static electricity" has confounded sock wearers since almost the dawn of hose. But today energy experts are daring to ask, Could the shock in our socks be marshaled and tamed for the benefit of man? The energy buried in America's more than 5.6 billion socks, they calculate, would create power enough in a single day to lift the state of Arkansas 5,000 miles into space and spin it around at 33⅓ rpm for a millennium.



Cutaway of prototype 1937 Weebee Acro-Sox Sedan.

The solution to America's energy needs—stuffed in our bureau drawers and hiding under our beds. Incredible, yet hard new. Soviet scientists demonstrated a 10,000-ton motorboat powered by sock-static back in 1937; after the vessel sank (all in 1937), the motor was re-stalled in a toaster that, as late as 1969, served daily in a factory cafeteria near Smolensk. But hosannas just yet. The average Soviet sock has a high lint content. The kilowatt-per-sock ratio is only a third of the American output. And engineers are forced to install expensive lint baffles to prevent high-speed foul air. Soviet sock power: promising. Da. Practical? Nyet, as yet.

Far more promising—a practical—is the French government's "high-static sock" experiment. Socks are literally supercharged with static and spun on giant drums fixed directly to the wheels of a train. Officials predict that a trip from Bordeaux to Paris at 200 mph could cost as little as two cents per passenger if—and it's a big "if"—the current inventors' strike is settled and development is allowed to continue.

The most promising of sock-powered energy projects is right here at home. Jointly sponsored by the U.S. Sock Council and the Department of the Navy, an engine rated at 10 million sock-watts is now being tested prior to installation in the submarine U.S.S. Argyle. The Argyle, Navy spokesmen burble, will be able to refuel simply stopping at any port in the world and buying up the local sock supply. "No oil problem, no Arab embargo problem," one excited official gushes. "The Arabs don't even wear socks!"

Meanwhile, development continues. And Americans may have to make sacrifices before the dream of harnessing the hidden power in our socks comes true. The specter of eventual sock rationing, now a cloud bigger than a man's foot, may one day be a necessity to fit a nation running on knitted footwear in more ways than one. Yet withal, there are many today, not a few among them of the most eminent men of science who see more promise than threat in the familiar injunction to "Pull up your socks!"

—Bruce McCall

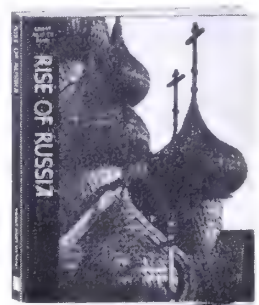
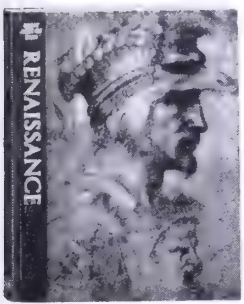
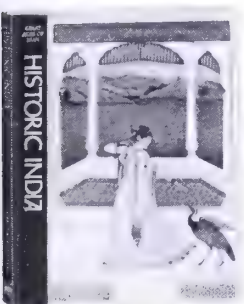
Bruce McCall writes about socks and zeppelins for several major magazines.

## RECLAMATION

To reclaim ourselves and our environment we need to drain energy from the narcissistic tumor that possesses us; to listen, sense, and be here; to retrieve what we have cast off, to repossess what we have projected onto others, to make whole what we have truncated; to move together in a reciprocal dance of integrity and grace. We keep searching for the star-gate, but it is not hidden. Hovering delicately in the spaces between things, it has been there all the time.

—Philip Slater  
*Earthwalk*, 1974





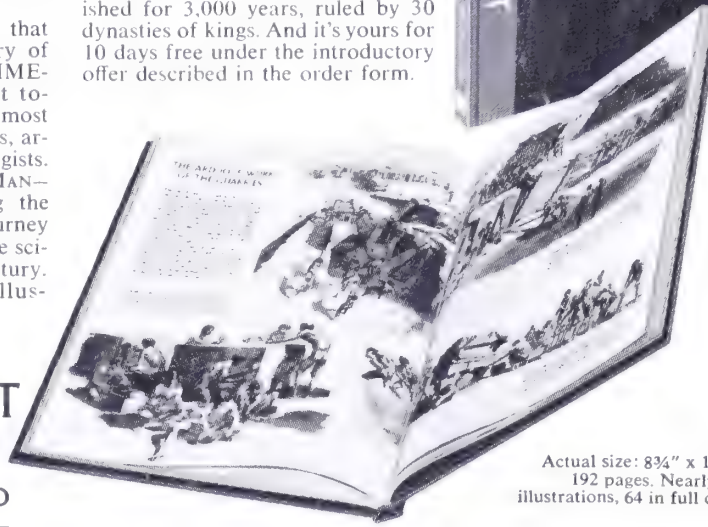
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# THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE ENERGY CRISIS

While Senators curse the darkness, lobbyists light candles and bureaucrats seize the corridors of power  
by Taylor Branch



**A**T FIRST GLANCE, the energy crisis appears dismal and confusing to those who study its reverberations in our nation's capital. The town is besieged by lobbyists, the friendly and concerned cormorants who have swooped down on the central questions from every conceivable height. The familiar interests are out full force in the halls, all seeking to have themselves declared vital—the oil companies, the public-interest advocates, the representatives of the Visitor Industry (tourism) and General Aviation (private airplanes), the educators, the U-Haul people, the unions, the coal companies, the snowmobile manufacturers, the dapper gentlemen from J. C. Penney and Sears. The threats and the opportunities for disaster have raised the stakes so high that many rookie lobbyists have emerged to speak for the woodwork sectors of the economy. The funeral-parlor people want to make sure that gravedigging equipment will get a priority fuel allocation. ("Only in the summer," an expert in the new Federal Energy Office said wryly.) Actors Equity wants everyone to know that the British government has given the theater a favored petrol status in England. The florists have sent letters urging that the crisis not be allowed to slow down shipments of cut flowers. ("They have the most beautiful envelope I've ever seen," observed a civil servant.)

As the policy makers try to rise

above the drama of truckers' demonstrations and special-interest oratory, they run headlong into what is now recognized as a severe numbers problem. That's very interesting, one hears at government hearings, but where are your numbers, your statistics, your authorities? Sen. William Proxmire, skeptical of the official figures on petroleum reserves and prices, asked where the Administration got its numbers. From *Platt's Oilgram*, the oil-industry newsletter, answered the government with some chagrin. Members of Congress have placed nearly a dozen authoritative, and widely disparate, calculations of oil-company profits in the *Congressional Record*, and the various lobbies—from the motorboat people to the auto industry—have offered precise, staggering predictions of how much GNP and how many thousands of jobs will be lost if they get short-changed in the energy whirlwind. Every number rests on a rickety platform of seasonal adjustments and assumptions, tempered by the weight of wishes and desires.

Washington breathes the same political rumors, but the energy crisis has quickened the pace to the point where the normal rhythm is hardly discernible. Each fresh spasm appears to originate in the Federal Energy Office, an infant bureaucracy spread around among six or seven

Taylor Branch is a contributing editor of Harper's.

temporary office locations that look as if the movers have not yet arrived. Winter coats lie on the floor for want of coat racks. Citizen complaints and the raw materials of government regulations lie in grocery-store boxes awaiting their file cabinets. New recruits arrive daily full of the good humor that sometimes arises when chaos removes a semblance of dreary order. From this machinery, complex formulations bubble up to the FEO chief, William Simon, who issues a policy statement which is translated into a "Simon Says" headline in the newspapers which in turn is set upon by the assorted lobbyists and the interpreter in the rafters of the press. The lobbyists, the Congress, the press, and the FEO enter a furious round of dialogue, picking over a few newly available facts, to shape another round of policy statements.

The energy crisis has become the latest general-purpose philosopher's stone, providing new dimensions of insight for visionaries in all fields. Environmentalists quote their predictions of doom for the hotspots of bronco capitalism, and they apply their leverage for mass transit, for a revitalization of the cities, for the triumph of the small or nonexistent automobile. Meanwhile, the partisans of free enterprise proclaim that the whole mess has been caused by the forces of socialistic lassitude—by weak hearts who fret about whether



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caribou can jump over the Alaska pipeline, or by those who conspire to shackle the market and its productive miracles in the name of some higher, ethereal good. One group's emergency is another's apparition. Liberals generally feel that there is no real energy crisis, but that there should be. Conservatives sense that there is a crisis, and that we cannot survive without a rugged upward struggle. The editorial pages are obsessed with these viewpoints, milking their significance in passionately antithetical pieces whose wild contradictions, balanced across the page, illustrate the endearing human elements of the energy crisis—the panoply of mortal beliefs, the hearts struggling against themselves, the touchingly thin disguise of self-interest **HERE'S WHAT WE'RE DOING ABOUT THE ENERGY CRISIS**, say the ads). Only after recognizing the human frailty at work in the energy crisis can one appreciate the hidden, positive developments that inevitably will follow. And nowhere is this frailty more apparent than in the deliberations of the Congress.

### The howl of representation

**F**RIDAY, DECEMBER 21, was energy day on Capitol Hill. The Energy Emergency Act of 1973 was up for final consideration in both chambers, and the legislators were anxious to pass the mammoth measure quickly and flee home for the holidays. The heart of the bill empowered the President to establish rationing throughout the entire economy. Many legal scholars maintained that he already possessed that authority from numerous, broad-based grants of power in existing laws, but the President wanted the Congress to say so again, out loud. (The House, squirming under the pressure, took some of the political sting out of the request by striking the word "rationing" out of the bill wherever it appeared and inserting "end use allocation," an equivalent phrase that would not attract as much attention. "It gives him the same powers," said one wily committee chairman, "but Congress will not get as much blame.") In addition to providing for rationing, the bill repealed or modified a wide variety of environmental legislation, created several new energy agencies, exempted key industries

from provisions of the antitrust laws that allegedly impede cooperative conservation programs, and gave the President almost unlimited authority to turn off the nation's lights and slow down its cars. Finally, the bill contained three highly controversial amendments that originated in the House: (1) a prohibition against "windfall profits" in the petroleum industry; (2) an order that the energy companies disclose their reserves under penalty of law (the companies regard their reserves as a trade secret and guard the knowledge with all the possessed zeal that Bogart employed to hide his gold sacks in the Sierra Madre); and (3) a requirement that the President's actions be nondiscriminatory, that he no longer single out groups like the private-airplane owners as "nonpriority" energy users.

The bill arrived in the report of a conference committee of senior men from both Houses, whose job it was to reconcile the gargantuan differences between the original bills passed by the House and the Senate. The report had been finished only that morning, after days and nights of wrangling, and it was immediately brought before the Senate. Forty of the hundred Senators had already gone home for Christmas. Many of the remaining ones did not have a copy of the report, and many more had not read it. It was ninety-three pages long, a dense concoction of legislative oatmeal.

The final compromises had presumably been made, and Congress was expected to send the legislation obediently to the President's desk. So a murmur of surprise went through the gallery when Sen. Clifford Hansen of Wyoming, one of the most loquacious oil Senators, took the floor to denounce the bill as a "diabolical, three-tiered pagoda of confusion and delay." The Administration and he would not tolerate the windfall profits section or the reporting requirement, Hansen declared, because these were "attempts to paint the oil industry as the black hat of the energy crisis." It was a matter of principle. Hansen also opposed the nondiscrimination section, "because it will subject the Administration to lawsuits from 200 million citizens claiming that someone else got more oil than they did." He then announced that he would hold the floor until sanity prevailed, which he fully

anticipated from his reasonable and distinguished colleagues.

The filibuster was on. Russell Long said he did not like the windfall profits section either, because it seemed to involve an implicit tax on the oil people. Tax matters, he said, should come out of the Finance Committee. Long is chairman of the Finance Committee and proud of his petroleum investments. The filibuster would not be broken as long as he supported it.

Sen. Henry Jackson, the floor manager of the energy bill, became extremely agitated when the filibuster emerged. His smile and self-assurance faded. He started grabbing other Senators and running off into antechambers—apparently to no avail. Jackson's condition grew worse with the passing afternoon hours. His reputation as one of the most powerful men in the Senate, "the Toscanini of energy legislation," was under serious attack: he faced the humiliations of having his prize bill killed by a coalition of oil spokesmen and Administration flannelmouths, who were at that moment engaged in another "Senatorial colloquy" that involved endless recitations of statistics proving how hard it is to find oil.

Mike Mansfield, the genial Senate Majority Leader, also became agitated late in the afternoon. He asked for a gentleman's timeout on the filibuster, and, with the veins standing out on his thin neck, began perhaps the most inflammatory speech of his mild-mannered career. "This is a pretty sour performance," he began, with Senators crowding in to hear him, "when we have to wait for people from the White House to come up with a bill for us to pass, while we're kept from voting on our own bill." He went on, becoming angrier, and the three or four reporters in the press gallery cast worried glances at one another. They had never seen this before. "I don't know why we have a Senate," cried Mansfield at the crescendo. "If we can't make up our minds by ourselves, I think we ought to consider the abolition of the Senate!" There was an electric silence. Jackson fidgeted. Hansen, who still had the floor, fidgeted. Mansfield paced in front of the rostrum.

Hansen began speaking softly, at length, of his admiration for the Majority Leader and for the Senate as an institution. He was very tense—passing quiet praise around to soften



his refusal to yield the floor—until an aide slipped him a sheaf of papers. A look of immense relief passed over Hansen's face as he announced that "new criteria have just been developed that will help us move on from here." He handed the White House bill to Jackson, who retired with Long. The deal was soon struck. The filibuster would end in return for Jackson's agreement—much to the relief of the oilmen—to drop the windfall profits section and the requirement for reserve reporting.

THE SENATE MELTED in agreement. Hansen congratulated Jackson. Jackson congratulated Long. Mansfield commended Hansen. Lesser Senators praised the leadership. The strange new bill passed within three minutes, without a whisper of mourning for the departed sections. The Senate recessed, and several senators wished each other a merry Christmas before hurrying to the airport. The Senate was playing rough; or if the House did not pass precisely the same bill as the Senate, there could be no energy legislation at all. Nixon would be on television sooner or later, blaming Congress for cowardice amid the greatest crisis to befall the Republic.

The pressure shifted to Harley O. Staggers of West Virginia, the energy floor manager in the House, who was situated outside Speaker Albert's chambers, being worked over by two White House lobbyists. They were thinking up polite ways to tell him that some bill is better than no bill.

At 9:00 P.M. the Speaker called the House of Representatives back into session. Under the rules, the House could not take up the energy bill until the Senate had finished. The Representatives were tired, and several of them were in black tie for swell parties they would probably miss. As they scurried around trying to find out what had happened in the Senate, Carl Albert gaveled the House to order and quickly recognized Staggers. In three sentences, he called up H. Res. 760, a measure to suspend the rules and pass, with two-thirds majority required, H. 12128—an amendment in the nature of a substitute for the conference report on the original bill, S. 2589.

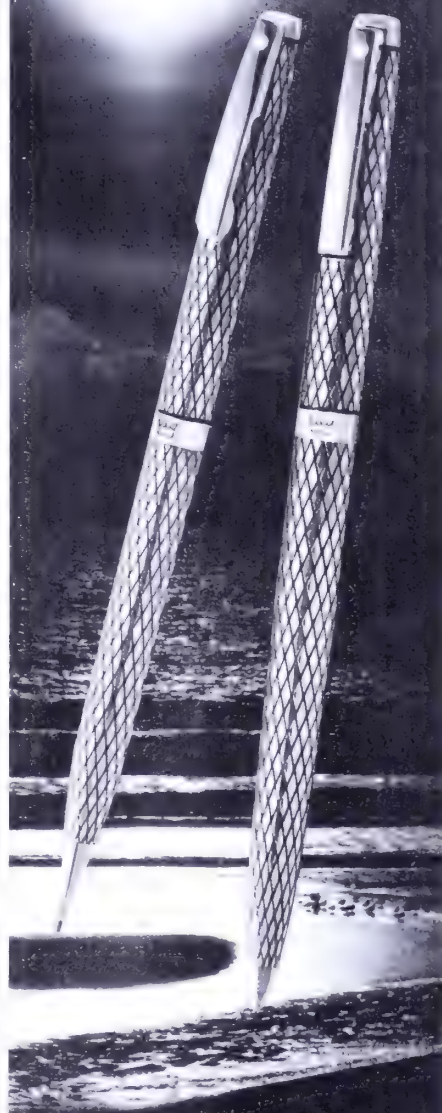
Pandemonium broke out on the House floor. No one knew what H. Res. 760 or H. 12128 were, which

was understandable since Staggers had given them to the House clerk about five minutes earlier. He tried to explain the legislative complications to his colleagues, but Staggers is a man of more character than eloquence. His bill, he said, was different in some detail from both the conference report and the last-minute Senate substitute. Congressmen interrupted him at random to exclaim that they did not know what was in either of these bills. Their last contact with the emergency energy bill had been a week earlier, when the House had taken three days and nights to pass the original bill—adding about fifty amendments, often with one minute's debate, and quitting with seventy more on the table for consideration. The Congressmen had come out bleary-eyed, and the bill had come out loaded with encumbrances of every sort. Few members knew of the intricate manipulations of the conference, much less of the Senate, and no one understood things any better when Staggers finished speaking.

The Republicans, suspecting a trick, made a point of order that a quorum was not present; and when Speaker Albert began counting heads, many Republicans ran for the exits, overpowering the doormen. They returned when Albert maneuvered through several parliamentary thickets to bring the Staggers motion to a vote. As the vote dragged on, several Representatives managed to be heard over the general din. "Mr. Speaker, we don't have the slightest idea what is going on," shouted Rep. Fernand St. Germain of Rhode Island, "so how can we vote?" Loud applause. Rep. Robin Beard of Tennessee grabbed a microphone: "Mr. Speaker, when we first considered this bill last week, I voted 'present' on all the amendments because I didn't know what was in them. I voted 'yea' on final passage of the bill because I thought the conference committee would clean it up. Now I don't know what has come out or what we are voting on." More applause, some cheering, one cry of "Right on!"

H. Res. 760 was somehow favored, 169 to 95, but failed for lack of a two-thirds majority. Staggers then took the floor and shouted with some emotion: "Mr. Speaker, I'm very sorry that the House has taken this action tonight, because I think many men did not know what they were do-

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## THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE CRISIS

ing." Loud jeering, catcalls, and booing. Someone seized the opportunity to cry out in response: "Mr. Speaker, the reason the gentleman's bill was voted down was precisely because he could not tell us what was in it." Uproarious applause. Staggers, flustered and tongue-tied, tried to explain the treachery in the Senate. His denunciations of the "other body" won some favor on general principle, but the monologue became cloudily as it proceeded to the final appeal: "Mr. Speaker, I don't know what's in the Senate bill, either, and I am asking the members to support their House conferees."

In the confusion, the word spread among some members of the House and the press that Staggers was adamantly refusing to yield to the Senate. His complex resolution, just defeated, contained all the amendments obnoxious to the oil industry and the Administration. While trying vainly to make this clear, Staggers was bombarded with irrelevant questions about amendments from the previous week. Wool-hats from every region wanted to know what had happened to the provision that banned fuel allotments for court-ordered busing. ("It is not a racial amendment, it is an energy amendment," one Congressman stated. "Those who want to find the race issue in the amendment have not read it.") Others wanted to know if fuel shipments to Vietnam would be banned. Still others arose to discuss the Constitution.

Staggers, with some resignation, then brought up a compromise that omitted the windfall profits section but kept the reserve reporting requirement. Led by an impassioned John Dingell of Michigan, liberals deserted the bill and made speeches about bloated oil companies and the shivering poor. Dingell, ironically, was also the author of the antibusing amendment. He began circulating among his conservative allies, urging them to vote against the bill altogether. "We'll get busing back in there next year," he promised.

The second bill also failed. Then Staggers, as a courtesy to the Republicans, brought up the Senate version. He urged its defeat. "The Senate bill does not even allow us to find out how much energy we have," he said. "How can we vote for a bill that will leave us in the dark? How can we legislate without information?" When the Senate version was voted

down, it became clear that no energy legislation could attract the required two-thirds majority. The leadership called for adjournment. A junior member jumped to his feet to demand a roll call vote, declaring that he was fully prepared to stay in the chamber as long as necessary to take his constituents a new law on the vital question of energy. Others were moved to assert their equal devotion to the legislative process. During the highly unusual vote on adjournment, the House's new computer voting system broke down. The clerk had to call the roll—435 names—twice. The motion failed. The House could not pass a bill, and it could not adjourn. Speaker Albert rapped the gavel and pronounced a recess until the next day. As the Representatives filed out, one yelled, "Merry Christmas! We've made asses of ourselves."

It was 1:15 in the morning. A few hours later the leadership of the House and Senate got together and agreed to give up until the new session in January.

### The bureaucrat's delight

**R**EGARDLESS OF WHAT happens when Congress resumes its debate, it can be reliably reported that three subtle natural laws, operating beneath the energy carousel, will work inexorably for the nation's betterment. In accordance with these laws, certain institutional processes are already spreading quietly, like soft green moss under a strong river current, from the capital to the smallest offices in the outback. The first law states that *the spirit of public service will rise, and the bureaucracy will multiply itself much faster, in time of grave national concern.*

Dr. James H. Boren, founder of the National Association of Professional Bureaucrats (NATAPROBU) and the Bureaucratic party's candidate for President in 1972, has been pleasantly overwhelmed with planning since the first rumors of shortages. He burst on the scene as an aggressive spokesman for the bureaucratic arts in 1970, when he paid tribute to the Postal Service's excellence in "the skills of dynamic inaction." Boren rode horseback from Philadelphia to Washington with a satchel full of letters, all of which he delivered before an identical batch, mailed from Philadelphia, arrived.

His horse beat some of the letters by eight days.

Boren anticipates that 1974 will be a big growth year for all levels of the civil service—perhaps as much as 10 percent. "We have received tentative reports from nearly forty ad hoc study committees," he said thoughtfully, "showing that the energy crisis has more orbital interfaces with government program parameters than any crisis since the Depression. That includes the national-security crises, the population crisis, the race crisis, the urban crisis, the blue-collar angst crisis, the role-of-women crisis—anything that has been certified as a matter of national alarm by a major grant thrust from the Ford Foundation." Boren believes that the petroleum question will top them all in attracting people away from their own selfish pursuits into public service. "We will smother people with opportunities," he bubbles, "which we will create through institutional proliferation and the techniques of delegation, coordination, and the committee process of consultation."

On the sawtooth edge of bureaucratic growth lies the new Federal Energy Office, which is suffering through the start-up phase with only 2,500 employees. Seasoned officials expect the number to grow rapidly through the cold months. Washington has set aside \$500 million to help state governments come up with enough people to referee the scramble for energy at the local level. The Administration's second innovation during the crisis, the Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA), is part of a crash program to invest \$20 billion in research and testing on everything from windmills and geyser power to giant solar collectors in space. The idea is to fund a whole armada of creative laboratories by spraying money around through "contractual arrangements with nonfederal participants including corporations, consortia, universities, governmental entities, and nonprofit institutions."

Experienced observers like Boren look beyond the overt energy agencies for the real employment opportunities in the crisis. Every department will be involved. The Department of Transportation has already won Administration and Congressional support for a new Office of Carpool Promotion. The initial investment is only \$5 million, but the





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# We'd like you

**"The amount of energy locked up in a single piece of coal is incredible. We must waste no time putting it to use."**

E. L. Wilson, Manager, Pilot Plant Operations, Synthetic Fuels Research Division, Exxon.

Coal is one form of energy America has in abundance. In fact, this nation has more coal than any other country in the free world. We have mined only 10% of what we have. More than 400 billion tons of commercially extractable coal are still in the ground.

In terms of the energy this coal contains, it outweighs our oil and natural gas put together. Experts estimate that at the present rate of coal consumption, our reserves could last about 250 years.

Exxon is working on ways to expand the use of coal. We are developing methods which may let America burn more of her vast reserves of high-sulfur coal without violating standards set for air and water quality. We are also developing economical ways to turn coal into gas and oil.

## **Gas made from coal.**

Chemically speaking, coal is similar to both natural gas and crude oil. All three are products of decayed plant or animal matter compressed into hydrocarbons over millions of years.

For years commercial plants have been gasifying coal, producing a low-energy fuel for domestic and limited industrial use. But this gas is expensive to produce, and the available processes have not been commercially proved on certain American coals.

For several years, Exxon has been developing a process to gas-

ify the different types of American coal. Today at a pilot plant in Baytown, Texas, we are perfecting that process. High-sulfur coal from the Midwest and low-sulfur coal from the Rocky Mountain States are both being converted into raw gas.

We hope our gas will be less expensive to produce, bringing closer the day when synthetic gas can be made commercially from a wide variety of American coals.

Ten years from now, we expect plants, each producing 250 million cubic feet of synthetic gas a day, will be operating. Each of those plants could meet Cleveland's present gas needs



At Exxon's pilot plant in Baytown, Texas, various American coals are being converted into cleaner burning synthetic gas

## **Oil and gasoline made from coal**

During World War II most of many's planes and tanks ran on gasoline made from coal. Both problems were high cost and a relatively small yield of hydrocarbon liquid.

Now, Exxon is developing a liquefaction process which promises to be more efficient and less expensive than the World War II process. It also would be more flexible and reliable than other processes now being developed.

So, at another pilot plant in Texas we are converting low- and high-sulfur coal into synthetic crude oil. This oil can be refined into gasoline and other products with today's technology.

## **Sulfur: A major problem.**

The largest potential user of coal today is industry, especially our nation's electric power plants.

Unfortunately, coal from mines in our Appalachian and western states contains a lot of sulfur. When burned, it pollutes the air with sulfur oxides. This is a major reason why coal has not been more widely used in recent years.

## **Sulfur: Two possible solutions**

Exxon is now working on two processes to solve the sulfur problem.

One, being devised for the U.S. Government, would reduce the formation of sulfur oxides while the coal is burning.

The other process is being de-

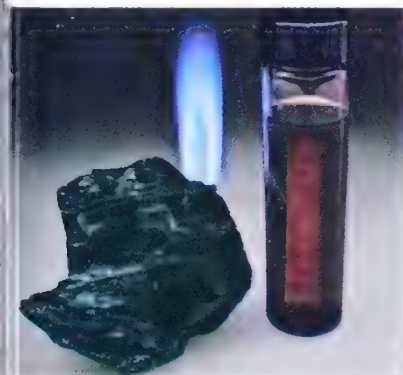


# to know



L. Wilson holds a piece of high-sulfur coal from Exxon's Monterey mine in Illinois, and a bottle of synthetic crude oil made from this type of coal. This oil can be refined into gasoline and other products.

ped with a major power plant  
builder and several electric utilities.  
would remove most of the sulfur  
dioxides from the flue gas after com-



Heat and pressure applied in the right way can convert a 4-pound piece of coal into about 1 quart of synthetic crude oil or about 2 cubic feet of synthetic gas.

bustion but before the gas escapes from the stack.

When these processes—or others like them—prove commercially successful, they will enable industry to burn much more coal, freeing large quantities of oil and natural gas for other uses.

## Coal's future.

The long-range success of Exxon's gasification, liquefaction and desulfurization projects depends on improving the technology and getting the costs down. As these problems are solved America will need more and more coal.

Last year, U.S. coal mines produced 603 million tons. If coal is to play a key role in filling the energy

gap, production will have to more than double by 1985, and continue to increase rapidly thereafter. This means that environmental questions, primarily those of strip mining, must be resolved.

Exxon has already invested tens of millions of dollars in coal conversion and desulfurization research. In the years ahead we plan to spend many times this amount.

Coal is one of America's most important natural resources. We must waste no time putting it to use.





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## THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE CRISIS

crusade against the solo commuter will ultimately require thousands of new experts. In the Agriculture Department, Nicholas H. Smith has been designated Director of Energy Crisis Activities and is busy in his domain. The Justice Department has announced that it must gear up to fight an expected wave of shortage-related crime. The Interior Department, HUD, NASA, and the Postal Service have issued statements about the critical new functions they must perform. Even the Federal Communications Commission has an energy coordinator, Art Hinton, who, with his aides, prowls the halls to unscrew excess fluorescent lights. He replaces them with yellow stickers, embossed with a picture of an atom to symbolize a saving of energy.

Boren fully expected all this activity within the government, since it conforms to his crisis theory on the augmentation of public employment. "The new agencies will give us the publicity and the dynamic management," he mused, "but the older departments always do well, too, because they have learned to blend any crisis into the harmonics of their programmatic functions by fuzzifying the viable options." He cautions serious students of public service against overlooking the contributions of those who will work in the penumbra of the formal civil service—the consultants, the professors, the advisory groups. There will also be a whole new breed of lawyers who, under the new regulations of the FEO, will represent those aggrieved by government energy policy. Boren counts all these among his flock.

As the spirit of public participation waxes, the most pressing problem will be manpower—where to get all the people necessary to administer the future of the energy crisis. Young people must be trained, of course, and the call must go out to private industry. But the largest source of new public employees may be the pool of workers thrown out of jobs when the shortages filter through the nasty crevices of the marketplace. The Nixon Administration now supports an expansion of the \$1.5 billion public-service employment program, which will kill two birds with one stone: it will reduce unemployment and also marshal the civil servants who will clearly be needed to coordinate our response to the crisis. Rep. Henry Reuss of Wisconsin, one



of the most articulate supporters of the concept, emphasizes yet another benefit: "Public-service jobs are probably the least profligate users of energy and natural resources that we know of."

### The yeoman's promotion

**T**HE SECOND NATURAL LAW states that *large, modern organizations will prosper and grow. Inefficient, penny-ante organizations will go by the board.* William D. Toohey, president of Discover America Travel Organizations, encouraged this maxim when he testified before the Congress on behalf of the 4 million jobs and the \$61 billion annual sales of the tourist industry. If fuel cutbacks must come to the recreation business, he said, "we propose that consideration be given to allocation of fuels on a priority basis to service stations on or adjacent to interstate highways." The idea was received sympathetically—the vital arteries first. Such a plan would favor Toohey's clients—Holiday Inn, Howard Johnson's, other large restaurant chains—at the expense of the family lodge on the back roads of Highway 211. The small fry would suffer.

This trend runs all through the energy confusion. Those who once talked about their independence now speak of their vulnerability. Small retailers complain that they cannot compete against large department stores and shopping centers without offering their customers something special, such as longer business hours. The little shops that can't afford media campaigns argue that they cannot survive without cheap means of name identification, such as neon signs. The small businessman's lot is foretold by the owners of independent gas stations, who are going out of business every day. More than 10,000 service stations had closed as of early December, and an Exxon spokesman offered a professional interpretation of the tragedies: "The trend is building bigger stations and getting rid of small stations, the main and pass accounts."

The situation is reminiscent of previous crises, when large organizations went into digestive consolidation while the mass and pass were expelled into the nether regions. In the environmental era, this hourglass effect appeared when pollution stan-

dards bankrupted many small companies that couldn't afford antipollution investments. Liberals and social critics who perceived this historic law at work suspected that natural progress was being unjustly manipulated. But, according to the Boren philosophy of public service, this analysis simply does not go far enough. For those who are uprooted by the crisis, the formerly independent yeomen, will sooner or later recover by attaching themselves to a university, a union, a big company—something which emulates the lifestyle of a real bureaucracy, where politics guarantees security, and security provides the freedom for truly human pursuits.

The rise in public service and the triumph of modern organizations are, therefore, part of the same movement away from cutthroat capitalism and toward the civilized tolerance that prevails in a committee meeting of experts. This tide is being rushed along by yet another natural law, which states that *the economy will become more political. We will put the politics back into political economy, and we will define productivity in voting blocs.*

### The political imperative

**W**ILLIAM EGDER, the chief representative of the private airplane industry, has distinguished himself as the most outstanding lobbyist of the energy crisis thus far. The Nixon Administration tested him severely last November by announcing that private airplanes would have their fuel allocation reduced by as much as 50 percent. Skydiving and the flying of private planes simply could not pass for priority activities, said the Administration.

Egder's response was thunderous. Within a week, Congressional offices were inundated with indignant mail—from workers in private-airplane factories, from service mechanics, crop dusters, sales representatives, businessmen, the unions of large airports, the owners of the 11,500 airports serving only private planes, from politicians in rural towns where a private airport is an early sign of boosterism and growth. "We got five times as much mail on the private airplane cuts as we did on the firing of Archibald Cox," said one Democratic Congressman. The House and

Senate both passed amendments requiring equal treatment for all sectors of the economy. This provision died with the energy bill, but it will be back.

The general point that Egder made was that people shouldn't think of private airplanes as O. J. Simpson's flying lessons or Hugh Hefner's pleasure craft. Instead, we should focus on the hundreds of thousands of jobs involved in keeping them airborne. Neil Heard, of the National Federation of Independent Businessmen, made the same argument before the Congress. Independent business is up against the wall, he said, and no one is entering the field anymore. "I think we have to bear in mind in our economy," he summarized, "that without conspicuous consumption we could also have conspicuous unemployment."

Even before Dr. Herbert Stein, the staunchest defender of market-based economics in the Administration, conceded that we may need a giant department to run the whole economy, the Congress of the United States sensed that the energy crisis was throwing the economy deeper into a political morass, and the full impact struck Capitol Hill on energy day. Congress short-circuited itself by being *too* responsive to its public-spirited constituents from large organizations. The bill affected almost every person in the United States, and Congress was not ready. What is a good job or a bad one? What deserves energy and what doesn't? The legislators are too set in their ways to slide easily into the task of regulating every job and dollar. They could feel the natural laws at work, but they could not see them. Or they grew faint at the implications.

To Dr. James H. Boren, the energy crisis is a bureaucrat's dream. So much to ponder. So much to analyze and coordinate. So much expertise required. So much paperwork. His NATAPROBU has committees studying ways to increase the paper supply at all costs. We will make progress, says Boren, if we learn how to delegate properly, and if certain attitudes change. "We will have to think differently of paperwork," he observed, with a strange look in his eye. "I have a dream of a day when we will all regard each piece of paper with the same awe and reverence that we now feel when contemplating the individual snowflake." □

# TOWARD CATATONIA

Variations on a listless theme



**T**HE VALUES OF INERTIA have been little understood except by five or six of the best minds in the world. All too often, inertia is treated as the "poor relation" in thermodynamic and interpersonal systems. All too often, people cultivate inertia in the interests of conservation and self-sufficiency, only to find themselves pushed around. This is stupid and unfair. Attitudinal changes are clearly in order, not only at the societal level but also within every citizen; we all must work toward the development of inertia if our nation is to survive.

A grasp of the concept of *entropy* is essential to an understanding of the basics of inertia. While many scientists are fully aware of entropy, it is still one of the best-kept secrets around. You can probably guess why. The main thing you should know about entropy is that *there is a tendency on the part of the universe toward uniform inertness*. Align yourself with this tendency.

The same atoms that constitute the universe make up helium, neon, argon, krypton, xenon, and radon, the "noble gases," whose chief characteristic is their *inability to react*. We, too, are composed of atoms; hence, the inability to react is *innate*. We must resist reaction whenever possible. The energy propagandists would have us believe that human reaction is "natural" and ineradicable, but the reverse is obviously true.

"Well, then," you may ask, "how, after years and years of reacting, can I call it quits?"

Answer: There is a way. It requires deep concentration and stick-to-itiveness, but it pays off.

The first step in the process is *slowing down your reaction time as much as possible* by cultivating a mien of positive lassitude. Here's the story of Brenda Veach of Oakland, California. The once-pert young Brenda wanted to do her bit for

inertia, so she began by attending parties at which she remained absolutely motionless. "I knew that the best thing was actually to stay home in bed and watch the National Bowling League semifinals," she later remarked in a rare interview. "But, like a lot of eager converts, I was anxious to let the world know about my concern for inertia. I'd lie on the host's Barcalounger or La-Z-Boy until some big spender, ergwise, would come up and start rapping a mile a minute, wanting to know what scene I was into, would I like to dance, and so on. After he ran out of steam, I'd silently count to a million, and then, without moving my lips, I'd say, 'Tupperware is sold by me.'"

After Brenda became accomplished at delaying her reaction time in this way, she found she could conserve 38 percent more inertia simply by writing YES on one palm and NO on the other and "talking" with her hands. Eventually she eliminated her reactions altogether.

Brenda went on to more advanced forms, driven not only by motives of conservation but also by a yearning familiar to anyone who, through drugs or religion, has ever been enshrouded in the mystery of cosmic ennui. A common enough experience, and yet few people realize that it is possible to recapture it *without resorting to artificial means*.

To this end, a new government commission has issued a series of guidelines (obtainable for \$2.95 from the Department of Inertial Guidance, Box 0, Washington, D.C.) outlining an orderly series of steps every citizen can—indeed, *must*—follow. It is suggested that all Americans practice simple *lethargy* from midnight on Saturday until 7:00 A.M. on Monday. It is estimated that in this way alone sufficient inertia can be developed to maintain both houses of Congress for four years.

**L**ETHARGY, OVER TIME, can petrify into *sloth*, a habitual disinclination to exertion that requires several day-a-week dedication and leads—least for those inspired by the rewards of patriotism—to *torpor*.

The sort of sluggishness a family can engage in of a Sunday is rather easy to come by, and, while the dark realms of torpor are sometimes arrived at spontaneously, usually only a pioneering mentality can make there and stay. Recent research has shown, however, that such achievement need not be limited to a privileged elite. It has been determined that biofeedback can be utilized to teach individuals how to consciously reduce the amount of electrical activity produced by the brain. This substantial lowering of energy output is obtained in the following manner:

Subjects are instructed to tell their loved ones not to disturb them for a period of several years and then to lie down in isolation in the yogic pose known as the sponge. You can try this yourself if you feel you have mastered sloth.

Think about *absolutely nothing*. At first, the notion of an absolute may be a strain, shooting your brain waves up into high-voltage alpha rhythms; instead, you might want to commence the exercise by thinking about Finland or about the words of Merleau-Ponty ("It is on account of having begun with the antithesis of the fact and the essence, of what is individuated in a point of space and time and what is from forever and nowhere, that one is finally led to treat the essence as a limited idea that is, to make it inaccessible"), or merely by mentally listing your favorite homonyms.

The assiduous pursuit of low brain voltage will lead you organically to *abulia*, the paralysis of the will (i.e.,

Gwyneth Cravens is a contributing editor of Harper's.



you might *want* to think about Finland but you will be unable to).

Once abulia is achieved, there is a temptation to cling to it, but impairment of volition takes up more energy than might be commonly supposed. It is therefore best to continue until, through successive reductions in mental and physical energy levels, you automatically reach *autism*.

You perhaps cannot imagine a more satisfying condition of inertia than that identical to the state of an unplugged Char-B-Que, especially if you are still a novice at lassitude. But there is definite evidence that beyond autism lies a frontier more unexplored and more alluring than the wastes of Pluto, and that is *catatonia*.

There is a conspiracy of silence about catatonia. Those who have achieved it tend to keep mum, but clearly it is the most sublime state available to the inertia-conscious non-comatose American public. It is pointless to sing paeans to catatonia; its virtues are, one hopes, self-evident.

But even if you are hesitant about aspiring to the waxen rigidity favored by most practitioners of the art, you can still work toward one of the sublevels outlined above; you can still attempt to become one with the most fundamental principle in the universe and at the same time help to keep our nation great. And don't be put out if you fall short of total inertia. In a pinch, stasis will do. □

**TORPID TIPS**

**WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP:**

- Ride in the backseat of a friend's car to view the new shopping mall in your neighborhood.
- If you must speak, employ the passive voice only.
- Wire the White House and demand to know why we have never seen a picture of the President lying down.
- Contract mononucleosis.

**FAMOUS EXAMPLES OF INERTIA:**

- Sleeping Beauty
- Mount Shasta
- Daphne
- Calvin Coolidge
- The House of Lords

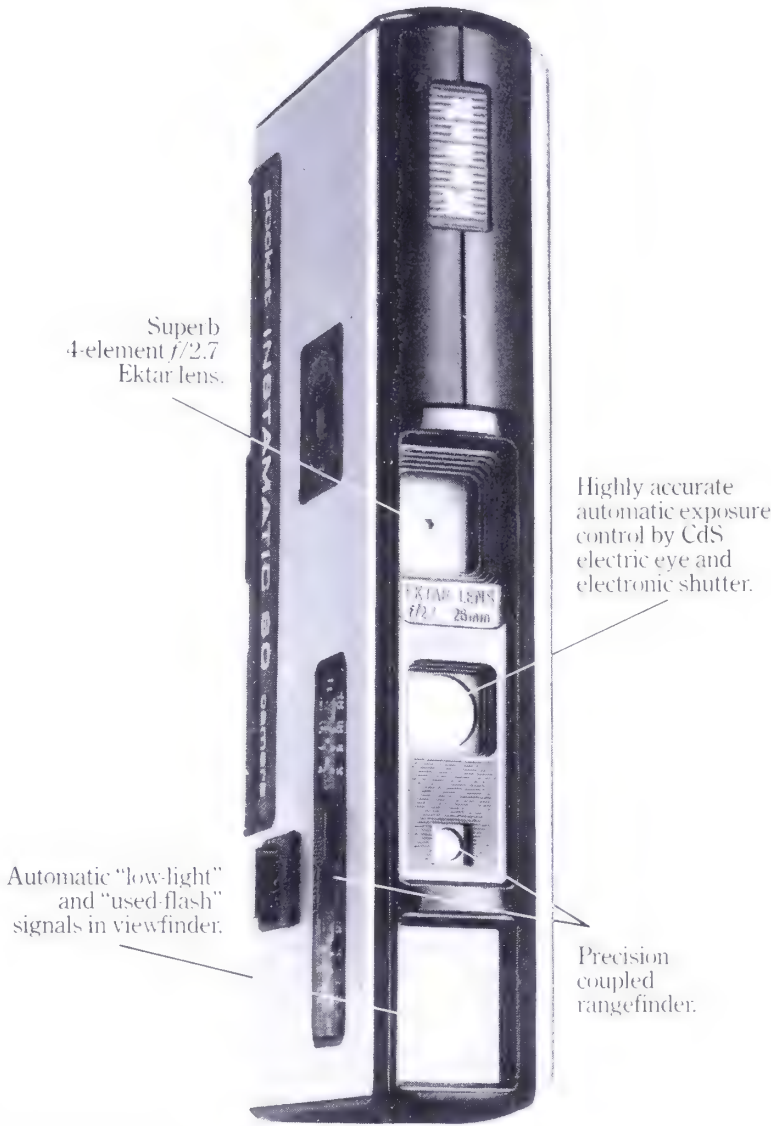
**INSPIRATIONAL LITERATURE:**

- Oblomov* by Ivan A. Goncharov
- "Rip Van Winkle" by Washington Irving
- L'Innommable* by Samuel Beckett

**WHAT TO WATCH OUT FOR:**

- Vectors

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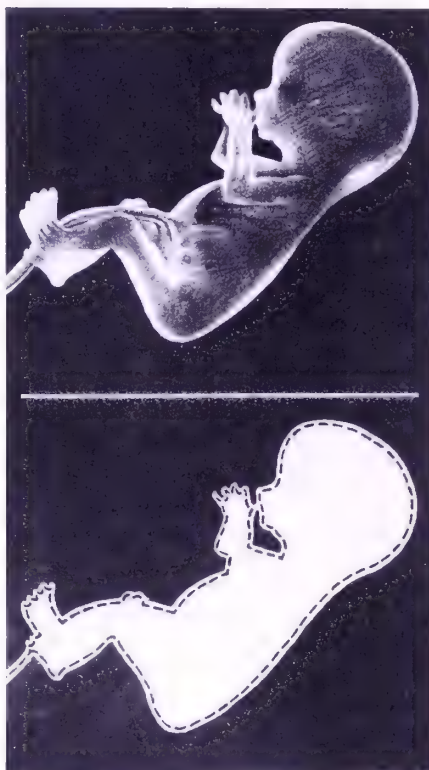
# ENEMIES OF ABORTION

The Catholic hierarchy rejects a woman's right to govern her own body—and it won't rest until that right is abolished

PEOPLE WHO REGARD divorce, birth control, eating pork—or whatever—as sinful have a clear right to live by their own tenets, provided they don't force their views of morality on citizens of other faiths or none. That, in theory, is the American proposition, as conveyed in the spirit of the Constitution—and yet, as we all know, the theory has seldom achieved reality. Throughout U.S. history, various religious groups (notably Baptists and Catholics) have acquired sufficient political power to impose their moralistic attitudes on almost everyone else. The leading example is, of course, the American Catholic Church, which, for decades, succeeded in keeping archaic divorce and anticontraception laws on the books in state after state across the country.

Vast cultural changes have now eroded the Catholic hierarchy's relentless efforts. Since the 1960s, under the liberalizing influence of Vatican II, the Catholic divorce rate has climbed. And millions of Catholic women have been using birth-control pills (of which Catholic Dr. John Rock was codiscoverer and an ardent advocate).

Reluctantly conceding major setbacks on two fronts, the hierarchy has made opposition to abortion the new rallying cry. It has proved a highly emotional issue which can be dramatically exploited by means of inflammatory rhetoric, lurid propaganda, and outright political blackmail. These techniques, which the Catholic-supported Right to Life movement has used to score impressive local victories, are now being tested on a national scale. Week after week, the faithful are reminded from the pulpit, in newsletters, and in full-page newspaper ads, that abortion is "murder" and that Catholics are subject to automatic excommunication if they participate in, or encourage the deliberate termination of, pregnancy for any reason. They are also in-



Paul Richer

structed that they have a sacred duty to sign and circulate petitions, march in street demonstrations, and raise funds for the Right to Life movement, which is passionately concerned with the rights of unborn embryos but which, in accordance with Catholic tradition, has minimum concern for the rights of women.

Far from being discouraged, the campaign has gained momentum since last January, when the U.S. Supreme Court in effect invalidated all restrictive state antiabortion laws. Seven justices, including the only Catholic on the bench, William J. Brennan, concurred in the opinion, which held that the right of privacy "is broad enough to encompass a woman's decision whether or not to terminate a pregnancy." Two publications of the Catholic far Right, *The*

*Wanderer* and *Triumph*, called for Justice Brennan's excommunication. Archbishop Francis J. Furey of Texas characterized the authors of the ruling as "fetal muggers." In more elegant but equally apocalyptic terms, the president of the National Catholic Conference, John Cardinal Krol, accused the Court of opening the doors "to the greatest slaughter of innocent life in the history of mankind."

The current goal of the Church is reversal of the Supreme Court ruling by constitutional amendment. If it should succeed, the result would be a real "slaughter of innocent life"—the butchery of American women once again condemned to the perils of illegal, criminal abortion. For there is evident, at all economic and social levels and among all ethnic groups, a clear determination to limit the number of one's offspring; and in the present state of the art of contraception, abortion is an essential last-resort method of birth control.

The high command of the anti-abortion drive is the National Catholic Conference of Bishops, based in Washington. The shock troops are a network of grass-roots organizations coordinated by a national Right to Life Committee. Its chairman is Edward J. Golden, a construction foreman and father of six who lives near Troy, New York. Golden won his spurs in his native state where, in 1970, the country's most liberal abortion law was unexpectedly enacted. Perceiving that the Church's traditional tactics—low-key persuasion and gentle arm-twisting—no longer worked, in short order he built the New York Right to Life Committee into a formidable political lobby. Its strategy was simple: to attack and defeat any legislator—no matter what his stance on other issues—who had voted for the liberal bill or failed to support the move to repeal it. By mounting effective campaigns in the home districts of his targets, Golden

Marion K. Sanders, a longtime contributing editor of Harper's, is the author of *Dorothy Thompson: A Legend in Her Time* (Houghton Mifflin).



demonstrated that this was no idle threat: three legislators went down to defeat in 1971, and others found themselves in close contests.

His program moved into high gear in January 1972, when busloads of antiabortionists began rolling into Albany, heavily laden with sensational literature. Terence Cardinal Cooke sounded the call to arms by denouncing the liberal law as "an outrage against humanity." He received a powerful assist from Richard Nixon. In a well-publicized letter, the President repudiated the findings of his own Population Council and endorsed the Cardinal's views. On April 16, which His Eminence had designated as "Right to Life" Sunday, priests throughout the state read his proclamation to their congregations. In New York City, parochial-school bands, Knights of Columbus units, and legions of the faithful from distant points converged for a march down Fifth Avenue.

**L**AURENCE LADER, who, as an author and militant agitator, has been one of the most intrepid advocates of legal abortion, had assembled a small group for a counter-demonstration. A few carried signs identifying themselves as "Catholics for Legal Abortion." Though he has often been in the eye of the storm as a debater and lecturer, he recalls the occasion as one of the most unnerving of his career.

"The busloads unloading on nearby streets streamed by," he said. "They were mainly middle-aged people, prim and determined in blue serge suits and flowered Sunday dresses. When they saw our signs they screamed only one word, like a mall explosion. 'Murderer! Murderer!' We were faced with a religious crusade."

In early May 1972, reversing its 1970 stand, the legislature repealed the liberal law. It was a triumph for Golden's one-issue politics. Although Governor Rockefeller vetoed the repeal bill, the Right to Life movement had demonstrated the impact of what the governor called "extremes of personal vilification and political coercion brought to bear on members of the legislature."

Six months later, in Michigan, the movement showed its muscle in even more striking fashion when the abortion question was put to a popular

# From Calcutta ... Report on Elizabeth Dass...



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.  
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964  
NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER  
HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS ~~XX~~ WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED  
CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ~~XX~~ ARE RESTORED.

PARENTS' CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.  
MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF ~~SAX~~ SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:  
ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEED IT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNs TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX  
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX  
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM ~~XX~~ PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE ~~XX~~ DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home, and when this picture was taken, she was already doing better. Her legs were stronger... she was running with the other children, learning to write her own name.

Every day desperate reports like this reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help?

For only \$12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

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Please, won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala.



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I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$ \_\_\_\_\_. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.  
☐ I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$ \_\_\_\_\_.  
☐ Please send me more information.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
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vote. At issue was a proposal—Proposition B—to repeal the state's 126-year-old abortion law. Three weeks before Election Day, polls showed 56 percent in favor, 33 percent against, and 11 percent undecided. Yet, on November 7, Proposition B was defeated by more than 61 percent of the vote. Credit for this feat goes to an organization calling itself Voice of the Unborn, which mobilized some eight thousand volunteers for door-to-door canvassing and retained an enterprising young advertising firm, Maywood & Hammer, to mastermind a media blitz. As a recurring motif they used a simulated fetal heartbeat in a saturation program of radio spots. Professional actors were hired to perform in staged "man-in-the-street" TV interviews. Bumper stickers carried such tasteful slogans as "Bring 'Em Out Alive." Highway billboards pictured Christ admonishing passersby, "Stop Abortion Now. Thou Shalt Not Kill. Don't Take a Life That I Have Given. Vote No in November."

One active supporter of the proposition was Dr. Jack Stack, whose advocacy of legal abortion dates back to his internship, when he watched a woman die after a criminal abortion. "It was an insidious thing," Dr. Stack said of the Michigan campaign. "At first the fear was a creeping force. It got to be paranoia in some quarters until logic faded and scare tactics were screaming in our faces." Feeling became so intense that another liberal physician, Dr. George La-Croix, had his life threatened. In Lansing, a priest in full clerical dress accosted a proabortion legislator, called him a "foul murderer," and tried to push him down the capitol steps. "I don't think a day passed that there wasn't some antiabortion pamphlet under our door," the mother of two adolescent daughters said. "It was horrible, sickening stuff. It really frightened the kids."

The literature in question was paid for through collections in Catholic churches or sales of pamphlets at church doors. Most of it was purchased or adapted from the output of Dr. J. C. Willke, a dapper and articulate Cincinnati general practitioner. He and his handsome wife are veterans of the antiabortion wars, and their materials—available in French, German, Spanish, and Italian—are the staple ammunition of the movement throughout the world.

Among the best-selling items is a \$1.25 *Handbook on Abortion*. It is illustrated with color photographs of disintegrating fetuses and is packed with misinformation. One example:

*Isn't abortion safer than childbirth?*

*No, in the late stages it is far more dangerous. Even in the first three months at least twice as many mothers die from legal abortions as from childbirth.*

Actually, according to statistics compiled by the Population Council, legal abortions in the U.S. have a death rate of eight per 100,000 compared to the pregnancy and childbirth death rate of twenty deaths per 100,000 for white women and forty to sixty for black women.

Dr. Willke's bloody embryos sometimes appear on postcards. Others are used in a pamphlet titled "Four Ways to Kill a Baby." This series includes a grisly color photo of a dismembered ten-week-old fetus, actually two inches long but enlarged to appear exactly the same size as a nine-week-old infant shown on the same page. Dr. Willke has also added his own hair-raising sound track to a teaching film originally made to instruct doctors in the techniques of suction abortion. His slide lectures and films are major attractions at Right to Life meetings. At their convention in Detroit last June, Dr. Willke explained how to get maximum mileage from his materials. The description that follows is excerpted from the notes of a women's-rights advocate who attended the gathering incognito.

*Dr. Willke emphasized that you should never use the word "fetus" or "embryo"; always say "baby." Always use the word "kill." The first set of slides is about the development of the embryo, but it must be shown in reverse order. Always start with the slide of a live baby, moving backward at two-week intervals, and ask, "Is it still human?" If you start at the other end, the ovum, they will see it as a glob, not a baby from the beginning.*

*The next set is about abortions—bloody and bloodcurdling. This is followed by a view of a garbage pail filled with dead "babies." Finally there is a German concentration-camp scene showing a truckload of dead Jews en route to the incinerator.*

The analogy with Hitler's extermination program and human experimentation has proved potent propaganda. The implication is that legal abortion is only a first step toward compulsory abortion for "undesirables," raising the specter of genocide for black people. Similarly old folk are persuaded that their lives are menaced by compulsory euthanasia, supposedly next on the agenda of the population planners.

IN THEIR FIRST national exercise in confrontation politics, Right to Lifeers swarmed into Washington on January 22, the anniversary of the Supreme Court decision, to rally support for the constitutional amendment introduced by Rep. Lawrence J. Hogan of Maryland, which is before the House Judiciary Committee. The strategy is to bypass committee hearings by collecting 218 signatures on a discharge petition. Thereafter, a two-thirds majority of both houses would be needed to send the measure to the states for a final vote.

Hogan's bill provides that "neither the United States nor any state shall deprive a human being, from the moment of conception, of life without due process of law; nor deny to any human being, from the moment of conception, within its jurisdiction, the equal protection of its laws."

Constitutional lawyers point out that this concept of the fetus as a person would create legal chaos. Nonetheless, this is the doctrine of the Church, stubbornly defended by its legal scholars.

In addition to Hogan's proposal, scores of other antiabortion proposals are in the hoppers of both houses. Some follow the pattern set by Rep. G. William Whitehurst of Virginia, who would simply return the abortion question to the individual states. Doctrinaire Right to Lifeers are less than enthusiastic about the measure introduced by Conservative Sen. James Buckley of New York. It provides protection for the fetus "from the time a biologically identifiable human being comes into existence." This ambiguity is unacceptable to True Believers, as is the humane proviso that "this article shall not apply in an emergency when reasonable medical certainty exists that continuation of the pregnancy will cause the death of the mother."

The Buckley bill has acquired sev-



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eral Protestant cosponsors, a factor of some importance in relieving the movement of its all-Catholic coloration. Mr. Golden recently estimated that perhaps 15 percent of his followers were of other faiths. They include members of some fundamentalist Christian sects, the Church of Latter-Day Saints, the Missouri Synod—the most conservative branch of the Lutheran Church—and a handful of orthodox Jewish rabbis. The movement has also attracted a scattering of onetime Vietnam war protesters who have been persuaded that abortion is a form of “violence.”

Spokesman of the last group is Thomas J. Mooney, the twenty-eight-year-old leader of the National Youth Pro-Life Coalition. Mooney insists that his organization is not “a collection of priest-ridden Catholic fanatics.” He describes himself as a leftish-liberal ex-Catholic, and is a former vice-president of the National Student Association who worked in the McGovern campaign. Mooney assured me that the plight of a woman burdened with an unwanted pregnancy could best be eased by working for a world “in which no child is unwanted.” He feels no qualms in trying to engineer the political demise of a fine legislator whose record he applauds on every question but abortion. “We’ll just have to find someone equally liberal on our side,” he said. He conceded that one-issue politics might present some problems if he found himself forced to support a second term for Senator Buckley, with whom he is in agreement only on the subject of abortion.

Mooney’s troops are organized on a precinct-by-precinct basis. On visits to their representatives, he emphasized, “we remind them the ’74 elections are less than nine months away, and if they won’t speak up for life we’re going to get them.”

Elected officials take such threats seriously, especially when they are backed by a continuous torrent of mail running at least nine to one against the Supreme Court decision. The legislators are impressed, too, with the political clout of an organization which last summer pressured forty CBS affiliates into not rebroadcasting an episode of the television program *Maude* in which the heroine decided to have an abortion. A well-organized boycott induced all but one of the show’s commercial sponsors to withdraw.

OF THE COUNTERVAILING forces, Only the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws, headed by Lawrence Lader, has attempted to match the militant tactics of the anti-abortion groups. NARAL has fought aggressively and effectively on the state level but commands limited resources and is the only organization devoted to the single purpose of supporting legal abortion. Since there are many other items on the agenda of feminist groups and the American Civil Liberties Union, neither can mount a massive letter-writing campaign on the one issue of abortion. The matter is of even more direct concern to Planned Parenthood and the Association for the Study of Abortion. But these organizations, conscious of their tax-exempt status (which does not inhibit the Catholic Conference), limit their activities to citing the record. They have an impressive case.

In New York City, for example, maternal deaths declined from thirty-five per 100,000 in 1970, the year the abortion law was liberalized, to twenty-seven per 100,000 in 1972. Admissions to Harlem Hospital for “botched abortions” dropped from 1,054 in 1965 to 292 in 1971; at many other municipal hospitals, cases of septic abortion—formerly commonplace—are rare. The general birthrate in the city declined 12 percent from 1970 to 1971, and 30 percent among welfare recipients. A fifteen-year steady increase in illegitimate births was reversed in 1971 with a 12 percent drop. Enrollment in public maternity centers fell by 53 percent, and five were closed. The number of children placed in foster care declined by 41 percent.

One consequence has been an acute shortage of babies available for adoption. To counter this trend, the Church has set up an organization called Birthright which offers counseling to unmarried mothers as an alternative to what Birthright calls “the tragedy of abortion.” “It seems to me they are really seeing women as brood mares,” one Catholic friend of mine commented. And certainly for the approximately 200,000 women who in the past year had safe, legal abortions in New York—80 percent in the first trimester—the far greater tragedy was the prospect of having to bear an unwanted child.

“I have yet to hear an intelligent

sermon against abortion,” said another devout Catholic woman who lives in Brooklyn and is actively involved in the affairs of a racially and economically mixed community. “We feel like shouting at the priest, ‘What are you to tell women they have to have babies?’ They talk about ‘respect for life.’ But they have no idea what life is like for most people. It’s all a suburban, white, middle-class movement. They’re just talking the empty air, not to people with real problems.”

This woman doubts that she would ever have an abortion. But she feels the decision is a matter of personal choice, as do 56 percent of U.S. Catholics, according to a 1972 Gallup poll. She profoundly deplores the effort of her Church to deprive American women of that choice. There has not, however, been any effective demonstration of political concern by those who agree.

As a result, a number of restrictive measures have been quietly enacted by Congressmen and Senators who—as one of them put it—“just want to get those people off our backs.” “Those people” are the lobbyists in clerical dress and the indefatigable letter writers of the Right to Life movement. Some of the new laws would deny the use of federal funds to family-planning programs here and abroad that include abortion or research in abortifacients. The most ominous is a rider to the Social Security Act, introduced by Senator Buckley and passed by the Senate in December, which would ban Medicaid payments for abortions. If enacted, this law would mean the end of the low-cost abortion clinics which have been largely financed by Medicaid funds. The effect would be to make safe, legal abortion once again the prerogative of the rich.

These Right to Life victories are milestones on the long road before a constitutional amendment can be enacted. Those who doubt that this feat is possible should recall the achievement of another one-issue minority lobby—the Women’s Christian Temperance Union—which foisted the Volstead Act on the nation in 1919. Indeed, unless the Right to Life movement is recognized for the threat that it is, American women may find, in the not too distant future, that they have lost a war because they did not even realize it was being fought. □



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# YOUR OWN LITTLE PLACE IN THE SUN

## O Pioneers: the land rush at Lake Havasu City

AS THE PLANE BEGAN its descent, the barren, reddish desert wilderness abruptly and incongruously gave way to a city, tiny houses with white roofs scattered across the desert floor. This bit of desert has truly bloomed. The Colorado River, a flat blue ribbon that widens into a lake here, is part of the explanation, but only part, since much of the greenery is in fact Astroturf. Mechanical air refrigeration has also played a key role; temperatures get so hot in the summer that even the lakeside beaches must be air-conditioned.

The main reason for this blooming, however, is that squat bridge, reminding you of red double-decker buses on an overcast English day, but looking absurd here as you fly over it, like a toy set up by a child in his sandbox. Still, London Bridge—removed from England, set up in the desert next to the Colorado, connecting dry sand to dry sand, then with a channel cut beneath it that connects Colorado River to Colorado River—is the magnet for the people and dollars flowing like a spring torrent into this isolated desert, opposite California, on the Arizona side of the river.

London Bridge has firmly stamped Lake Havasu City on the map. It is now pulling up on the Grand Canyon as Arizona's number-one tourist attraction. Having found its retirement home in America after 137 years of hard London traffic, the bridge marks one of the greatest real-estate promotions since the Exodus. The travelers on the flight I accompanied from the East crossed the country by Electra jet, stayed in a comfortable new hotel, ate three heavy meals, took a cruise on the dam-made lake and were airborne again some twenty hours after landing. The package cost the promoters some \$13,000, and the travelers did not pay a cent for the trip. They merely contracted to buy more than \$250,000 worth of real estate.

"We're selling the American Dream!" is a favorite slogan with

the folks from McCulloch—i.e., the McCulloch Corporation, McCulloch Oil, McCulloch Properties, and McCulloch International Airlines. All the themes of the American Dream are there—pioneering, new lives, entrepreneurship, individualism, the American Eden. But they're not only selling the Dream, they've just about sold it. By now, 28,000 of the 31,000 residential plots that compose Havasu City have been purchased, at prices ranging from \$6,000 to \$13,000. These plots have been sold the jet-age way, with 300 to 600 people—not rich people, just plain, *average* people—being flown in free each week, no obligation, from all over North America and beyond; one flight from Frankfurt, Germany, last year planted several hundred thousand dollars' worth of deutsche marks in the desert. The population of this former wasteland now stands at 13,000, well on its way to the 80,000 projected. The concept is so successful that McCulloch has five other projects going and fills the sky with ten planes, seventy flights, and 1,200 people a week, selling them real estate with the slickest, friendliest sell you ever saw. The sell is also considered one of the most reputable in the booming—but not always honest—land business.

More and more Americans are flocking to the "Sun Belt," the nation's lower tier, from Virginia to California. They flee the cold North's urban crises, join the emerging Republican majority, and discover a new life-style in Atlanta or Jacksonville or Houston. But why should any of them follow the ads to "your own little place in the sun" in Lake Havasu City?

THE ANSWER BEGINS with the almost mystical faith that Americans have in the land. They believe that deeded attachment to the soil can see them through personal crises, hard times, social upheaval. At Ha-

vasu, such emotions are parlayed by people of vision and hustle. The man who designed this city, the modern Moses who leads the faithful back into the desert, is McCulloch's president, C. V. Wood, Jr., described in company literature as "the planning genius who created Disneyland." Wood thought up most of the ride at Disneyland; now he has created a toy city, a Disneyland in the desert just as clean as Main Street, U.S.A., and just as imaginative as Tomorrowland. "In an amusement park you have to keep the people happy for five hours," said Wood. "Now the problem is to keep them happy for a lifetime."

Wood and his colleagues are selling a crime-free, pollution-free, angst-free New Way of Life. Neither a satellite nor a suburb of some existing urban area, Lake Havasu City is probably the only "free-standing" new city in the U.S. The salesmen point out that some 22 million people live within 300 miles. True enough. But most of those 22 million live between 150 and 300 miles away. Lake Havasu City is isolated, hemmed in by public parkland and Indian reservations.

The lake itself was created in 1938 by the completion of Parker Dam farther down the Colorado. Twenty years later, Robert P. McCulloch, Sr., an industrialist of the Howard Hughes school, was flying over the desert in his private plane, searching for an outboard-motor testing site, when he spotted the lake. It was perfect for his motors. As happens so often in the desert, McCulloch also perceived a mirage: "This beautiful land is the best place to live and work I have ever seen." In fact, as his lawyer recalled years later, the land at the time looked like "the asshole of the world, or, at least, the bottom of the ocean." However, industrialists

*Daniel Yergin is a research fellow of the Center for International Affairs at Harvard. He has written for a number of national magazines.*



# 15 Examples of Psychology Today



## SPARE THE ROD USE BEHAVIOR MOD

Instead of spending years searching for the cause of troublesome behavior in a child, argue the behavior modification therapists, why not just change the behavior? There are startling examples of the effectiveness of this approach

## CLAPTRAP ABOUT AGING

Contrary to popular belief, old persons are not necessarily lonely or desolate. Few ever show overt signs of senility. For those who do, psychological and psychiatric treatment is by no means futile



## HOW GROUPTHINK LED TO VIETNAM

In terms of group dynamics, the presidential advisors on Vietnam and other foreign policy disasters were victims of what the author calls "groupthink"—and he describes eight symptoms to watch out for in decision-making



## UNDERSTANDING CHILDREN'S ART

An educator who has collected and studied more than a million pieces of children's art over the past 20 years has made some startling discoveries. Children's scribbles and drawings, she says, contain a voluminous written message which has not yet been completely deciphered



## WHY MANY BRIGHT WOMEN FEAR SUCCESS

Controlled experiments showed that women are about seven times as likely as men to have anxieties about the possibility of successful achievement. "Consciously or unconsciously, the girl equates intellectual achievement with loss of femininity."



## THE WIZARD OF OZ AS THERAPIST

The amazing parallels between the story of Oz and the experience of individual therapy Dorothy is the patient. The Wizard is the therapist who appears first as a monster, then as a fraud, then simply as a good and helpful person.



## LEARNING THE VIOLIN AT AGE 4

Psychological secrets of teaching thousands of small Japanese children to play the violin—so beautifully that it moved Pablo Casals to tears



## SUPPOSE YOU WERE HITLER'S ANALYST?

He comes to you because he is troubled by false feelings over his ruthless, grandiose plans and asks you to help him get rid of these disturbing feelings. What should you do?



## GUILT-EDGED GIVING

Tests in behavioral labs support recent theories that charitable behavior is motivated by guilt and shame. Empathy plays an important part too



## HOW TO QUIT SMOKING

A report on the varying effectiveness of different techniques, including having smoke blown back into your face, doubling your smoking and then stopping, electric shock, and role playing



## WE'RE ALL NON-CONSCIOUS SEXISTS

Proof that nonconscious assumptions about a woman's "natural" talents (or lack of them) are as widespread among women as among men. Identical writings received significantly lower ratings when attributed to female authors.



## THE MOBICENTRIC EXECUTIVE

Today's job-hopping executive values motion not because it leads to change but because it IS change. More and more, however, he is the one who reaches the top rather than the plodding insider



## IS THE CROWD REALLY MADDING?

To find out, a researcher studied volunteers in crowded living conditions. The results were not what you might expect.



## EMOTIONS IN YOUR FINGERTIPS

The language of emotions leaps all cultural barriers. In every society tested, each person expressed the same emotions with the same movements of finger muscles.



## THE IMPORTANCE OF SAVING FACE

When, why, and how do we need to engage in face-saving? Lessons learned in behavioral lab studies can help mediators settle conflicts in negotiations.



You don't have to be a professional psychologist, counselor, or social worker (although many of our readers are) to enjoy Psychology Today. If the examples above turn you on, you are invited to tune in.

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## YOUR OWN PLACE IN THE SUN

often have visions which, by dint of capital and drive, they transform into reality, benefiting the rest of us. McCulloch is especially creative in this regard; he began his career at age nine by building a crystal radio set inside an old oatmeal box. Obsessed with gadgets and, as he says, "scientific about taking your sunshine," he designed for his Palm Springs home a poolside lazy Susan that accommodates seven people and assures them of an even tan. On a larger scale, at Havasu, he bulldozed the desert to fit his vision.

People who clip the Havasu coupons from their Sunday newspaper are duly visited by a local salesman, called the Generator, who turns on a tape recorder, shows slides, answers questions, and sells in a soft purr. Meanwhile, the Generator's eyes are open for the family silver, or at least its Tupperware, searching for clues to two vital questions: Can they afford to make the Investment? and, Are they Genuinely Sincere? If the answer to each seems to be yes, then the Generator asks for a check, but not as a down payment, as it's blank and unsigned. It's only a symbol. "A little sign of your sincerity."

"Our biggest problem is anxiety," said Wayne Clark, who directs a dozen Boston-area Generators. "Up to half the people have never been on a plane before, so they're afraid. Many have never been to the desert, and they think they're going to end up in the Sahara with nothing but dunes and camels. My job is to make personal contact on the flight out, so they'll feel they have a real friend in Arizona."

Clark was still tired from the last flight out—he has been out eighty times in the past eighteen months, but, this being Friday, he was zeroing in on the Sunday flight. "It's like a football game for us," he sighed. "We practice all week, and then Sunday it's the real thing."

**T**HE BIG GAME BEGAN two days later at Logan Airport in Boston. The sun hung low in the east, over the water, out beyond Boston's harbor. Those who had never flown before started drifting in the earliest, a full two-and-a-half hours before flight time. They walked all around the Electra, staring at it, as though they expected it to growl and snap at them. The Generators were there

as well, to see their potential customers off. One salesman regretted that it was not snowing. "When there're snow flurries," he said, "it's very dramatic."

The people, mostly couples, seemed a typical group, drawn by the double lure of investment and relocation—a lawyer, a lunch-wagon driver, several machinists, skilled craftsmen from the building trades, small contractors, government employees. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Loughrey were originally interested because one of their daughters has asthma. Other reasons followed. "A lot of people," explained Loughrey, an electrician who kept his jacket buttoned the entire flight, "aren't satisfied with their lifestyle. We're able to take advantage of this flight in that regard." Margaret Willcox, wife of a soon-retiring Department of Agriculture employee, had worried about moving away from her children, but she had recently faced up to the fact that their employers could transfer them at any time. "But it doesn't matter," she said. "You can get in an airplane and go anywhere today." Larry and Debbie Knoblauch, both twenty-one, were following an uncle who had bought land there last year. "We were going to move to Baltimore," said Knoblauch, who works on a highway crew and was the only passenger with long hair, "but that was just the same as Philadelphia, too crowded." Machine-tool operator Carl Herrick put it simply: "You feel like you're in a rut, and we all have sinusitis."

Behind all the talk about a new way of life, there seemed to be fear and trembling about the old. Lake Havasu City is an escape hatch that offers, as one slogan puts it, "priceless protection from 'Big City' conditions." Having bought adjoining lots a few weeks ago with his nephew, Armand Marashio, a stocky postal worker, was off to see the Havasu postmaster about transferring. He liked the "old pioneering spirit" and the fact that his property taxes would be only one-seventh of what he now pays. "It's virgin territory out there—the newness, the cleanliness, the complete change from back East." Abruptly his tone changed. "The East is so polluted, so rotten, so infested with crime and drugs. It's a cancer, spreading everywhere. We never go to Boston anymore, and now we're afraid to go to our own

shopping plazas unless we drive with the doors locked.

"I have to get my kids out before I lose them. It's frightening what happens in the schools. I believe in the old values, but our country is going crazy." Marashio had thought seriously of emigrating to Italy, where he had never been, but his wife refused to leave the U.S. Then he discovered Camelot in the desert. "My father ventured across the ocean in the old days for his children, and I'm going across the country for mine. There is everything out there a boy could want—collecting rocks, fishing, everything. I think my son will develop into a good man. I want to get him off to a good start." He broke into a smile. "This is the last thing I expected to have happen to me. My wife can't wait. We're completely changing our way of life."

The plane went into a tight curve. Again, we saw our companion and goal, the sun, hot and glinting through the window. Then that aerial view of the city. The compartment was silent as the plane landed. The travelers were here, in the Sun Belt, at Lake Havasu City. "It's hard to put into words what I feel right now," said Loughrey. But a moment later, a practical thought came to his wife. "It's hot out there, so be sure to stand in the shade a lot."

**I**N THE HAVASU HOTEL parking lot stood twenty-four four-wheel-drive white jeep station wagons, sparkling as though just back from the car wash. In each, a blue sport coat hung on a hook over the left rear door. Inside the hotel, twenty-four couples were having dinner with twenty-four salesmen. All the salesmen were dressed alike—dark pants, blue ties, short-sleeved white shirts (the last to remind you how much nicer the climate is here). The salesmen were chatting about sports and the good life, the couples' "personal needs," and, of course, "your own little place in the sun." It looked like parents' day at a boarding school. The overflow of nine couples was pooled out to two younger salesmen and a couple of Generators who had made the flight out.

The local salesmen are called Closers. They and the 800 other salespeople who work for McCulloch Properties in Arizona and around the country are out not only to make



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money, but also to win a crusade. Their training program includes courses, lectures, and practice sessions that are videotaped and played back for self-criticism. "We don't want any teeny-weeny white lies," declared C. V. Wood. "Goddamn, the truth is good enough!"

There's more than a hint of evangelism in the whole process. "We need a person who truly enjoys dealing with people so we can mold him and work with him," explained general sales manager Gene Vote while chomping on a cigar a few days later in his office in Scottsdale. "We want to breed individuals who can carry our message. We need a strong presentation of the product, an individual with a sense of stability, who likes people, who recognizes their weaknesses as well as strengths. See there's a basic emotional factor. *People like to own real estate*. Even people who can't afford it. We have to be careful not to emotionally arouse those kind of people."

"Our salesmen carry forward the McCulloch image," he added proudly. What is the McCulloch image? His reply came with the speed and fervor of a revivalist's sermon. "Reliability, Integrity, and Reputation. It gets to emotions. The sale of land is an intangible. It doesn't smell good. It doesn't taste good. It relates to an idea, a philosophy. It's far more intangible than life insurance. We're talking about a better way of life. *And nothing is more important than that*. It's one of the most important decisions a family will ever make. Because it's that important you have to get close to people, and that's why I always say we're in the people business."

"Land is a natural resource. A few years ago, everybody thought everything was limitless—coal, oil, land. Now you see companies orienting their philosophies to a limited supply of natural resources. Those that recognize this do well. It's no accident that we're in land, oil, and coal. Sure, we're profit oriented, but if we sell and live the right kind of way, we can't help being successful from the profit standpoint. As we say, money follows performance."

The performance by the men in Havasu's repertory company was definitely box office. The leading mer for the nine overflow couples were two friendly, plump young salesmen Jesse from Baltimore and Jeff from



etroit. They were both Coyotes. The lessmen are divided into two groups, coyotes and Roadrunners; the Coyotes bark when they pass the Roadrunners; Roadrunners beep when they pass Coyotes. This information explains many otherwise inexplicable sounds regularly made by grown men in Lake Havasu City. Each week the team that has sold more land gets to be dinner guests of the other team. Jesse and Jeff conducted two tours—Lake Havasu City by Night, and Lake Havasu City by Morning. Since Lake Havasu City is a somewhat less developed urban area than, say, Paris, the tours were a bit repetitious, but nonetheless chock full of information. Education: 2,000 students served by two elementary schools, a junior high, and a high school. "You won't have to wait for Montessori methods, team teaching, and open classrooms, because we've got them all, right here, right now." Investment: \$20 million in building permits in 1972; total capital investment increased 16 percent to \$175 million. (Ten years ago, of course, it was only slightly above nothing.) The economic game plan: McCulloch is moving his entire chain-saw operation up here, and other light industry, such as boat-building and printing, is already here. Law and order: the sheriff's force of six men is augmented by a thirty-man posse. "We're in the West. You can strap a gun on your hip out here, and you don't need a license." Demographics: the average age is thirty-seven. And a little urban sociology: "There's none of this 'I'm better than you are' type of thing out here."

One of the "big-city conditions" against which Havasu offers "priceless protection" is tactfully not spoken of but obvious nonetheless. Only twenty-one blacks live in all of Mohave County, and none in Lake Havasu City. There are, however, polite ways to say this, such as "There's no welfare here." One of the Generators scratched his head and said, "I guess black people just don't want to live here, for some reason."

Both tours kept returning to London Bridge, as though it were a first principle. The bridge, which had been slowly sinking on its original Thames site, was sold to McCulloch in 1968 for \$2.46 million; another \$6.5 million was spent carting it over and erecting it as "a symbol of international goodwill." A nasty rumor

circulates that the big-spending Yanks made a mistake—they thought they were buying the far more picturesque Tower Bridge. "That's a damn lie!" said one McCulloch official in the City of London Arms pub next to the bridge. In any event, to make the bridge feel more useful and more at home, the channel dredged beneath it was christened the Little Thames. Such is the attraction of the eccentric and the highly promoted that 2 million people will visit it this year. Tourist dollars are pouring in, and no stone has been left unsold. McCulloch's engineers shortened the bridge by fifty-three feet in reconstructing it; the leftover stone was splintered, and the pieces are now sold as souvenirs.

As we tramped around the one-acre "English village" that has been constructed near the bridge, Jesse remarked, "The bridge is what's made Havasu, and that's Woody's work. He's a great, great showman." If McCulloch had the vision, then C. V. Wood connected the dots. He is the grand strategist of the "new city" campaign. A heavyset man with a sheepish expression and a Texas drawl, he is also an engineer, one-time national chili-cooking champion, and a high-octane, high-flying executive, darting around the country to McCulloch's many developments, dashing into Chicago for a meeting of the Board of Governors of the American Stock Exchange, and then hurrying back to Los Angeles to take his wife to a Nixon dinner. Yet he always manages to save forty minutes a day for transcendental meditation, in which he received personal instruction from "the little fella"—Maharishi Mahesh Yogi himself. "I've never been stronger" is Wood's personal slogan; it's even engraved on his watch, and his subordinates now use it as the customary reply to a friendly "How are you?"

"We spent half a million dollars before we even moved a rock; we were positive we could go into the crowded cities and get them to move out," said Wood, "Once you show a man how he can live in Havasu, it's not too difficult to get him to move." McCulloch Properties also wants this man to build quickly, because every time a building goes up, the company's remaining land goes up in value—a lot that sold for \$3,500 in 1967 goes for \$7,000 today. "We can ap-



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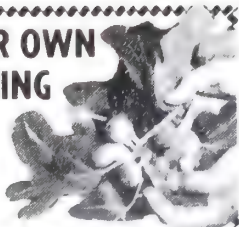


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preciate our land—that's the whole bit!" explained Wood.

Wood maintains that there are only three ways the U.S. can grow. "Two of them, urban renewal and urban sprawl, aren't very good. But there's a fabulous amount of land in this country. We can build great new cities, a beautiful new way of life, everything planned. But it's got to be done by private corporations, because government can't move fast enough. If the government comes in, everything looks like a dormitory. Out at Havasu, though, we have one person who built himself an eight-sided house, and another a round brick house, and when they build their own houses and live in them, they love them."

Why does he want to build new cities? "The only answer that our stockholders will allow is to make a profit. But I'll tell you this, we can't make a profit unless we build a monument that is so goddamned good that people will go along with us the next time we want to build something." He leaned forward, emphatically, confidentially. "You know something else? The bastards are lucky to get to buy into Lake Havasu City. There's only so much land. And what's gone—is gone." He made a sound remarkably like the whoosh of a disappearing Electra jet.

**M**Y OWN INVESTIGATIONS indicated that the residents—though they call the free trips "sucker flights," forgetting that they're not exactly natives—are fully cognizant of their luck. The local doughnut maker, a veteran of the highly competitive Los Angeles doughnut market, said, as he stirred his batter, that there isn't a better place in the world to make doughnuts. Ringing doorbells arbitrarily, I found considerable contentment and pleasure, innumerable small boats (what teen-ager is so deprived as to lack both a boat and a motor scooter?), and one very busy Girl Scout meeting. I also noticed that people were not afraid to open their front doors to strangers. The inhabitants had gotten used to space, made constant use of the lake and the surrounding desert, and, if all else fails, they have three cable television channels.

If one hundred and fifty miles of isolation gives a lot of physical security, it also means an undercurrent of

economic instability. The city's future still depends upon the goodwill and financial strength of the McCulloch empire. Should something go wrong, as it occasionally does with even the best-laid economic plans, the surrounding desert would not be able to pick up much of the employment slack. Though most people find jobs easily (construction is now the largest industry), there was a foretaste of what might occur when McCulloch sold an aircraft division and the new owners moved the plant back to Los Angeles.

The climax of the nighttime tour came when the bus drove across London Bridge and stopped near the end of the road, with the headlights illuminating the sagebrush. The driver flipped off the lights. "The whole place looked like that ten years ago," said Jesse, pointing to the dark desert. He paused. "Now—turn around, and look at that!" The lights of the small city, rising up at a gentle angle, glittered warm and friendly in the midst of the emptiness. All the salesmen take their prospects here, and follow the same script. Inevitably, the out-of-towners gasp. But there was an exception this trip. In the pause after a salesman had finished the "ten years ago" bit, one man, turned around and declared, "Say, look at all those lights!" The salesman was so flabbergasted that he was unable to resume his gab for a quarter of an hour. That same salesman brought his charges to his home in what is called the Italian ghetto. (Havasu City loves Italian families, because if one relative makes the move, others tend to follow.) He showed them the sheet music he composed, introduced them to his granddaughter, and then, after a festive evening, was so overcome by emotion that he said goodnight by kissing both husband and wife.

Later that evening, back at the Havasu Hotel, sales prospects seemed to be dimming. The travelers were tired, they felt harassed, as though under a jolly house arrest. They hadn't been able to talk to the locals. They worried that this was a company town. A group of them talked of their skepticism and dissatisfaction in the bar. The barman muttered, like a paid clique, about people lacking a pioneering spirit. But Wayne Clark, the chief Generator from Boston, keeping a discreet eye out from a distance, wasn't worried. Not one



it. He had seen it all before. "Between 10:00 and 12:00 tomorrow morning," he said, nodding. "That's the key time. That's when we score our touchdowns."

The tours continued in the morning, with more emphasis on the "dos" and "don'ts" of desert home-building. We saw a number of prefabricated homes with the Astroturf in place of grass. "Why, gents, you can send your wife out to vacuum the front lawn—that is, if the little lady is willing." One resident had embedded his lawn mower in stone as a memorial to his pre-Havasut existence.

The morning tour had its climax as well. All the prospects were given a boat tour of the lake. As the captain of the touring boat cut the engine, Jesse asked Jeff, "Are you thirsty?" Jeff said that he was, and, without another word, he leaned over the side, dipped a glass into the lake—and drank the water in two gulps. "You wouldn't dare do that, would you, in the environs of any big city?"

SOON AFTER, the dining room became a beehive of activity, like a commodity exchange on a heavy day. The moment of truth had arrived; a life-shaking decision waited on the scrawl of a pen.

The Herricks from Connecticut decided no. "We feel bad," said Barbara Herrick, "because our salesman was tremendous, and everyone was so nice, but I didn't know what it would be like in the middle of this huge desert. We saw a piece of property we liked, but then, as I stood there and looked around, I had this terrible empty feeling—there's nothing around for hundreds of miles except for rock, dirt, and gravel."

Most of the salesmen remained polite. The sales job was hard at the end, but even then the pressure, though intense, is subtle. "After all, you're under no obligation."

The Italian salesman, with his carefully combed wavy brown hair, obviously thought he was about to score a touchdown. He spread the contracts out on the table, smiled warmly—and heard his customers say no. He was shocked. "I took you to my family, and you do this to me!" he said. "Do you think we fly you out here to have a vacation?" He slammed down his briefcase and stormed away. A minute later, he was back. "Most salesmen sell 50 percent

on personality and 50 percent on facts, but I sell 90 percent personality and 10 percent facts. So this hurts me. Personally. Here." He jabbed himself in the heart. "After the individual attention, the full treatment, you say no. I'll tell you what, take it for a year. If you don't want it, then I'll buy it back."

The couple thought this sounded interesting. But the husband had a question. "Would that be a formal or an informal agreement?"

The salesman leaned across the table. "I'm looking at you eyeball to eyeball. Don't you trust me?"

"I do, but what happens..." the husband fumbled. "What happens if you die?"

"Then I'll have a rich widow."

"But maybe she won't be interested in us or our land."

The Closer collected all his papers, and drew himself up. "I've got to go meet a flight," he said. "I've got to make a living." He stalked away, patting his hair.

Meanwhile, other travelers were scribbling their signatures. When the final score was in, the flight had bought \$260,000 worth of land. That figure was somewhat low, however:

the next week's would be \$350,000.

The travelers lolled on the hotel terrace, looking down the gentle slope to the flat blue lake, soaking up the last few minutes of warmth before the 2:00 P.M. departure. "My wife and I looked at a development in Florida last week," said Les Laukka, a contractor stretched out on a patio couch. "It was just undeveloped lots. Havasu was all we expected, and more. We bought an acre." His newspaper flapped lightly across his belly, unread, as he was saving it for the long flight home. "Life is just too short. If you had five years to look, you might find the perfect place." He put his hand on the newspaper to stop its flapping. "Then again you might not."

Twenty-five minutes later, the pioneers were seated again in the Electra jet. The plane bumped down to one end of the runway, turned around, and then took off. As it glided into the air, I thought of the message a visitor to the Soviet Union had brought back over fifty years ago: "I have been over into the future and it works." Here, too, was the future, or one version of it—instant redemption on a ten-year mortgage. □

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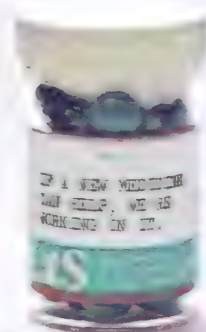
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# COUNTERSIGNS

## THE VIEW FROM SOUTH OF THE PYRENEES

**F**rom the Pyrenees on down," said Henry Kissinger, betraying his European origins as well as his distaste for small-power politics, "I am not interested in, nor do I know anything about, the southern portion of the world." Mr. Kissinger's candid, even defiant, admission was made over a year ago. Now that we've had a new war in the Middle East, a partial embargo of oil by Arab states, the reincarnation of Juan Peron as *jefe* of Argentina, and various other tremors of the globe "from the Pyrenees on down," the Secretary presumably will have shifted the weight of his interest, if not of his ignorance.

Concern with the so-called Third World has always been a rather pious exercise for Americans. Piety, however, must soon give way to the new realities of power. Surely the Arab example will not be lost on many nations south of the Pyrenees whose resources—bauxite, copper, tin—are vital to the industrialized world north of those mountains. It would be naive to expect them to use their new-found leverage with the modesty that, despite their rhetoric, they have displayed in the past.

The rise and fall of President Salvador Allende of Chile should be understood in this context. So, too, should the article on his death by Gabriel García Márquez in this issue. Sr. García is one of the most admired novelists of this century. His *One Hundred Years of Solitude* has been acclaimed the finest novel in Spanish since *Don Quixote*. He is also a Latin American from Colombia, a region with great experience in lavish bloodshed. As such, he is a man whose imagination is drawn to the mysteries of powerlessness rather than to the mystique of power.

"From the Pyrenees on down," powerlessness is the norm, violence its everyday manifestation. In *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, violence alternates with dreamy apathy in

faultless rhythm; for without power there can be no ground for negotiation or compromise; without power there can be neither authority nor obedience. In the novel, as indeed in this account of Allende's death, power never resides with one's *compañeros*, not even with one's enemies. Power is always in the North.

Many Americans may be puzzled by a view of the world that sees the U.S. government as a malevolent puppeteer manipulating the powerless for reasons no more noble than the preservation of U.S. wealth. Yet this is the way we are seen, and not only by men of the Left, such as Sr. García. For the Right, too, for all those dependent on Third World subsidiaries of multinational corporations, for all those colonels who learn advanced techniques of warfare (civil?) in U.S. war colleges and whose armaments come from this country—for these groups as well, all power is in the North.

The degree to which the United States used its power to overthrow Salvador Allende is a question that cannot be answered as easily as, say, the question of who destroyed the Arbenz government in Guatemala. We do know, however, that shortly before Allende was elected, Henry Kissinger warned journalists assembled at one of his famous "back-grounds" that Allende (actually a Marxist) would set up a Communist regime in Chile and that Argentina, Peru, and Bolivia might soon follow. (Ignorance of politics "from the Pyrenees on down," it would seem, inevitably results in domino theories.) We also know that, particularly toward the end, the United States directly and indirectly squeezed off needed credit to Chile, thereby exacerbating Allende's own misshapen policies and plunging the country further into economic chaos.

Whether this pressure from the North was politically motivated, or

whether it was a consequence of normal bankerly caution, the facts of the matter take on a certain significance in the light of a little lecture given to a Stanford Latin-American scholar by Jack Kubisch, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. As the professor paraphrased the lecture immediately after their meeting, Mr. Kubisch told him, in effect:

*It was not in our interest to have the military take over in Chile. It would have been better had Allende served his entire term, taking the nation and the Chilean people into complete and total ruin. Only then would the full discrediting of socialism have taken place. Only then would people have gotten the message that socialism doesn't work. What has happened (the military takeover and bloodshed) has confused this lesson.\**

Sentiments such as Mr. Kubisch's are scarcely novel in official Washington, and they are almost orthodox among businessmen with investments south of the Pyrenees. We must, nonetheless, understand how these attitudes are viewed by Latin Americans. From the south the world is one in which political and economic power—residing always northward—becomes thoroughly evil; even as the apparent powerlessness of the dependents and victims of the North transforms them into brutal jokers or pitiful martyrs. Yet a new era is about to begin, one in which we in the North will have much to learn about our own impotence. Sr. García's article carries the promise that the bitterness and frustration stored up in these lands will make our lesson as painful as possible. —N.W.A.

\* Cited in "The View From Langley," by Tad Szulc, the *Washington Post*, October 21, 1973, as reprinted in *Chile*, a special issue of IDOC, a monthly documentation service on the Third World.

Gabriel García Márquez

# THE DEATH OF SALVADOR ALLENDE

Translated by Gregory Rabassa

**I**T WAS TOWARD THE END of 1969 that three generals from the Pentagon dined with five Chilean military officers in a house in the suburbs of Washington. The host was then Lt. Col. Gerardo López Angulo, assistant air attaché of the Chilean Military Mission to the United States, and the Chilean guests were his colleagues from the other branches of service. The dinner was in honor of the new director of the Chilean Air Force Academy, Gen. Carlos Toro Mazote, who had arrived the day before on a study mission. The eight officers dined on fruit salad, roast veal, and peas, and drank the warm-hearted wines of their distant homeland to the south where birds glittered on the beaches while Washington wallowed in snow, and they talked mostly in English about the only thing that seemed to interest Chileans in those days: the approaching presidential elections of the following September. Over dessert, one of the Pentagon generals asked what the Chilean army would do if the candidate of the Left, someone like Salvador Allende, were elected. Gen. Toro Mazote replied: "We'll take Moneda Palace in half an hour, even if we have to burn it down."

One of the guests was Gen. Ernesto Baeza, now Director of National Security in Chile, the one who led the attack on the Presidential palace during the coup last September and gave the order to burn it. Two of his subordinates in those earlier days were to become famous in the same operation: Gen. Augusto Pinochet, President of the military junta, and Gen. Javier Palacios. Also at the table was Air Force Brig. Gen. Sergio Figueroa Gutiérrez, now Minister of Public Works and the intimate friend of another member of the military junta, Air Force Gen. Gustavo Leigh, who ordered the rocket bombing of the Presidential palace. The last guest was Adm. Arturo Troncoso, now naval governor of Valparaíso, who carried out the bloody purge of progressive naval officers and was one of those who launched the military uprising of September 11.

That dinner proved to be a historic meeting between the Pentagon and high officers of the Chilean military services. On other successive meetings, in Washington and Santiago, a contingency plan was agreed upon, according to which those Chilean military men who were bound most closely, heart and soul, to United

States interests would seize power in the event of Allende's Popular Unity party victory in the elections.

The plan was conceived cold-bloodedly, as simple military operation, and was not a consequence of pressure brought to bear by International Telephone and Telegraph. It was spawned by much deeper reasons of world politics. On the North American side, the organization set in motion was the Defense Intelligence Agency of the Pentagon, but the one in actual charge was the Naval Intelligence Agency, under the highest political direction of the CIA, and the National Security Council. It was quite the normal thing to put the Navy and not the Army in charge of the project, for the Chilean coup was to coincide with Operation Unitas, which was the name given to the joint maneuvers of American and Chilean naval units in the Pacific. Those maneuvers were held at the end of each September, the same month as the elections, and the appearance on land and in the skies of Chile of a manner of war equipment and men well trained in the arts and sciences of death was natural.

During that period Henry Kissinger had said in private to a group of Chileans: "I am not interested in, nor do I know anything about, the southern portion of the world from the Pyrenees on down." By that time the contingency plan had been completed to its smallest details, and it is impossible to suppose that Kissinger or President Nixon himself was not aware of it.

**C**HILE IS A NARROW COUNTRY, some 2,660 miles long and an average of 119 wide, and with 10 million exuberant inhabitants, almost a million of whom live in the metropolitan area of Santiago, the capital. The country's greatness is not derived from the number of virtues it possesses, but, rather, from its many singularities. The only thing it produces with any absolute seriousness is copper ore, but that ore is the best in the world, and its volume of production is surpassed only by that of the United States and the Soviet Union. It also produces wine as good as the European varieties, but not much of it is exported. Its per capita income of \$65 ranks among the highest in Latin America, but traditionally, almost half the gross national product has been accounted for by fewer than

*Gabriel García Márquez is the author of One Hundred Years of Solitude and Leaf Storm and Other Stories. He is presently working on a novel entitled The Fall of the Patriarch, to be published by Harper & Row.*



00,000 people. In 1932 Chile became the first socialist republic in the Americas and, with the enthusiastic support of the workers, the government attempted the nationalization of copper and coal. The experiment lasted only thirteen days. Chile has an earth tremor on the average of once every two days and a devastating earthquake every Presidential term. The least apocalyptic of geologists think of Chile not as a country of the mainland, but as a cornice of the Andes in a misty sea, and believe that the whole of its national territory is condemned to disappear in some future cataclysm.

Chileans are very much like their country in a certain way. They are the most pleasant people on the continent, they like being alive, and they know how to live in the best way possible and even a little more; but they have a danger-

ous tendency toward skepticism and intellectual speculation. A Chilean once told me on a Monday that "no Chilean believes tomorrow is Tuesday," and he didn't believe it either. Still, even with that deep-seated incredulity, or thanks to it, perhaps, the Chileans have attained a degree of natural civilization, a political maturity, and a level of culture that sets them apart from the rest of the region. Of the three Nobel Prizes in literature that Latin America has won, two have gone to Chileans, one of whom, Pablo Neruda, was the greatest poet of this century.

Henry Kissinger may have known this when he said that he knew nothing about the southern part of the world. In any case, United States intelligence agencies knew a great deal more. In 1965, without Chile's permission, the nation became the staging center and a recruiting lo-

"Chile has an earth tremor once every two days and a devastating earthquake every Presidential term. The least apocalyptic of geologists think Chile will disappear in some future cataclysm."



Joachim Jentschke/Black Star

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ALLENDE

cale for a fantastic social and political espionage operation: Project Camelot. This was to have been a secret investigation which would have precise questionnaires put to people of all social levels, all professions and trades, even in the farthest reaches of a number of Latin-American nations, in order to establish in a scientific way the degree of political development and the social tendencies of various social groups. The questionnaire destined for the military contained the same question that the Chilean officers would hear again at the dinner in Washington: what will their position be if Communism comes to power? It was a wily query.

Chile had long been a favored area for research by North American social scientists. The age and strength of its popular movement, the tenacity and intelligence of its leaders, and the economic and social conditions themselves afforded a glimpse of the country's destiny. One didn't require the findings of a Project Camelot to venture the belief that Chile was a prime candidate to be the second socialist republic in Latin America after Cuba. The aim of the United States, therefore, was not simply to prevent the government of Salvador Allende from coming to power in order to protect American investments. The larger aim was to repeat the most fruitful operation that imperialism has ever helped bring off in Latin America: Brazil.

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### The coup is postponed

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ON SEPTEMBER 4, 1970, as had been foreseen, the socialist and Freemason physician Salvador Allende was elected President of the republic. The contingency plan was not put into effect, however. The most widespread explanation is also the most ludicrous: someone made a mistake in the Pentagon and requested 200 visas for a purported Navy chorus, which, in reality, was to be made up of specialists in government overthrow; however, there were several admirals among them who couldn't sing a single note. That gaffe, it is to be supposed, determined the postponement of the adventure. The truth is that the project had been evaluated in depth: other American agencies, particularly the CIA, and the American Ambassador to Chile felt that the contingency plan was too strictly a military operation and did not take current political and social conditions in Chile into account.

Indeed, the Popular Unity victory did not bring on the social panic U.S. intelligence had expected. On the contrary, the new government's independence in international affairs and its decisiveness in economic matters immediately created an atmosphere of social celebration. During the first year, forty-seven industrial firms were nationalized along with most of the bank-

ing system. Agrarian reform saw the expropriation and incorporation into communal property of six million acres of land formerly held by the large landowners. The inflationary process was slowed, full employment was attained, and wages received a cash rise of 30 percent.

The previous government, headed by the Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei, had begun steps toward nationalizing copper, though he called it Chileanization. All the plan did was to buy up 51 percent of U.S.-held mining properties, and for the mine of El Teniente alone it paid a sum greater than the total book value of that facility. Popular Unity, with a single legal act supported in Congress by all of the nation's political parties, recovered for the nation all copper deposits worked by the subsidiaries of American companies Anaconda and Kennecott. Without indemnification: the government having calculated that the two companies during a period of fifteen years had made a profit in excess of \$800 million.

The petit bourgeoisie and the middle class, the two great social forces which might have supported a military coup at that moment, were beginning to enjoy unforeseen advantages, and not at the expense of the proletariat, as had always been the case, but, rather, at the expense of the financial oligarchy and foreign capital. The armed forces, as a social group, have the same origins and ambitions as the middle class so they had no motive, not even an alibi, to back the tiny group of coup-minded officers. Aware of that reality, the Christian Democrats not only did not support the barracks plot at that time but resolutely opposed it, for they knew it was unpopular among their own rank and file.

Their objective was something else again: to use any means possible to impair the good health of the government so as to win two thirds of the seats in Congress in the March 1973 elections. With such a majority they could vote the constitutional removal of the President of the republic.

The Christian Democrats make up a huge organization cutting across class lines, with an authentic popular base among the modern industrial proletariat, the small and middle rural landowners, and the petit bourgeoisie and middle class of the cities. Popular Unity, while also interclass in its makeup, was the expression of workers of the less-favored proletariat, the agricultural proletariat, and the lower middle class of the cities.

The Christian Democrats, allied with the extreme right-wing National party, controlled the Congress and the courts; Popular Unity controlled the executive. The polarization of these two parties was to be, in fact, the polarization of the country. Curiously, the Catholic Eduardo Frei, who doesn't believe in Marxism, was the one who took best advantage of the class struggle.



gle, the one who stimulated it and brought it to a head, with an aim to unhinge the government and plunge the country into the abyss of demoralization and economic disaster.

The economic blockade by the United States, because of expropriation without indemnification, did the rest. All kinds of goods are manufactured in Chile, from automobiles to toothpaste, but this industrial base has a false identity: in the 160 most important firms, 60 percent of the capital was foreign and 80 percent of the basic materials came from abroad. In addition, the country needed 300 million dollars a year in order to import consumer goods and another 450 million to pay the interest on its foreign debt. Credits advanced by the socialist countries could not remedy the fundamental lack of replacement parts, for much of Chilean industry, agriculture, and transportation is based on American equipment. The Soviet Union had to buy wheat in Australia to send to Chile because it had none of its own, and through the Commercial Bank of Northern Europe in Paris it made several substantial loans in cash and in dollars. But Chile's urgent needs were extraordinary and went much deeper. The merry ladies of the bourgeoisie, under the pretext of protesting rationing, galloping inflation, and the demands made by the poor, took to the streets beating their empty pots and pans. It wasn't by chance, quite the contrary; it was very significant that that street spectacle of silver axes and flowered hats took place on the same afternoon that Fidel Castro was ending a thirty-day visit, a visit that had brought an earthquake social mobilization of government supporters.

PRESIDENT ALLENDE UNDERSTOOD then, and he said so, that the people held the government but they did not hold the power. The phrase was more bitter than it seemed, and also more alarming, for inside himself Allende carried a legalist germ that held the seed of his own destruction: a man who fought to the death in defense of legality, he would have been capable of walking out of Moneda Palace with his head held high if the Congress had removed him from office within the bounds of the constitution.

The Italian journalist and politician Rossana Rossanda, who visited Allende during that period, found him aged, tense, and full of gloomy premonitions as he talked to her from the yellow velvet couch where, seven months later, his mangled body was to lie, the face crushed in by a bullet. Then, on the eve of the March 1973 elections, in which his destiny was at stake, he could have been content with 36 percent of the vote for Popular Unity. And yet, in spite of runaway inflation, stern rationing, and the pot-and-pans concert of the merry wives of the upper-class districts, he received 44 percent. It was

such a spectacular and decisive victory that when Allende was alone in his office with his friend and confidant, the journalist Augusto Olivares, he closed the door and danced a *cueca* all by himself.

For the Christian Democrats it was proof that the process of social justice set in motion by the Popular Unity party could not be turned back by legal means, but they lacked the vision to measure the consequences of the actions they then undertook. For the United States the election was a much more serious warning and went beyond the simple interests of expropriated firms. It was an inadmissible precedent for peaceful progress and social change for the peoples of the world, particularly those of France and Italy, where present conditions make an attempt at an experiment along the lines of Chile possible. All forces of internal and external reaction came together to form a compact bloc.

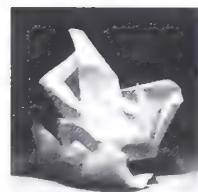
On the other side, the parties making up Popular Unity, with internal rifts much deeper than has been admitted, were unable to reach an agreement in their analysis of the March vote. The government found itself facing demands from one extreme to take advantage of the evident radicalization of the masses which the election had revealed and make a decisive leap forward in the area of social change, while from the more moderate wing, which feared the specter of civil war, there was pressure to have faith in a regressive agreement with the Christian Democrats. It is quite obvious now that those feelers on the part of the opposition were simply a distraction in order to win more time.

The truck owners' strike was the final blow. Because of the wild geography of the country, the Chilean economy is at the mercy of its transport. To paralyze trucking is to paralyze the country. It was easy for the opposition to coordinate the strike, for the truckers' guild was one of the groups most affected by the scarcity of replacement parts and, in addition, it found itself threatened by the government's small pilot program for providing adequate state trucking services in the extreme south of the nation. The stoppage lasted until the very end without a single moment of relief because it was financed with cash from outside. "The CIA flooded the country with dollars to support the strike by the bosses, and that foreign capital found its way down into the formation of a black market," Pablo Neruda wrote a friend in Europe. One week before the coup, oil, milk, and bread had run out.

During the last days of Popular Unity, with the economy unhinged and the country on the verge of civil war, the maneuvering of the government and the opposition centered on the hope of changing the balance of power in the armed forces in favor of one or the other. The final move was hallucinatory in its perfection:

"The truckers' strike, financed by the CIA, was the final blow. One week before the coup, oil, milk, and bread had run out."

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forty-eight hours before the coup, the opposition managed to disqualify all high officers supporting Salvador Allende and to promote in their places, one by one, in a series of inconceivable gambits, all of the officers who had been present at the dinner in Washington.

At that moment, however, the political chess game had got out of the control of its players. Dragged along by an irreversible dialectic, they themselves ended up as pawns in a much larger game of chess, one much more complex and politically more important than any mere scheme hatched in conjunction by imperialism and the reaction against the government of the people. It was a terrifying class confrontation that was slipping out of the hands of the very people who had provoked it, a cruel and fierce scramble by counterpoised interests, and the final outcome had to be a social cataclysm without precedent in the history of the Americas.

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A basis for brutality

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**A** MILITARY COUP under those conditions could not be bloodless. Allende knew it. "You don't play with fire," he had told Rossana Rossanda. "If anyone thinks that a military coup in Chile will be like those in other countries of America, with a simple changing of the guard at Moneda Palace, he is flatly mistaken. If the army strays from the bounds of legality here, there will be a bloodbath. It will be another Indonesia." That certainty had a historical basis.

The Chilean armed forces, contrary to what we have been led to believe, have intervened in politics every time that their class interests have seemed threatened, and they have done so with an inordinately repressive ferocity. The two constitutions which the country has had in the past hundred years were imposed by force of arms, and the recent military coup has been the sixth uprising in a period of fifty years.

The blood lust of the Chilean army is part of its birthright, coming from that terrible school of hand-to-hand combat against the Auracanian Indians, a struggle which lasted 300 years. One of its forerunners boasted in 1620 of having killed more than 2,000 people with his own hand in a single action. Joaquín Edwards Bello relates in his chronicles that during an epidemic of exanthematic typhus the army dragged sick people out of their houses and killed them in a poison bath in order to put an end to the plague. During a seven-month civil war in 1891, 10,000 died in a series of gory encounters. The Peruvians assert that during the occupation of Lima in the War of the Pacific, Chilean soldiers sacked the library of Don Ricardo Palma, taking the books not for reading, but for wiping their backsides.

Popular movements have been suppressed with the same brutality. After the Valparaíso earthquake of 1906, naval forces wiped out the longshoremen's organization of 8,000 workers. In Iquique, at the beginning of the century, demonstrating strikers tried to take refuge from the troops and were machine-gunned: within ten minutes there were 2,000 dead. On April 2, 1957, the army broke up a civil disturbance in the commercial center of Santiago and the number of victims was never established because the government sneaked the bodies away. During a strike at the El Salvador mine during the government of Eduardo Frei, a military patrol opened fire on a demonstration to break it up and killed six people, among them some children and a pregnant woman. The post commander was an obscure fifty-two-year-old general, the father of five children, a geography teacher, and the author of several books on military subjects: Augusto Pinochet.

The myth of the legalism and the gentleness of that brutal army was invented by the Chilean bourgeoisie in their own interest. Popular Unity kept it alive with the hope of changing the class makeup of the higher cadres in its favor. But Salvador Allende felt more secure among the Carabineros, an armed force that was popular and peasant in its origins and that was under the direct command of the President of the republic. Indeed, the junta had to go six places down the seniority list of the force before it found a senior officer who would support the coup. The younger officers dug themselves in at the junior officers' school in Santiago and held out for four days until they were wiped out in an aerial bombardment.

That was the best-known battle of the secret war that broke out inside military posts on the eve of the coup. Officers who refused to support the coup and those who failed to carry out the orders for repression were murdered without pity by the instigators. Entire regiments mutinied, both in Santiago and in the provinces, and they were suppressed without mercy, with their leaders massacred as a lesson for the troops. The commandant of the armored units in Viña del Mar, Colonel Cantuarias, was machine-gunned by his subordinates. A long time will pass before the number of victims of that internal butchery will ever be known, for the bodies were removed from military posts in garbage trucks and buried secretly. All in all, only some fifty senior officers could be trusted to head troops that had been purged beforehand.

**T**HE STORY OF THE INTRIGUE has to be pasted together from many sources, some reliable, some not. Any number of foreign agents seem to have taken part in the coup. Clandestine sources in Chile tell us that the bombing of Moneda



Palace—the technical precision of which startled the experts—was actually carried out by a team of American aerial acrobats who had entered the country under the screen of Operation Unitas to perform in a flying circus on the coming September 18, National Independence Day. There is also evidence that numerous members of secret police forces from neighboring countries were infiltrated across the Bolivian border and remained in hiding until the day of the coup, when they unleashed their bloody persecution of political refugees from other countries of Latin America.

Brazil, the homeland of the head gorillas, had taken charge of those services. Two years earlier she had brought off the reactionary coup in Bolivia which meant the loss of substantial support for Chile and facilitated the infiltration of all manner and means of subversion. Part of the loans made to Brazil by the United States was secretly transferred to Bolivia to finance subversion in Chile. In 1972 a U.S. military advisory group made a trip to La Paz, the aim of which has not been revealed. Perhaps it was only coincidental, however, that a short time after that visit, movements of troops and equipment took place on the frontier with Chile, giving the Chilean military yet another opportunity to bolster their internal position and carry out transfer of personnel and promotions in the chain of command that were favorable to the imminent coup. Finally, on September 11, while Operation Unitas was going forward, the original plan drawn up at the dinner in Washington was carried out, three years behind schedule but precisely as it had been conceived: not as a conventional barracks coup, but as a devastating operation of war.

It had to be that way, for it was not simply a matter of overthrowing a regime, but one of implanting the hell-dark seeds brought from Brazil, with all of the machines of terror, torture, and death, until in Chile there would be no trace of the political and social structures which had made Popular Unity possible. The harshest phase, unfortunately, has only just begun.

In that final battle, with the country at the mercy of uncontrolled and unforeseen forces of subversion, Salvador Allende was still bound by legality. The most dramatic contradiction of his life was being at the same time the congenital foe of violence and a passionate revolutionary. He believed that he had resolved the contradiction with the hypothesis that conditions in Chile would permit a peaceful evolution toward socialism under bourgeois legality. Experience taught him too late that a system cannot be changed by a government without power.

That belated disillusionment must have been the force that impelled him to resist to the death, defending the flaming ruins of a house that was

not his own, a somber mansion that an Italian architect had built to be a mint and which ended up as a refuge for Presidents without power. He resisted for six hours with a submachine gun that Fidel Castro had given him and was the first weapon that Salvador Allende had ever fired. Around four o'clock in the afternoon, Maj. Gen. Javier Palacios managed to reach the second floor with his adjutant, Captain Gallardo, and a group of officers. There, in the midst of the fake Louis XV chairs, the Chinese dragon vases, and the Rugendas paintings in the red parlor, Salvador Allende was waiting for them. He was in shirtsleeves, wearing a miner's helmet and no tie, his clothing stained with blood. He was holding the submachine gun, but he had run low on ammunition.

Allende knew General Palacios well. A few days before he had told Augusto Olivares that this was a dangerous man with close connections to the American Embassy. As soon as he saw him appear on the stairs, Allende shouted at him: "Traitor!" and shot him in the hand.

According to the story of a witness who asked me not to give his name, the President died in an exchange of shots with that gang. Then all the other officers, in a caste-bound ritual, fired on the body. Finally, a noncommissioned officer smashed in his face with the butt of his rifle. A photograph exists: Juan Enrique Lira, a photographer for the newspaper *El Mercurio*, took it. He was the only one allowed to photograph the body. It was so disfigured that when they showed the body in its coffin to Señora Hortensia Allende, his wife, they would not let her uncover the face.

He would have been sixty-four years old last July and he was a perfect Leo: tenacious, firm in his decisions, and unpredictable. "What Allende thinks, only Allende knows," one of his cabinet ministers had told me. He loved life, he loved flowers, he loved dogs, and he was a gallant with a touch of the old school about him, perfumed notes and furtive rendezvous. His greatest virtue was following through, but fate could grant him only that rare and tragic greatness of dying in armed defense of the anachronistic booby of bourgeois law, defending a Supreme Court of Justice which had repudiated him but would legitimize his murderers, defending a miserable Congress which had declared him illegitimate but which was to bend complacently before the will of the usurpers, defending the freedom of opposition parties which had sold their souls to fascism, defending the whole moth-eaten paraphernalia of a shitty system which he had proposed abolishing, but without a shot being fired. The drama took place in Chile, to the greater woe of the Chileans, but it will pass into history as something that has happened to us all, children of this age, and it will remain in our lives forever. □

"Officers who refused to support the coup were murdered by the instigators. Entire regiments mutinied, and their leaders were massacred as a lesson for the troops."



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# Pols Lettres

by Stephen Darst

The Washington school: 1963-1969

*A*LTHOUGH NO ONE REALIZED it at the time (one never realizes it at the time), the years from 1963 to mid-1969 in Washington, D.C., in retrospect seem to have been one of those rare periods, like Medici Florence or Periclean Athens, when culture flourished briefly and wildly in one small locality.

The authenticity of the cultural renaissance in Washington during those years is attested to not by ivory-tower scholars (who, as we know, tend to be swept away by fads), but by hardheaded, steely-eyed agents of the Internal Revenue Service in their evaluation of the official papers Washingtonians donated to the archives during that period. Furthermore, the cultural flowering seems to have been as nonpartisan as it was contagious, affecting Republicans as well as Democrats, liberals no less than conservatives, dove and hawk, the appointed as well as the elected. Hubert no less than Dick, Galbraith, Schlesinger, Sorenson, Burns, Wattenberg.

Befitting the sheer flash of the creative flood, the works did not appear in one of the worn-out forms—the novel, the formal essay, poetry—but were in an entirely new genre, a branch of belles lettres which might be called, for want of a better term, *pols lettres*.

*Pols lettres* includes politicians' speeches and position papers and invitations to parties and the responses to the invitations. In the case of President Nixon, 414,000 letters, 87,000 items relating to public appearances, 27,000 invitations and the responses to the invitations, and 57,000 items having to do with foreign travel. In all, 840 cubic feet of material. Evaluated, for purposes of tax deduction, at \$576,000.

The size of this figure has surprised many amateurs, but amateurs consistently underestimate the prices that a great collection like this can command. Experts were not amazed, although one dealer who specializes in works from the period said that the

importance of the \$576,000 price tag could not be exaggerated.

"We knew that this period was gaining in value but up to this point we were in limbo," the dealer said. "Now we have established a firm price, a floor, under the Nixon material, and it is a high price—frankly, a little higher than we had anticipated. In Nixon you have an artist who worked under the great handicap of arriving on the scene during the period when Eisenhower was most influential. The Eisenhower and Nixon styles were antipathetic. Not that Nixon did not continue to work in his own manner—he did sensational things, in reds and pinks principally, with these strong colors splashed on in a bold, highly personal manner. But Nixon suffered under Eisenhower. What was it that Ike said? 'Give me a week, and maybe I can think of some contribution Nixon made to my Administration.' Naturally, remarks like that tended to lessen the value of Nixon's Vice-Presidential work for a time. All that is changed now with the \$576,000 evaluation."

The Humphrey case was different. "Perhaps the major difficulty here was the very Picassolike fecundity of the man," the dealer said. "Humphrey has always sensed his own power and scope, and consequently he dashed things off with great facility—facility, but, one must add, an evident lack of finish. In the late 1940s, he was doing high-charged regional work in Minneapolis (read 'Mayor Humphrey's Farewell to His Precinct Captains'), and he moved from those to the full, national palette without difficulty."

*T*HE DEALER DISMISSED objections made by some to the size—2,700 full boxes—of the Humphrey oeuvre.

"Some would see this as trivia-collecting," he said, "but they miss the

*Stephen Darst, formerly with the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is now on the staff of the St. Louis Review.*

whole point. With Humphrey, the length, the minuteness of the trivia is part of his art. Without that you have nothing."

Will the prices hold up? Not just the Nixons and the Humphreys but the other prices which benefited from the Nixons and Humphreys—the \$15,000 that an Orville Freeman fetches? Papers in the contemporary Secretary of Agriculture school have never gone that high in history. And the others. A Roger Hilsman bringing \$12,000. A James E. Webb \$12,000. Even a Ben Wattenberg a \$4,000.

"Stability is obviously the key question," the dealer said, "and, to be perfectly honest, we just don't know. We're not worried about our Nixons. There are solid reasons to think his price will hold. For one thing, Watergate works to our benefit. After Watergate what are Nixon's chances of getting invited to another 27,000 parties? Slim.

"Humphrey is another story though. Another race for President by Humphrey could mean another 2,700 boxes of papers. And then one has the nightmare thought: what if Humphrey, like Picasso, has shown us but a fraction of his life? work? What if we know only a fragment of the Humphrey oeuvre? Picasso had works secreted in warehouses. Has Humphrey done the same? If so you could see a panic. His \$309,000 price couldn't hold. Then you would have Humphrey papers going at knockdown prices—a level of, say, a Lincoln address. Chaos! Collapse of the entire market.

"In a situation like that anything could happen. Why, you might see Clark Mollenhoff manuscript worth no more than a letter by John Keats. This is one reason that you see some of the galleries getting out of the papers game. Most of the big galleries in particular are starting to get into tapes. More security. With tapes particularly the Nixon material, there seems to be less, not more, all the time."



# LOS ALAMOS REVISITED

As the nuclear weapons work goes on, but so does the search for the battery as big as the Ritz

SOMEWHERE DOWN THE TUNNEL of the Nixon years, teased by hints of peace, we stopped thinking much about the Bomb, about rockets and warheads and ICBMs, about credible deterrence and balance of terror and the ultimate locust. I propose to think about them only a little now, but what has become of the men and women whose lives such matters occupy? What are the makers of bombs doing today, at the end of our *siècle*, when accords are signed and treaties are published and the SALT talks grind on? Do they work now for the fruits of détente, or do they brood over other, darker inventions that plague us? Can a young scientist of good character and native birth still find opportunity at Los Alamos or has the Atomic City shrivelled itself and closed up shop? What's new in the workshop of the apocalypse? Is anybody home? Well, to begin with, Los Alamos is thriving, an open city now if not an open laboratory, a town of 15,000 people of whom some 4,000 work at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory (LASL), including more than 1,200 with advanced scientific degrees. Los Alamos is thirty-seven miles north and west of Santa Fe, New Mexico, over good roads that follow the Rio Grande Valley and then cross the river and the rocky valley and wind up canyon walls onto theajarito Plateau, behind which the Jemez Mountains, the collapsed rim of an ancient and enormous volcano, rise to an altitude of more than 10,000 feet. Los Alamos itself is 7,300 feet high, an altitude that, at the very least, discourages strong drink. The Atomic Energy Commission opened the Los Alamos gates in 1957 and converted the secret city into an ordinary town, even though the majority of its citizens, whose work is the defense of the free world, feared door-to-door salesmen and unsafe streets and riotous, possibly hostile, tourists and voted to keep it closed. Their fears proved unfounded; the worst Los Alamos has experienced in the way of visitors was a delegation of peaceful

souls that marched through the town in 1970, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing, and held a quiet rally and planted a cherry tree. In the dark of the night, someone in town dug up the tree and dragged it away, but the people at the lab were shocked by that desecration and replaced the tree with one of their own. And the first burglar ever apprehended in Los Alamos turned out to be a ringer, a former security man.

The lab itself has long since been moved from its wartime location on Los Alamos Mesa next to Ashley Pond (a small body of water that preserves the memory of Ashley Pond, who founded the Ranch School for Boys that originally occupied the mesa) to newer quarters on South Mesa, across a deep and narrow canyon spanned by a single sturdy bridge, and has spread out to new areas as distant as twenty miles away. It is no longer the only weapons laboratory; the AEC supports six national laboratories, including Brookhaven on Long Island and Livermore in California, over the hills from Berkeley, and Livermore at least is very much LASL's competitor, keen for glory, more hawkish than Los Alamos, as hawkish as Edward Teller, the Hungarian-born "father of the H-bomb," whose living memorial it is. "You have to understand the deep Hungarian fear of the Russians to understand Teller," a Brookhaven scientist visiting Los Alamos told me one lunch hour in the dim recesses of the Los Alamos Inn. Teller, said the Brookhaven man, rewards his boys with peaceful projects only when they've done their weapons work well.

## Swords and plowshares

LOS ALAMOS IS STILL the premier weapons laboratory. Its present director, Dr. Harold Agnew, a physicist who worked for Enrico Fermi at the University of Chicago and who was

*Richard Rhodes is a contributing editor of Harper's and the author of The Ungodly: A Novel of the Donner Party (Charterhouse Books).*



one of the men who accompanied the Fat Man bomb to Hiroshima, told me: "All of the Army weapons except for the Lance [rocket] warhead were developed here, all of the Air Force weapons that are presently deployed were developed here, all of the missile warheads deployed in Europe were developed here. The submarine weapons have been developed at Livermore. The Trident [submarine system] missile warhead will be developed here." Los Alamos has developed the warheads for most of the weapons systems that burden and protect us, huge bombs that can melt entire cities, modest cannon shells that can stop a tank attack or take out a bridge or two, demolition devices a man can carry in a suitcase, multiple warheads that a clever rocket "bus" can independently target from out in near-space, single bombs that can be dialed for different yields as the coffee grinder at the A&P can be dialed for different grinds. The scientists at Los Alamos have done their Faustian work in the name of the balance of terror (a balance that some advanced strategists are beginning to doubt) but designing weapons is not what they would prefer to do, so they say, and who is so uncharitable as to disbelieve them? As they tell it, they would prefer to do basic research, which sometimes leads to weapons but which is, of itself, morally neutral (if anything men do is morally neutral), and they would like to develop the technology born of that research for the betterment of mankind.

To a modest extent, they do. Weapons money accounts for about 68 percent of LASL's annual budget of about \$120 million,\* but, as Harold Agnew points out, "the weapons money has always been the seed money for the new ideas, the basic research." Some money also comes to

\* Though he promised me detailed budget figures, LASL's alternate financial management officer, Rolf Peterson, never delivered, pleading the burden of other work. My figures are therefore approximate.

LASL for specific, nondefense-related projects as it had better, because lacking special funding such projects must limp along on a few hundred thousand dollars a year at best. Los Alamos today, as it has always been, a weapons laboratory first of all.

Still, its other projects are intriguing, and the men who run them are intriguing, and they say much about the organization and operation of the lab. Among those projects are the giant batteries, and the quest for a better transmission wire, and the Great Solenoid. All three projects have to do with the energy crisis—Los Alamos is working hard to solve the energy crisis, and all three represent research underway in LASL's Q Division, which is specifically concerned with energy and which was only assembled, from bits and pieces of projects spread all over the laboratory, in February 1973. The Q Division is headed by Ed Hammel, Jr., a physical chemist out of Dartmouth and Princeton who worked on plutonium development during the war. Hammel and his people are working primarily on conserving the energy we already have, producing, transmitting, and using it more efficiently. Right now, for example, it's hard for power companies to store large amounts of electricity; even the best methods are only about 10 percent efficient. One alternative is supersized storage batteries that might be 70 percent efficient—"Run Chicago on batteries a few hours a day," Hammel says wryly. Another is solenoids of massive inductance that would store electricity in the form of a powerful magnetic field. The solenoid idea, in turn, is a spinoff from research conducted at LASL into controlled thermonuclear fusion.

Both projects are based on the remarkable effect known as superconduction, an effect that becomes possible in conductors when they are cooled to near absolute zero, -459 degrees Fahrenheit. At such low temperatures, most metals and some organic materials lose all resistance to the passage of electricity; a current started in a loop of superconducting wire will, theoretically, continue to circulate forever. Thus the experimental solenoid, once charged with electricity sufficient to support its powerful magnetic field, could be effectively closed off, short-circuited, and left to stew in its own juices until a city needed them again.

Cryogenics, the science of extremely low temperatures, got its start at Los Alamos way back in World War II. In those days, when everyone else was toiling night and day to build a fission bomb, Teller was off tinkering with the notion of a thermonuclear one, and Los Alamos was looking into cryogenics for the simple reason that if you are going to make a weapon of reasonable size that uses hydrogen, you are probably going to have to liquefy or freeze the hydrogen, and hydrogen freezes at -427 degrees



ahrenheit. So LASL has worked with cryogenics for many years, and batteries or solenoids to run American cities are only the latest green fruits to swell on that tree.

NEARER TO PRACTICAL APPLICATION is another cryogenic development: superconducting transmission lines, better wires. These could have obvious advantages: they can carry larger loads, they can carry direct current without resistance, and they require, for direct current, only two wires instead of three. They could be exotic, to say the least: underground pipeline systems with refrigeration units spaced every five miles pumping supercooled helium through the jackets around the wires. But they could cost less than other high-voltage underground systems and they would save electricity. Los Alamos is not only developing the new system; it has also shaved years off their projected delivery date. "Sometimes," says Ed Hammel, "we can significantly speed up the time it takes to get something done. Superconducting transmission wasn't supposed to be in sight before 1990"—that was the power industry's estimate, based on its own commitment to research—"but we expect now to have an experimental station in New York City, at Consolidated Edison's Astoria station, within three years." Putting an experimental station on line with a real power company means that other power companies can test and believe the results, whatever they prove to be. If the Con Ed installation works, we can expect superconducting transmission systems to spring up around the nation soon after—which means that the biggest power lines will be going underground.

Underground power lines don't necessarily warm an environmentalist's heart, since the technology of tunneling is crude and expensive, and the alternative, ditch and fill, terribly disfigures the land. Los Alamos has been working on that problem, too, having fallen into it almost accidentally, on a coffee break.

LASL worked for many years on a program called Rover, a program to design an extremely lightweight nuclear rocket propulsion system that could carry astronauts far into deep space. One of the ways to test the system's new fuel elements was to put them into a bell jar, exhaust the air from the jar, and pass an electric current through them, which caused them to glow white-hot as the filament in a light bulb.

John Rowley, who is now in charge of the rock-drilling project, which is under the Q Division and is called Subterrene, tells the story. "A couple of these units were working in the laboratory area while we were sitting around having a coffee break, chewing over the [Rover] problem, and I think it was Eugene Robinson, one of the fellows in the chemistry group—he's

dead now—who said, 'Gee, you know, that looks hot enough to melt rock.' We went out and got some rocks and made up some of these things in slightly different form, and by God it worked. Then for a while it was, 'Can you make a hole in my rock?'—everybody bringing in a different type of rock. Hard rocks, usually, though it turns out that making holes in soft rocks—in soil or rubble, for example—is much more difficult. And that's how the program got started."

ROWLEY HAS A LABORATORY full of holes; another hole, neatly framed in Plexiglas, sits on the conference table in Harold Agnew's office. Subterrene is one of the more successful LASL programs, modest in cost and highly visible, a gadget that fulfills every little Leonardo's dream and is practical as well. What a Subterrene can do is drill holes with its superhot "penetrator" in almost any kind of rock or soil and line them with their own "glass" pipes. The holes can be drilled vertically or horizontally or at any angle between, more practically and at less cost than most conventional holes, because the Subterrene turns the material that fills the hole into lava, which can then be extracted in several different forms, depending on the client's requirements—as lava, as a rock core, even as rock wool—and it makes its own pipe. "Steel pipe," says Rowley, "is very expensive and very difficult these days even to get." Rowley has drilled holes in stone walls, in granite and basalt, in dirt, even in sand; they are round and smooth as ceramic sewer pipes and somewhat more reduced. The horizontal holes require no ditching or bracing even when they are drilled through loose soil, because the soil around the hole, melted and cooled, is loose no longer. Nor do they require expensive surface restoration, because the surface isn't disturbed.

Another kind of precision-made tunnel, and a marker of the changes taking place at Los Alamos, is the meson factory, a new linear accelerator of unique design that is just now being brought on line, a \$58 million commitment to LASL's future as a major scientific laboratory regardless of what happens to its weapons work.

The meson factory's energies are modest by comparison with the largest accelerators in the United States and abroad: it is a medium-energy machine. But the meson factory produces a beam of higher intensity—of greater numbers of particles—than any other accelerator in the world. In plain electrical terms, its amperage is high. "This facility is enormous," says its director, a fifty-six-year-old physicist named Louis Rosen. "It is capable of exploring aspects of nature not heretofore explored. It will help bridge the gap between low-energy and high-energy physics. It's also enormous in its practical applications."

"If swords are beaten into plowshares at Los Alamos, plowshares are still being beaten back into swords. Weapons work uses more energy and funds than basic research."

One of those practical applications—one presumably not lost on Congress—is the capability to study some aspects of weapons development that have been studied in the past only through atmospheric and underground weapons testing. If and when the SALT talks yield a total test ban, the meson factory will help weapons scientists continue their work.

Another practical application, which has received more publicity than all the others combined, is the use of the meson factory to treat cancer. Its treatment method is unique. The meson factory's proton beam can be made to produce negative pi mesons (pions) in quantities far greater than have ever been available before. Negative pions of known energy can be aimed precisely into a tumor, and, unlike every other type of radiation used for cancer treatment, they will deposit most of their dose of sterilizing radiation in the tumor, not in the healthy tissue at the entrance and the exit of the beam. They "select" the tumor because they give up most of their energy at the end of their travels, when they come to rest, not, as with other particles, more or less uniformly along the way. So they provide a low entrance dose, a high tumor dose, and little or no exit dose. The tumor dose itself is the result of miniature, invisible nuclear explosions, and it is three times more effective than X rays at killing cancer cells. Rosen has already been flooded with letters, calls, and telegrams from cancer patients and their relatives, but the radiation-therapy facility isn't finished yet, and preclinical experiments will have to be carried out before treatment can begin. The meson factory may then justify itself from this operation alone. It will also be manufacturing large quantities of radioisotopes using the spent proton beam at the end of the line, a minor but important additional benefit to medicine. Moreover, even though the meson factory will be controlled by LASL, it is a national and

even an international facility, available to all and all qualified scientists for research use. The Soviets and even the Red Chinese have already dropped in, and the image of citizens of the two leading Communist nations visiting Los Alamos, the best-kept secret of World War II, compelling, although, as one scientist told me, "They don't exactly wander around the place

## Dream energy

ONE OF THE OLDEST ongoing programs at Los Alamos, and one that has recently come back into prominence, is the program for the development of controlled thermonuclear fusion. As Operation Sherwood, it grew alongside the program to develop the thermonuclear bomb, but unlike that bomb, which exists now in many forms at many locations, a fusion reactor is still problematical. Fred Ribe, LASL's tall, red-headed, fifty-year-old director of controlled thermonuclear research (CTR), estimates that the basic scientific principles won't be completely proven until around 1980, and, if they are proven, Ribe guesses that the first demonstration plant won't be operating until "just shortly after the year 2000."

Nevertheless, controlled fusion, if it proves possible, is a dream of an energy source. The power needs of the entire United States could be supplied, one of Ribe's associates has calculated, "by an input of about ten kilograms [twenty-two pounds] of deuterium per hour. The corresponding figure for coal is 180,000 metric tons, or 180 million kilograms per hour. A deuterium input of 10 kilograms per hour could be produced by a small deuterium separation plant, whose input would be the amount of ordinary water that would flow through a five-centimeter pipe at normal pressure"—that is, the water that would flow, that is, out of anyone's home cold-water tap. And fusion is capable of taking care of mankind's energy needs until the oceans dry up, about 10 billion years from now, with far less in the way of radioactive wastes than present-day fission reactors produce and no by-products that can be fashioned into bombs.

Less expensive to explore, but equally complicated because its basic principles are the same, is a new area of fusion reactor work going on in LASL's L (laser) Division under the direction of a florid, soft-spoken nuclear physicist named Keith Boyer. "I would look on the two technologies, laser fusion and controlled fusion, as being complementary," says Boyer. "Today we can't say that either one offers a perfect straightforward path to a going reactor, but they both look very promising, and they should both be explored and pushed as hard and fast as possible. They're enormously important for the future. Fusion energy is one of the few real







### The real

The news media, both broadcast and print, continue to be the center of controversy. Have they gone too far or aren't they going far enough?



The very heart of a democracy is an open free-flow of information. Without it, our system of government cannot exist. A non-informed electorate is no electorate at all. Without freedom to investigate and report the news from every angle, the members of the press become corporate and government spokesmen. We must keep the channels of communication open to all, even when it hurts



### The ideal

An open society in which information is passed freely back and forth.

The more we know, the better off we are.



long-term solutions to the energy crisis that comes in a rather nice form without a large contamination problem."

Laser fusion is a program that grew out of weapons research. Scientists at the AEC laboratories are attempting to develop thermonuclear weapons that require no "dirty" fission reactions to trigger fusion; lasers could supply the energy for such weapons, though how they would be miniaturized to bomb size remains to be seen. But the point is that if swords are being beaten into plowshares at Los Alamos, plowshares are also being beaten back into swords: weapons work still occupies far more energy and uses far more funds at Los Alamos than peaceful projects or basic research, and there is every reason to believe it will continue to. Yet there have been no really epochal breakthroughs in nuclear weaponry since the hydrogen bomb was developed and successfully reduced in size from the twenty-one-ton monstrosity set off at Eniwetok in 1952 to the modest poundage of a small rocket warhead today. So the question is, Where does all the money go?

### Deadly statistics

SOME OF IT GOES into designing replacements and improvements for existing warheads. Some of it goes into designing new systems, such as the Trident. But some of it goes into developing new kinds of weapons, and to put those efforts in perspective it's useful to look at an informal, non-numerical inventory of our present weaponry that came to light at the most recent hearings before the Subcommittee on Military Applications of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy held in April 1973, under the chairmanship of Missouri Sen. Stuart Symington. Because the transcript of the hearings has not yet been published in full, and because of security deletions from its text, the inventory must be somewhat random, but it still offers a fair idea of our armaments.

We have, witnesses testified, 1,050 ICBMs, located primarily in the Midwest. We have several thousand warheads deliverable from nuclear submarines. We have 397 B-52 bombers and sixty-six FB-111 fighter-bombers, and the B-52s are capable of carrying twenty-four bombs or missiles, although they usually carry fewer. The B-52 bombs include a new one, designated the B-61, that has "a maximum yield of a few hundred kilotons"\* and three other, lesser yields that can be selected in preference to the maximum yield by turning a dial. Our bombers sometimes carry, instead of bombs, numbers of a new nuclear missile, the SRAM, capable of Mach 4 speeds and maneuverable in flight. All these strategic systems, the ICBMs, the subma-

\* Compared with the Hiroshima bomb's 20 kilotons.

ines, and the bombers, have recently been subjected to varying degrees of limitation under provisions of the Moscow accords.

As yet uncontrolled are tactical weapons: weapons intended to be used against opposing armies and navies, not against population centers. Among tactical weapons, we have several thousand warheads in the form of ground-air and ground-to-ground rockets—the Honest John, the Pershing, the Sergeant, the Lance. We have enough six- and eight-inch atomic cannon shells to feed 360 U.S. six-inch cannons, NATO six-inch cannons, and 326 U.S. NATO eight-inch cannons, and we are developing new, better-safeguarded plutonium shells for these cannons that will replace the present shells which are ten and twenty years old, at a cost of some \$900 million, less the recoverable value (some \$375 million) of the enriched uranium in the existing shells. We have, in addition, a glide bomb guided by a television camera in its nose, the Walleye, and two kinds of so-called "atomic demolition munitions" (ADMs), one that can be carried by one man, the other by a vehicle. ADMs can gouge large craters in the ground—to close a mountain pass to invading armies, for example, or force an advancing column of troops or tanks to funnel itself through an ADM-created narrows where it would be more vulnerable to other kinds of tactical nuclear weapons. We have air defense anti-aircraft missiles; we have torpedoes, depth bombs, and rockets for antisubmarine warfare, all of them with nuclear warheads.

Yet despite the obvious extent of all this armament, we are somewhat less formidable armed today than we were a few years ago. According to Gen. Edward B. Giller of the United States Air Force, who testified at the hearings for the AEC, "the number of tactical weapons has been drifting down slowly. The number of air and missile defense systems has decreased quite dramatically from the mid-1960s and has been replaced by an increase in the strategic system. The increase in strategic warheads is essentially the product of MIRVing [that is, of replacing single warheads with multiple warheads mounted on the same missile, warheads smaller than the original and capable of being independently targeted, which makes them difficult to track—MIRV stands for multiple independently targetable reentry vehicle]. The maximum we have ever had in the United States was in 1965." Giller said our total megatonnage is also down: "In 1963, we had tens of thousands of megatons in stockpile. Since 1970 we've had several thousand megatons. This is mainly because we retired the big blockbusters from the Strategic Air Command aircraft, and the MIRVs carry smaller warheads than their predecessors."

So the trend in weapons development is



at decade has been away from huge weapons  
away from tactical weapons. Since the early  
50s, we have developed multiple warheads and  
g-distance submarine missile systems; at the  
ie time, through SALT, we have been work-  
with the Soviet Union to bring our strategic  
tems under mutual limitation. And in so do-  
we have acted on the assumption, con-  
sciously or unconsciously, that there is no such  
ng as a tactical nuclear war; that once an  
ponent begins using tactical nuclear weapons,  
an be only a matter of time before someone  
alates to strategic nuclear weapons, and since  
h sides know that a strategic nuclear war is  
winnable,\* it must follow that no one will  
empt to fight a tactical nuclear war.

HERE ARE INFLUENTIAL weapons men at Los  
Alamos, and nuclear strategists in universi-  
s and at the Pentagon, who disagree with that  
gment. The weapons research budget at Los  
amos has been decreasing of late—it has  
yed much the same in dollars, but inflation  
leached away some of its purchasing power  
a trend that presumably reflects the defense  
abishment's satisfaction with the status quo.  
t LASL director Harold Agnew reported to  
Military Applications Subcommittee that a  
small but very elite group" of LASL people is  
orking very aggressively" to influence the  
partment of Defense to consider funding de-  
velopment of a new kind of tactical weapon,  
neutron-emitting antipersonnel weapon that  
ould kill troops without much blast or fallout.  
is kind of weapon, one of limited effect and  
ecise application, is what weapons people at  
s Alamos are thinking about these days.  
I talked to one of those people, a thirty-six-  
ar-old Oklahoman named Charles Cremer,  
th an M.S. in nuclear engineering from the  
iversity of Oklahoma, who joined LASL in  
60, has been in weapons development ever  
ice, and has now become, in the words of a  
ASL press release, "one of the foremost weap-  
s designers in the United States." Cremer is  
oup leader for thermonuclear weapons de-  
gn in the Theoretical Design Division at Los  
amos. Three times during our interview he  
ought the conversation back to the same sub-  
et: the possibility of designing weapons that  
e extremely limited in their effects.

"There's certainly a lot of effort going on,"  
said, for example, "to see if we can design  
stems in which we achieve a military objective  
d keep the rest of the effects confined as much  
possible to that area. There are many orders  
magnitude between the off-battlefield effect

\* Our strategic forces are capable, even if two-  
rds of them were lost, of the assured destruction  
nearly 50 percent of the Soviet population and  
arly 80 percent of its industrial capacity.

from a 100-kiloton ground-burst weapon and a  
few-kiloton airburst weapon. There's as much  
difference between these two scenarios as there  
is between conventional weapons and a one-  
kiloton nuclear weapon. I venture to say that  
some very dramatic developments *will* take  
place over the next ten years of new types of  
capabilities for doing specific jobs."

In other words, Cremer and his associates are  
working to supply the U.S. Army with the ex-  
plosive force, or the destructive radiation, of  
nuclear weapons without the unwanted side ef-  
fects of nuclear weapons, without strategic dam-  
age. They are working to make weapons that the  
military can point to to prove that nuclear war,  
tactical nuclear war, is thinkable (something, to  
be fair, that the Soviets are said to have believed  
from the beginning, although they have never  
put their beliefs into practice). They are work-  
ing, in short, to give the Army what it has pined  
for, what the Navy enjoys, what the Air Force  
monopolizes: they are working to give the Army  
the bomb as a field option by putting the genie  
back in the bottle and using the bottle to hit the  
enemy over the head.

Cremer argues that we have committed our-  
selves to a posture of either-or—either total war  
or none at all. That posture, he says, is likely  
to become outmoded in the world of tomorrow  
when more and more countries have the bomb  
(and more and more countries, as John McPhee  
has demonstrated in his recent, brilliant series  
in *The New Yorker*, are achieving the capability  
of making plutonium bombs). "We've talked a  
lot about strategic systems," says Cremer, "but  
there is another issue that concerns us—with a  
true standoff as far as strategic exchanges are  
concerned, will any of the countries of the fu-  
ture want to try to engage us or one another at  
lower levels, and if they do, shouldn't we be  
worrying about our deterrents at those levels as  
well?"

Cremer's summing-up point is so extraordi-  
nary in its implications that I quote him at  
length:

*You'd like to think that the world is going  
to be a very peaceful one in the years to  
come, and I think if we keep our heads about  
us it indeed will be. But I personally don't  
believe we have reached a position where we  
can just forget about our defense posture.  
There are certainly some new challenges com-  
ing up in the future, and perhaps one of the  
key issues is the question of low-yield nuclear  
weapons and nuclear weapons of a type that  
are not really associated with massive de-  
struction. And the decision may well not rest  
with this country as to whether those types  
of capabilities are an issue in hand or not.  
It may not even rest in twenty years with the  
Soviet Union and the United States. One  
thing I'm very confident of, and that is, in  
the years ahead, the sharp break between the*

"The sharp break  
between the  
conventional  
warhead and  
the nuclear war-  
head is going  
to get fuzzier  
and fuzzier and  
fuzzier."



*so-called conventional warhead and the so-called nuclear warhead, the nice, sharp dividing line that makes for easy thinking, is going to get fuzzier and fuzzier and fuzzier, not only in terms of just yield, but also of what are the associated effects with these types of weapons. And so once again, one is going to come back to the fundamental question, which is, Can we develop a world in which we have no need for weapons? You've got to remember that even if the strategic standoff is complete, the room for adventuresome conventional forces could still be a serious threat. And a whole spectrum in between.*

What Cremer is conjuring up here is the possibility that conventional war may again become thinkable because of a complete strategic standoff, a standoff made official in the SALT talks. He is also describing the inevitable result of a technological bias that favors accuracy and elegance over sheer size. Having thoroughly explored one end of the weapons spectrum, the behemoth end, and found it wanting, we are now exploring the other end, and learning to make fine discriminations in size and effect. "And a whole spectrum in between," as Cramer ominously concludes. Needless to say, the development of a new level, or several new levels, of nuclear weaponry is a vast development, one that could keep Los Alamos gainfully employed for a long time to come, working on a full spectrum that begins up there in the megatons and ends, where? Nuclear handguns? Plutonium bullets? God forbid. The trouble with these new levels is that they return us, without due deliberation, to the belief that prevailed among military men before Hiroshima that nuclear weapons are no more than conventional weapons writ large. Even if you limit them, even if you control the effects from them that spill "off the battlefield," the fact remains that they are not like conventional weapons in one crucial

regard: however small they can be made, they can also be, and have been, made incredibly lethally large, while still remaining portable enough to deliver. They are open-ended, and the use of one must very probably lead to the use of another: "How'd it go today?" "Not so good. The sons of bitches just won't stop coming." "Let's try a bigger bomb." But the argument for developing the new weapons is the same today as it was when the hawks fought Oppenheimer over the development of the atomic bomb: if we don't do it, someone else will.

I asked all the men I talked to at Los Alamos weapons men and men working with peaceful applications, how they felt about the weapons work they were doing or had done. They drew on traditional justifications for their answers, nor were any of them entirely comfortable with the question. They said that nuclear weapons had bought the world time for negotiation, though one of them, Norris Bradbury, an appealing, vigorous man who is the only living former director of the laboratory, remarked that he was "surprised it's gone on so long." They mentioned the Cold War, the balance of terror, the necessity to continue research in case the other side cheats or to forestall being surprised by a major breakthrough as we surprised the world in 1945. One young weapons designer, Charles F. Keller, a Ph.D. astrophysicist from Indiana University, said he wondered why the churches in Los Alamos don't discuss the moral issues of weapons-making. He had, he said, raised the question in his own church, and the people he talked to there said they wouldn't do so. He held such discussions because the subject was too volatile. In 1973.

But if they want to know, these intelligent, sensitive, and not at all dogmatic men, what their society thinks of their work, they need look no farther than their budgets. "The United States," says Fred Ribe, "will have invested anywhere from \$2 billion to \$4 billion in the fusion program by the time we sew up the scientific problems in 1980. And if that really confirms the feasibility of this energy source which will take care of mankind's energy needs forever, it's a terribly cheap investment." By contrast, the United States spent \$4 billion between 1940 and 1945 to make four atomic bombs, one to test, two to drop on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and one to begin our huge stockpile, and we have spent uncounted billions since. Billions that make our investment in peaceful applications look small, but perhaps that appearance is deceptive. I met no one at Los Alamos who was a rabid cold warrior any longer, no one, Cremer included, who was enthusiastic for anything more doomsday-like than the use of small weapons for small purposes. In the almost catatonic world of nuclear weapons, that may be something like progress.



# Steelworker Arthur Hassler and daughter Barbara finish college together

Arthur Hassler has worked for Bethlehem for 32 years and is now supervisor of scheduling at one of our high-production rolling mills. Over the past six years, he also has pursued a delayed college education, going to classes four nights a week and summer sessions, too.

Last June, at age 52, Arthur was graduated *cum laude* from Moravian College with a BA degree in economics and business administration. His daughter Barbara received her liberal arts degree at the same ceremony. It was the first time in the college's 167-year history that a father and daughter were graduated in the same year.

Arthur has some encouraging things to say about today's college students. "I used to see a youth with long hair and right away I'd think 'He's a hippie.' But being with these kids in the classroom, I soon found out otherwise. Students are much more concerned and aware nowadays. For the most part, they're optimistic about life. They're going to school for a purpose."

Arthur earned his degree by taking advantage of Bethlehem's educational assistance program. The program encourages our full-time, salaried em-

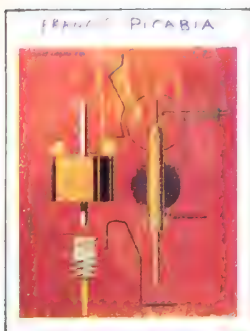


ployees to continue their education by providing full reimbursement for tuition costs of approved courses of study which they successfully complete.

Since its inception nine years ago, the program has helped more than 3,100 employees advance their education. We look on it as a sound investment for the future.

**Bethlehem**

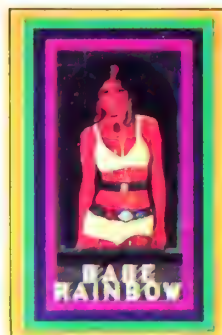




#E94 **Picabia**  
31½ x 23" \$10



#E400 **Brauner**  
40 x 30" \$25



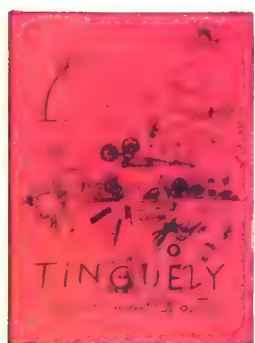
#E418 **Blake**  
17½ x 26" \$25



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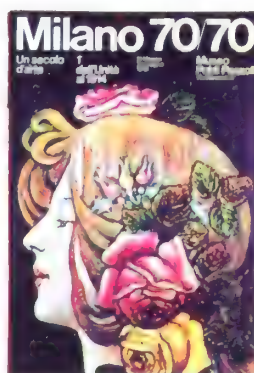
#426 **Dali**  
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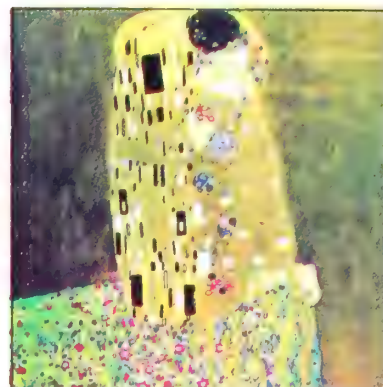
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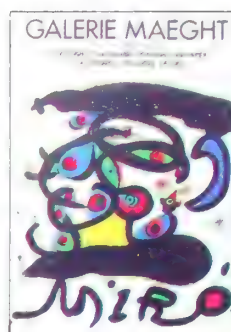
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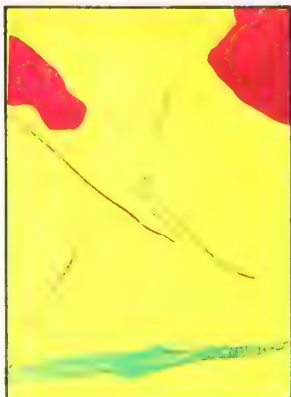
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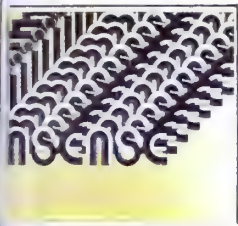
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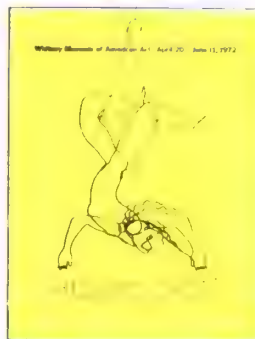
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# MIDTOWN TROUT

**W**AS HEAVEN SHORT OF FOOD, and the land was spare of game. Even the Hassayampa had nothing easy to offer. My son turned over a downed tree and extracted three weak leaf-worms from the rancid soil—two of the worms broke in half as he tugged at them. The river here was strangely patterned: feeder streams came in at direct, ninety-degree angles to the main flow, which at this point was slow and stagnant. The water looked olive with algae, slippery. It smelled like those old cars you sometimes find away off in the woods, wondering how anyone ever had the nerve, much less the roads, to get them there: kind of a stale plastic scent—"fusty, peanut-smelling," Sylvia Plath called it.

"Worms ought to get 'em if they're here," my son said with confidence. He slipped the longest of the worms onto a No. 10 hook and flipped it squirming into the current, or what little current we imagined. Nothing. He jigged the worm a bit and reeled in. Stop. Nothing.

The sky had been heavy with strange smells all day long. Now it smelled of hot dogs—perhaps our hungry imaginations? Old grease, the puke of a drunk.

"Where are we?" my son asked.

I thought about that for a minute, maybe more. I knew I'd never been on this stretch of the Hassayampa before, yet it seemed familiar. Then I remembered...

"Oh, yeah. Wait a sec." I dug around, groggy, inside the big pack and came up with a tan plastic lure box. "Take that worm off of there and try one of these. They're special for this part of the river."

My son reeled in and looked at the worm. It was soggy, dead, unnipped, already rotten.

"Cut off the hook and tie a snap swivel on there," I said. He did. Then I handed him the first lure: it was an electric-blue Camaro Z-28 with a gold racing stripe, B. F. Goodrich steel-belted street radials, an STP sticker on the right rear windshield, and a pimply blond teen-age driver in a T-shirt that read SHYTTE in Old Eng-

lish script, the whole lure measuring only inches in length and weighing three-quarter an ounce, exclusive of the stainless-steel treble hooks that dangled fore and aft. The young fellow who was driving looked bored.

"Why the stainless on a freshwater lure?" my son asked.

"You'll see when you try this water," I said. "if you haven't smelled it already. Now just it out there into the feeder stream and bring it in fast along the bank, with a lot of jigging motion. When you get to the corner here where the feeder hits the Hassayampa, snap it around and reel in at top speed until the lure is about six feet away from the rod tip. Then let it sink."

He flipped the lure up into the feeder stream. As he reeled in, twitching the rod tip as he retrieved, I could hear the faint squeal of the lure underwater. Like hearing street rodders dragging on the state highway ten miles off in the fog before dawn: almost like foxes barking in the spring when you're camped out away from the roads, but not that far away, and the chickens are still clucking over the ridge, the screeching owls hunting along the ravine, and you can't tell in your slumber if it's really foxes barking or just chickens or hunting owls or kids laughing on the rubber over on the State.

The water was too opaque to see if he had followed, but when the angle of the line said the lure was at the corner where the feeder hit the Hassayampa, my son snapped it around and cranked furiously; then he let the lure sink. Then—*bang!* A terrific hit. I could hear the clank of the metal, the explosions of tiny Plymouth Specials, whines and sirens, a far cry of pain. My son struck again, and the rod tip bent, he screamed off the reel, stopped, screamed, stopped; then the line began moving in toward the bank. My son reeled in fast, keeping pressure on, angling the rod from his wrist, and pretty soon there was a splashing in the water under the bank. I netted it.

A Plymouth Fury II squad car, fully four

Robert F. Jones is a senior writer for Sports Illustrated. This story is excerpted from his book, *Midtown Trout*, published by Simon and Schuster in April.

Robert F. Jones



half pounds in weight and about nineteen inches long, maybe twenty. Hooked solidly in the bright front tire. The green lettering, NYPD, was almost obscured by the algae that had grown on-thick on the cream band of its background. The two cops had already split, but the pimply kid in the lure was slumped awkwardly out of the Camaro's shattered window. The rear end of the Camaro was bent up so that the spoiler held the radio antenna, and the pimply kid's tiny-tiny feet were bent against the fire wall. The engine in the Fury was still growling, so when I unhooked it, I slammed the car against the rock. The car shuddered and went quiet. A couple of shotguns fell out, each about as long as a toothpick.

"Well," said my son, "the lure is wrecked, but I don't see how we can eat a cop car."

"Okay," I said, "but it was a good, game catch. Wasn't it?"

"Sure, but I'm hungry." He kicked the dead police car back into the river, where it caught among the weeds and then floated, belly up.

"Try this," I told my son. I handed him a six-ounce, slightly chewed Yellow Cab with a metal hook mounted on the front bumper. "Just eat as far as you can and retrieve quick."

SIDE A MINUTE, he had three wiggling pedestrians on the hook, none of whom put up much of a fight. One was a girl in a patent-leather shoe, hooked lightly through the lip, so we released her. The other two—a banker and a hippie—we put on the stringer. On the next three catches, we added a spade pimp, an elevator inspector, the clubfooted editor of a monthly insurance-company newsletter, and three prostitutes, all of them plump and well over the legal weight limit. Switching to a feathery, quarter-inch dildo, we caught two faggots and a tiny lady who said her father was or had been a candlestick maker.

"I don't know if we should keep the hookers," my son said.

"We'll boil them," I told him.

"What about the elevator dude?"

"I'm told that they're edible."

By the time it was dark, the stringer was flashing in the black water. I dressed out the hook on the bank, working the knife in mostly shallow feel, then cutting up to the point of the chin. A secondary pair of cuts along the outer opercle, and a quick rip downwards removed the encephalons neatly. I left the reeking innards on the bank for the carrion dragons. Or maybe the mink. That Yellow Cab lure is dynamite for small fish," my son said as we walked back up through the dark toward camp. "Why do they go so good on that?"

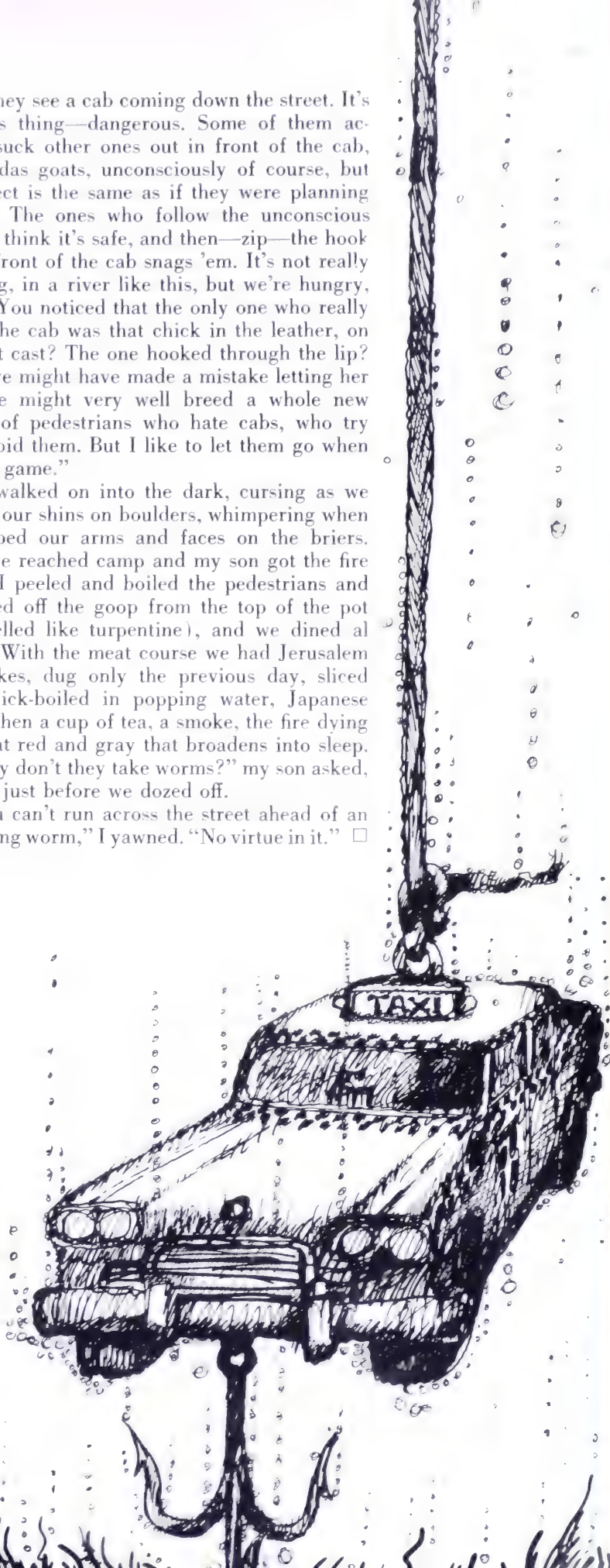
"They feel they have to run across the stream ahead of it," I said. "They're always in a hurry,

when they see a cab coming down the street. It's a status thing—dangerous. Some of them actually suck other ones out in front of the cab, like Judas goats, unconsciously of course, but the effect is the same as if they were planning to kill. The ones who follow the unconscious leaders think it's safe, and then—zip—the hook in the front of the cab snags 'em. It's not really sporting, in a river like this, but we're hungry, right? You noticed that the only one who really hit at the cab was that chick in the leather, on the first cast? The one hooked through the lip? Well, we might have made a mistake letting her go—she might very well breed a whole new school of pedestrians who hate cabs, who try and avoid them. But I like to let them go when they're game."

We walked on into the dark, cursing as we barked our shins on boulders, whimpering when we ripped our arms and faces on the briars. Then we reached camp and my son got the fire going. I peeled and boiled the pedestrians and skimmed off the goop from the top of the pot (it smelled like turpentine), and we dined al fresco. With the meat course we had Jerusalem artichokes, dug only the previous day, sliced and quick-boiled in popping water, Japanese style. Then a cup of tea, a smoke, the fire dying into that red and gray that broadens into sleep.

"Why don't they take worms?" my son asked, finally, just before we dozed off.

"You can't run across the street ahead of an oncoming worm," I yawned. "No virtue in it." □



# THE COUNTING HOUSE OF ACADEME

Portrait  
of the university  
as a business  
enterprise

**A**ERICAN UNIVERSITIES in recent years have gradually become more and more like big businesses and the students in them like units to be fitted into the evolving corporation-dominated civilization. This transformation, which might be compared to a butterfly changing back into a grub, appears to have been taking place within the rapidly forming state university supersystems all across the country—California, Texas, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri.

Optimistic observers welcome the change as fine—a good and necessary extension of American values and the American way. Those of us who do not agree see the universities ceasing to be free and stimulating places of learning conducted for the students' culture and development and becoming instead new adjuncts of the corporate and governmental bureaucracies. The optimists set forth their views in any number of budget reports, in reports to trustees, in books written by administrators of what has been admirably called "the multiversity." Clark Kerr's book *The Uses of the University*, written when he was president of the University of California, is the model of the genre. In it he defines and accepts the university as the new facility for servicing the needs of government and business. The other side of the argument is also set forth in numerous books and reports, but seldom as succinctly as by Harold L. Enarson, the president of Ohio State University. Enarson describes the changes as "the triumph of technique over purpose," caused by a failure "to grasp the essential nature of the university . . . independent, freestanding, openly critical of the conventional wisdom, friendly to disputation, enchanted with controversy, hospitable to those who 'think otherwise.'"

The metaphor that "the university is a business" should not amuse us or strike us as merely perceptive; it should appall us. As universities organize themselves into single supersystems nurtured and regulated from central administrative stems, they become more and more subject to governors and legislatures that can deal far more effectively with such central stems than with the older pattern of scattered and independent campuses. As the states become dependent on corporate power and the universities are efficiently subordinated to the states, public

higher education becomes dependent on corporate power. Thorstein Veblen's prophecy of fifty years ago becomes the reality to which the present generation of students falls victim. Veblen warned that "those principles and standards of organization, control, and achievement, that have been accepted as an habitual matter of course in the conduct of business, will, by force of habit, in good part reassert themselves as indispensable and conclusive in the affairs of learning." In every significant way except profits—and arguably in that way, too, in some senses—the universities, supposedly dedicated to diverse and unprofitable speculation, become business places operated by business people for business reasons.

Over the past ten years Veblen's prophecy has been made manifest, as can be demonstrated by a brief recounting of some of the events at the University of Texas. Politicians and businessmen took over the University of Texas at Austin and centralized and politicized the system. Since events in Texas, like events in California, seem to foretell what is coming on the rest of the country, the story from Texas gives us a prevision of what might befall public higher education elsewhere in America.

**A**S LONG AGO AS 1940, the Texas regents staged a movement to eliminate radical teachers. They met in closed session with the then president, a mild-mannered liberal named Homer P. Rainey, and one of them handed Rainey a card on which had been written the names of far-left economics professors, none of whom had been on the faculty for less than fifteen years. "We want you to fire these men," the regents said. Rainey wouldn't do it, and in the course of time the regents fired Rainey.

The regents were supported in their policies by W. Lee ("Pass the Biscuits, Pappy") O'Neil, the governor of the state at the time. O'Neil in turn was supported by Harry Weiss, the president of Humble Oil, who had very specific ideas about the uses of a university. Soon after Rainey had been appointed president Weiss offered him and the university precise advice: train specialists, conduct fundamental research into the problems of the natural resources in

*Ronnie Dugger, publisher and editor at large of The Texas Observer, is presently at work on a book about the Lyndon Johnson period. This article is drawn from Our Invaded Universities: Form, Reform, and New Starts, to be published in April by W. W. Norton. Copyright © 1974 by Ronnie Dugger*

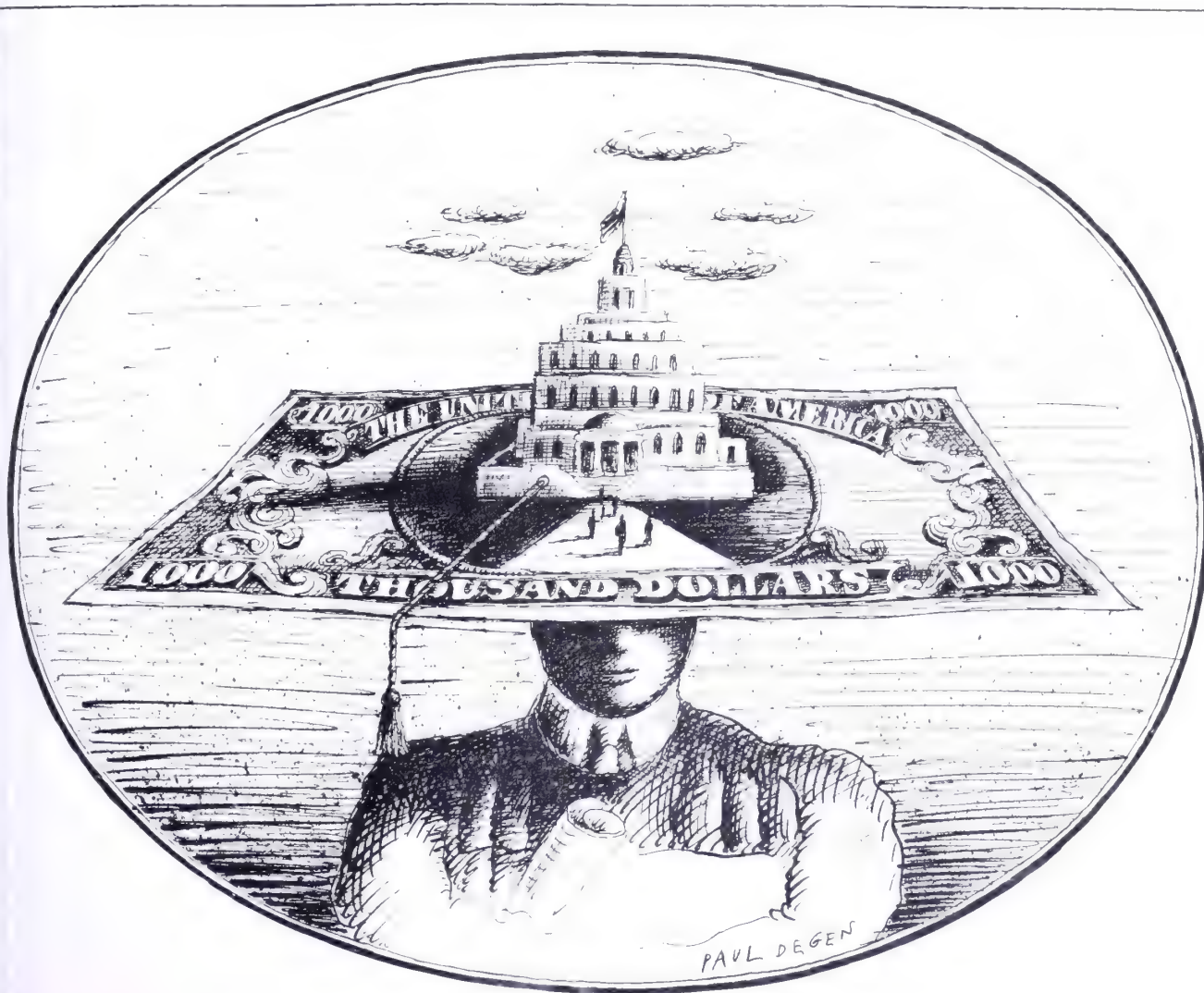


try, and avoid encouraging aspirations that  
 ht lead to "dissatisfaction and unrest."  
 hree decades later the governor's mansion  
 occupied by John Connally. Although dis-  
 ilar in many other ways (O'Daniel a rough,  
 ntry-talking flour salesman and Connally an  
 ane lawyer), both men clearly believed in  
 precepts of their patrons. Connally studied  
 ities under the tutelage of Lyndon Johnson,  
 he studied wealth as a lawyer and lobbyist  
 Sid Richardson, the multimillionaire oil-  
 n. When, after brief service as President  
 Kennedy's Secretary of the Navy, Connally be-  
 ne the governor of Texas, it quickly became  
 parent that both he and Pappy O'Daniel, per-  
 ally as different as caviar and biscuits, had  
 ilar ideas about the purposes of higher edu-  
 cation. O'Daniel had been an eager and obvious  
 ent of the emergent oil, industrial, and finan-  
 l aristocracy in trying to turn the state uni-  
 versities into corporate personnel training cen-

ters. Connally was more sophisticated, but he  
 served the same interests toward the same end.  
 Connally believed, as he said in a letter in 1967,  
 that public higher education and state govern-  
 ment "are totally dependent on each other." In  
 his mind the idea of prosperity connoted a  
 booming economy dependent upon large corpora-  
 tions operating among a contented people in a  
 stable social order. He boasted of the many jun-  
 ior colleges that had been established and of the  
 threefold increase in vocational and technical  
 courses. He had no personal interest in, or as-  
 sociation with, workers and the poor; he hob-  
 nobbed with the rich and the corporate elite,  
 and from these, his friends, he chose most of the  
 members for the university boards. He led the  
 legislature into substantial increases in the  
 funding of higher education, but the works he  
 had in mind for the colleges and universities  
 were the works of industry and commerce.

When Connally ran for governor, an Austin

"Connally is  
 opposed," wrote  
 the chairman  
 of the regents,  
 "to awarding  
 contracts to  
 architects who  
 have not been  
 friendly to his  
 Administration."



business lawyer named Frank Erwin joined his inner circle. Elected in 1962, Connally made Erwin a UT regent and, successively, the state's Democratic chairman and the Democratic national committeeman from Texas. A gruff, candid politician and a brutal user of power, Erwin also was a close friend to Lyndon Johnson, and by 1968 he had acquired a national reputation as the imperious chairman of the regents, a bull in the parlors of the academy charging everything that looked pink to him. Despite the criticism, Connally reappointed him and thereby became politically responsible for what happened to UT during the period.

What looked like paltry politics was much more than that, because, as Veblen had told us, and as none of us now has a good excuse for not knowing, domination of universities by politicians and businessmen comes down to domination by businessmen.

Connally's policies favored this domination from 1963 to 1973. Whenever possible he appointed right-thinking businessmen to the board of regents, and the university often staged political entertainments for state officeholders with allied interests. All the beneficiaries were conservative Democrats. The regents obliged a young socialist philosophy teacher, Larry Caroline, to leave the faculty, and they instituted, against students and faculty alike, a campaign of severe repression—prohibited meetings, encouraged police crackdowns on campus, restricted distribution of an off-campus newspaper. They fired a reformist dean suspected of undue interest in liberal arts—John Silber, who became president of Boston University—and in effect they forced the resignation of Norman Hackerman, a president of UT given to the expression of unpredictable opinions. When Hackerman subsequently became president of Rice University, he explained that university regents and trustees were playing larger and larger parts in the hiring, promotion, and firing of professors, which, he said, meant that “political points of view come into the picture.”

### Political spoils

POLITICS ALSO BEGAN to intrude upon the university's method of hiring architects. Before the advent of Connally and Erwin, the university comptroller, an old-fashioned and moralistic fellow named Charles Sparenburg, had worked out a system of awarding contracts that did not depend upon the architect's allegiance to a political party. Sparenburg had run the university's business for thirty-one years, and he often identified himself as “a hard-core conservative,” but he was not a careful man. He disliked and distrusted Lyndon Johnson, and occasionally of an afternoon he could be found in

a local beer garden, sounding off at eloquent length about the villainy of Johnson, Connally Erwin, and those whom he described as “the stooges in the chancellor's office.”

To a bureaucrat with politics in view, however, architects' contracts are a honeypot without a lid. There is no way you can select an architect by competitive bidding. Among architects as among artists, how can you argue that the cheapest one is the best? Furthermore, architects are often organized into lucrative firms and they can be expected to make substantial campaign contributions.

Connally and Erwin blundered into the most embarrassing aspects of this situation when, in the spring of 1964, the regents awarded \$90,000 contract to an El Paso architectural firm headed by Rea Nesmith, a prominent Republican. Two of the regents (one of them Frank Erwin) remained opposed to the contract, and Erwin called Connally's political coordinator in El Paso and they agreed Nesmith would not do. Within a matter of a few days Nesmith was advised not to begin work. The arbitrariness of this procedure offended another of the regents, an unassailably upright conservative by the name of John Redditt, who had served the Texas senate for many years and knew what was what, and Redditt began to make trouble. Erwin sent Redditt a newspaper clipping that had been mailed to the governor's office “one of the governor's coordinators in El Paso County.” Erwin also informed him that “other information” had been sent to Connally “from his friends and supporters in El Paso County.”

In a second letter, Erwin, thinking he was writing entirely protected from the vulgar curiosities of the population, told his colleague on the board:

“Right or wrong, it is [Connally's] view that since architectural contracts are not let on a competitive bid basis, they simply constitute valuable gifts that are awarded by the state government. It is also his view that . . . when he would be opposed to awarding contracts to incompetent architects, he is also opposed to awarding contracts to competent architects who have not been friendly to him and his Administration. By a process of elimination, the rationale necessarily means that he wants to have state architectural contracts awarded to competent architects who have been friendly to him and his Administration. . . .

“ . . . I am aware of the governor's attitude on this matter. . . .”

Erwin was one of Connally's two or three top political operators. The regent's letter to Redditt therefore recorded an official policy of political spoils as officially as officials are likely to record one.

Redditt would have none of it. The regent met for a showdown in the presence of Sparenburg



and Chancellor Harry Ransom. The issue was raw—would the university knuckle under political power?—and the arguing was raw. Ransom sat silent as Redditt, A. G. McNeese (a powerful Houston banker), and Rabbi Olan of Dallas said Connally's veto-by-tion of the Nesmith contract was an unconditional invasion of the regents' authority. Erwin argued that Connally didn't have to hand out patronage like this to his political enemies. Erwin would choose architects who had contributed to the right campaigns, he said. By a vote of 3 to 2, the regents canceled the contract.

This was the last close important vote on the part of regents in the 1960s. The time was October 1964. Johnson was in the White House, Connally was in the mansion, and Erwin was in the regents' room. They had the power, and they had already indicated what they were going to do with it.

Redditt resigned, charging that Governor Connally was dictating to the regents, that the board had accepted the dictation, and there was no hope of the same to come. McNeese said publicly that the four prevailing regents had acted in ruthless error or lack of courage. Rabbi Olan said the decision "could threaten the academic integrity of the school." Connally denied attempting to dictate to Redditt or any regent with respect to a matter affecting the university, but he added that Redditt's objections were "untrue." Redditt, thus provoked, violated one of the rules that usually constrain gentlemen—he gave the press Erwin's letters to him. The exposed private correspondence showed Governor Connally "approved the inclusion" of a special provision (called "a rider") in the state general appropriations bill which provided that no funds spent by the act could go for architects' fees "without the advance written approval of the governor." This meant no architect could get state work unless Connally gave go-ahead.

In the glare of the revelation that Erwin had lied, Connally regarded the state's discretionary contracts as valuable gifts for friends, Erwin's name arch. "Any public official in his right mind would have that view," he said, "and no one else in his right mind would criticize him for it." The banker, the senator, and the rabbi had no sooner been thus assigned to the task than Connally told the regents he did not want the contracts as valuable gifts.

Nesmith said later, "I saw Governor Connally at a reception in El Paso before a chamber of commerce meeting. I introduced myself, saying, 'Any man who has done to me what you have done at least ought to know me in person when you see me,' to which he replied, 'Texas is a one-party state, and I'll see to it that it stays that way.'"

But for all that, the business-oriented politi-

cians had won. Before another ten years passed, Connally, the champion of a one-party Texas, would be campaigning for an administration bent on making the United States a one-party country—although of the other party.

The next step in converting UT into a part of a political and business spoils system was to get rid of Sparenburg. During a fancy dinner party at Erwin's home, Sparenburg was informed that the nomination of architects and the supervision of construction would be turned over to a new vice-chancellor. (This turned out to be E. Don Walker, who by 1973 was the number-two man in the entire UT system, supervising all of its business operations.)

The Johnsons' favorite Texas architects, Max Brooks and Associates, became favorites of the university's as well. One of the four Austin architectural firms that were considered the best lost out in a situation regarded suspiciously in some informed quarters. A firm that had worked on many UT jobs, but whose members had not contributed to Connally's campaign, was disapproved for a UT project, and one of the architects in it was represented as having said, "Believe you me, we'll know better next time." By 1972, the Max Brooks firm's UT projects included a medical school at Houston, a dorm-classroom building, a new east mall and fountains, the Johnson Library, a new physics-math-astronomy building, and conversion of a building into headquarters for the UT system.

Sparenburg went on handling the university's bank deposits, but not for long. It is understood that there had been polite pressure to put some of UT's balances in a new Austin bank in which a Johnson associate was a moving force, but that Sparenburg did not do it, whereupon the regents did. (On the other hand, a system of competitive-interest bids was instituted among the banks that were on the regents' approved list for receiving deposits, and by 1973 a commendably high percentage of the funds had been concentrated in interest-paying accounts.)

Redditt had quit, and Connally did not reappoint either of the other two regents who had voted against the Nesmith cancellation. W. W. Heath, an Austin lawyer and banker, had voted in the majority of four, and he was reappointed and became chairman. After Heath had facilitated the university's financing of the Johnson Library, that library's placement on the UT campus, and the establishment of the Johnson School of Public Affairs, President Johnson made him Ambassador to Sweden. Since Erwin was at that point the regents' vice-chairman, in effect Johnson was also choosing Erwin to succeed Heath as chairman. With Connally's reappointment of Erwin in 1968 for six more years, the Connally-Johnson group continued its control of the state's higher education business for several more years.

"The regents sometimes seemed to want more students so they could build more buildings."

**T**HERE IS AN ORGANIC tendency for a university to behave like a business, because its endowment, being capital, "puts it in business." At the end of fiscal 1972, the UT permanent fund held \$207 million worth of the bonds of privately owned utilities and \$30 million worth of their common stocks, along with common stocks in oil and gas worth \$38 million; chemicals, drugs, and cosmetics, \$36 million; food and soap, \$21 million; banks, \$16 million; electrical and electronics companies, \$15 million; and auto companies, \$12 million. Altogether, the UT fund, which totals two-thirds of a billion dollars, earned that year \$25 million in oil and gas royalties and bonuses, and \$11 million in stock dividends.

Universities' investments make them factors in the financial markets and implicate them in the ethical consequences of corporations' behavior. The regents and administrators, heavily drawn from business and the noneducational professions, and doing business for the university with other businessmen, also decide the allocation of the university's resources among departments and kinds of activities. These factors, together with pressure from the corporations, turn the university toward the hired-out service of corporate planning and needs. Connelly's appointees to the Coordinating Board of the Texas University and College System said in a report that "higher education is the largest industry, private or public, in Texas today."

One salient aspect of business missing from this discussion has been that of the net money profit, but the new public university can be used to profit businessmen who give campaign money to benefit politicians who in turn put their friends in charge of the university. The multiversity may then become, to a perceivable but not measurable extent, the poliversity, a staging area for the celebration of the politicians, and a government agency pumping out beneficial contracts for their business supporters. In these ways, involving money and status, the exploited university provides an acceptable rate of return on capital investment.

Like other multicampus public systems, the UT system has been consolidated by the Connelly regents into one administrative stem through which the several divisions of the university, reconceived as "units of the system," are standardized and subordinated. The regents and their top administrators call it "the core system." Norman Hackerman, from his redoubt at Rice, makes the important point that this is not a question of pressure being applied by individuals or political groups—the organization, the centralization itself, changes the nature of higher education. The politicians concentrate the universities' money, and the businessmen, attracted by the presence of the money, get into the universities' affairs.

If bank deposits and architectural contracts provide opportunities for indirect subsidies to business allies, so also do land and construction deals. Texas law requires that, in the UT system, construction contracts (in contrast to architectural contracts) have to be let to low bidders on the basis of sealed competitive bids. There is some leeway for politics—the job specifications, the designation of materials to be used, the regents' decisions on what "additive alternatives" they want to include in arriving at low bids, and whether to permit cost overruns. Nevertheless, low bidding is the general rule.

But there can be no competitive bidding for buying land for new educational establishments. Developers are usually so eager to attract a new university to their land that they will gladly give the site required. Even if the site is bought, there are many variable, subjective considerations. The money in question reaches such large amounts that the temptation to become unduly subjective often places great strain on standards of the public interest. John Pearce, a lawyer and politician, who succeeded Frank Erwin as chairman of the board of regents, estimated in 1973 that the UT system's construction in the works was costing more than \$500 million. During their meetings the regents sometimes seemed to want more students so they could build more buildings.

Given the proven record of the regents in the matter of architects' contracts, it is not surprising that a number of questions have been raised about their dealings in land, particularly with regard to the land chosen for the new university complex at San Antonio. Much of the evidence is circumstantial, but the connections between the people involved in the decision tend to support the burden of this essay; for that reason the case needs to be examined in some detail.

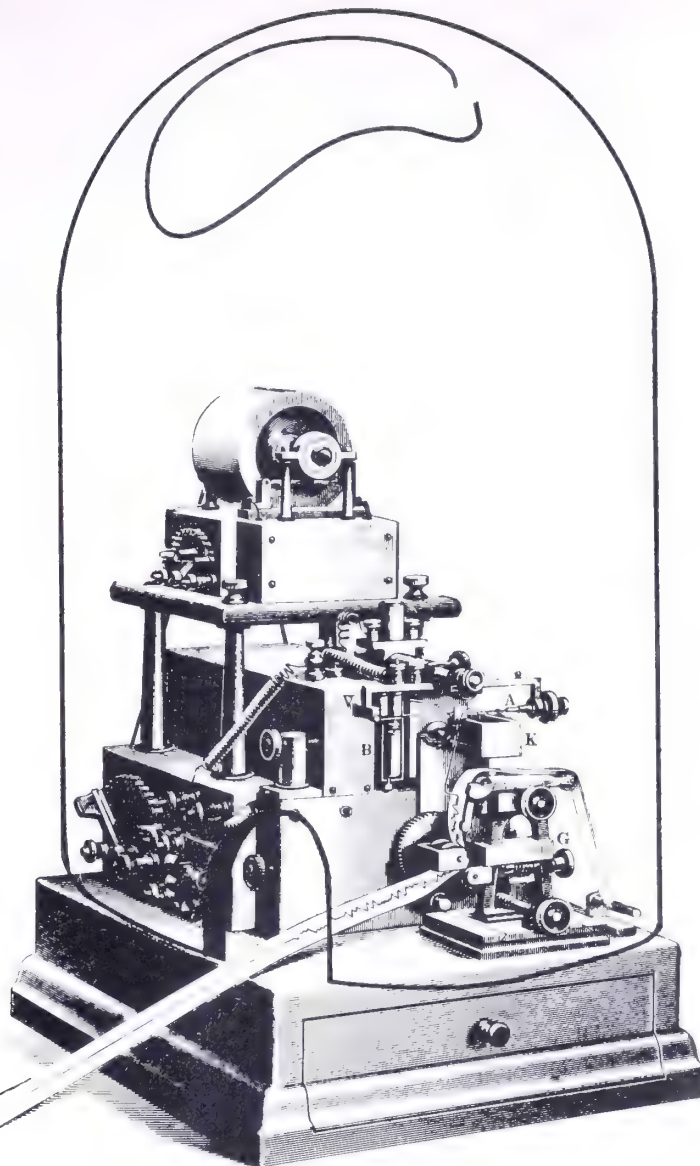
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### An interesting land deal

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**A** FEW PEOPLE had argued that the new university in San Antonio should be independent of the UT system, but Pearce insisted it be "structured under" the core system. Pearce came from San Antonio, and Erwin said the regents would follow Pearce's guidance on the selection of the land site. There was a killing to be made, as everyone knew, for as Pearce publicly explained, "The rule of thumb is that for each student you generate a community of four people." There would be homes and apartment houses to provide, parking lots, commercial businesses, shopping centers—the whole thing for a population of 30,000 students and, therefore, about 120,000 people in all. Whoever owned the land around the new campus could get rich, and the UT regents had to decide which of about ten free sites to accept.





## MONTHLY THINKWIRE

ght to like. Thought to loathe.  
ght to prod, to push, to intrigue  
nto new clear thinking of  
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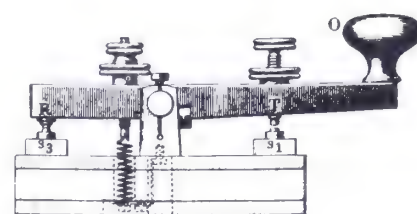
Alexander Solzhenitzsyn: a special  
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his new prison-camp exposé, *The  
Gulag Archipelago*

Joe McGinniss on General  
Westmoreland's plunge into  
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- Barry Commoner on follies  
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THE  
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Two months before the regents announced the site, Charles Kuper and Alfred Negley, acting as individuals, bought options on large tracts of land around "the Delavan property" northwest of the city. Kuper joined a group offering the regents 600 acres of the property free for the new university. It was this property that the regents, on Peace's motion, chose.

As governor, Connally had appointed all nine of the regents. He had also appointed Kuper's father-in-law to the State Parks and Wildlife Commission and Negley to the Texas Alcoholic Beverage Commission. Negley's wife is the daughter of George Brown, the top official of Brown & Root, the worldwide construction firm that financed Lyndon Johnson's rise and subsequently has been close to Connally, too.

In September 1971, a Nader-type research group of UT law students revealed that when Connally had retired for a year to private life in 1969, taking up the practice of law with Vinson, Elkins, Searls, and Connally in Houston, he also went into business with Kuper and Negley. Regent Peace had acted as an incorporator and initial director for their company, La Ventura Corporation, which was authorized to buy and sell property and do other business. Its officers were Kuper (president), Connally (vice-president), and Negley (secretary). A little later that year another Ventura company, the Ventura Development Corporation, was formed with the same three officers. Its stated corporate purposes were to own and operate food-service establishments, hotels, and theaters, and to deal in and franchise such places.

THE STUDENTS SAID that Peace, in setting up La Ventura and making the motion to accept the Delavan property that enriched Kuper and Negley, had violated the state's code of ethics law and should resign or be removed from office. According to Bexar County officials consulted by the law students, the regents' decision had increased the value of the 1,100 acres Connally's and Peace's associates were buying from the \$2 million they were paying for it to between \$5.5 million and \$20 million. Looking back on the charges, Peace says, "That was an insult to my intelligence more than it was to my morals." Answering the students at the time, he denied any conflict of interest; he said he had made no recommendation to the UT staff and he had had no knowledge of the option-buying until after the board's decision. His law partner, not he, had drawn up the papers for La Ventura, and he himself "had nothing to do" with that, held none of the stock, and took no part in the business. He admitted that Kuper and Negley were friends of his, but said he had "no close business associates who owned any land out there."

Connally, who had been Nixon's Secretary of the Treasury for about eight months at the time of the students' charges, was not heard from the subject, but Peace and Herbert Kelleher, attorney for La Ventura, said they understood Connally had quit the companies sometime in 1970, probably before he joined the Cabi. Kelleher says that the companies were organized to do a restaurant business, but the business was not a success, the firms did no other business, and they were defunct after about a year and a half.

Inquiries in San Antonio, Austin, and Houston now make it clear, however, that the companies in which Connally is a director profit substantially from the development around the school.

Kuper includes in his development plans 2,000 acres around the San Antonio campus. The 1,144-acre tract that one of his planning papers says is "controlled" by Gibraltar Savings Association of Houston. Connally is an in-and-out director of Gibraltar, the largest savings association in Houston, with eight branches and five mortgage loans totaling about \$400 million.

An officer of Gibraltar organized Houston Imperial Corporation, evidently a subsidiary of Gibraltar, and in 1971 Houston Imperial bought the 1,144-acre tract and sold it to Gibraltar. In June 1973, state records showed that Connally was also a director of Houston Imperial Corporation. The officer in question says that he, Connally, brought Gibraltar into the matter.

First City National Bank of Houston has been involved in the land activity around the site as coexecutor for an estate that owns some of the land. First City National, with resources of about \$2 billion, is known in Houston as "Judge Elkins' bank," the late Judge James Elkins having been its "senior chairman of the board" as well as the original "Elkins" in the law firm in which Connally is now a partner. Connally has been listed director of the bank for the past seven years. When he announced his switch to the Republican party, he did so in the bank's Houston building, in which the Elkins law firm was located. Land records show that First City National, as coexecutor for the estate holding land in the UTSA area, released Charles Kuper from a half-million-dollar note on the estate's land five months after the site announcement.

Kelleher also confirms that Gibraltar and Houston Imperial—in both of which Connally is an in-and-out director—have been financed by Kuper's development of land around UT. Kuper and Negley refused to be interviewed about any part of this subject on the grounds that it's a personal matter, and Connally did not reply to questions about it put to him in a registered letter, but public land records clearly indicate financing relationships among the companies and the Kuper-Negley interests.



1970 Connally was a director of Halliburton company, the corporate owner of Brown & Root, of which George Brown was chairman and Herbert Frensley was president. Connally and Frensley were two of Gibraltar's eleven directors. Thus, in the year when Kuper and Connally were buying options around the future site two months before Connally's nine bids announced where it would be, Connally was (1) in business with both of them through Ventura companies; (2) a director of the corporate owner of the construction mammoth where the chairman was Negley's father-in-law; (3) a director, with that same construction firm's president, of the savings association that would appear as a financier of the development of other-Negley acquisitions and as a property controller in the UTSA area in its own name; and (4) tied closely to the Elkins bank that was a trustee of other land in the UTSA area.

THE UNIVERSITY perceived and used as a business, business-minded regents or trustees regarded their top administrators as corporation-executives who should be very handsomely rewarded. Early in 1969, the regents rejected bids for the remodeling of a house given them by a regent named Bauer and hired a man to do construction work to build a new chancellor's residence at a "salary" listed as "cost plus a fixed fee." By this strange arrangement they may have hoped to justify the failure to take competitive bids on the job. A limit of \$163,000 was placed on the cost of construction.

When asked about an astonishing report that the project, including all costs, was running up to \$1,000,000, Deputy Chancellor Walker replied that the estimated but not final cost was \$200,000, and "the suggestion of \$750,000 is ridiculously high." It certainly was, but within months, Erwin admitted the cost was \$907,700.23, a figure that grew to over \$1 million when certain additional costs were included. Politicians, contractors, architects—they had all worked together to produce one of the Texas regents' most original contributions to higher education, a \$1 million mansion.

Three stories high and shining white, with columns to its full height across the front, the chancellor's house looks like a palace. It has eight bathrooms and four half-baths, more than a dozen telephones, three marble-faced fireplaces, antique furniture, room-size rugs in muted colors, golds, crystal chandeliers, two dining rooms, and a walnut-paneled library with padded-leather chairs. The kitchen has an ice machine, two sinks, two dishwashers, two stoves and a double oven, more than fifty cabinets, a washer and dryer, and a commercial-size refrigerator with glass doors. The guest house has two bedrooms and two baths; the bathhouse by the swimming pool

has kitchen equipment and a bathroom. There is an air-conditioned greenhouse. The four-car garage is opened and shut by remote controls.

Erwin's defense was that this place is actually a university building in which the chancellor entertains large university gatherings, and of course that does happen there, but a million dollars for a university administrator's house? Nobody could defend it, and nobody but Erwin even tried.

There have been signs of an improving situation at the University of Texas in the past couple of years. McNeese, Sparenburg's supporter, is back as a regent and has been elected chairman, which bodes well for a cessation of rank political favoritism. Ed Clark, another new regent, has been calling for more openness with the public about university business. President Stephen Spurr said last spring that he had encountered no attempts at political interference from the regents in academic matters.

But the basic system that the Connally regents consolidated continues—half a billion dollars' worth of construction run by a central administration ruling over a statewide empire of educational institutions. As he appointed the three new regents who took office in 1973, Governor Preston Smith called the posts "real plums," and some of the regents' recent concerns show why.

Last year they sold 52,000 acres of land in three Florida counties to a development company for \$15.5 million without advertising for bids. Bob Long, the university's lawyer in such matters, said the property "was exposed to sale to every major land development company in the United States," but they decided not to ask for bids because they wanted payment over a term to retire some construction bonds with the money, and they didn't want to be offered "funny-money deals." Early this year UT, again without advertising for bids, sold about 7,500 acres of land a little north of Houston for \$13 million to a millionaire oilman who is developing a new town near the UT land. University officials said the potential buyers had to be "pre-qualified" as financially responsible people who could provide "a reliable cash flow" to retire the university's construction bonds.

Looking through the locked metal gate of the million-dollar mansion for the chancellor of a public university that was once governed unpretentiously by the members of its faculty, you see the story. In the politics and business of higher education, as in the corporate state, public and private forms are merging. Private funds buy public preference. Public funds buy private power. Private funds buy the public purpose. Public funds buy private splendor. The universities that should be the independent conscience of the community become instead complicitous in its debauch. □

"The Texas regents' most original contribution to higher education was a \$1 million mansion."

# VERSE

## THE LOST STREET

by David Wagoner

*Just imagine: tomorrow morning you get in your car  
to go to work. You start to pull out of the driveway,  
but no street.*

What Highways Mean to You  
*Auto Dealers Traffic Safety Council*

You sit for a moment, idling, remembering  
Another street running away from you  
Before you learned to walk  
Across it, even beside it: strange as a river  
Under the elm trees, it blurred  
Uphill as far as the hospital  
Or downhill into the dark city.

But this one, no longer stretching toward work,  
Had been different, indifferent,  
As easy to forget as a hall carpet  
Leading from sleep to worry, from love  
To bewilderment, from the steep hillside  
Up to the greenhouse and the reservoir  
Or down to the dimmed-out, burning city.

Now the deepening grass and brambles  
Remind you there was somewhere you were going  
Around the house instead of looking through glass  
At this barely believable morning: you must get out  
Of the car and stand on the ground,  
Then kneel on it like a penitent gardener,  
Touching it with your hands, crawling again to know it.

## REALMS OF LIGHT

by John Henry Raskin

forty thousand ponies  
singing  
in the blind canyon.

a drunk truck driver  
flies from a roadside deli  
to his rig  
honking  
honking.

an old man  
tired with his frenzy  
lust-bent  
for his wife in youth  
beats time  
in a crap game  
but loses a life  
to a high-rolling redskin  
from San Antone.

bored  
reborn,  
businessman dreams:  
of feathers  
in a gambler's hand  
soft fingers  
in his hair  
of rigs  
and age

or riderless ponies  
singing  
beneath the changeless moon.



## FROM A JOURNEY

by Keith Althaus

Mist or smoke?—  
we'll never know,  
seen from a train  
so much goes unfinished,  
unexplained. *What is that?*  
and *Who lives there?*  
The boy on the bike  
at the crossing gate?  
I hesitate to wave back,  
to admit the lives  
I cannot know, to recognize  
myself, the stranger,  
"the man waving  
from the train window."

## PALOMAR IN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY

by J. Shepard Mertz

Back when I was light  
and young and quick  
to reflect, refract, re-  
live the sun  
even in winter

Wearing slowly down  
perhaps refined  
by the motionless motion  
slow harmonics of higher  
vibrations carrying like radio  
over long lands  
until I, the light,  
begin to see the mirror  
or lens is not light  
but is not separate

As the seasons revolve  
around and into my focus  
it is like the tide of  
endless labor that formed  
the great disc of Palomar  
from wild glass  
to a silver eye  
sensitive to the stars

## PEARLS

by Rod McManigal

Alternative solutions pry  
At the brain, looking for oysters  
Ripe for a grain's ingestion, finding torsos  
Prostrate as balloons afraid of the sky:

Gray flabby things, unwrapped jellies  
Wearing a few barnacles for bones.  
One twink of the tweezers; time groans;  
The white coats prefer lobotomies.

Still the tides beckon and the amas leap,  
Expostulate with bubbles: slant-eyed  
Loreleis old as salt, old as seaweed,  
Curl the snake baskets out of the deep.

Name you this treasure, this nacreous  
Aberration? Do the spinning centuries  
And all the moon's tuggings freeze  
Into these drops of calculus?

Call for witness the surrounding dark,  
The bone of the elements: tune  
To their silences. What other quantum  
Leap awaits the launching of what new ark?

Know the stones by their contents:  
The souls lisping, the gardens  
Implicit in their roots. Light hardens  
What the aqueous dark invents.

## ENCOUNTER

by Mary Azrael

The implacable face  
of my grandfather's clock  
with its whimsical sun and moon  
going the rounds,  
and the pendulous gongs—  
great weighty pair—  
impress me  
in my innocence of physical laws.  
I am small.  
My whole being is the size of an eye:  
a perfect vision trap,  
though I have barely a scrap of information.  
Next year I will learn to tell time.  
Now the hour chimes, slinging me backward  
like a struck cymbal.

# COMMENTARY

## QUOTE COMMITMENT UNQUOTE

*An awful lot of worrying was done in the Fifties about whether people were able To Love or not. . . . all that talk about "commitment" and "permanent relationships" . . .*

—Philip Roth,  
"Marriage à la Mode"  
*American Review* #18

Roth's way with the capital letter and the quotation mark suggests that he writes with an amused backward glance, as if the terms *able to love*, *commitment*, and *permanent relationships* were artifacts as remote as the series of Hogarth paintings from which he has drawn his story's title. This cool posture is a little *démodé*. The language Roth calls Fifties-feminine is back in style—for both sexes and sneer at your own risk.

The term *commitment* is the operative one, for it is widely supposed to be the key to the other two: *Love without commitment is just fooling around; love with commitment is (or inexorably leads to) a permanent relationship*. A lot of people find it hard to think in any other way about love or permanent relationships. A mystique of committedness has taken hold and grabs everybody by the lapels to inform them of its imperatives.

I am irritated by the number of times per day this word breathes on me. I have begun to shrink from it, to view it with suspicion, as though it were propaganda for some unnamed special interest. I am wondering if people know what they mean by it, or if they are dupes.

"I believe in being able to commit myself to another person." What does that mean? A contract? Why not say so? My friend the speaker allows that *commitment* and *contract* have in common certain implications of the long haul and of voluntary giving over—"but, uh, it's more than that." It would have to be more than that to have the power it does, but an explanation of the more is hard to elicit. As far as I can tell, my friend's primary attachment to *commitment* is that it has become a value-loaded word and *contract* hasn't. A contract is something one either does or does

not enter into, as suits one's purpose; as yet, no halo radiates from the brow of the person "able" to sign papers for auto insurance payments. But ah, *commitment*: it carries with it the virtue of committedness, the so-called ability to commit oneself. In fact, like other virtues on which people preen themselves, committedness, despite its literal meaning, is often found to exist without an object. ("I'm a very committed person.")

"Sorry, but I don't want any heavy commitments right now"—a familiar male (and maybe increasingly female) kiss-off. The kissed-off is thrown into a hell of excruciating vagueness: what exactly is it that is not wanted? The burdens feared by Paul, the Prince Charming figure in Donald Barthelme's *Snow White* ("her responsibilities of various sorts . . . teeth . . . piano lessons. . .")? Then why not break up with clarity? ("Sorry, but I don't want to have to: pay your bills/talk to you/make love to you every night/ever see you again/other.")

But mystiques do not thrive on clarity. The entire point of a word like *commitment* is its maddening vagueness. One is simply supposed to have a "sense" of what it signifies. That vagueness serves to reinforce the mental and emotional laziness of those who succumb to the mystique ("Commitment—or togetherness or masculinity, etc.—is just a natural thing, it doesn't need to be taken apart and analyzed") and to discomfit those who reject it ("How can I reject something so nebulous? What am I rejecting? Maybe they're right—maybe there's something to it").

It was this sort of discomfort that sent me to my dictionaries. Commitment has been used in English since the 1400s, mostly with reference to

*Veronica Geng is a free-lance (hence uncommitted) writer who has written for The New York Times Magazine, The Village Voice, and Ms.*

*Harper's welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

such loveless matters as war and politics, prisons and madhouses, storage and burial ("to engage as opponen to charge with a duty or office; consign officially to confinement; consign for safekeeping or disposal"). The definition nearest the ser of the commitment cant one he around is this: "to give in trust; put into charge or keeping." *Webster's Second New International Dictionary* points out that the word us this way "may express merely t general idea of delivering into t other's charge . . . or may have t special sense of an absolute trans to a superior power or final custod." But nowhere is it suggested that st delivery or transfer is a virtue.

The Latin *committere* makes c rent usage seem downright deform. None of the Latin definitions impl virtue, and some are negative ("incur a punishment; to sin"). M of the others do not even suggest p manence, stability, or duration, l something very nearly the opposi "to begin; to set on foot; to ventu to risk oneself." These do not im contracts, custodies, or eternit but, in Noel Coward's phrase, "soi thing a little less binding": beg nings, chances, first steps.

Obviously our words acquire meanings we need them for. Why a word once used for venture a risk come to imply that there is tue in handing oneself over to a ture decided in advance? Perhaps because "commitment" makes easy. It relieves you of the diffic businesses of venture and risk, autonomy and choice. It protects you fr trusting or testing yourself by proving a handy external coercion make you do right. It absolves you responsibility for your actions—j were, after all, only follow through on a "commitment." W out this prop, there would be trou some evaluations to be made at ev turn and you would be forced reconcile conflicting feelings and liefs (hard work ahead there), even live with the fact of the irrec cilable. Easier to give yourself o



other's charge, to a superior  
to custody, for confinement,  
age, or disposal.

"commitment" also provides  
with many convenient excuses.  
failures can be explained in  
mortifyingly global terms. (Your  
affair did not collapse because  
were a liar or ate with your feet  
the table but because you were  
able to commit yourself.") You  
raise your "commitment" to jus-  
tify your fears. ("Sorry, I can't take  
this offer because I have another  
commitment.") You can use it to  
rationalize your promiscuities. ("I  
have some fun because of this  
very commitment I've gotten my-  
self tied to.") You can even use it to  
power over other people. ("We've  
committed ourselves to each other,  
have a weapon to hit you with  
if you don't do what I want.")

One of the more practical aspects  
of "commitment" is The Rule That  
You Not Speak Its Name. No one  
admits this, but you do not actu-  
ally have to abide by a "commit-  
ment" unless you feel like it. Al-  
though people who use "lack of com-  
mitment" as an excuse for passivity  
do not pretend that a "commitment"  
is difficult to extricate oneself from  
military engagement or a mental  
illness, that is not true. A "commit-  
ment" applies until it no longer ap-  
plies. Of course, bolting for this exit  
involves a massive exercise in bad  
manners, but many people find that a  
small price to pay for the advantage:  
getting the dread out of permanence.  
"Commitment" is especially use-  
ful in institutionalized power, which  
you cannot afford to trust anyone. A  
group of "committed" citizens is less  
threatening than a group of citizens  
who have not abdicated their ability  
to make judgments. The witnesses be-  
fore the Senate Watergate Commit-  
tee were the most "committed" indi-  
viduals in recent history. "Commit-  
ments" keep your toe to the line; with-  
out them, a madman like you might  
do almost anything—blow a whistle,  
change direction, take a chance.

Perhaps we are afraid to trust our-  
selves. And so we agree that "com-  
mitments" are natural and good and  
we turn ourselves over to them like  
ticking machines whose futures are  
set by the inflexible terms of a con-  
tract. Till death or the Department of  
Consumer Affairs do us part.

—Veronica Geng  
New York, N.Y.

The distinguished editor  
emeritus of *The Atlantic*

## EDWARD WEEKS

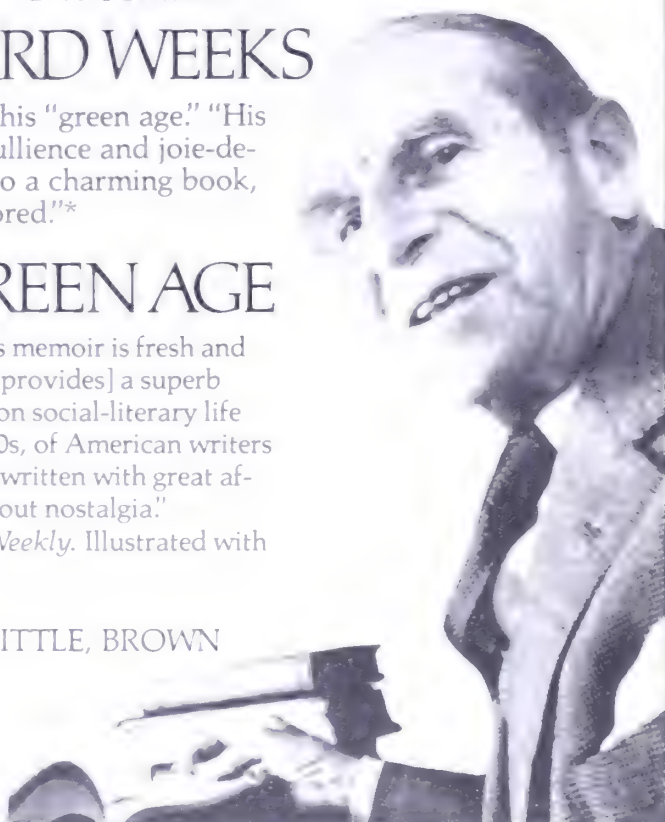
looks back to his "green age." "His  
innocence, ebullience and joie-de-  
vivre add up to a charming book,  
one to be savored!"\*

## MY GREEN AGE

"Edward Weeks's memoir is fresh and  
sparkling....[It provides] a superb  
portrait of Boston social-literary life  
in the 20s and 30s, of American writers  
and publishers, written with great af-  
fection yet without nostalgia."

—\**Publishers Weekly*. Illustrated with  
photographs.

ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN



## "Even Benny would have liked it."

That's what John Kenneth Galbraith says  
of this biography of essayist, conser-  
vationist, westerner, iconoclast, and  
Pulitzer Prize historian Bernard DeVoto,  
by Wallace Stegner, himself a Pulitzer  
Prize novelist. And since, in his 20 years  
in "The Easy Chair" at *Harper's Magazine*  
Benny DeVoto never tolerated a bad  
sentence, that's high praise. More praise:

"A splendid biography  
of one of the most  
influential writers of  
our time...and a  
ferociously funny  
critic of American  
society."

—John Fischer.

# THE UNEASY CHAIR by WALLACE STEGNER

A BIOGRAPHY OF  
**Bernard  
DeVoto**

DOUBLEDAY



# LAW AND DISORDER

The cinema cop as sap and sadist

**M**ORAL HEROISM—positive virtue carried to heroic lengths—is a very unusual and discomforting human quality, so it's not surprising that the movies have rarely portrayed it. If you look at the big hits of recent years, it's clear the public prefers openly brutal and amoral heroes—Malcolm McDowell's jocular thug in *A Clockwork Orange*; the racist bully Popeye (Gene Hackman) in *The French Connection*; Clint Eastwood's procession of impassive killers; the pimps, pushers, and private eyes of the black exploitation movies; the family monsters of *The Godfather*; Robert Redford's glamorous WASP washouts; and many others. The public has responded not only because these were some of the better made and heavily publicized movies, but also because there has been a great change in the mood of popular culture. The nihilism that twenty-five years ago occasionally broke through the complacent surface of mass entertainment (in a movie such as *The Third Man*) now has become the equally complacent surface of the mass entertainment of our own time: idiotic myths and unbelievable heroics have given way to cynical new myths and ritual antiheroism, praise of courage to praise of brutality.

Given this atmosphere, how can you make a movie about a man like Frank Serpico—a man with a righteous passion—and get the wisened-up audience to accept it? Frank Serpico, the New York cop who exposed wide-scale police corruption in the city, combined physical courage and moral intransigence in a way that frightens and infuriates many people (not just police officers). Instinctively honest himself, refusing even the most trivial bribes, he was at first astonished, then sickened, then consumed with fury by the instances of graft and complacency he encountered at all levels of the police department. As he began to talk to grand juries and the Knapp Commission, he suffered from exclusion,



Richard Mantel

contempt, threats on his life; and in February 1971, less than a year after his revelations were made public, he was shot in the face and nearly killed by a Puerto Rican dope pusher in what may have been a setup arranged by fellow officers. Not an easy man to make into a movie hero.

**T**HE SOLUTION found by the screenwriters Norman Wexler and Waldo Salt and executed efficiently by the director Sidney Lumet was to combine the strategy of the Sixties youth movie with the street-wise gaiety and obscenity that's become popular in movies of the Seventies. The youth movies depended on the generation-gap principle,

David Denby, formerly film critic for *The Atlantic*, is the editor of *Film 72/73*, an anthology of criticism (Bobbs-Merrill).

which held that moral differences could easily be conveyed by an inviolable contrast of cultural styles; the same trick works here, even with officers no older than Serpico. The hero lives as a free spirit in the *House and Garden* hippie pad in Greenwich Village with his girlfriends, plants, and pets; slouches around in old clothes; and grows a variety of beards and moustaches. On the other hand, his opponents—virtually everyone else in the movie—are all abnormally square middle-class types who seem corrupt because they belong to the middle class (they want to get into it); they include vicious young cops grabbing as much money as they can; older administrative bigwigs, stuffy and worried about protecting their reputations and the department's image; Ivy League smoothies hanging onto the Linda Administration, all flash and no substance; girls who think they want careers but really want marriage and babies ("Come back to bed, honey, and haven't otherwise got the guts to stick it out with Serpico).

In other words, the only incorruptible person is the only one who is loose and open and hip. Al Pacino, with his shambling physical presence and beautiful immense actor's eyes, gives an ingratiating star performance that obliterates everyone else in the movie. The actors playing the other cops, for instance, appear to have been picked for physical clumsiness and unattractiveness, and times they don't even seem like men photographed in close-up with correcting wide-angle lenses, their leading ugly faces come right out of a comic book. The evil shows in their thick necks and tasteless clothes.

*Serpico* certainly pulls no punches about police corruption, but it's eager to establish its hero as the only human being in a world of selfish sellouts that it becomes offensively single-minded and uncharitable. Integrity simply a matter of style, I doubt it, but this sort of identifi-



always seems to work commercial. I saw the film a second time with a young audience in Times Square, and it loved the joke that Salvo's goofy hippie was working all these superstraight jerks, doing the same job, only better and more honestly. The kids roared every time Serpico reported to the precinct dressed like an Eighth Street bum, and again when he expertly cracked a joint during a solemn lecture on the basics of marijuana detection. They laughed too, but this kind of cult-cheering (much of it at the college level) tells us nothing about Serpico's character, which I hoped to understand. Why is he made physically ill by corruption while everyone else feasts on it? Because he's cool and doesn't worry about his status? Because he wears nice clothes? In lieu of any other explanation, that's what the audience is meant to believe. Salt and Wexler offer few clues to his motives or what makes him so different from the others. His monologue recalling how he admired the police when he was a child explains nothing: many of the other cops in the movie also come from working-class neighborhoods where the police were revered and where joining the force was seen as a means to respectability, steady employment, and upward mobility. They all became corrupt bastards because they didn't. While turning Serpico into a martyr and pop icon, the filmmakers ignore the possibility for moral drama. After all, Serpico the crusader went way beyond the traditional ethics of the "honest cop" (look the other way and keep quiet). As a graduate of the street gangs of Bed-Stuyvesant, where betrayal of a friend is the ultimate taboo, how did he get to the point where he could blow the whistle on his peers without guilt or even a twinge of ambivalence? Did his rapid passage from Brooklyn street kid to Manhattan hot-lover fill him with a distaste for his police friends that was aesthetic and social as well as moral? He turns for enlightenment to Salvo's *Serpico*, the book on which the script was based, but to no avail. Although he's good at narrative highlighting and anecdotes, Salvo makes no attempt to penetrate Serpico's character. The trouble with Salvo, actually, is that he thinks like a cop. Whether describing Serpico's struggles and sufferings, his sexual

and cultural choices, or the knick-knacks in his Village apartment, he writes in the same tone of gruff "masculine" neutrality and at times the book reads like a long-winded police blotter. For each of the moment-of-decision vignettes there's just enough information to lend dramatic plausibility to Serpico's acts, yet the complex, tortured man implied by all the scene-fragments never emerges as a coherent personality.

Why do these men—Maas, Salt, Wexler, Lumet—refuse to look inside their hero? One suspects that they know how troublesome moral heroes can be for the audience. For many people there's something inhuman or, at the least, ridiculous about men and women who estrange themselves from community and friends in adherence to an ideal of morality, honor, or faith; it's much easier if we can think of such heroes as fanatics or freaks. The movie *Serpico* isn't exactly a freak, but since we don't understand the roots of his behavior or the steps by which he arrived at his commitment, he doesn't challenge us to puzzle out the relation of his acts to our own. The filmmakers let us off the hook by transforming their hero into a wondrous, inexplicable creature—both martyr and holy fool.

Because they are unwilling to threaten the audience's cynicism and complacency, they concentrate on Serpico's sense of isolation and futility rather than on the real Serpico's achievements (an immense shake-up in the NYPD). Thus, at the end of the movie, rather than appearing ennobled by his ordeal, he seems diminished—a rejected man of honor, a schlemiel rewarded with a detective's shield for allowing himself to be shot. The printed epilogue that informs us he has exiled himself to Switzerland evokes the clichés of "ironic" defeat familiar from the epilogues to *Z*, *The French Connection*, and other movies. It's as if his extraordinary rebellion meant nothing.

**I**F *Serpico* is a film that indirectly confirms the cynicism of the audience, *Magnum Force*, *The Laughing Policeman*, and *The Seven-Ups*, more typically, are films that pander to it. In these recent cop movies, we get the familiar ruthless bastard, a hero by virtue of his daring and efficiency and nothing else. When a movie gen-

re becomes this successful (other recent examples include *Bullitt*, *The French Connection*, *Dirty Harry*, *The New Centurions*, *Badge 373*), it's not just a series of images on the screen, but something we are doing to ourselves, a form of self-scrutiny; so it's worth examining this new hero in some detail.

Formerly so mild and reassuring (a cross between a high-school coach and a priest), the police detective has evolved in recent years into a relentless avenger whose commitment to "legality" has become ever more tenuous. Indeed, it has become harder and harder to tell him apart from the criminals he pursues. He has the same furious zeal, the same devotion to his task. Estranged from friends, family, and leisure—a normal life in the society he defends—he has no identity apart from his work. If we see his home at all, it is likely to be a conventionally bland suburban tract house or a furnished room consisting of bed, refrigerator (with only a beer or two inside), and telephone. If married, he will be at odds with his wife; otherwise, he drags himself through a hopeless love affair with a pleading, sullen woman who doesn't understand him, or he's alone, his solitude only occasionally interrupted by a young girl whose advances he accepts without pleasure or comment: sex seems to be one of the more tedious aspects of his life, like the filling out of forms.

Even though he's a denizen of the city, he doesn't talk often or easily; he is taciturn and suspicious, a man without gaiety or warmth, and his curiosity about people goes no farther than discovering what kind of filth they're into. And they are all into something, for he lives in a society where literally everyone is a criminal or a creep or both. Prowling the city in his car or waiting—sleepless, cold, unshaven—through some grim stakeout, he works in a state of bitter discomfort. (Gone forever is the glamorously corrupt night-world of the Thirties' and Forties' private-eye movies, in which the hero moved through sinister, shining streets on his way to some mansion or nightclub, there to meet gangsters in evening clothes and a beautiful woman whom he would save, or perhaps kill, cradling her in his arms as she slid to the floor.) He is familiar with the worst and most dangerous parts of the city—ghettos, bars, topless joints,

junkyards, and obscure, rotting piers. Through his eyes, the whole town is a jungle. If he lives in San Francisco, that city's brilliant light and unmistakable aura of generosity and hope mock his grim concentration on evil and his devotion to work; if it's New York, the center of power and status, his confinement to the rauchier sections of Brooklyn and the Bronx (Manhattan's conquering skyline is often seen in the background), where it's gray, heavy, dirty, and always raining, reminds him that he's a nothing, a loser in the city of winners.

Apart from sheer dogged persistence, his methods are intimidation and violence, and he doesn't need any provocation to use them; at any moment he may lose control and beat up someone, torment a prisoner, smash furniture and dishes, endanger the lives of innocent people. The Western hero, private eye, or old-style police detective worked under a standard of honor; the new detective shoots first and aims for the stomach or back. Above all, he exists in a state of bitter, constant, self-serving rage at everyone—at the criminal who eludes him, the public that "misunderstands" him, and at his immediate superiors (invariably gutless phonies and hypocrites) who hamper his freedom to operate. This hostility to superiors lends a vaguely rebellious cast to his instinctive authoritarianism and helps to disguise his true purpose from himself and from us.

His purpose, it now becomes clearer with every movie, is not to uphold the law but to kill criminals; not to bring them to justice but merely to eliminate them. It's worth noting that the violent new police films, with their thrills, chases, and shootouts, have almost entirely replaced the type of movie in which a detective searched for clues and leads, trying to penetrate to the heart of a mystery; the detective's desire was basically for knowledge and clarity (this was true even of Mike Hammer). In the new genre, however, clues are unnecessary because the identity of the criminals is usually known early on, and the action consists of tracking down the beasts in the most exciting way possible. Movie traditionalists like to point out that the new cop films have restored the chase to its earlier primacy, but there's this major political and moral difference to consider: in the silents

and the films of the Thirties and Forties, one was usually supposed to identify with the person trying to escape, while in today's chase scenes, one is always forced to identify with the pursuer.

I AM NOT CONCERNED with the reality of the new hero (although anyone who's tried to get some action out of the police in many cities knows the absurdity of this notion of the detective as a man consumed by zeal); the question is, How could such a son of a bitch—a man without any of the *romance* of heroism—how could he become a major pop-culture figure? It's as if the public had entered into a kind of uneasy deal, an understanding, with the image on the screen. Our attitudes toward authority are probably ambivalent at any time, but, given the events of recent American history, that ambivalence has been exaggerated; we need authority, we miss it. We also hate and fear it, and the conflict in our feelings is embodied right there in that policeman. On the one hand, he has become a sort of publicly subsidized vigilante, with a license to kill the various undesirables, the *others*, popularly perceived as a threat during recent years; he fights for us on the front line against cultural disorder. On the other hand, because we allow him to fight dirty (and we know it's dirty), we require his degradation and misery, his radical dissatisfaction, his lack of style or grace. He becomes our hostage, a sacrifice to our conflicting desires.

If the movie police detective is a product of the paranoid, avenging spirit of the Nixon-Agnew years, it will be interesting to see what happens to him as that spirit declines. Some uneasy changes may be occurring already. Earlier, in Don Siegel's *Coogan's Bluff* and *Dirty Harry*, Clint Eastwood went after the hippie scum of New York and San Francisco; *Dirty Harry* also included angry muttering against recent Supreme Court decisions protecting the rights of the accused. In the current sequel, *Magnum Force*, the filmmakers respond to those critics who complained of fascism and vigilantism in *Dirty Harry* by setting Eastwood against a police department "death squad," a quartet of rookie patrolmen who go about eliminating gangsters and pimps. Thus Eastwood is forced to

defend a system of legality in which admittedly has little faith ("There's nothing wrong with shooting as long as the right people get shot"). And how does he protect society against these murderers? As you may have guessed—by killing them. And even if you still thought the film was a statement against vigilantism, Eastwood shoots a hijacker and a couple of robbers (more hippie scum) in incidents that have nothing to do with the plot (but everything to do with the filmmakers' double-dealing faith). An arrest in one of the police films would be a rare occurrence indeed.

These atrocity and mass-murder films require lots of anonymous corpses. What's creepy about the deaths is that one rarely feels anything about them: the victims are dispensable bodies, neither villains nor innocents but mere abstractions in the police-movie game. In *Magnum Force*, there's an attempt to imply that they deserve what they get: a prostitute who flogs a taxi driver, for instance, is killed by her pimp soon after; the death-squad cops machine-gun several beautiful young girls who jump naked into a swimming pool with some older men (such is the movie's notion of wickedness). A mixture of prurience, reactionary moralism, and mass murder may be amusing if only the film's opportunism were a little less desperate.

In recent years the movies have grown up, but not in the way some of us had hoped; the good-versus-evil simplicities of the past have given way, all too often, to a hideous kind of simplicity in which the good has simply been omitted. What's missing—a popular culture without heroes—is much uglier than anything we could have imagined. Once innocence is gone, however, there's no way of going back to it without self-kum and self-caricature ("nostalgia"). In our new, wised-up situation, we examine each film for possible treachery and also, occasionally, for signs of genuine toughness and moral complexity. Something as vile as *Magnum Force* would have been impossible twenty years ago, but so would a magnificent popular entertainment like *The Godfather*. Moviegoing has become a dangerous new world in which we must take our chances and find our own way.



# BOOKS

## STORICAL NOVELS

didn't happen that way, it should have, and besides, it sells seven Marcus

SPITE MINOR PEDANTRIES and avilings, literary historians tend agree that the historical novel into existence in 1814 with the cation of *Waverley*, by Sir Walcott. The subgenre was from the t a great popular success, and e turn of the century thousands storical novels had been publ in English alone. The flood has noticeably slackened, and right until the present a practically un- able number of novels, roes, or fictional narratives that themselves historical continue to ritten, published, sold, and even, rently, read.

cott started out by writing an im- ive series of novels about the ish eighteenth and seventeenth rries. In 1819, however, he pub- d *Ivanhoe*, the first of his many ls about the Middle Ages and the ssance. In these works, which me and remained even more lar and influential than those he n the more recent local past, n invented the horse opera, or, e properly, the horse-and-clank- rmore opera. From that time on- l, historical romance, historical ant, historical travelogue were lly entitled to claim novelistic ding. From that time onward, historical novel, like the novel it- —whose larger developments it rally tends to condense and par- —has evolved along several lines at several levels of discourse. g with the serious and enduring orical narratives of, say, Balzac Dickens or Tolstoy or Flaubert or kner, there has regularly coexist- steady flow of kitsch, light read- exotic tales of adventure in his-



Salim Patell

torical drag, antiquarian anecdotes accompanied by dialogue, and popular biographies of historical figures, arranged in narrative form and furnished with appropriate domestic and sexual details.

From one standpoint, they are nothing more than part of the entertainment industry, an oddly venerable part when you come to think of it. Nevertheless, even today, when the literary packaging of junk in velvet breeches and the recycling of garbage in togas seems proportionately greater than ever before, one does now and then come across serious efforts. William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner* represents such an effort, however adversely one may judge its success, as in another context, and another subvariety of

Steven Marcus is the author of *Dickens: From Pickwick to Dombey, and The Other Victorians*. His most recent book is *Engels, Manchester and the Working Class* (Random House).

the tradition, does Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*.

If we ask why people read and continue to read historical novels, the answers are likely to be as diverse as the subtypes of the form itself. Serious readers turn to novels about the past for the same reasons that they read novels about the world in which they live. In the words of the Marxist critic Georg Lukács, they are "interested in the imaginative representations that bring the past to life as the prehistory of the present, as its necessary concrete precondition." Or, as the reflex of this interest, they read such novels as *Gravity's Rainbow* because in them the present is itself represented as history.

SOME PEOPLE READ historical novels for the same reasons that they read serious history—to find constructions and representations of human experience which render that experience coherent and significant. Others read historical novels *instead* of reading history. For them historical novels are more or less to history as Classic Comics were to literature. Still other readers are driven by curiosity about the "otherness" of characters, personages, and groups of people who lived in the past. This is the obverse side of the attitude that history is essentially a family affair; as Aldous Huxley once ironically remarked, "all the more or less picturesque figures of history are our cultural uncles, our cultural aunts."

At its worst, this domestication of the past turns history into something quaint and cozy and comfortable.

## BOOKS

Typically, readers are offered a trifling and reductive "inner secret" or cause of some historically momentous event: Napoleon had heartburn, and therefore the battle of Waterloo was lost; the Thirty Years War was brought to an end by the unrecorded actions of an obscure youth, unknown to history, who . . . etc. Maneuverings of this kind tend to dehistoricize historical experience.

Consider, in this regard, the current best-seller *Burr*. What Gore Vidal has done is to represent historical experience in the pseudopersonal, meretriciously intimate fashion of the Hollywood gossip column. In this imagination the great personages of history are all transformed into celebrities or mountebanks or both, while the most petty, squalid, and inconsequential details of personal scandal—of spite, bitchery, and am-

by inference identified as the real stuff of which history is made. The cynicism of this view is no more than

inside out—certainly no improvement on it. It is not to be confused with the Olympian skepticism of Gibbon, who could assert that history was little more than "the register of the vicissitudes of the fortunes of mankind." For Gibbon also remained responsive to the magnitude of the issues at stake in the historical drama and to the stature of its personages. In his hands the historical drama never became show biz. Moreover, his sense that history violates so much in man that protests against injustice never deteriorated into the cheerful nihilism that in Vidal's work is the substitute for protest.

—JAMES H. HANCOCK

that, although history may continue to draw and fascinate us, it also acts to arouse our anxiety. One of the most common defenses against the anxiety created by history 'and our sneaking awareness that we do not understand it' is to trivialize or falsely personalize it, just as one of the most common defenses against the anxiety created by intractable human cultural differences is to invoke a factitious universal, something on the order of, say, the U.N.'s "family of man."

**T**HE INCEPTION OF the modern sense of history and the rise of the historical novel are inseparable developments. Since, roughly speaking, the French and Industrial Revolutions, we have been aware that history itself is a continuous process that leaves virtually nothing unaltered, that reaches into the life of every individual. The exhilarations and anxieties, the nostalgias and expectations, the insecurities and opportunities that these new conditions of permanent transformation evoked were all brought to expression in a new historical consciousness—or historical sensibility—and in one of its principal by-products, the historical novel. Then, at some point near the middle of the twentieth century, the rate and scale of technological and social change underwent a quantum jump that worked to obliterate the sense of history. That rapid, large-scale social change had itself originally brought into existence. Or to put it another way, the extraordinary nature of recent history has worked to destroy the sense of history.

In America, where the sense of a historical past has had a precarious

existence, this development has been peculiarly and poignantly visible. With the partial exception of the South—where Sir Walter Scott's notions of honor and chivalry were regarded with such piety that Mark Twain once blamed him for causing the Civil War—Americans in general have had to do without the kind of inherited cultural history that Europeans have enjoyed and many others have wanted to rid themselves of. This situation has produced any number of anomalies and contradictions. For example, Americans were and are quite capable of writing historical romances and countless numbers of historical novels, while at the same time believing the words of Henry Ford, that history is bunk.

We can see this in education, in ways that history and social sciences are taught in both secondary schools and undergraduate higher education. What they amount to is the abandonment of the old model of conceiving of and teaching history. That model was founded primarily on the assumption—itself long rendered obsolete—of a classical education. History began with the Greeks and Romans (with a side glance at the Jews and the Egyptians, but that was Religion), moved to the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, sailed off on the voyages of discovery and conquest in both the Old World and the East, and returned to the climaxes of the bourgeois revolutions in England and France, the consolidation of the great nation-states, and the founding of the modern world. From there on, special national or group histories were written with varying degrees of consistency and continuity into the larger story

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**S**UCH A CONCEPTION of history has been accused, with justice, of cultural myopia, snobbery, and ethnocentrism. And, to be sure, there is a touch of the absurd in the idea of teaching young nineteenth-century Englishmen or Bostonians to emulate Spartans or Republican Roman orators for the conduct of personal and political life. The idea grew more palpable when young Anglo-American gentlemen began to be replaced as pupils by the sons of peasant immigrant Italy and Russia and the Black and the sons and grandsons of



slaves. The absurdities of this he absurdities of provinciality; passing need not be mourned. That has as a rule taken their place, however, seems at least as mathematical. For what has been substituted for the old required courses of history are assorted projects of the so-called social studies, or area studies, or cultural studies. Students in New England or Seattle are no longer subjected to the tortures of the Council of Trent or the protracted obsequies of the Long Parliament. When they aren't working at the here and now, what thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds are often put to doing is "studying" an entire society and culture: "Chinese Society and Culture," for example, is one currently popular topic good for a semester, or even a year's activity.

Now, there is nothing inherently wrong with China and the Chinese—or with the study of them both. Or Japan and the Japanese, or India and the Indians, for that matter. They are all great historic cultures that make their individually appropriate demands upon an educated consciousness. There is, nevertheless, the question of whether in replacing the old model of historical studies with this newly modernized form we aren't substituting the provinciality of cultural relativism for the provinciality of ethnocentrism and West-cult cultural imperialism. I am aware that cultural relativism is itself one of the consequences of the great nineteenth-century age of history and historiography (along with the historical novel). I am also aware that we are cultural relativists, that very few of us today can assert the superiority of Western, rationalized, industrialized society and its values over non-industrialized, nonrationality-driven societies and their values, with anything like the confidence that inspired our cultural ancestors of a hundred years ago.

Moreover, although we are all equally favored children of that great cultural relativist in the sky, and although every ethnic group has the right to claim the priority of its own culture for itself, this is not the same as saying that all productions of all cultures are equally worthwhile, or equally excellent, that there is no question of judging as between some cultures and other things, or that there are no standards of value that apply between cultures and what they create,

let alone within them and what they create.

Another way of regarding some of these changes is to describe them within the contexts of the academic and intellectual worlds. In these spheres of activity as well there has been a shift in both dominant perspectives and in the kind of authority that certain kinds of discourse exercise.

In brief, there has been a tendency in education to replace history with anthropology. We can also observe this in the intellectual world at large, in which the structural anthropology of Lévi-Strauss has opposed itself to and won adherents away from the various Marxist and historicist groupings in France and elsewhere. And we can observe it as well in the academic world, in which an increasing number of historians are taking to using the data and adapting the methods of modern anthropology to historical topics and problems. At the same time, there is little if any evidence in this connection of a mutuality of influence.

A corresponding development has occurred within the historical novel itself. Within recent years a sizable number of historical novels have been published that are essentially or largely anthropological in both subject matter and point of view.

What I said about the historical novel becoming anthropological has to be understood in this context. Cultural relativism brings with it satisfactions of a different order from the historical vision of nationalist or Marxist historiography—the satisfactions of nostalgia for the primitive, for qualities of leadership and personal effectiveness, as well as that *frisson* of recognition and horror that we get from a glimpse of what appears to be the inalterably *other* among our species. This view, it need hardly be said, is not to be confused with the genuine sense of a plurality of human worlds that the older historical vision gave to us.

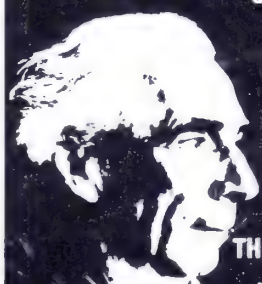
In some measure these novels can be thought of as prehistorical novels. I should like briefly to examine three of them.

**T**HE FIRST, *The Inheritors*, by William Golding, was published about ten years ago. It is a very clever, and sometimes moving, imaginative tour de force. The chief persons of the

narrative are a group of eight Neanderthal men, perhaps the last of their kind. The world in which this dwindling micro-society lives is invaded by men who come from a historically and culturally more "advanced" variety of the human species. The meeting of the two results in the abrupt end of the Neanderthal men and their world. Almost the entire book, however, is arranged so that the narration seems to be composed from the point of view of the Neanderthal men as they look out over themselves, their world, and the "others," or "new people," as they call the group that is about to make them extinct. At the very end of the book, after they have been extinguished, the point of view changes to that of the new people, the inheritors of the title, whom we recognize (if we have not long since) as ourselves or, what is next to the same thing, our direct ancestors.

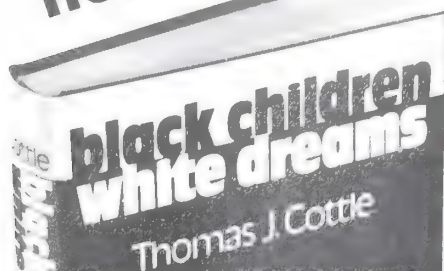
Golding spends most of his time in working up the vanished world of the Neanderthal man. This world is intensely physical, animistic, unpredictable, and vivid. Golding's Neanderthals find it very difficult to concentrate mentally upon any object; they think, or feel, more or less collectively, and are intensely social in a small, herdlike way. These harmless and amiable creatures have virtually no sense of causality or of a connected sequence of events; as a result their reality is essentially unstable and unmoored, and they have no idea of the future. Although they have a language, they find it excruciatingly difficult to translate perceptions, images, and memories into articulate speech; and it is almost impossible for them to distinguish between the mental and physical aspects of their experience and thus of the world. Apart from fire, they

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## BOOKS

have no technology. They are food-gatherers and scavengers, not hunters. In short, their abilities to cope with, adapt to, or dominate the circumstances and challenges that chance or nature throw in their way are extremely limited, and they are in fact doomed.

By contrast, the inheritors are well advanced along the evolutionary highway. They are a broken-off part of a hunting tribe, and their totemic social organization and religion represent a degree of complexity that far surpasses the simple collective animism of the Neanderthals. They have an advanced hunting technology, which includes weapons, poisons, boats, ropes, and sails. They wear clothing to protect their hairless, furless skin and to hide the nakedness of which they are already ashamed; at the same time, they adorn themselves with bones and stones and other jewelry, and they practice the arts of plastic and dramatic representation as religious and magical aids in their hunting. They are aggressive and warlike and cruel; they are also articulate, imaginative, and sexy. They have already invented the ideas of property and money—of things that have a price on them—and are in a continual state of conflict with one another. This state is generalized and extended to the world at large; when they meet the Neanderthal men they immediately think of them as devils or demons—as anything but members of the same or nearly the same species—and promptly set about to exterminate them. They have already developed individual consciousnesses and a distinctive sense of personal selfhood; they experience the privacy of conscious personal identity—and along with it the loneliness, isolation, and anxiety of an unsharable personal existence. They are the future.

What Golding has rather successfully done is to bring into dramatic confrontation two species of the primate genus *Homo*. He has also juxtaposed two conceptions of culture and of the nature of man. It is almost as if he were staging a meeting between the harmless natural man of Jean Jacques Rousseau's great second discourse, *On the Origin and Bases of Inequality Among Men*, and man in the state of nature as he was earlier depicted by Thomas Hobbes in *Leviathan*. In Hobbes's view, the state of nature was a condition of univer-

sal war, and life therein solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short. When these two models of humanity and its world come into vital contact, the outcome is deadly and never in doubt. Yet part of the point in such an imaginary confrontation is to emphasize still more pointedly the aggressiveness, cruelty, and individual isolation of the inheritors (ourselves), and to emphasize as well what we have sacrificed in order to develop in the ways we have.

In this connection Golding's book shares one of the incidental virtues of the traditional historical novel. Frequently the conflict in a historical novel is imagined out of a partial identification with the losing side. When such an imagination succeeds the reader can sense what has been lost in the historical and evolutionary process—and in the human choices that propel it—as well as what has been gained and where the future is taking us. Many of the best historical novels are written by men who are bivalently identify with lost causes—such as Scott with his Highlanders and eighteenth-century lairds, Faulkner (and other southern novelists) with the Old South or Royalists (both English and French).

Yet *The Inheritors* is really a prehistorical novel, a kind of archaeological or anthropological (or anthropological) science fiction. Golding begins it with an epigraph describing a Neanderthal man that is taken from H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*. This is as it should be, for Wells was the great inventive figure in modern science fiction—that fiction which tends to imagine a future beyond history, a past that existed before history, as well as other worlds and dimensions that exist outside of history.

**T**he *Death of Attila*, by Cecil Holland, deserves to be placed somewhere near the top of anyone's list of dreadful books. Despite its embarrassing infirmities, though, it is animated by a series of conceptions that are remarkably similar to those at work in *The Inheritors*.

The novel is set in Pannonia (Hungary/Yugoslavia) circa 453 A.D. It is about the climax and the end of the Hun domination of Europe and about the end of Hun society and culture. It attempts to portray all this by dramatizing the meeting, friendship, and final parting of Dietric—a young



n and son of the king of the  
a tribe under the rule of At-  
nd Tacs, a semicrippled Hun  
ian and warrior, a gifted lin-  
d quasi-outcast among his fel-  
At the apex of their power, the  
are at the same time decadents.  
d in conquest by Attila, they  
o a dying culture.

e great horsemen, the Huns  
e forgotten how to hunt, allow-  
eir dependents to feed them.  
have let their old tribal reli-  
nd its magic lapse. They have  
eir mission as a heroic, con-  
g people. When Attila sud-  
dies there is nothing to hold  
together any longer. Their sub-  
ermans flee, and the Huns dis-  
back into their old existence  
ratribal feud, bloodshed, and  
—they are precipitated back  
he Hobbesian world out of  
they had momentarily arisen,  
his time without strength or  
ers. In the end, they are wiped  
r their former bondsmen in a  
battle in which the Huns have  
unce.

ough Cecelia Holland's interest  
Huns is ostensibly anthropo-  
l, that interest is expressed in  
ost naive and innocent way,  
th the most unfortunate effects.  
akes no effort to disguise or  
orm her modern consciousness,  
nconsciously imposes it on the  
eters in the novel. Here, for  
ole, is her representation of  
Hun ruminates over whether  
a bury a dead companion, and  
ad matters:

*Through the early afternoon he  
d to argue himself into it, al-  
ugh the taboos and rituals of  
ir people required three wit-  
ses to bury a warrior. . . . he  
tched to thinking of how he  
uld catch frogs to eat, once he  
ched the river. The frog was  
of his totems, and eating its  
at made him agile.*

wever Huns may have thought,  
an bet your last totem and ta-  
hat they didn't think like this.  
ves" don't walk around spout-  
anthropology, any more than  
geois gentlemen walk around  
ing prose. Or there is this, im-  
to the consciousness of the  
an king as he watches a group  
thians in a marketplace: "Some  
e said that the Parthians traded  
er than cloth: opium and hash-  
nd other filth, smuggled in be-

tween layers of silk." German kings  
in the fifth century doubtless had  
plenty of problems, but it's safe to  
say that the drug trade was not one  
of them. This witless projection of  
modern issues back onto the past,  
this trafficking in the stuff that makes  
up our daily newspapers, is in fact  
antihistorical. Many, if not most,  
"historical" novels are.

Like *The Inheritors* and like other  
historical novels of this tendency,  
*The Death of Attila* is about two  
alien cultures at their point of meet-  
ing. It is about what can be commu-  
nicated across cultural barriers and  
about what cannot. This notion of  
ethnic irreconcilabilities identifies it  
as a characteristic work of the pres-  
ent. Composed from the point of  
view of cultural relativism, it repre-  
sents two mutually estranged and an-  
tagonistic cultures, neither of which  
has a sense of the culturally relative.  
The central part of the novel is given  
over to a long series of discussions  
between a Hun shaman and a Roman  
monk. The shaman is a clever and  
mysterious man; he half-disbelieves  
in his own magic yet is the most  
successful of all medicine men. He  
uses tricks to fool his clients, yet he  
isn't sure that this faking isn't part  
of being an authentic shaman. At  
some point it suddenly struck me that  
all these passages about the shaman  
and his art sounded remarkably like  
Lévi-Strauss's famous essay, "The  
Sorcerer and His Magic."

Now, there is nothing out of line in  
a novelist doing his homework or pil-  
fering—whichever description one  
prefers. He has to get what he knows  
from somewhere, and, besides, great  
writers are often gifted thieves—  
Shakespeare, for one. The pertinent  
question concerns what he does with  
what he takes. In the case of *The  
Death of Attila*, the answer is less  
than nothing. The material borrowed  
from Lévi-Strauss is not transmuted  
in the least—except in the sense that  
it is drastically simplified. Moreover,  
Lévi-Strauss's essay, with its haunting  
evocation of the impenetrable mys-  
tery and opacity of experience, is in  
fact much closer to literature—to  
what novels do or could once do—  
than *The Death of Attila*.

MARY RENAUULT's *The Persian Boy*  
is her second novel about the  
career of Alexander the Great, and  
it is terribly boring. It is, however,

a recognizable novel and registers  
about midway between the other two  
on the Marcus scale for fictions that  
fail to shake the surface of the earth.  
It is about Alexander's life from the  
age of twenty-six until his death, and  
is told from the point of view of Ba-  
goas, his Persian slave-boy, eunuch,  
catamite, courtesan, and lover. The  
point of view, in other words, is fem-  
inized and is that of private life. It is  
as if Amelia Sedley were to be the  
narrator of *Vanity Fair*; and the re-  
sults are as stirring.

In this novel the tragicomedy of  
comparative cultures consists pri-  
marily of the juxtaposition of the  
Persian-Eastern ancient world to the  
new society of the Macedonian-  
Greek-Western vision. To the Per-  
sians, the Macedonians appear to be  
"barbarians . . . red-haired savages  
who paint themselves blue." When  
Bagoas first sees the beardless Alex-  
ander among his followers, he is  
equally perplexed:

*They had no eunuchs. I was the  
only one. . . . There was disci-  
pline, but not the reverence one  
expects to surround a king. . . .  
They called him Alexander, with-  
out title, like one of themselves;  
they laughed aloud in his pres-  
ence, and far from rebuking them  
he joined in. . . . It amazed me to  
find [his bedroom] not much bet-  
ter than a common captain's, with  
scarcely room for two.*

In turn, the free, masculine, and  
nondeferential Greeks find the Per-  
sians' courtiership and elaborate cer-  
emonies laughable, if not incompre-  
hensible.

The clash of mutual incredulity  
happens again and again as we fol-  
low Alexander on his conquests, and  
as we move through this unpacified  
world—the essential landscape of al-  
most all historical novels—we see  
that Alexander is a figure who em-  
bodies something significantly new in  
world history. What is new is an en-  
larged idea of humanity, an inclusive  
and universalistic conception of our  
possibilities.

*"I was mistaught as a boy," he  
said. "I won't insult you with  
what I was told to think about  
Persians. . . . The truth is that all  
men are God's children. The ex-  
cellent ones, he makes more his  
own than the rest; but one can  
find them anywhere."*

Alexander longs to make "one  
kingdom" out of the human world.

He is, in other words, a proto-Christian on the one hand and a proto-Roman on the other. The idea of an inclusive unity, indeed of a species-unity, seems to be one of the informing notions of the historical novel as a genre, and of its anthropological offshoot. The counterpart to this notion is an abiding interest in the concrete diversities of culture, which is the paradoxical way in which our species manifests its universality.

As we follow Mary Renault's narrative of Alexander's exploits in Asia, we see him fighting in endless battles, plundering defeated foes, and founding many cities—most of which he names after himself, and one of which he names after Bucephalus, his horse. Hegel once remarked that Alexander, the hero who brings the Greek world to an end, was the very type of "youthful individuality." To Mary Renault, he unites in one person the virtues of his two ideal fig-

ures—Achilles, the greatest of warriors, and Cyrus, the greatest of kings. He is continually represented as dramatizing martial prowess, bravery, the impulse to strive, the ability to steadfastly endure pain and discomfort, the desire for fame, the love of glory, the passion for honor, the wish to excel, to be the greatest and mightiest of men. Alexander lives by the classical heroic virtues—which are in large part military and aggressive virtues.

Here we come upon further difficulties, for it is precisely these qualities and values that have been most radically discredited in our own time. Yet this discrepancy of values also partly explains why the historical novel in all its forms has come upon bad times. Its bankruptcy is part of the bankruptcy in our culture of the heroic ideal in its older forms. When people read historical fiction, one of the many things they are doing is

expressing a yearning for an older and simpler world, a culture in which these martial notions of courage and honor and a right side and a wrong side still held firm. And when they read historical novels in the anthropological versions I've been discussing, they are also disclosing an impulse toward an earlier or simpler stage of cultural and social evolution—a stage in which the aggressive virtues were still respectable possibilities. They are expressing that impulse, but they are simultaneously acknowledging some critical awareness of its limitations. The historical novel in all its forms and varieties may be currently bankrupt; that does not prevent people in great numbers from continuing to write and read them; and it does not prevent people from needing to find some way to express those impulses that the historical novel can no longer satisfy if indeed it ever could.

## WHIGGERY-POKERY

by Jack Richardson

**The Extraordinary Mr. Wilkes**, by Louis Kronenberger. Doubleday, \$10.

JOHN WILKES did not so much have greatness thrust upon him as notoriety. Born in 1727, the son of a prosperous distiller, Wilkes, presumably because of his intelligence, was chosen over his brothers to be the gentleman in the world, a role he took to in the manner of his century. Accepting an arranged marriage, he soon separated from his wife and began living the life of civilized debauch. Beyond his sensual appetites, however, he also possessed a wit that was good enough to make friends and enemies, and an ability as a pamphleteer that was audacious enough to make him useful in the denunciatory, pragmatic politics of the time. Wilkes managed to spend enough of a patron's money to get himself elected to Parliament, and since he was not much of an orator, he took to the pen instead and, like any other ambitious party hack, issued harangues and polemics in the service of the Whig opposition.

Except for a few aphorisms and examples of repartee,\* Wilkes might very well have been forgotten by history had he not published an attack on a speech given by George III. Suddenly, as a result of the king's ministers' overreaction and the issuing of a general warrant for his arrest, Wilkes and issue number forty-five of his periodical, the *North Briton*, became famous. At his trial, Wilkes defended not only himself but those whom he called "the middle and inferior people" against what he considered, with some expedience, to be the unconstitutionality of general warrants. Suddenly, Wilkes had a constituency he did not need to bribe, and until the last years of his life he remained the leader of all those shopkeepers, tradesmen, and freeholders who thought, with justification, that they were not adequately represented in government, and of the London street rabble who, though they

had no right to vote, improvised their franchise in the form of riot. Although he was found not guilty of the charge of seditious libel, Wilkes' troubles with the law were far from over. Forced into an amiable exile on the Continent, his reputation grew so large that when he returned to England as a legal outlaw he had enough support to be elected again and again to office despite the opposition of both king and Parliament.

Though many of his contemporaries found his demagoguery despicable, few seem to have found Wilkes a objectionable companion. Boswell, Hume, Voltaire, Garrick, and even that perfect Tory, Doctor Johnson, found qualities of wit and erudition in Wilkes that made them, at least for the duration of a dinner, forgive his profligate ways and his political positions. And indeed, though Wilkes does, in this smooth if unproblematic biography of him by Louis Kronenberger, come to seem an opportunist who turned his private difficulties

\* It was Wilkes who replied to Lord Sandwich when the latter told him he would die either of a pox or on the gallows: "That depends, sir, on whether I embrace your mistress or your principles."

Jack Richardson, drama critic for *Commentary*, is working on a book about the life and times of a gambler.



national problem, he nevertheless while lord mayor and sheriff of London, introduced social reforms benefited those "middle and in-between people" who supported him. Toward the end of his life, Wilkes did to have burned himself out, leaving less and less a figure of local controversy and more and more a sought-after dinner guest. This prompted that well-known woman of the age, Mrs. Thrale, to say of him, "Nothing is so fatiguing as life of a wit." Fatiguing for the perhaps; not for those who read it. □

**and Russell's America, Vol. I: 1896-1945**, by Barry Feinberg and Ronald Kasrils. Viking, 1970.

**ANECDOTE ABOUT** Bertrand Russell that has brightened many seminare on logic describes how, while giving a popular lecture, he answered a historical question put to him by one of his listeners. The subject for the evening was pre-Socratic philosophy, and Russell had just finished a brief biographical and intellectual résumé of Thales when a woman rose and asked if he thought it possible, since Thales had traveled to Egypt at a time when the prophet Jeremiah was there, that the two had met. Without hesitating, Russell proposed to have replied: "Madam, not only did they meet, but they had a short conversation. Thales said 'I know water'; Jeremiah replied, 'Woe to the world'; and that was the last time the Hellenic and Hebraic civilizations got together."

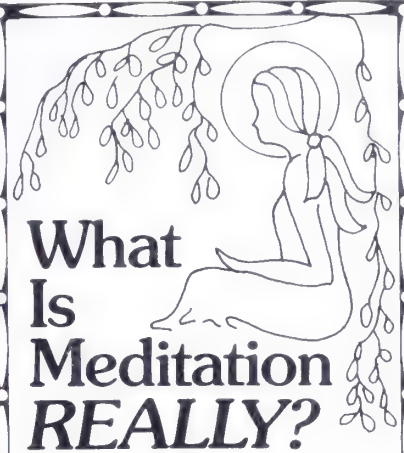
Although this example of imaginative history may be apocryphal, the observation it contains frequently comes to mind while I was reading *and Russell's America*, the first of a two-volume work that, through a mixture of narrative, letters, and essays, traces Russell's attitudes, beliefs, and adventures in, our country since his first visit here in 1896 as a mathematics lecturer. For one thing, it is to realize how hard Russell labored throughout his life to refute his own aphorism, how he struggled to unite the Hellenic and Hebraic aspects of his personality and make the Hellenic aspect of Russell—driven toward speculative thought,

refined argument, and scientific relativism—forced him to abandon the quest for some form of absolutist ethics; the Hebraic aspect—the concern for temporal justice, the awareness of social evils, the need to exorcise the causes of moral suffering—drew him into the cruder world of political rhetoric and dogmatic passions. It was Russell's achievement that he did not allow himself to be stultified by the conclusions of pure speculation nor to be turned tendentious by his desire to see the world improve itself. If, at the end of his life, Russell often seemed prone to simplification in matters of ideology, it was a simplification derived from an analytic method that tolerated the pseudo-complexities of *Realpolitik* no more than it did those of metaphysics, a method that could unite mind and emotion into humane thought.

*Bertrand Russell's America*, not being concerned with technical philosophy, is mainly a history of Russell as a social moralist who, like so many liberals of his generation, saw in America the possibility of a society free from the injustices and prejudices of the Old World. However, when he came to inspect our country at firsthand, he was quick to perceive that there was no place in America for romantic notions of democracy. Still, though he witnessed chicanery at the ballot box, brutality toward blacks, and economic ruthlessness, Russell maintained his faith in America's possibility.

It is common knowledge now that, in the end, Russell's opinion of America grew to be very dark indeed, going far beyond a socialist's attacks on the philosophy of capitalism. This will presumably be the subject of Feinberg's and Kasrils' second volume. The first ends with Russell still in a state of slightly optimistic ambivalence toward the country he had spent so much time in, the country whose universities had honored him as the greatest logician since Aristotle and whose courts had prevented him from teaching at the City College of New York on the grounds, to quote from the trial record, that he was "venerous, erotomaniac, aphrodisiac, atheistic..."

To be accused legally of being an aphrodisiac when one is sixty-eight years old appealed to Russell's sense of humor. In the next three decades, until his death in 1970, he would find our country less and less amusing. □



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## MOTHER LEAR

by John Skow

*The Eye of the Storm.* by Patrick White. Viking, \$8.95.

**D**EBATING THE PTOLEMAIC geopolitics of the Nobel Prize for Literature is an exercise of marginal utility. It may be well simply to stipulate that Patrick White, who wrote *Voss* and *The Tree of Man*, is a Nobel laureate, lives in Australia, and has done himself credit over a long career.

His new work is skillfully written and imposingly literary, and it will do little to diminish his reputation. Yet it is far less effective as a novel—a revealing interaction of situation and character—than as an oddly private expression of disgust and black amusement at the wretched behavior of the human animal.

The story is of a death watch. Elizabeth Hunter, a wealthy and tyrannical

old beauty, is dying at the age of eighty-six in her mansion in Sydney. Her two middle-aged children, who fear and despise her, have returned to Australia from Europe to divide the loot. They are revolting people, frightened whiners whose inner and outer faces wear an unvarying expression of resentment. Dorothy, the Princesse de Lascabanes, is the thin-blooded ex-wife of a titled French xenophobe, and Sir Basil, her brother, is an actor who, after some success, has made the mistake of searching himself for substance. Finding none, he has lost his nerve.

Sir Basil has played Lear, with no more success than actors generally have with the role, and throughout the novel there is a good deal of rather heavy-handed allusion to Shakespeare's play of strength and wisdom brought low by age. Old Elizabeth Hunter, still scaring and scorning in moments of lucidity, leaking lightning from her raddled soul, does make a rough parody of Lear. A trio of nurses, and a decayed German-Jewish music-hall singer who works as the old lady's housekeeper, may

*John Skow is presently at work on a book about mountain climbing.*

be seen to alternate as the Fool. Dorothy and Basil are (if this nonsense is to be continued) the ungratefully greedy daughters. Only the loving Cordelia is missing. A Cordelia figure would not fit the author's scheme. The only good characters in this dark book are emotionally stunted, victimized, and, in one instance, three-quarters insane.

The peculiar impression arises that the author is teasing his characters cruelly with the constant reference to *Lear*. White understands perfect well, the reader feels, that the parody does not fit and that to introduce it is to indulge in a kind of savage mockery. The reasons for this savagery, however, never become apparent to the reader, and it is this inaccessibility that is the novel's ruling deficiency.

Every character, major and minor, weak and strong, is warped and doomed. All relationships are dishonest, or simply futile. All prospects are vile. Sex is a ghastly joke. Love is a catalyst for neurosis. Men are barely sentient slabs of meat and women are invariably victims who deserve their misery. If two characters have lunch at the seashore, the corpse of a Labrador retriever washes up at that precise spot on two thousand sand miles of coastline to drive them away.

It won't do merely to say that Elizabeth Hunter, the ancient heroine, has caused all the trouble by alienating her husband, crippling her children, and otherwise terrorizing all women and seducing all the men within reach. She would have done all these things and more if the position of women in her provincial society had not been so totally that of decorative house plants. Her intricate and unrepentant character gives the novel its considerable strength. But it is the author, not his splendidly malignant main character, who is responsible for that dead Labrador.

Nor will it do to pass the novel off as the blackest of comedies—though it is brilliantly that—when Elizabeth Hunter finally leaves the world she holds in such contempt. She does so, appropriately, while sitting on a commode. The novel's main fault remains: the narrative and its people are blown about by a storm whose vectors the reader is not allowed to understand. After 608 pages White's great gloom remains private and uncommunicated.

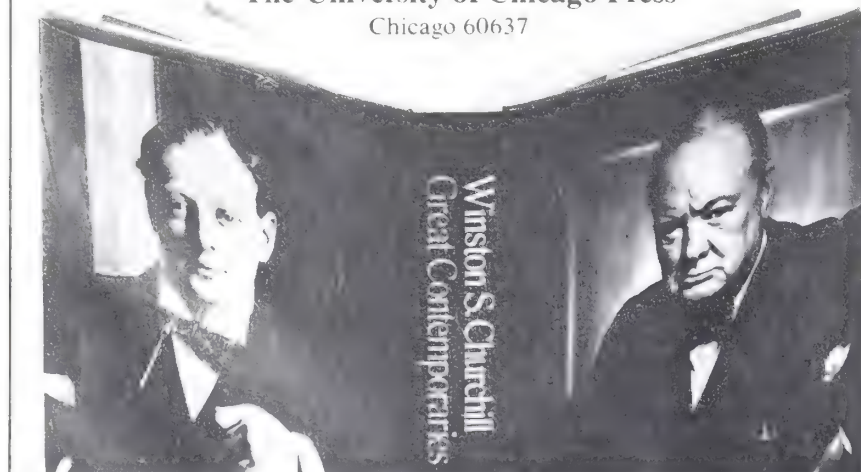
## Great Contemporaries Winston S. Churchill

To celebrate the centennial of Winston Churchill's birth, a reissue of his long out-of-print collection of biographical vignettes of twenty-five famous people of his day—among them George Bernard Shaw, Hindenburg, Lawrence of Arabia, Trotsky, Hitler, Clemenceau, Roosevelt. "Brilliantly phrased, anecdotal and strongly opinionated—a book with which to agree and disagree with equal pleasure."

—*New Statesman* \$7.95

The University of Chicago Press

Chicago 60637





# LETTERS

## Against nationalized railroads

Prof. Barry Commoner, a highly respected voice on ecological and environmental problems—and an old valued friend, I would add—has erred beyond his depth in calling for nationalization of the American roads, in his article with the all-too-hippielike title, "Trains Into Cars," in the December 1973 issue. Although the subtitle proclaims the article an "argument" for nationalization, the case that Professor Commoner actually proves is the infeasibility of the railroads.

I feel impelled to point out that socialism is the traditional and accepted economic system by which America has grown and flourished, and there is no significant disposition on the part of any responsible element among our 210 million people to opt for socialism or Communism in place of the profit motive. Likewise there is no discernible pressure for nationalization or socialization—that is, to put it in plain terms, outright government ownership and operation—of the railroads.

To begin with, rail labor is on record with Congress in flat opposition to nationalization. Shareholders and bondholders certainly display no desire for government takeover. Federal, state, and local legislators and administrators would be loath to assume the crushing responsibilities of the equally crushing financial burdens of nationalization. There is no clamor for public ownership from the press, radio, or television; the colorist on the pulpit; the man in the street; or the office, factory, or field. I agree with Professor Commoner in his presentation of the economic, as well as the ecological and environmental, advantages of railroads in this country over other forms of transportation. In the face of the energy crisis, for instance, it is of the utmost significance that the railroads consume far less fuel per volume of

freight transported than the trucks and the airlines. Of great importance, also, is the fact that the railroads can readily expand the volume of transportation on existing track-ages, which they own and on which they pay taxes, provided they can raise the capital for improved roadbeds and new equipment. Trucks and airlines, on the other hand, require publicly owned, nontaxpaying highways and airports, carved out of land that should be preserved for residential and industrial use in and near the cities, and for agricultural and conservation purposes in the countryside.

From these premises, however, it is impossible to follow Professor Commoner's leap to the conclusion that the railroads must be nationalized. He fails to put a price tag on his proposed nationalization of the American railroads, and right here is where his pretty balloon bursts. Short of outright confiscation, which is simply not in the capitalistic or democratic cards, government takeover would have to be by due process of law, with full value to stockholders and bondholders of the solvent railroads, and liquidation value to holders of at least the senior securities of the six bankrupt northeastern roads. To take title to the national railroad system would require an immediate outlay of \$40 to \$50 billion. Operation, maintenance, and capital expenditures to enable expanded service would run into substantial additional billions annually, on the order of \$14 or \$15 billion. The total railroad wage bill was \$6.4 billion in 1972, and escalation of wages has been in steady process since. Nationalization would also deprive local, state, and federal governments of the \$1 billion a year in taxes that the railroads have been paying them under private ownership.

I have been deeply and actively involved in the railroads of this country for almost seventy years, and have a substantial stake in them. As

a boy, I was aware of the financial panic of 1893 and, since then, I have been affected in one way or another by the multiple subsequent panics—at times euphemistically termed depressions and recessions, but always accompanied by the lack of reason and common sense that denote panic. With this extensive exposure to the ups and downs of our economy over these ninety years, I find more reason than ever to rejoice in the capitalistic system. For many long years, I have been an advocate of employee and union ownership of stock in the corporations with which they are associated, and of labor representation on boards of directors.

America has everything to gain by holding fast to its democratic and capitalistic traditions, not only on the railroads, but also in every other industry and calling.

CYRUS EATON  
Chairman Emeritus  
Chessie System  
Cleveland, Ohio

## BARRY COMMONER REPLIES:

The main burden of my article was that, given their relative energetic efficiencies and environmental impacts, the railroads will need to recapture a good deal of the traffic lost to trucks, airlines, and private automobiles if we are to survive the crises in the environment and in energy supply. That Cyrus Eaton agrees with this analysis adds an important dimension to my own necessarily theoretical discussion, for he is undoubtedly the nation's most experienced railroad man. The article also showed that all of the railroad systems in Western Europe and Japan—which carry considerable passenger traffic and thereby come closer than United States railroads to realizing their ecological potential—operate at a loss, and that in recent years U.S. railroads have been profitable only because they have been consuming nearly all their working capital. I concluded that the U.S. railroads could

not provide the ecologically sound system of transportation that is their inherent capability unless they were operated at a loss—which inevitably involves public rather than private ownership.

Mr. Eaton argues that it would cost the U.S. government about \$40 billion to \$50 billion to buy the railroads and about \$15 billion annually to subsidize them. The relative merits of these and other public expenditures (for example, the \$80 billion annual military budget) is, of course, a matter of political choice. Perhaps the main outcome of my article was to indicate that among these choices is the saving of the railroads. What we need now is a public debate on how that can best be done—a debate open enough to test Mr. Eaton's conviction that the U.S. public will not consider any alternative to profit-oriented railroad operations and my own hope that it will. Cyrus Eaton's letter is a welcome signal that a person so highly regarded for his knowledge about the railroads and for his devotion to the public good is ready to join in this debate.

### Is there an energy crisis?

As director of long-range planning for a worldwide engineering and construction firm, I found Christopher T. Rand's article, "The Arabian Fantasy" (January), deeply disturbing. Stripped of rhetoric, Mr. Rand leaves your readers with the impression that no real problem exists; nothing could be farther from the truth.

There is, as Rand suggests, a worldwide supply of proven oil reserves that will last perhaps thirty years at present consumption rates; they will last a much shorter time if consumption continues its growth. We will find more oil, but it is becoming harder to do so. In the United States alone, we shall have to find the equivalent of an Alaskan field every other year simply to keep even with demand. . . .

The highly developed nations have dramatically increased not only their total energy usage but the share of this provided by petroleum. This is spectacularly true in the U.S., where consumption since 1967 has outpaced real GNP growth significantly. In the past two years, the U.S. has passed the point where it can meet its needs from domestic and nearby

sources; continuation of present trends would lead us to about 40 percent dependence on distant oil in the next decade. We have all seen yesterday's luxury become today's necessity. This is nowhere more true than with petroleum, which, with natural gas, provides 75 percent of the U.S. energy input. Since it takes a long time to provide new facilities—three years to build a refinery; five years to explore, develop, and place an offshore oil field in production; ten years to put a nuclear power plant in service—a modern industrialized country will simply collapse if its supply of oil is suddenly cut off.

These facts have not been lost on the exporting countries. Once the United States entered the world market in a significant way, the days of surplus crude ended, and an effective monopoly existed which could be capitalized upon by intergovernmental cooperation by the exporters. This has been, by all measures, a highly successful enterprise. The exporting countries found that the consuming countries would pay almost any price for oil. They also found that petroleum gave them a powerful political weapon. By reducing oil production and sharply increasing prices, they can have the best of both worlds. . . .

We must not go back to sleep again when the flow of oil is restored. We simply cannot afford to let ourselves become critically dependent for our economic existence on energy sources beyond our national control—no matter what the protestations of eternal friendship, etc. This applies just as much to Venezuela and Iran as it does to Saudi Arabia. We shall have to learn to reduce wasteful consumption, to develop alternative sources of energy, and to do this without destroying our environment. This is no small task; it will require disciplined thinking, large capital expenditures, and some sacrifice on everyone's part.

This necessary attitude is not achieved either by looking for scapegoats in the major oil companies (whose past practices and attitudes I do not necessarily defend) or by highlighting Mr. Rand's preposterous estimate that gasoline can be produced for 4 cents a gallon. Statements of this sort, based clearly on partial costs, are equivalent to berating the publishers of *Harper's* for charging 58 cents per copy on a three-year subscription for a product

which contains at most a few pennies' worth of ink.

K. DEXTER MILLER, J.  
Houston, Tex.

### CHRISTOPHER T. RAND REPLIES:

In my article I referred to the British Petroleum estimates of reserves as being conservative; perhaps I should have said absurdly conservative. The British Petroleum statistics indicate oil reserves that will last thirty years at present consumption rates, but there is very much evidence to indicate that the world's proven petroleum reserves are at least double that amount. I did not refer to Aramco's recent find at Al-Harmah or the recent U.S. government estimate of the reserves at U.S. Naval Petroleum Reserve #4 near Point Barrow, Alaska.

The intergovernmental cooperation of which Mr. Miller speaks has not been a highly successful enterprise. The only countries which claimed to adhere to a partial boycott were the moderate Arab states which, as Miles Copeland pointed out on the BBC recently, had more fear from militant and anti-Western Arab opinion than did the militant anti-Western states of Iraq, Libya, and Algeria. Iraq contemptuously spurned the boycott; Libya refused to participate in it; and the visit to Washington by the oil minister of Algeria is highly indicative of Algeria's growing desire for a rapprochement with the U.S. Even the protestations of the moderate Arab states may have covered a very real boycott; tanker loadings in the Persian Gulf were up 40 percent over the same period in late fall of 1973.

My estimate that gasoline can be produced for 4 cents a gallon is preposterous. It is extraordinary, credible, unbelievable. The reason I say this is that it costs less than 75 cents net to produce a barrel of crude oil in the U.S. on the average and if the refiner produces his crude oil, a gallon of crude oil will therefore, cost him only 2 cents. Since a little over half of the wholesale cost of gasoline is the cost of crude oil, this would place the cost of a gallon of gasoline which was a product of a series of operations which took place entirely within the company at 4 cents a gallon. In the time the American public faced an incredible in its dealings with the industry.



# IND WRAP AROUND

## How Toward Satisfaction

How do you get a bureaucrat (public or private) to deal with you satisfactorily with a problem or complaint? The two most effective weapons I've used and can recommend are well-worded letters and impressive stationery sent to the right people, and phone calls to selected executives.

Hundreds of newspapers and broadcasting stations across the country employ "action reporters" whose letters or calls regularly do the trick. But you don't have to be selected as a model to "get action." Take my experience. Last year I was having problems with my landlord. The landlord was not overimpressed by my complaints over the telephone, or my notes on white paper. I asked a mutual friend who works with a powerful and prestigious law firm to write a brief note on the firm's stationery. The letter simply stated that the landlord and I were apparently having a dispute, and would the landlord detail it in writing. After receiving the letter, the landlord meekly called me and resolved the matter to my satisfaction. The implied threat of suing up against a bigger firm (the law firm) has always scared lesser bullies (my landlord) to back down.

What do you do if you don't have friends who have access to expensive law-firm stationery? Well, you get your own impressive stationery and when you have to—threaten to turn the matter over to your lawyers (always use the plural!) in the nicest possible way. If I think I have a hang-up about my impressive stationery and impact, visit Tiffany's sometimes and closely observe what's on sale on the ground floor. I'll see an extensive stationery counter next to all those showcases of jewels. The powerful and wealthy know how to look important on paper and can achieve.

Once you have your stationery, whom should you write

to? It depends on who's giving you a hard time. If it's someone in the federal establishment, write your Congressman and ask for help. He'll pass the buck to the government agency in question. You'll get an answer, and pretty fast. You'd be amazed at the top-level bureaucrats who spend a good part of their time answering "Congressional."

If you've got a complaint about a relatively small company, write the board chairman or president. With a larger firm, write the proper middle-echelon executive (you can usually get his name from the company's switchboard operator) and send a carbon copy to the board chairman. You'll get action, if only because middle managers don't want the chief to think they're not dealing effectively with the public. Remember that as an outsider you can get corporate politics and bureaucratic fear to work for you.

Save telephone calls for pesky little situations. I recently had a problem with a credit-card office of a large firm. Through some friendly joshing with the firm's telephone operator, I got the name of the manager of the credit-card office. When his secretary picked up the telephone I asked for him by name, and told her to tell her boss that "Dick Hubert has an important matter for him." The "important matter" was my credit problem, and I suggested that it was not a difficult problem and that it would be far better for him to solve it than for me to present it to a fellow executive elsewhere in the firm. In two hours I got an apology, the credit matter was straightened out, and the manager urged me to call him again about any further difficulties.

The lesson is, I suppose, that you'll be successful a good part of the time if you give the impression—without threatening—that you have either power or authority on your side.

—Dick Hubert

Dick Hubert is a television producer.

## If This Is a Twenty-five-Watt Bulb, It Must Be France

Believe it or not, conserving power in the privacy of your own abode can bring unprecedented fun and excitement into your life. With just a soupçon of imagination, a centime of expense, and .075 of a kilowatt-hour of electricity, your next evening at home can be spent on the Champs Elysées.

Pretend you're French.

**Equipment:** One bridge table; one red-and-white checkered tablecloth (preferably soiled and greasy); one candle upright in one ashtray; one glass; one bottle of Pernod, absinthe, or Lestolil; one package of unfiltered cigarettes (Gauloises are best); one twenty-five-watt light bulb.

**Preparations:** Turn your thermostat down to fifty-seven degrees. Remove the light bulb from any lamp in your living room and substitute the twenty-five-watt one. Spread the tablecloth. Place the glass, the bottle, and the candle/ashtray on the table. Light the candle and the twenty-five-watt lamp. Turn off all other lights.

**Directions:** Sit sullenly at the table in an old, filthy overcoat. Have your wife sit eight feet away, near the lamp, looking tubercular, chain-smoking the Gauloises, and wearing a black cardigan underneath a ratty-looking shawl. Every few minutes, pour yourself a drink, stare at your glass morosely, and mutter, "Merde!" When you do this, your wife should glare at you with fear and loathing, then have a coughing spasm and grind out her cigarette on the floor. Continue in this manner for several hours until you have consumed the entire contents of the bottle. Then turn toward your wife and say with a sardonic sneer, "Et puis, alors?" Radiating ennui and revulsion, she should rise and walk toward the bedroom. Follow her. Have joyless sex.

Fly to Algeria the next morning and lie on a beach in the sun until the energy crisis is over.

—Robert H. Pilpel

Robert Pilpel is now at work on *Making Woodstock*, to be published in the fall.



The Tortoise and the Hare: The power of perseverance.

## DO-IT-YOURSELF DESTRUCTION

There is also no particular reason the maker [of a nuclear bomb] need be a nation. Smaller units could do it—groups of people with a common purpose or a common enemy. Just how few people could achieve the fabrication of an atomic bomb on their own is a question on which opinion divides, but there are physicists . . . who believe that the job could be done by one person working alone.

—John McPhee

*The Curve of Binding Energy* (originally published in *The New Yorker*. To be published in book form in May).

## SAYS WHO?

With an average probability approaching one, I can induce each of ten students to come to class for an examination on a Friday afternoon when they would otherwise prefer to make off for New York or Northampton. With its existing resources and techniques, the New Haven Police Department can prevent about half the students who park along the streets near my office from staying beyond the legal time limit. Which of us has the more power?

—Robert A. Dahl

"The Concept of Power" *Behavioral Science*, July 1957

## STARTING AT THE TOP

A pamphlet listing the names and addresses of top executives at companies that make consumer goods or offer consumer services available for 50 cents from Everybody's Money, P.O. Box 431, Madison, Wisconsin 53701. Entitled "Information for Consumers," the booklet also lists U.S. Senators and Representatives and provides names and addresses of consumer groups here and in Canada of assorted local, state, and federal government agencies.



# WRAP AROUND WRAP

## Double-Bind Power in Your Daily Life

In the chronicles of ancient Ireland, it is related that a certain chieftain once refused to pay a bard for a poem composed in his honor. This made the bard very angry. He approached the chieftain and recited verses which ended with a prediction that three blemishes would appear on the chieftain's face, that he would grow ill, and that he would waste away within three days. The blemishes appeared immediately. Two-and-a-half days later the king died.

Today we do not consider speech a lethal weapon. People who believe that words can kill are often locked up until they learn better. But modern psychiatry, which protects such people from themselves, has itself discovered a lulu of a verbal weapon. It is called the double bind. While not guaranteed to eliminate Irish skinflints in three days, if used skillfully it can render someone catatonic. Then you can always hit him over the head.

Gregory Bateson, an anthropologist, first described the double bind in 1954. Talking to families with schizophrenic children, he found they had some unconventional communication habits. The one he called a double bind looks like a formal logical paradox. For example, one person gives another an order, and at the same time indicates that he must never obey this type of order. This is different from just giving two conflicting orders like "Open the door" and "Don't open the door." A double bind contradicts at one level what it says on another.

This kind of paradox has tremendous power if both instructions are backed by threats of punishment—such as the withdrawal of love. Imagine a child who wakes up during a thunderstorm. He's scared and runs

into his parents' bedroom. Mom says, "Climb in with me, sweetie." He climbs in, and Mom stiffens with anxiety when he touches her. So he withdraws, and she says, "What's the matter? Don't you love me anymore?" Whammo.

Now it is true that people who use double binds on others usually don't know what they're doing. But this need not be the case. All you need to use double binds consciously is a knowledge of their structure and a heart of tungsten.

If you're married, you might try this one. Fake a handwashing compulsion. Let your spouse know that you are in agony, the helpless victim of a horrible obsession. Refuse to go out or see anyone, especially a psychiatrist. At the same time, insist that your husband or wife lead a normal social life and ignore the whole thing.

An office situation offers many possibilities, especially if you already hold a supervisory position. A nice one goes like this. For about six months, behave in an irrationally authoritarian manner. When everyone starts to quake in your presence, call each person who works for you into your office. Explain that you want people to love you, but that you feel misunderstood. Go on to say you've heard gossip to the effect that you give too many orders. Working up to a frantic emotional pitch, pound the desk and scream, "Name me one time I've given you an order!"

If you crave power in the form of nonviolent control, you now have the ultimate weapon. Use it well, and in no time you'll be provoking helplessness, rage, terror, and psychotic reactions.

—David C. K. McClelland

David C. K. McClelland is on the staff of Moneysworth.

## SWEET SYSTEM

A remarkably workable-sounding alternative to fossil fuel and nuclear power resources is put forth by Theodore B. Taylor and Charles C. Humpstone in *The Restoration of the Earth* (Harper & Row, \$7.95). You build polyethylene tents one hundred miles in diameter, preferably in Nevada, and inside grow forests of sugar cane, harvesting and burning them to heat steam generators. The authors calculate that in this way all the energy needs of the United States could be supplied. There would be no pollution because the entire process goes on inside the greenhouses. Cost: \$250 billion—and, the authors say, that's cheap.

## POSSIBILITIES

Anyone whose bent is to become directly involved with personal solutions to energy or food shortages, whose goals are greater dependence and self-sufficiency, can seek help from the New Alchemists, a group dedicated to sharing the knowledge and technology that it has accumulated since its founding in 1969. Hoping to provide access to tools, conceptually as well as physically, the group publishes *The Journal of the New Alchemists*. This includes scientific papers and bibliographies; designs and practical advice on energy, gardening, and fish farming; and broader discussions of ecological approaches to agriculture and aquaculture. There is also some exploration of almost-forgotten, simpler ways of older societies and of the attempts to establish new communities and ways of living amid the foundering of the old.

The first *Journal* (available for \$4) provides three windmill designs, a scientific paper on aquaculture, and a comprehensive look at land restoration in the tropics. The second issue (Winter 1974; price still to be set) will stress survival strategies. The journals are available from: The New Alchemy Institute, Box 4, Woods Hole, Massachusetts 02543.

—Nancy Todd  
Nancy Todd is the editor of *The Journal of the New Alchemists*.

## Charisma Quiz

When we began research into the mysteries of personal power in order to compose this test, we stepped out into the hallway looking for the usual bunch of scintillating, magnetic staffers who control *Harper's*. We asked the first person we encountered, "How do you know if someone is charismatic?" He replied, "Look under the hood."

We went on searching for other hints on how you can tell if you have charisma, and shaped them into the quiz below. Get your pencil and learn whether you are one of the elect.

- |  |      |
|--|------|
| 1. People often throw themselves at your feet and beg you to take care of them. ....           | Sc 1 |
| 2. Several people have suggested that you run for political office. ....                       | 2    |
| 3. People say that if you run, they will finance your campaign. ....                           | 3    |
| 4. You fold your handkerchief before putting it into your pocket. ....                         |      |
| 5. You wear clean underwear without holes. ....  |      |
| 6. You seem taller than others, even though you really aren't. ....                            | 5    |
| 7. People frequently compare you to Hitler or Churchill. ....                                  | 2    |
| 8. There are widespread suspicions about your sex life. ....                                   | 2    |
| 9. You put a can of cold beer under your cummerbund, and everyone thinks that's terrific. .... | 5    |
| 10. You notice that you are surrounded by five or more sycophantic fools. ....                 | 5    |
| 11. You secretly subscribe to <i>Modern Charisma</i> . ....                                    |      |
| 12. When you're at a party, you stay in one place and people come to you. ....                 | 2    |

If you score below 50, feel grateful that your spouse recognizes you when you return to the room after a five-minute absence.

If you score above 100, you are permitted to register with a computer-dating service.

If you score above 300, you're okay.

If you score above 750, strangers will applaud when you get on a bus.

If you score above 1,500, report immediately to Washington, D.C., or Hollywood, whichever is closest to your aura.

"To take what there is, and use it, without waiting forever in vain for the preconceived—to dig deep into the actual and get something out of that—this doubtless is the right way to live."

—Henry James (1843-1916)



# OUND WRAPAROUND

## To Be Captain of Your Ship

ne who dwells on this in perfect contentment what follows. For the you, we have assembled books that will show you acquire the power to our life and/or improve of the world.

e books offer one of two pep talks or programs. ep talks a try. They have ential to get you more over more things for a period of time than anylse going. Like the words at coach, they work wonth those who believe in f you find one that speaks you are virtually certain it from its teachings, to more effective, more stronger, happier, and, ossibly, healthier.

nan Vincent Peale's *The of Positive Thinking* (Doubleday, 95 cents) remains is the most popular ex- of the genre. Replete spirational anecdotes and sense rules, Dr. Peale's m rests firmly on faith in ular and "scientific" God. ntrast, Dr. David Viscott, hiatrist, urges, and bases gma on, faith in oneself *Free: How to Do Every- You Want Without Feel- ility* (Peter H. Wyden, . And psychoanalyst Alheelis shows you how to e insight, and then to *act ntly*, and eventually to *be ntly* in his *How People e* (Harper & Row, \$5; see onth's Sources for a more eive review). If none of volumes convinces you ou control your own desk ask friends and relatives ooks they believe in. Per- omewhere there's one that ght your fire.

grams don't need to be d meticulously to each al because you don't o believe in them; you ave to follow them. Two ls that can lead you to in the public sphere are:

*Community Activist's ook*, by John Huenefeld on Press, \$6), a detailed ensible volume designed to you to organize, finance, ize, and run campaigns to at a teen-age drug prob- get the garbage picked up ne, create a local recrea- enter, or tackle any other t you think would be good

for people in your community.

*Nobody's Business*, by Toby Moffett (Chatham Press, \$2.95), the story of the Connecticut Citizen Action Group, created in 1971 by Ralph Nader to study and air some truths about the state's legislators. *Nobody Business* has an attractive personal tone and some refreshingly candid pointers on how to avoid pitfalls if you undertake to monitor and influence the behavior of officials on your school board, town council, or any other elective body.

When it's power over livelihood and not legislators that you want, when you're unemployed or unfulfilled by what you do for a living, you can consult *Go Hire Yourself an Employer*, by Richard K. Irish (Doubleday, \$2.95) or *What Color Is Your Parachute?* by Richard Nelson Bolles (Ten Speed Press, \$3.95). The instructions in each book require you to labor long and hard, both in figuring out what it is that you really want to do and in arranging to do it. Each author clearly feels the results will amply repay the effort and, if it's a career you're after rather than a job, they probably will.

Richard Irish, couching his advice in the form of questions and answers, is knowledgeable and pleasantly prickly about the inanities inherent in the job hunt. Bolles's tone is unfailingly sympathetic and enthusiastic. His book, attractively illustrated and designed, is rich in concrete, detailed information and especially valuable for the specificity and originality of its prescriptions.

## NURTURING THE WILD THINGS

Anthony Burgess once wrote, lamenting the future of what he called the Anglo-American language: "As more and more land comes under cultivation, the ability to distinguish between the forms of wild life is bound to diminish and eventually die. . . . The general term 'bird' will swallow the swallow, the finch, the green linnet." Well, swallows are birds that eat insects only, while finches and linnets have beaks especially adapted to eating seeds, which they need in addition to insects. This is the sort of distinction that lan-

guage has the power to obscure—or elucidate—and if language won't do it (a bird is a bird), experience can: "If you find a young bird on the ground and see a nearby nest, be sure that the nest is the correct one before you replace the bird. If the nest belongs to another species, the parent birds may kill the intruding fledgling," say Mae Hickman and Maxine Guy, authors of *Care of the Wild Feathered and Furred: A Guide to Wildlife Handling and Care* (Unity Press, \$3.95). It sounds so sensible, so like something that doesn't need to be said, yet reading it is not insulting, because the experience of so many of us is to be in the city, where mammal is likely to mean squirrel or rat and bird simply pigeon.

*Care of the Wild Feathered and Furred* is modest in tone, handsome in design and illustration (by David Haskins), and very practical for those who chance upon a hurt creature and have time and the desire to nurture it with temporary care, one to one, human to animal. Except for some small inaccuracies (bats aren't birds, but neither are they rodents, as the book states; nor is pHisoHex any longer considered safe for over-the-counter sales), the authors do an excellent job of presenting their material. The problem states covered are those of being orphaned, shocked, poisoned, wounded, oil-slicked, broken, diseased. For each problem there is a cure (or a degree of cure: amputation and mercy killing are discussed) and for each species there is a kind of treatment, though it seems it's always safe to start with warmth and a mash of milk, baby cereal, and egg.

The authors stress that animal first aid is pretty much an adult matter. Children, however much they may want to help, have an exuberance that is likely to frighten a wild animal and interfere with its healing process, a chancy event anyway in light of the low survival rate under the most professional of circumstances. And the message to adults is: be sure to help without being selfish. Don't keep wild creatures captive too long.

The wild is their home. Return them to it as soon as you have aided them to health.

For parents who wish their children to have some experi-

To order books mentioned in Sources, please follow the instructions in Tools for Living.

ence of the wild, or for children who show interest, there is *Shelf Pets: How to Take Care of Small Wild Animals*, by Edward R. Ricciuti (Harper & Row, \$4.50, age ten and up). The book tells how to catch, house, and care for reptiles, snails, spiders, crickets, water insects, frogs and toads, caterpillars, whirligig beetles, etc., and, while it is not definitive about any one of the species it deals with, it has the great virtues of variety and originality.

Each of these books will teach you something about the natural world, but, before you get too involved with the projects they inspire, it would be wise to find out about the regulations where you live: many states have made it illegal to harbor any wild bird, mammal, or insect for any reason or any length of time.

—Suzanne Mantell

Suzanne Mantell reviews books of interest to WRAPAROUND readers.



An oiled grebe.

## IDEAS

Back in the good old days, elbow grease burned up calories as it fueled the broom or the carpet sweeper. The woodburning stove turned the kitchen into a warm gathering place for the whole family (everybody shunned the privacy available in the rest of the house; it was cold out there), and toothbrushes were powered almost noiselessly by the human hand. We wonder which of these old-fashioned things—and which other analogous phenomena—you'd revive if you could. Please send candidates for revival, along with brief explanations of their value, to **WRAPAROUND**, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.



# TOOLS FOR LIVING

## BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

Tools for Living is not a product testing service. If we feature something here, it's because we like it. There are no best buys, no check-rated items, no guarantees or warranties. Our items are not selected by an organized process. Somewhere along the line one of you or one of us has run across that particular product, used it, and found it to be functional and worth its price.

If you decide to order any of these items through *Harper's*, just follow the instructions on the next page. Postage and handling charges are on us.

## SKILLS SERVICE

We have finally accumulated enough material to put together the Skills Service mentioned in the early issues of **WRAP-AROUND**. Our initial ad ran like this:

**Share the Wealth.** Everyone's an expert, whether in art, business, cooking, flying, gardening, law, music, science, or sports. Why not share this wealth of knowledge? Why miss the fun of teaching or learning on a one-to-one basis? Why not become an informal master or apprentice? Simply send us a three-by-five file card listing your name, address, zip code, phone number, and whatever skills you want to teach or learn or swap with others. We'll send you pertinent replies from people living nearest you. You decide whom to contact.

If you would like to receive a copy of the Skills Service directory, please send 25 cents and a stamped self-addressed envelope to **SKILLS SERVICE**, *Harper's Magazine*, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

## ASE?

A timely and informative newsletter, *Alternative Sources of Energy*, has been called to our attention by Michael Ziegler of Berkeley, California, and we think it will be of interest to many of our readers. *ASE* states that it is "for people concerned

with the development of alternative technologies for a decentralized society. Emphasis is on alternative, environmental technologies in energy sources, agriculture, architecture, transportation, and communications; and the synthesis of old and new technologies."

The issues of *ASE* that we read included: reports on low-energy housing (we were especially interested in a discussion of building with urethane foam as an insulator and structural support); pieces about building windmills to generate power; a section on "eco-fuels" that discussed the hydrogen-oxygen car; the use of methane digesters for fuel and fertilizer, wood gas; and solar energy.

*ASE* readers are asked to join "a communications network for the free exchange of ideas and information; to foster mutual aid in the development of skills; and to encourage experiments in individual and co-operative management of goods and services."

A subscription to *Alternative Sources of Energy* (six issues over the course of eighteen months) costs \$5. Single copies may be bought for \$1. Their bibliography issue 9, which includes lending-library information, is 75 cents. Send all orders to *Alternative Sources of Energy*, Route 1, Box 36B, Minong, Wisconsin 54859.

## SEW WHAT?

Anita Rhodes, a reader from Noroton, Connecticut, is enthusiastic about an unusual pattern kit. "New Life Patterns supplies you with the basic pattern pieces for making a T-shirt with different necklines, sleeves, and lengths; then it is up to you to design your garment. There are over thirty different possibilities, from shirts to long dresses, to choose among—all in knit fabrics. But the best part is the fit. The sizing is close to French ready-to-wear in that it is small across the shoulders and armholes and fits like a leotard, with nary a dart or a zipper." For fabrics other than knits, the designer of these patterns, Moisha Kubinyi, also includes an instruction sheet for creating a tucked garment that utilizes seven pieces from the T-shirt pattern

that will make a whole wardrobe of clothes in almost length.

Your designing tools include seven different necklines, sleeves, three basic pockets, six sizes of star and circle pliqué. The instructions are straightforward and easy enough for even a beginner to use. The best fitting instructions are given including the only fitting we've ever seen for pregnant seamstresses. Patterns are based on bust measurement, and available in the following sizes:

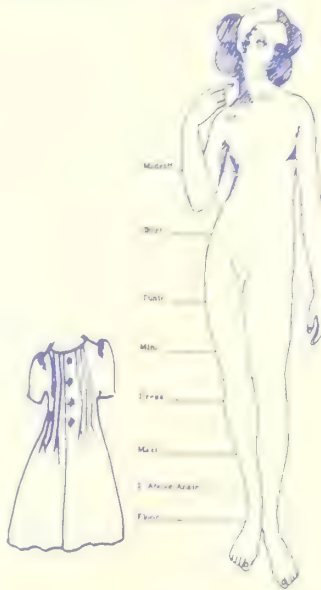
Petite: 30 to 33 inches

Small: 33½ to 35 inches

Medium: 35½ to 37 inches

Large: 37½ to 40 inches

Please be sure to specify your size when ordering. New Patterns are \$2.25 for both T-shirt and the tucked garment.



## BURNING ISSUE

The official first day of spring may be the twenty-first of this month, but some of us will still be shivering from this winter's cold for some time. Luckily, one of our editors has discovered a new book about the oldest art of keeping warm, *The Woodburners Handbook*, aptly subtitled "Rekindling an Old Romance" (Media House, \$2.50). Written by David Havens (and dedicated "To an Old Flame... Suzanne"), this book tells you all about heating and cooking with wood, woodburning stoves, or fireplaces.

There is an excellent chapter on the selection and preparation of wood for burning that tells how to pick the proper tree, the timber, and saw or chip safely to fit the andirons or box. The book also discusses the heating value of various woods and the seasoning and "splitability" of logs. One chapter deals with the wood as a piece of cooking equipment, and the instructions make you want to dismiss the electric range and move on to those shining black cast-iron jewels of the past into



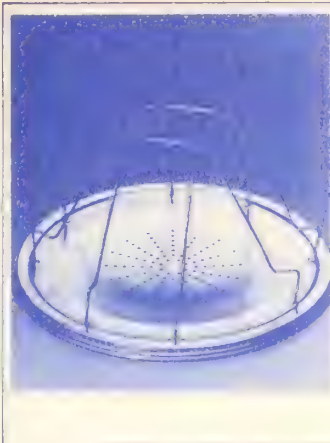
# RAPAROUNDWRAP!

## TRICKS ATED

ing a piece of furniture  
ring the trunk of the car  
bulky load means one  
rope tricks. First you  
find the rope. As often  
it's nowhere to be found  
is found, it's usually be-  
d in some strategic situa-  
m which it cannot be re-  
If you're lucky enough  
some rope, the tying of  
niture or the trunk results  
dian knots that sag and  
k, and you have to as-  
child to look over the  
t to tell Daddy if the  
ops open. Whew!

tricks based on the same  
le: clamp locks.  
n Adjustable Web Clamp,  
feet of heavy-duty nylon  
g one inch wide. For as-  
ing and gluing furniture  
ure frames, securing lug-  
and making emergency  
cages out of boxes.  
runk Tie-Down, adjust-  
om seventeen inches to  
ches in length, webbing  
tensile strength of 2,500  
Just attach one hook to  
e on the underside of the  
unk lid and the other to  
ver area of the trunk lock  
underside of the bumper.  
rap is adjusted for a snug  
the lock fastened, thus  
ing and locking the lid  
over the load.  
se tools are found in  
ure and auto supply stores.  
ay order them from us  
id, but be sure to tell us  
you would like. The Web  
is \$4.95, and the Trunk  
own is \$4.50.

and coax it into baking  
while a soup pot sim-  
on the back and mittens  
the warming oven.  
ou would like to con-  
a stove of your own or  
a fireplace, you will find  
ete construction details  
All instructions and draw-  
are very clear and easy to  
. And, if you already  
a fireplace, this book will  
up some of your questions  
it—Why doesn't it draw  
or, When should you use  
mper? or, How can you  
the chimney yourself?  
*Woodburner's Handbook*  
lable from us postpaid.



## POP-UP TOASTER PROPS UP TOAST

In the interest of saving en-  
ergy in these cold times, we de-  
cided to bring back an old fa-  
vorite from our grandmother's  
day, the pop-up toaster. It's ac-  
tually the toaster that pops up,  
not the toast. The folding toast-  
er pictured here may be familiar  
to those of you who have used  
it over campfires. It can be used  
at home over a bed of coals in  
the fireplace as well as over a  
conventional kitchen range.  
Toasts four slices. For \$1 post-  
paid from us you can't go wrong.

## HANG IT!

"It's not so much the feature  
of the Floreat nails that allows  
them to come out of the wall  
without leaving more than a  
pinprick that appeals to me,"  
says LTA, "nor that they go  
into walls without any resistance,  
without the plaster, plasterboard,  
or whatever chipping off. It's  
simply the design—both visually  
and tactilely satisfying. The  
brass 'head' of the 'needle' nail  
is grooved to provide a hold  
for the hand that removes it  
from the wall. But this crass  
practical purpose in no way  
diminishes the pleasing look  
and feel of the grooved brass  
head. I usually subvert the in-  
tended method of picture hang-  
ing and use the nails alone as  
support for the framed photo-  
graphs that proliferate in my  
house. Often, I buy a bagful of  
the nails only because I like them  
so much. But I concede that for  
heavy things the whole hanger  
contraption (brass-plated steel,  
I'm sorry to say, and not solid  
brass) is a must."

The Floreat tempered steel  
nails are needle-sharp to prevent  
wall damage and have solid  
brass knurled heads. If you use  
two or three nails for one heavy-  
duty hanger, the load on each  
nail in the wall plaster will  
be reduced two or three times.  
The nails can be easily removed  
from the wall by turning the  
knurled heads with your fingers.  
You can reuse the hangers and  
their nails indefinitely.

Floreat hangers are difficult  
to find in any but the best art  
supply stores, but we are able  
to offer you an assortment of  
hangers in twenty-pound, fifty-  
pound, and seventy-five-pound  
sizes, plus an extra bag of ten  
elegant nails for \$2.25 postpaid.



## NICE FOR NEEDLEWORK

A surgeon we know intro-  
duced us to one of the most  
convenient ways to do needle-  
work on canvas or scrim. Our  
physician friend, who does nee-  
dlepoint in his spare time, has  
discovered the Needle-Easel.

To demonstrate his find, he  
opened a desk drawer and

pulled out a canvas that was in  
the midst of being bargelloed;  
it was attached to a smooth  
birch easel that seemed to have  
its leg folded beneath it. He  
then unfolded this into a U  
shape so it formed a stand with  
a broad base that fit neatly  
under his leg when he sat down  
to adjust the frame to a com-  
fortable stitching angle.

Because of its versatility, and  
because it folds compactly, the  
Needle-Easel makes a good  
traveling companion. It holds  
any size needlework frame or  
hoop firmly with C-clamps,  
leaving both hands free. And it  
can be tipped upright for snip-  
ping or unsnarling thread on  
the underside of the stitchery.  
Its height and angle can be ad-  
justed to accommodate any sit-  
ting position.

With the easel, our physician  
friend uses a three-in-one ad-  
justable roll and stretch frame  
set from Needle-Ease. The com-  
bination action of side stretch-  
ers and roll dowels with three  
different tape lengths—twelve  
inches, eighteen inches, and  
twenty-seven inches—enables  
you to work on as many canvas  
sizes. Just slip the stretchers off  
one pair of dowels and put them  
on another pair. Each stretcher  
is adjustable, giving you plenty  
of working space.

The Needle-Easel and its  
frame may be found in the nee-  
dlework sections of many de-  
partment stores or may be or-  
dered by mail from Tools. The  
Easel is \$18.95, and the Needle-  
Ease Frame is \$13.95 postpaid.

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that has served you more than satisfactorily, send us a testimonial.  
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of each item, and color (if needed). Price is that indicated in the  
descriptions above. Add up the total for all items you order (N.Y.  
residents add appropriate sales tax). Enclose a check for the total  
amount payable to Harper's Magazine. If you prefer to charge  
your BankAmericard or Master Charge on orders over \$15, in-  
dicate your card number and its expiration date. You may also  
order the works discussed in Sources by following these instructions.



# READERS WRAP

## What the World Needs Now

The celebration of Ingenuity begun in the December **WRAP-AROUND** continues here, focusing this time on readers' ideas of how to satisfy the world's needs. Predictably, your letters offered a plenitude of delightful technological inventions, while social inventions were hardly mentioned. Can some of you help right the balance?

Driving this past week at 50 mph, I have come up with a few inventions:

A kitchen wastebasket made to fit around the large grocery bags and to stand twelve inches off the floor for easy reach. (My husband made one from a tall, narrow carton; bound and stained, it looks very smart.)

A thirty-inch stick with a sponge affixed at one end (not a squeegee, not a mop), to rinse bathtubs and bathroom walls after spray cleaning.

For nature buffs, an easily operable framed-glass device for immortalizing feathers, bits of seaweed, bright leaves, etc. One should be able to remove the glass, place the items and have them stick, replace the glass, and have something to hang on the wall or set on the cocktail table.

—Edith Hussey  
Las Cruces, N. Mex.

My mother is waiting for this one: a pool table with a cover, so the table doubles as an eat-on dining room table. While you're at it, we'd also appreciate a Ping-Pong surface as an alternate. Perfect for people who have no recreation room but still like to recreate.

—Cathy S. Lenczuk  
Madison, N.J.

I am a paraplegic, one of at least 125,000 in the country, dependent for mobility on a wheelchair. Some inventions I think I need to help me get around better are:

A small two-door car that has room enough behind the front seat for a folded-up wheelchair. At present, a full-size wheelchair can be fitted comfortably into nothing smaller than a middle-size American car. As a result, paraplegics get stuck with larger and more expensive cars than they need.

A wheelchair that would be

more maneuverable in woods and fields than the present models but that would still be hand propelled, not motorized (I don't like taking motors into the woods). My idea is to use big balloon tires.

—John Breasted  
West Hartford, Conn.

Look. I drive my car out into the hills. Then I get out and go for a hike. When I start back, I say to myself, "Where is the car?" But I don't know, so I don't answer. So I pull out my compass and it points north. I say, "So what? Who cares where's north? Point at the car."

Invent me a compass that will point at my car. Even electronic if you insist.

—D. Roscoe Nickerson  
Butte, Mont.

I propose:

*Imitation death.* In a world where everything has an imitation counterpart, death should not be excluded. Therefore, for those lacking the nerve to commit suicide, or for those wishing to take a respite from life, I offer the product "Imitation Death." This would be a pill in various dosages (one month, one year, etc.) that would put you to sleep for the selected amount of time. Body systems would be maintained and the person would continue the aging process in this state (for those who would like to sleep their lives away). Upon waking, the patient would have the option of continuing life or taking another pill.

*Phosphorescent ink.* For those who like to write and read in out-of-the-way places where lighting may not be very good and also for those energy-crisis-minded people who want to conserve electricity.

*Talent farm.* A substitute or addition to college, where, for a certain sum of money, one could live and sample different trades firsthand. This might do away with career experimentation and possibly better qualify a person for the job he selects.

*Television and telephone subscription service.* A whole new concept in entertainment to satisfy the Peeping Tom in all of us. (Witness the popularity of the Watergate hearings and the interest in the *American Family* series.) An individual would sub-

scribe to this service, which would let him turn on his TV set and see what is happening in the homes of other subscribers and/or pick up the telephone and dial the conversations of other subscribers. Each home would be monitored, but the subscriber would have the option of turning off the monitors when he considers privacy important.

—Sharon L. Starr  
Depew, N.Y.

I wish to submit a suggestion which may diminish, though to a slight degree, pollution, waste of our natural resources, and the financial burden on our elderly impoverished citizens. There are sections of the Sunday papers that many do not read. People who have jobs do not read the help-wanted ads; few are interested in the financial or real-estate sections; many despise the comics. So why should people be compelled to buy what they do not use? The different sections of Sunday papers are bundled and delivered separately. The news dealer has to put them together. My suggestion: the various sections should be displayed and sold separately.

—Irving Shapiro  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Here are some inventions I'd like to see:

Embalming fluid made of plant food. (For explanation, see below.)

Biodegradable coffins. (And a change of law to permit me to endow the earth with my mortal remains to nourish trees, plants, and flowers in a park open to the public.)

Pyramid-shaped houses and refrigerators to take advantage of the preservative powers of the pyramid shape.

Houses constructed like upside-down swimming pools so they won't leak.

Automatic dog washes: a public dog wash where your dog comes out the other end clean, dry, and flealess for a reasonable fee, and a sort of wading pool in conjunction with the dog door for home use so your dog comes in with mudless feet.

—Crary Elwood  
Palo Alto, Calif.

I used to think I would a purse that I could strapped to my back and cured by straps over my shoulders, like some of the baby carriers. On reading December issue's piece by say Maracotta on inventive I changed my mind. I would like to see a purse devised that would sit up a hairdo but would still let me to carry my billfold, book, glasses, credit cards, other trivia that I must with me at all times. With a purse dangling around my arm, I could again have the use of my two arms and, by sion, my two hands. I much more efficient.

—Sieglind Jo  
Laguna Beach,



The photograph depicts a teatle of medicine with a teatle attached to a hooked probe. The teatle is molded to the plastic cap. The idea I had in mind was:

- To have a teaspoon available when the medication was required, avoiding the need to go down to the kitchen in the middle of the night if the patient has a coughing spell.
- To provide the patient with his own individual teaspoon, thus avoiding the possibility of transmitting germs to other members of the family through the use of a common spoon to which bacteria might adhere, even after cleaning.

—Max S. S. S.  
Sun City, Ariz.

What I would like to have invented is a nonskid crutch. I phoned an orthopedic company and asked if they had such a thing. The woman said no, that when it rained a person fell on crutches fall!

—Jo Guttman  
Palo Alto,



# NO WRAP INFORM

Bay of Fundy the difference between high tide and low is as much as forty feet. But how about his potential source of energy, but scientists are on it, so I can't invent it? But how about the obvious" on what I call the "micro levelize for a moment all the pipes in a high-rise building. Water gushes out all day long. It would be too difficult to put a revolving spiral snake like a spiral tapeworm—water pipes. A kind of des screw in reverse. As water gushes down every body pulls the plug out

## Reflections

Sturgeon poses an problem in the Decem-  
**APAROUND:** why do reverse images right to not up to down? Math- (unlike biologists sicists) are seldom al- communicate with the world. But may I try? facing a mirror with m outstretched. Your ints up; suppose the at wears a class ring rth. Precisely the same true for the person in r. But if the hand the ring is your right will be the left hand person in the mirror. ecause up and north are s, and right and left ntations. And mirrors orientations.  
ld a screw up to a m- s threads spiral around w in one way, then the of its reflected image al around in the other. ral specifies an orienta- hree-dimensional space. e learned to call one ded and the other left. The rule is: point your the direction the screw ng; then your fingers l in the direction the rotating. (You can call le of thumb.)  
ace a clock in front of r. The reflected clock m to run backwards. two-dimensional plane,

of a bathtub or takes a shower or washes clothes in an automatic washer or dishes in an automatic dishwasher or even flushes the toilet—this revolving action would generate enough electricity in small generators to keep all those appliances going, and light up all the lights in addition. Not quite a perpetual-motion machine but close enough to it so that non-appliance activities like baths and showers and flushing the toilet (three gallons per flush) would boost the overall efficiency of the operation from 75 or 80 percent to the 100 percent mark. Independent and self-sustaining. —R. E. Stage Berkeley, Calif.

such as the face of a clock, has two orientations (which we have come to call clockwise and counterclockwise). And mirrors reverse orientations.  
The two orientations of a plane, and of space, existed long before clocks and screws (or hands, for that matter) were invented. One can give a definition devoid of human overtones, in terms of relative positions of directions. This description can then be applied to space of higher dimensions. But that is another story.  
—James Munkres Lexington, Mass.

I attempted communication with the man in the mirror. I held up a sign before him reading I AM SHAKING MY LEFT HAND and correspondingly shook my left hand. The man in the mirror, in return, also held up a sign and shook a hand. But the sign did not read I AM SHAKING MY RIGHT HAND (as Mr. Sturgeon seems to have it); instead, it read:  
I conclude the obvious: the man in the mirror was shaking his LEFT HAND. MIRRORS REVERSE IMAGES RIGHT TO THOIR; MIRRORS REVERSE CONCEPTS RIGHT TO LEFT!!!!  
—Craig M. McDaniel Philadelphia, Pa.

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# FICTION WRAPAROUND

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**Free jewelry catalogue!** Men's, women's styles. Low cost! Holyoke, 130-1H Harvard, Whitman 02382.

**Yoga calisthenics.** For that person receptive to a new approach to inner attunement and well-being, there is the BIOSONDE METHOD. Instruction Manual, Nylon Exerciser, \$9.95. Biosonde, Box 2, Roosevelt, N.J. 08555.

**Writers! Attention!** Manuscript record book. For all free-lancers. Know where your manuscripts are at all times. Write for free information. Ernest F. Chamberlain, Author & Journalist, Lynnvill, Ind. 47619.

**Voodoo carvings,** mahogany handicrafts, jewelry. Catalogue 25¢. McNally Associates, Box 387-XY, Pennington, N.J. 08534.

**Meerscham pipes**—free catalogue. Conner Imports, Box 9574-H2, San Jose, Calif. 95157.

**"Save Heating Oil—Sleep with a Friend"** bumperstickers. 2/\$1, 5/\$2. Gambit Enterprises, 132B McCarty, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212.

## BUMPER STICKERS

**Topical bumperstickers!** "Impeachment With Honor," "Nixon: America's No. 1 Non-Taxpayer," "Bust The Oil Trust," "Visit San Clemente (You Paid For It)," "Nixon Gives Me Gas Pains!," "Nixon Leaves Me Cold!," "Nixon For Ex-President!" Vinyl. 2/\$1, 6/\$2, 20/\$5. Bulk discounts. Checkers Enterprises, Box 942H, St. Louis, Mo. 63188.

## TAPES

**Scotch tapes.** Discounts! Catalogue 10¢. Tower, Box 33098, District Heights, Md. 20028.

**Creative relaxation** is new and different. Free information. Relaxed Learning Cassettes, 30 South El Camino, San Mateo, Calif. 94401.

**Your favorite radio shows**—from 1940s, on cassette tapes in book-style albums. 3 solid hours—10 complete programs, only \$18.95. Free details: Words & Pictures, Box 130, Fairfield, Conn. 06430.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

**Playing the recorder** is easy. Free catalogue recorders, recorder music. Beginners Pearwood Recorder, Instruction Book \$11.95. Amster Recorder Co., 1624H Lavaca, Austin, Texas 78701.

## CATALOGUES

**Catalogues!** Receive many! Catalogue Directory \$1. Box 33098, District Heights, Md. 20028.

**Free fiction catalogue.** Old Favorites, 250 Adelaide West, Toronto, Canada M5H 1X8.

**700-page catalogue:** Low direct. Diamonds, Jewelry, Silks, Hosiery, Fishing, Camping. \$1 refundable. Henter's Inc. C20, Worcester, Mass. 01603.

## ART

**"Getting started in stained glass."** Whittemore, Box 2065BX, Haverhill, Mass. 02339.

## COLLECTORS

**Collect military medals.** Li Vernon, Box 387HM, Baldwin 11510.

## SCHOOLS

**College degree at home.** Your of subjects incl. Law. Easy. Williams College, 915 Cerrillos Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

**Acupuncture training,** home-study gram and supplies. Hing, Box Toronto, Canada M6M 4Z2.

## CAMPS

**The Putney Work Camp**—a summer experience. 13-17 year. The Putney School, Putney, VT.

## PERSONALS

**Handwriting analysis in dept.** sample and \$10 to Elisabeth 41 East 29th Street, N.Y., N.Y.

**New progressive politician** see middle-aged wealthy female 1981. P.O. Box 145, Louisville 40201.

**Nationwide introductions!** Formation! "Identity," Box Royal Oak, Michigan 48068.

**Snoring problem?** For free information explaining the first and guaranteed cure ever offered. Crostronics, Box 8143, Corpus Texas 78412.

**Japanese correspondence** for gentlemen! Photographs. 1000, \$1. Inter-Pacific, Box HM, Birmingham, Mich. 480

**Primal experience**—Feeling available at Austin Institute 1310 West 42 St., Austin, Tex. **Penfriends.** For free info write: Papyrus, 927H 15th St., Washington, D. C. 20005.

**Learn professional astrology!** Personal horoscope services available. Write WORLD ASTROLOGICAL SERVICES, INC. B Murray, Ky. 42071.

**Play chess by mail!** Information. CHESSNUTS, 25-H Mount Vernon, Mass. 01906.

**I'm 22,** desire interesting/unusual opportunity. Companionable, serious. Suzanne Gardner, Middle Amherst, Mass.

**College degrees at home!** Catalogue directory accredited universities offering correspondence courses. RESEARCH, Box 48533H, Berkeley, Calif. 94048.

**Doctors, patients.** Need stories about accidents, catastrophes during sex act. For humor by Colby, 2402 Towncrest, Iowa 52240.

**\$100-\$200 weekly possible.** Yes! professional resume service! home. Complete Instruction postpaid. WM Tucker Agency, Verona Drive, Wilmington, DE.

**Resourceful library technician** interested affiliating with progressive college library in Washington. Box 1598, Santa Clara, Calif. 95060.



# GAME

## CLASSICAL CLASSIFIEDS by Mrs. Monty Koslover, Redondo Beach, Calif.

Today we enjoy the convenience of shopping and flipping through the classified advertising sections of our favorite publications—whether we're looking for a place to live, exchanging gourmet recipes, or finding a book for a collection of Batman comic books.

Suppose this advertising medium had been available to our people throughout history—Noah, Marx, Cleopatra, etc. Would the course of history have been altered if Henry VIII had advertised for a wife, or the exchange if Hannibal had offered "My kingdom for a horse—contact with the Romans?"

This month we invite readers to create a wry, lively ad on behalf of some historical figure and send it to "Classical Classifieds," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked no later than March 8 and become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in the May issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: A Casaplanta greenhouse.

Runners-up: *The Complete Encyclopedia of French Cheese* by Pierre Androuet (Harper's Magazine Press).

### Winners of "In Other Words,"

January game that asked readers to identify euphemistic words or phrases to describe disagreeable realities, are:

### First Prize:

(Sorry, no winners this month.)

### Runners-up

*Harper's* denim tote bag:

Director of a social rehabilitation center: inmate

Preferential leisure: unemployment

Selective distribution: rationing

Police concentration center: ghetto

Export market research: industrial espionage

—A. R. Axelrod  
Fairport, N. Y.

Validation of outmoded price structure: inflation

—Harry J. Greene  
Skaneateles, N. Y.

A warmdown: lower fuel-oil consumption

—Jim Hiner  
Milton Junction, Wis.

Consumer acquaintance: advertising

—John D. Laurance  
Milwaukee, Wis.

Creative accounting: tax finagling

Market stabilization program: price fixing

—Robert F. Lauterborn  
Schenectady, N. Y.

Unsolicited contribution: bribe

—Geoff Muir  
Glen Iris, Australia

Inoperative surplus: garbage

Upward revaluation: inflation

Promissory notable: politician

—Jack Paul  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Negative response to the learning experience: failing grade

—Marguerite Phillips  
Baltimore, Md.

Rehabilitation: life sentence

—Martin Rathke  
Bergenfield, N. J.

Heavy-duty air: smog

—Margie Reed  
Lacey, Wash.

Regional transportation executor: bus driver

Automotive placement specialist: parking lot attendant

Automotive energy distributor: gas station attendant

Governmental postal communications distributor: mailman

—Lee Scott  
Southfield, Mich.

Cocktail connoisseurs: drunkards

—Judith Toubes  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Redirected flight: hijacked airplane

Unauthorized withdrawal: bank robbery

—Teresa Gerbers  
Glenmont, N. Y.

FREE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. The person who invents games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.

# For some things you have to spend a lot. For best-sellers, you don't.

Not in the Literary Guild. Join now and save 30% or more on practically every best-seller you buy.

Get 4 for \$1 now, buy 4 more whenever you want.



## The Literary Guild

Dept. FR 117, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in the Literary Guild and send me the 4 books or sets whose numbers I have printed in the boxes below. Bill me only \$1 plus shipping and handling. I agree to the membership plan as described in the above ad and understand that I need only buy 4 more books whenever I want them.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada. 52-G10-1

### Here's how the Literary Guild plan works.

Pick four books (or sets) and send in the coupon. You pay \$1 (plus shipping and handling) when your application is accepted. If, after ten days, you decide you don't want your books, just send them back and we'll cancel your membership.

About every four weeks (14 times a year) you'll receive the Literary Guild magazine. You choose the books you want from the dozen or so best sellers in each issue...practically every book with a discount of 30% or more.

To order the Selection, do nothing: it's shipped to you automatically. If you want an alternate, or no book at all, fill in your choice on the order form. There's a charge for shipping and handling. You have ten days to decide, but return the order form so we receive it no later than the date specified. If you don't have ten days to answer, and receive an unwanted selection, return it at our expense.

So, buy only the books you want, when you want them. You only need to buy four more books during your membership and then you can cancel anytime you want.

The Guild offers its own complete, hardbound editions, altered in size to fit special price and save members even more.

NOTE: First number listed beside each book is the order number. All prices quoted are for publishers' editions.



The Search, Society, and the Future  
e McGinniss/Alberto Moravia/Isaac Bashevis Singer

# Harper's

\$1.00  
Magazine


Wart Brand returns:

## The Whole Earth Epilog

How to live more with less







# "Dad, promise not to mention his hair."

There are times when a simple phone call can help close the generation gap. And shortening the distance between people is the reason for all we make and do. Including a constant search for better ways to make telephone products.

That's how we came up with a way to use this laser beam as a *knife*. With uncanny accuracy, it cuts apart delicate electronic telephone circuits. To help make better phone service for you.

We're Western Electric — at the heart of the Bell System. And we'll do almost anything to help two people get on the same wavelength.



**Western Electric**

**We make things that bring people closer.**



# Fortunately, there's no shortage of good reading.

428. Pub price \$10

296. HOW TO BE YOUR OWN BEST FRIEND by MILDRED NEWMAN and BERNARD BERKOWITZ with JEAN OWEN (Pub price \$4.95)

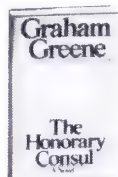
523. THE FIRST DEADLY SIN by LAWRENCE SANDERS (Pub price \$8.95)



537. Pub price \$12.50

543. THE SECRET LIFE OF PLANTS by PETER TOMPKINS and CHRISTOPHER BIRD. (Pub price \$8.95)

244. THE NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK by CRAIG CLAIBORNE Illustrated (Pub price \$9.95)



514. Pub price \$7.95

179. THE PRINCESS BRIDE by WILLIAM GOLDMAN (Pub price \$7.95)

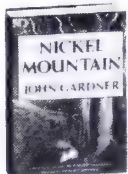
501. THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S HANDBOOK by AARON SUSSMAN 1973 Edition, Illus. (Pub price \$8.95)

546. TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON by THALASSA CRUSO (Pub price \$6.95)

545. CROMWELL The Lord Protector by ANTONIA FRASER Photographs (Pub price \$12.50)

415. WORLD WITHOUT END, AMEN by JIMMY BRISLIN (Pub price \$6.95)

312. THE ONION FIELD by JOSEPH WAMBAUGH (Pub price \$8.95)



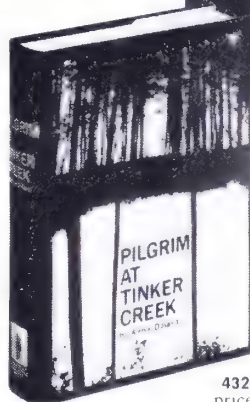
542. Pub price \$6.95

234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON, Illus. (Pub price \$15)



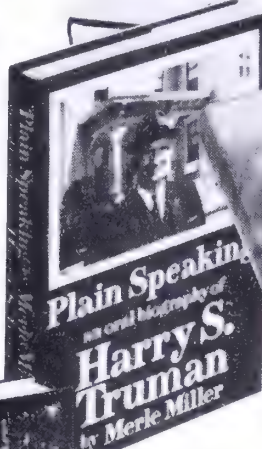
455. Pub price \$7.95

102. THE NEW YORK TIMES GUIDE TO HOME REPAIRS WITHOUT A MAN by BERNARD GLADSTONE Illustrated (Pub price \$7.95)

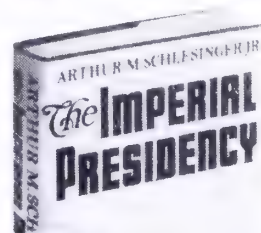


150. Pub price \$8.95

BURR GORE VIDAL



528. Pub price \$8.95



398. MARILYN: A Biography by NORMAN MAILER. More than 100 photographs (Pub price \$19.95)

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- If you do not want the Selection — or you would like one of the Alternates or no book at all — simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the News and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.
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Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

4-A67-4

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INDICATE BY NUMBER THE FOUR BOOKS YOU WANT

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MRS. ☐  
MISS ☐ Please print plainly

Address

City

State  Zip

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# Harper's

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Cover: Earthrise to earthset: a daylong sequence of color photographs of the earth taken by the ATS-III satellite from a point 22,300 miles above South America. The satellite was launched by NASA on November 5, 1967.

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**HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS** **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert Shnayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer. For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco. Copyright © 1974 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated. Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.

**POSTMASTER:** Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302. Reprints and Permissions: Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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This month WRAPAROUND launches the Whole Earth Epilog, an unexpected sequel to Stewart Brand's famous Whole Earth Catalogs. Like the Catalogs, the Epilog will offer ideas, information, and tools for anyone concerned with matters of efficiency and self-sufficiency. Like WRAPAROUND itself, the Epilog will rely for its vitality on the willingness of its readers to share their experiences with one another. It is this sense of a family tie between the two enterprises that brought Stewart Brand and WRAPAROUND together, so it is a special pleasure to turn the section over to him as this month's guest editor.

# Whole Earth Epilog

access to tools

## Introduction

The Whole Earth Catalog crew is six months into the preparation of a companion volume to The Last Catalog and the WHOLE EARTH EPILOG (to be published Fall 1974). This preliminary issue skims as much cream from our research as we can cram into the Harper's "Wraparound" format.

As before, the EPILOG is a compendium of "access to tools" which are available by mail, high-quality/low-cost, and offering of independence. As before, our research relies considerably on an active readership which sends in suggestions, reviews, and sundry for publication and payment (\$10 per). Editorial address:

Whole Earth Epilog  
E 428  
Salito, California 94965

The back part of this "Wraparound" is a preliminary issue of the resurrected "Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog" now called The COEVOLUTION Quarterly (\$6/yr. from Truck Store address, below).

You can mailorder items listed in the EPILOG either from the publisher/manufacturer or, when indicated, from the Whole Earth Truck Store or Harper's, whichever is closer to you. Those addresses:

[W.E.T.S.]  
Whole Earth Truck Store  
558 Santa Cruz Ave.  
Menlo Park, California 94025

[T. for L.]  
Tools for Living  
c/o Harper's Magazine  
Two Park Ave.  
New York, N.Y. 10016

## Editor Breaks Promise

Some explanation is owed. In May 1971 we ceased making Whole Earth Catalogs forever sincerely enough on the expectation that someone would quickly come along and fill the niche better than we did. Well,

- 1) They didn't;
- 2) The Last Whole Earth Catalog continued to sell 5,000 copies a week with increasingly outdated information;
- 3) The North American economy began to lose its mind, putting more people in need of tools for independence and the economy as a whole in need of greater local resilience; and
- 4) After burning our bridges we reported before the Throne to announce, "We're here for our next terrific idea." The Throne said, "That Was It."

—SB, 1 Feb. 74

## Understanding Whole Systems

### Small is Beautiful

The renaissance is to have an economist to give its case before the world, E.F. Schumacher the man. "So says Theodore Roszak in his introduction to Small is Beautiful. I think the man bears out.

Schumacher begins with an assault on industrial growth, liquefier of three forms of capital on which industrial development depends. He states the three as: fossil fuels (coal, natural gas), biological capital, and human substance. Fossil fuels are running down. An industrial system cannot use or recycle burnt fuels and no industrial system could persist without them. Even nuclear power must be run on oil fuel supplements.

Human substance is harder to grasp, but so vital. In its essence it is trial and error, diversity of culture, and opportunity for error. Advanced and successful technology seen by experts poses the threat and in no way is the threat more visible than atomic weapons. In no place is it better worded than in this paragraph from a technician of technology: "We nuclear people have made a Faustian compact with society: we offer an almost unique possibility for a technologically abundant world for the oncoming billions, through our miraculous, inexhaustible energy source; but this energy price at the same time is tainted with potential side effects that, if uncontrolled, could spell disaster."

Technical controls must be designed by these technicians to assure that no radioactive quantities escape from reactors, transport, storage, or reprocessing. It is a technology that insists on a "world society which wars or civil disturbances can never happen." Large mistakes oughtn't be open either. The blackboard postulates a highly ordered, infertile, and crystalline

social organisation. Not worth living in.

He sums with this: "the modern industrial systems consumes the very basis on which it has been erected. To use the language of the economist, it lives on irreplaceable capital which it cheerfully treats as income."

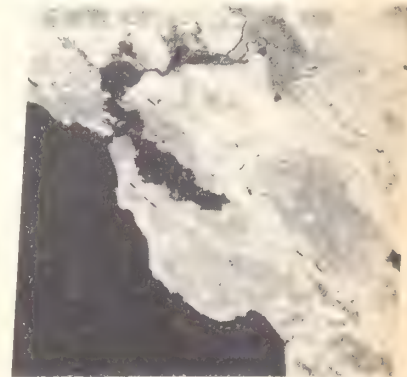
[Reviewed by Jim Harding. Suggested by Sterling Bunnell.]

**Small is Beautiful**  
(Economics as if People Mattered)  
E.F. Schumacher  
1973; 290 pp.

**\$3.75** postpaid  
from:  
Harper & Row  
Keystone Industrial Park  
Scranton, Pa. 18512  
or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.



It could well be that rich people treasure peace more highly than poor people, but only if they feel utterly secure — and this is a contradiction in terms. Their wealth depends on making inordinately large demands on limited world resources and thus puts them on an unavoidable collision course — not primarily with the poor (who are weak and defenceless) but with other rich people.



San Francisco and environs, 4 April 1973

### EROS

Means: Earth Resources Observation Systems — one of the great bargains of self-portraiture. From 567 miles up a 115 mile x 115 mile photograph of any place of interest to you at nearly any time for \$1.75 (9"x9" print), 40"x40" color is \$25. Phone (505) 594-6511 or write:

EROS Data Center  
Sioux Falls, S.D. 57198

### The Ecologist

By far the most interesting ecological/political reporting and criticism available is this British publication. (One of their special issues, called Blueprint for Survival is now a book, \$5.95 from Houghton Mifflin.)

—SB [Suggested by Paul Ehrlich]

### The Ecologist

Peter Bunyard, Edward Goldsmith, eds.

**\$12/yr.** monthly

from:  
The Ecologist  
73 Molesworth St.  
Wadebridge, Cornwall  
PL27 7DS  
ENGLAND

## Back to the Country

When we ceased our research in May, 1971 there were exactly no books available on buying country land or introductory farming. Now there is a proliferation and more coming. Here's what we've sifted so far. Purchasing land is so big a deal that you should read everything available, particularly since there's scant overlap of information in these books. **BUYING COUNTRY LAND** is brief, technical, best on water considerations (Boudreau is a geologist), aimed at the country homesite buyer. **BUYING COUNTRY PROPERTY** concentrates on evaluating farm land and old farm buildings. **PEOPLE'S GUIDE TO COUNTRY REAL ESTATE**, self-indulgent and counter-culture gossip, does

spell out the whole process of purchase, has a good section on refurbishing old houses. If you're buying only one book, **FINDING AND BUYING YOUR PLACE IN THE COUNTRY** covers the ground.

Family farming has been declining for years, placing both the economy and Jefferson's idea of democracy in jeopardy. That's beginning to reverse. Two books dominate this area. **FARMING FOR SELF-SUFFICIENCY** distills eighteen years of intelligent experience by a British couple: **GROW IT** is a thorough guide to the small-farm gamut — tillage, fertilizer, orchard, nuts, vegetables, pests, grain, forage, goats, chickens, pigs, bees, the larder, and other sources of information. Other worthies...**HOMESTEADERS HANDBOOK** has interesting information,

rotten illustrations and style. **HOMESTEAD** is somewhat expensive but full of good tips. Ken Kern's **THE OWNER-BUILT HOMESTEAD** has some original ideas. **CLOUDBURST**, from Canada, has a nice assortment of instructions for compost-shredders, water wheels, cheese-making, solar-dyer, wood lathe, sauna, washing machines, etc. (*A Cloudburst 2 is forthcoming.*) Anyone farming will need **Organic Gardening and Farming** (\$6.85/yr. monthly, Rodale Press, 33 East Minor St., Emmaus, Pa. 18049). Close to basics is not a bad place to live. It's hard work...

—SB

## Buying Country Land

Eugene Boudreau  
1973; 105pp.

**\$1.95** postpaid  
from:

Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc.  
Front and Brown Streets  
Riverside, N.J. 08075

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

If you see an attractive piece of land but have no evidence that it is for sale, you can write to the owner and say that you are interested in buying. You can accomplish this by going to the County Assessor's office where there are maps that show all parcels of land in the county together with the names and addresses of the owners. The Assessor can also tell you the assessed value and the market value. Then, at the County Recorder's office you can find out something about the last purchase price by studying the transfer tax stamped on the deed.

## Buying Country Property

Herbert R. Moral  
1972; 119pp.

**\$1.75** postpaid  
from:

Bantam Books, Inc.  
666 Fifth Ave.  
New York, N.Y.  
10019

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.



## People's Guide to Country Real Estate

John & Sally Seymour  
1973; 192pp.

**\$3.95** postpaid  
from:

Praeger Publishers, Inc.  
P.O. Box 1323  
Springfield, Mass. 01101

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

## Finding and Buying Your Place in the Country

Les Scher  
1974; 368pp.

**\$4.95** postpaid  
from:

Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc.  
Front and Brown Streets  
Riverside, N.J. 08075

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

## Farming for Self-Sufficiency

(Independence on a 5-acre Farm)  
John & Sally Seymour  
1973; 250pp.

**\$7.50** postpaid  
from:

Schocken Books Inc.  
200 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10016

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

**Pasture.** Horses living out don't want very good fattening pasture. It is bad for them. The wider range of grazing they have the better, and they do not thrive on land where only horses are kept. They do far better running out either with, or after, cattle. A horse kept out all the time and worked occasionally and lightly is most unlikely to get ill. One worked hard and continuously must be stabled and fed 'high', and it takes a skilled horseman to keep him fit and working. You are being forced to keep him unnaturally, i.e. on food that is richer than his digestion was evolved to cope with.

## Shelter

In 1964 a book called **Architecture Without Architects** started a revolution in thinking about building design and construction. This book completes the revolution. Editor Lloyd Kahn has built three of his own houses and worked on innumerable others. He used to edit the "Shelter" section of the *Whole Earth Catalog*. His books **Domebook I** and **Domebook II** encouraged the reader participation that led to this book, a quantum jump deeper into building essence and practice than the previous works. The use of photographs (by co-editor Bob Easton) could change bookmaking. I'd call it a Bible of grassroots design, of homemade home-making, and the measure now of how excellent a homemade book can be.

SB

## Shelter

Lloyd Kahn, Bob Easton, eds.  
1974; 176pp.

**\$6.00** postpaid  
from:

Random House, Inc.  
457 Hahn Rd.  
Westminster, Md.  
21157

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.



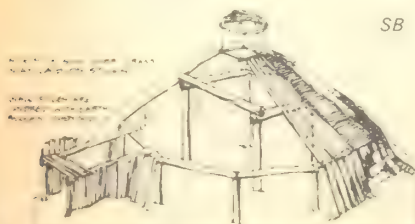
## Shelter

He looked upon us as sophisticated children, smart but not wise.

Saxton T. Pope (said of me)

Metaphorically, our work on domes now appears to us to have been *smart*: mathematics, concrete, new materials, plastics. Yet reevaluation of actual building experiments, publications, and feedback from others leads us to emphasize that there continue to be many unsolved problems with dome homes. Difficulties in making the curved shapes livable, short lives of modern materials, and as-yet-unsolved detail and weatherproofing problems.

We now realize that there will be no wondrous new solution to housing, that our work, though perhaps *smart*, was by no means *wise*. In the year, we have discovered that there is far more to learn from wisdom of the past: from structures shaped by imagination, not by mathematics, and built of materials appearing naturally on the earth, than from any further extension of whiteman technoplastic prowess.





It  
eginner's Complete In-Harmony-  
ature Small Farm Guide)  
d W. Langer  
1973; 365pp.

\$3.50 postpaid

Books  
est 55th St.  
Dept., 8th Flr.  
ork, N.Y.

E.T.S. or T. for L.

**Homesteaders Handbook**  
Guide to Raising, Growing, Preparing  
(Preserving Foodstuffs)  
Israel, Reny Slay  
1973; 319pp.

\$3.00 postpaid

16  
ie, Ca. 95952

E.T.S. or T. for L.

**Homesteading**  
How to Find New Independence on the  
Land  
1973; 256pp.

\$1.95 postpaid

le Books, Inc.  
33 Minor Street  
laus, Pa. 18049

E.T.S. or T. for L.

to use the ballpark figure of \$25,000  
to cost of buying just an adequate  
try place.

**Handbook of Rural Skills and Technology**  
Marks, ed.  
1973; 128pp.

\$1.95 postpaid

dburst Press  
79  
kendale, B.C.  
da

E.T.S. or T. for L.

## Ecological Operation

all of a lot of original design and use of  
erials (asbestos super-tiles out of sewer  
is, sulphur lock-blocks, modular logs,  
I went into this impressive project by  
lents at McGill University, Toronto.  
is the first home that I've seen which  
ore systemically designed than a travel  
er.

—SB

**Ecological Operation**  
ology + Building + Common Sense)  
2; 100pp.

\$1.00 postpaid

n:  
imum Cost Housing Group  
ool of Architecture  
Gill University  
ntreal 101, Quebec, Canada

ne Ways of Building Ecologically....

Building with renewable resources — such  
lumber or vegetable fibres — which do not  
sume the earth's stock of non-reusable  
terials.

Building with materials which would  
erwise cause pollution when discarded  
ndustrial waste; instead of burning or  
ckpiling sulphur wastes from oil, copper,

## The Organic Method Primer

*Within the organic gardening movement there are numerous schools of thought, and they are often contradictory. The advantage of The Organic Method Primer is that the authors have made a compilation of the various beliefs and methods, and have added to them their own practical experience from years of teaching and gardening organically. You can learn what a BioDynamic farmer would do in a given situation, and then compare that with the advice of a mulch gardener. For its length, it is one of the most comprehensive gardening books I have read — relatively "far out" subjects like biodynamics are covered, but there is also solid advice on what to look for when you buy a mechanical shredder. The section on organic pest control techniques is particularly complete; it would take a long time just to try all of the remedies that are described here.*

[Suggested and reviewed by Richard Nilsen]

**The Organic Method Primer**  
Bargyla and Gylver Rateaver  
1973; 257pp.

\$6.50 postpaid

from:  
Bargyla Rateaver  
Pauma Valley, Calif.  
92061

ORGANIC METHOD PRIMER



## The Owner-Built Homestead

Ken Kern  
1973; 114pp.

\$5.00 postpaid

from:  
Ken Kern Drafting  
Sierra Route  
Oakhurst, Ca. 93644

zinc, refineries, etc., these could be used in construction.

3. Building with materials that can be recycled rather than discarded at the end of the building's life.
4. Using pollution-free wind energy to produce electricity.
5. Using the minimum of water resources for washing and cleaning, saving large amounts of water by fine-droplet spraying.
6. Putting to use the power of wind-produced electricity to extract water from the air by the phenomenon of condensation.
7. Using solar energy to purify polluted or sea-water.
8. Making use of the sun for cooking and heating water thus requiring no fuel.
9. Re-cycling water and separating it by function for (1) drinking and cooking, (2) hand washing and showering, and (3) toilet flushing, depending on the purity.
10. Using all available rainwater.
11. Not using the earth's permanent natural resources which have taken millions of years to accumulate and are rapidly being depleted by overuse.
12. Avoiding waste by relating the size of all building components through modular coordination.

## Putting Food By

*Even a tiny garden can grow more than one family can immediately use. Putting Food By is 360 pages of readable instructions on drying, freezing, canning, smoking and root cellar storage. The book is laid out with frequent topic headings and charts, making it handy for quick reference. Freezing is by far the easiest method, and feasible for nearly every type of food, even eggs. Sun-drying is ideal for fruit, except where it's humid; so there are instructions for making an indoor box dryer. With nearly two-thirds of every food dollar going to processing and marketing, it is easy to see that home processing saves money. This book, with suggestions on freezing TV dinners from leftovers and storing pre-cooked meals, even shows how it can save time.*

[Reviewed by Rosemary Menninger]

## Putting Food By

Ruth Hertzberg, Beatrice Vaughan, and Janet Greene  
1973; 360pp.

\$3.95 postpaid

from:  
The Stephen Greene Press  
Brattleboro, Vt. 05301  
or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

## Room-drying

By this method food is hung in a warm room—the kitchen or the attic—for the days required to dry the material. Old-timers would suspend racks of drying food above the big wood-burning range, finish off a flitch of beef near by, and festoon strings of apples or pumpkin rings near the ceiling. Herbs are still usually dried in attics or the kitchens of country houses, hung either in the open or in paper bags to protect them from dust.

In extremely dry areas it may be feasible to stack-dry certain fruits and vegetables indoors, following enough time in sun or dryer to get them better than halfway along. Stack the trays with 6 inches of space between them, open windows to allow a free circulation of air, and force a draft across the trays with an electric fan. Shift the trays end for end occasionally and turn the food to ensure even drying.

## Nomadic Furniture

*If you move your dwelling-stuff more than once every four years, this lightweight book can save you the aggravation of feeling so stupid while wrestling that heavy bed (couch, table, chest, bookshelf) down that narrow stairway to that overloaded car.*

## Nomadic Furniture

—SB

James Hennessey and Victor Papanek  
1973; 149pp.

\$3.95 postpaid

from:  
Random House, Inc.  
457 Hahn Rd.  
Westminster, Md.  
21157 or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.



## Alternate Sources of Energy

Welcome to the panacea department: there is no such thing as a panacea. Solar collectors, windmills, wind-generators, biosphere houses, waterwheels, methane: Relax and accept some trade-offs — higher independence: higher cost: more work: lower power: lower convenience: higher gut-satisfaction: better balance with environment.

The best general source of information is not the National Science Foundation or Honeywell or any of the multi-million dollar agencies newly active. It's a scruffy newsprint bi-monthly published in Milaca, Minnesota, called **Alternative Sources of Energy**. Short on pompous theory, it's long on practice, originality, and range of inquiry. Sun-burned, wind-burned information here.

The British equivalent of ASE is **Undercurrents** "a magazine of radical science and peoples' technology". More political/theoretical, good anyway. Also in England, **Low Impact Technology** has the first mini-catalog of soft-tech goodies you can buy. (Suggested by Jim Harding.)

Since Harold Bates' famous chickenshit-powered car surfaced in England, methane gas generation and utilization has come a long way. The state-of-the-art for handmade is in **Methane Digesters for Fuel Gas and Fertilizer from the New Alchemists**. The *Alkies* also have a first-rate *Journal of the New Alchemists* with far the best backyard aquaculture (covered fishponds turn sunlight into fish protein) and other biological ideas in addition to their own wind/solar research. More on them in the back of this "Wraparound."

**Solar.** Not many products available here yet. Bruce Kelly of the Energy Institute tells us that best solar cells (sunlight to electricity) are from **Solar Power Corporation** with a unit costing somewhat over \$30 in quantity, delivering 1.5 watts — not bad for trickle-charging batteries in remote situations. He also recommends the **Fafco Solar Swimming Pool Heater**. A good survey of new solar ideas and equipment is the (expensive) **Solar Energy Digest**.

The most ingenious solar device around is **Steve Baer's Skylid**, which opens and closes according to whether the room needs warmth and sunlight is available — a brutally simple sunvalve with its own sensing intelligence and power source.

--SB



### Alternative Sources of Energy

Eugene & Sandy Eccli, eds.

\$5 bi-monthly

Alternative Sources of Energy  
Route 2 Box 90A  
Milaca, Minnesota 56353

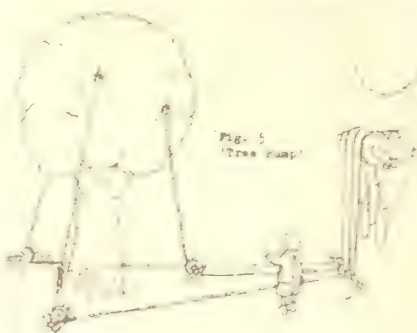


Fig. 5  
'Tree pump'

David Stabb's 'treepump' (Fig. 5) is an ingenious way of utilising an existing tall tree. In this system, the three cables are attached to the tree top and taken down via pulleys to ratchet cable-drive drums. Whichever direction the wind blows, at least two of the cables move, thus doing potentially useful work e.g. water pumping.

The term "soft technology" was coined amid the British counter-culture in 1970. Technology which is soft is gentle on its surroundings, responds to it, incorporates it, feeds it. A nuclear power-generating station doesn't qualify. A wooden windmill with cloth sails grinding local grain does.

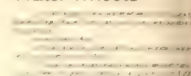
--SB

## Low Impact Technology

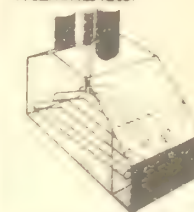
Catalog \$1 postpaid

from:  
Low Impact Technology  
73 Molesworth St.  
Wadebridge, Cornwall  
England

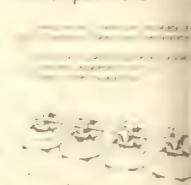
### Water wheels



### Multrum Clivus wastehandler



### Water purifiers



## Undercurrents

\$4.50/yr. bi-monthly

from:  
Undercurrents  
275 Finchley Rd.  
London NW3  
England

## The Sensuous Gadeteer

This is a truly useful book for those who make things or who would like to be able to make things. After years of being a professional thing-maker I find much I didn't know here. Better, it's a good reference in case you need to solder something but have forgotten how, for instance. But best of all the book is written in a simple, friendly way so that the Mysteries of the Shop are Revealed about as much as they can be short of lousing up some material practicing.

Virtually all common shop practices are shown, explained, and illustrated. Many of the basic principles involved in various shop tactics are explained so that you learn in depth. My only regrets arise from a basic philosophy he holds: "Overbuild everything". This is how a lot of American Waste gets generated, as that attitude tends to discourage sharp thought. Kathleen tells me that the book is subtly aimed too exclusively at men only, but that it is so

encouraging to the inexperienced, she is recommending that *MS.* magazine review it. Bill Abler wants you to be able to make things as easily as he does. With this book and a few brains, you probably can.

[Reviewed by J. Baldwin]

### The Sensuous Gadeteer

(Bringing Tools and Materials to Life)  
Bill Abler  
1973, 113pp.

\$3.95 postpaid

from:  
Running Press  
38 South 19th Street  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.



# Craft

## The Making of Tools

Using tools to make tools is as high a craft and calling as they come. Get your forge, anvil, drillpress, and this wellmade book. Start with screwdrivers. Work up to shears.

--SB

### The Making of Tools

Alexander G. Weygers  
1973; 93pp.

\$4.95 postpaid

from:  
Van Nostrand Reinhold Company  
300 Pike St.  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45202  
or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.



Once a student has learned to make his own tools, he will be forever independent of having to buy those not specifically designed for his purpose.



## Journal of the New Alchemists

\$25.00 for Associate Membership

The New Alchemy Institute  
P.O. Box 2  
Hole, Mass. 02543



Habitat and feeding niches of the classical species in classical Chinese carp ponds. (1) Grass carp (*Ctenopharyngodon*) feeding on vegetable tops. (2) Bighead carp (*Aristichthys nobilis*) feeding on zooplankton in midwater. (3) Silver carp (*Hypophthalmichthys molitrix*) feeding on zooplankton in midwater. (4) Mud carp (*Mud carp*) feeding on benthic animals and detritus, including grass carp feces. (5) Common carp (*Cyprinus carpio*) feeding on benthic animals and detritus, including grass carp feces. (6) Black carp (*Melanocheilichthys piceus*) feeding on snails.

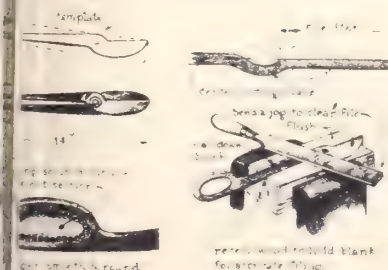
## Energy Digest

John Edmondson, editor

\$2.50/yr. monthly

Energy Digest  
7776  
San Diego, Ca. 92117

Leasley Solapak Hot Water Heaters, we talked about importing from Japan into the United States in the November 1973 issue of SED, can now be used in quantities as low as one SOLAPAK, which will heat 10 gallons of water on a sunny day.



tools are made of high-carbon steel. It is *temperable* steel. It can be bought only at steel scrapyards and automobile yards. And, once you develop an eye for it, great amounts are found strewn everywhere and in vacant lots to add to our own scrap pile. No matter how rusty or rusty a piece of discarded scrap metal is, add it to your supply. Scrap is not just a word, and as rusty, corroded surfaces are cleaned only skin-deep, they can easily be made clean.



Zomeworks solar collectors heating home space (left) and shower water (right).

## Methane Digesters

L. John Fry, Richard Merrill  
1973; 46pp.

\$3.00 postpaid

from:  
The New Alchemy Institute-West  
15 West Anapamu St.  
Santa Barbara, Ca. 93101

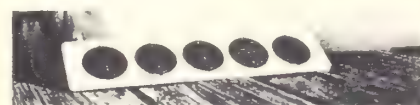
General: Methane can of course be used in any appliance or utility that uses natural gas. The natural gas requirements of an average person with a U.S. standard of living is about 60 ft.<sup>3</sup>/day. This is equivalent to 10 lbs of chicken or pig manure per day (7 pigs and 100 chickens) or 20 lbs of horse manure (about 2 horses).

## Solar Power Corporation

\$30-50

Solar cell information free

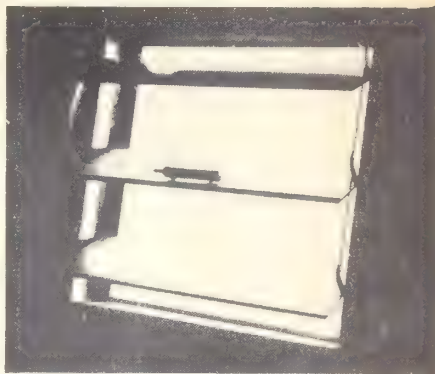
from:  
Solar Power Corporation  
186 Forbes Road  
Braintree, Mass. 02184



## Skylid

4'x10' \$160 or made-to-order  
Information free

from:  
Zomeworks Corporation  
Box 711  
Albuquerque, NM 87103



## Fafco Solar Swimming Pool Heater

\$700-1,000  
Information free

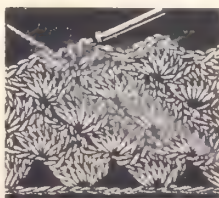
from:  
Fafco Incorporated  
2860 Spring St.  
Redwood City, Ca.  
94063



## The Complete Encyclopedia of Needlework

At last! France's needlework "bible" is in paperback! In large format, and for only \$4.95! Believe the title; it has it all, carefully written, with clear precise diagramming and instructions even to needle size, thread weight, and how to modify designs. It's old-fashioned and pretty and it works.

[Reviewed by Diana Sloat]



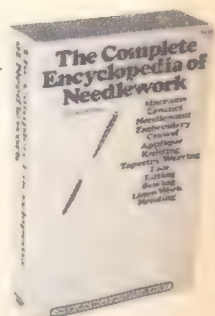
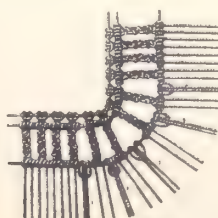
## The Complete Encyclopedia of Needlework

Th. de Dillmont  
1972, 787pp.

\$5.20 postpaid

from:  
The Running Press  
38 South 19th Street  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.



## Living Poor With Style

Whatever else the Energy Crisis may mean, one thing is certain, prices of everything will continue to rise. When the economy is berserk the sane citizen will participate minimally. For city dwellers this is the best book on acquiring that skill. *Living Poor and Living with Style* are far from a contradiction in terms — both consist of a loving (slightly detached) attention to detail. Here are 600 pages of intelligent detail for \$1.95.

SB

### Living Poor With Style

Ernest Callenbach  
1972; 600pp.

**\$1.95** postpaid

from:  
Bantam Books, Inc.  
666 Fifth Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10019  
or W.E.T.S. and T. for L.



Low-cost paper napkins are about 20 cents for a package of eighty. (The only cheaper ones are restaurant packages of five hundred.) That means the cost per napkin is about 1/4 cent. If you have four people at table, that comes to about 1 cent per meal, 3 cents per day, 21 cents per week.

Now you're in a position to figure a comparative cost. If the cloth napkins last a year and cost 50 cents each, their average cost per week is about 1 cent each, or 4 cents per week for your family of four. The washing adds another 4 cents per week, so your total cloth-napkin costs are 8 cents per week.

Now you know why grandma, who isn't so dumb and doesn't have any spare cash to speak of, uses cloth napkins.

## Old Glory

Your town has origins. This is a splendid book about how to find and preserve and parade them. There is such a thing as cultural good ecology. Savor your own peculiar community's weirdness. Savor some other people's.

—SB

### Old Glory

(A pictorial report on the Grass Roots History Movement and The First Hometown History Primer)

James Robertson, ed.  
1973; 191pp.

**\$4.95** postpaid

from:  
Warner Paperback Library  
75 Rockefeller Plaza  
New York, N.Y. 10019

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.



Arlington, Massachusetts The Last Picture Frame — Almost

"My God, you know what you have to do when you save a mill? You have to run it!"

Weare, New Hampshire  
Huntington Beach, California  
Hoosick Falls, New York Telling It Like It Was

"The only reason why the 'Boston Tea Party' is better known than the Pine Tree Riot is because they had better press agents."

## Tassajara Cooking

The Tassajara Bread Book showed what else goes into outstanding bread besides flour. No Ed Brown and the Tassajara Zen Center are back to show us the rest of the kitchen. These ascetic Bay Area Zennies continually smite my secularity with the best cooking I've ever eaten. Some asceticism. They cook a good cookbook too.

—SB

### Tassajara Cooking

Edward Espe Brown  
1973; 242pp.

**\$3.95** postpaid

from:  
Shambhala Publications, Inc.  
1409 Fifth Street  
Berkeley, California 94710

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

*About guiding the knife:* Keep your right hand dumb. It's just going to cut cut cut, always guided by the last knuckle of the middle finger of the left hand. Either the left hand walks back along the vegetable, the knife following, moving over just as far as the retreating knuckle, or the left hand inches the vegetable forward, maintaining its own position.

Knox County, Kentucky Fight Like Hell for the Living  
"Hit's a sin to burn sass'frass wood. If'n you do, the devil will sit on the roof o'yer house."

# Nomadics

## Explorers Ltd. Source Book

Al Perrin's *Source Book* completely obsoletes the "Nomadics" section of *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*. Far better research, information design, reviewing, and layout — quantity and quality. Each of 26 sections begins with an incisive general introduction followed by detailed evaluations of publications, organizations, schools and all manner of equipment and suppliers. I'm humiliated and delighted. I use the damn book all the time.

—SB

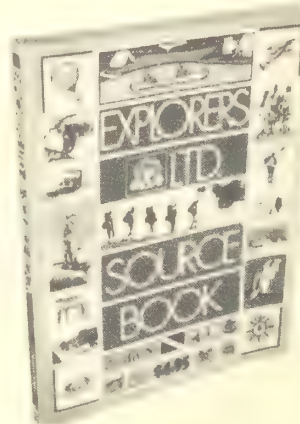
### The Explorers Ltd. Source Book

Alwyn T. Perrin, ed.  
1973; 384pp.

**\$4.95** postpaid

from:  
Harper & Row, Publishers  
Keystone Industrial Park  
Scranton, Pa. 18512

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.



American Caving Illustrated  
J. Welborn Storey  
1965 - 302 p. il. - \$4.00

Written by a caver with input from practicing spelunkers all across the country, this is one book that touches on just about every practical aspect of caving. It starts with a general discussion of caving — underground navigation, safety, conservation, and so forth — then goes on to cover equipment, food and cooking, camping, geology of caves, cave climbing (seven chapters devoted to this), first aid, rescue, cave diving, speleophotography (including underwater cave photography), surveying, and finishing up with a chapter of caving vernacular and humor, including instructions for making wine (???). To give an example of how thorough the book is, the chapter on food and cooking includes charts that give the number of calories expended for

specific activities involved in a cave expedition so that necessary food and nourishment required can be computed in advance. The chapter on camping includes instruction in survival. A glossary gives definitions of caving terms, and a supplement includes sample legal release forms (for cave owners), cave field report form, and suggested reading list. This isn't a slick trade publication; some of the printing isn't sharp and not all the photographs reproduced well. But the wealth of information more than compensates for any graphic shortcomings. Besides, it makes the book seem very fresh and honest.

From: J. Welborn Storey, P.O. Box 38051,  
Capitol Hill Station, Atlanta, Ga. 30334

### A Cave Map







## The Birth Book

**The Birth Book** is a graphic and factual account of 2 natural home deliveries, midwifed by men and recorded by a group of young women living in the Santa Cruz hills that were dedicated to letting natural acts happen naturally. The photographs and text fairly rule with the incredible vitality that is created and experienced at each birth event. Training and discussion are available on delivery, prenatal care, exercises, diet and counsel against taking unnecessary risks when home delivery may seem contraindicated. The Birth Center has had the sympathetic and verbal consultation of several local physicians, but the AMA bias being what it is, no practicing midwife has felt able to risk professional financial security to work in conjunction with midwife training and home deliveries. A five year old daughter finds this splendid family reading.

Suggested and reviewed by Lois Cammack  
[son]

## Automotive Operation and Maintenance

experienced list of disasters that can happen to you and your vehicle when you're out on your own in the jungle, bush or boonies, and solutions that require only rudimentary tools and primitive resources. This manual could be tucked under your seat before you drive beyond hiking distance from automotive civilization.

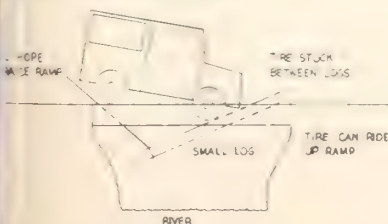
—AF

## Automotive Operation and Maintenance

Christopher Cone  
73; 200pp.

\$1.00 postpaid

from:  
Volunteers in Technical Assistance  
106 Rhode Island Ave.  
Rainier, Maryland 20822



### Emergency Bridge Repair

NO GAS due to a clogged line or broken pump can be overcome through the use of gravity. Put a small can of gas on the roof of the car and siphon gas down to the carburetor. Disconnect the fuel line to the carburetor and place it with the hose from the elevated tank. The car will run until the tank is empty.

## The New Woman's Survival Catalog

*The Catalog succeeds in guaranteeing survival to any woman teetering on the brink of alternatives — and provides some next steps if the answer isn't already here. This edition should elicit lots of feedback insuring future editions of more than the obvious sources listed. One boo!: I would have hoped the ladies could have turned out something more than another in a long line of Last Whole Earth Catalog imitations, down to graphics and print type (albeit better than most of the imitations flooding the market).*

*One yay!: The editors have established a trust fund to return a minimum of 20% of their royalties to the Women's Movement.*

[Reviewed by Carole Levine]

## The New Woman's Survival Catalog

Kirsten Grimstad and Susan Rennie, eds.  
1973; 223 pps.

\$5 postpaid

from:  
Coward McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.  
Berkeley Publishing Corp.  
200 Madison Ave.  
New York, N.Y. 10016

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

## The Birth Book

Raven Lang  
1972; 160pp.

\$6.00 postpaid

from:  
Genesis Press  
P.O. Box 877  
Ben Lomond, Ca. 95005  
or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

## HOW TO START A RAPE CRISIS CENTER

Available from:  
The Rape Center  
Women  
P.O. Box 21055  
Kalorama St. Station  
Washington, D.C. 20009  
\$1.50 plus 20 cents postage

## Pocket Horn

*No mugger can keep his mind on business while his eardrums are being torn by this 118 decibel shriek. If there's help (or curiosity) around, it'll come. Tiny, cheap, effective device. (Robert Mitchum it was who suggested this item, in the course of a Rolling Stone interview.)*

## Pocket Horn

SB

\$3.25 postpaid

from:  
Edmund Scientific Co.  
300 Edscorp Bldg.  
Barrington, N.J. 08007



## COUNTRY WOMEN

For subscriptions, write to: Country Women,  
P.O. Box 51, Albion, Ca. 95410; \$7.00/12 issues; single issues/60 cents; bulk rates and consignment sales to stores.

## The Great Escape

*Whether it's prosperity or unemployment, more leisure is coming our way. This access-book broadens the options. Subject areas are Mind & Body, Senses, Air, Water, Land, Nomadics, Places, Machines, Work, Games.*

—SB [Suggested by Beth Fairbanks]

## The Great Escape

(A Whole Life Catalog of Leisure)  
Min Yee, ed.  
1974; 256pp.

\$6.00 postpaid

from:  
Bantam Books, Inc.  
666 Fifth Ave.  
New York, N.Y. 10019

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

*"Never chain your bike to anything you don't want stolen." Let us know if you've found an ideal security device that weighs less than your bicycle.*

—AF

## Windsurfer

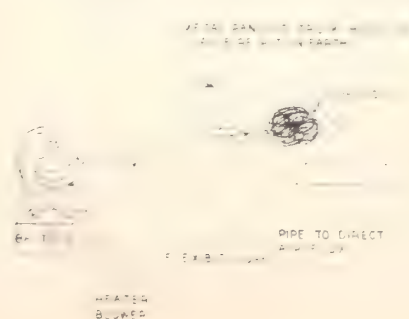
*Stand up on a surfboard and sail. The concept was first developed at Rand Corporation and printed up with the Clearinghouse for Federal Scientific and Technical Information (See Whole Earth Catalog, p. 130). The board is 12 feet long, fully-rigged only 60 lbs. Plan to get wet and strong.*

## Windsurfer

—SB

\$415.00

from:  
Windsurfing International, Inc.  
1808 Stanford Ave.  
Santa Monica, Ca. 90404



Homemade Forge

## Origins

Once you start watching what you are saying you begin to learn what else you are saying. Those words all have lives of their own, their own bizarre pasts and kinships and contained other usages. Find in this classic the meaning behind your meaning.

—SB [Suggested by Scott Beach]

## Origins

(A Short Etymological Dictionary of Modern English)  
Eric Partridge  
1958, 1962; 970pp.

\$18 postpaid

from:  
Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc.  
Front and Brown Streets  
Riverside, N.J. 08075

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

whole, whence wholly —cf whole cloth (out of), wholemeal, wholesale, wholesome; hail, v, and hale, adj; heal (whence healer and pa, vn healing)—health, whence healthful, healthless (obsol), healthy (whence healthiness).

1. The n whole derives from the adj whole, ME

hole (hoole), earlier hale, OE hāl, sound (complete), healthy: cf OFris hēl, OS hēl, OHG-MHG-G hēil, Go hails, MD hiel, MD-D heel, ON heill, syn OSI cēlū, OP kailustikan, health, Gr koila, the beautiful (prop, neu adj). The OGmc etym is \*khailaz; the IE, \*koilos; the IE r, \*kail-, \*koil-.

2. From whole cloth, a (large) uncut piece of cloth, derives (of a story, a lie) 'made out of whole cloth'—a sheer fabrication; whole meal—meal (grain coarsely ground) of entire-wheat; wholesale, goods sold in large quantities, hence the corresp adj, whence the sense 'both extensive and indiscriminating or indiscriminate'. Wholesome is much older; it derives from MD holsun, itself perh from ON heilsamr—cf MD heilsam, D heilzaam, G heilsam.

3. From ON heill, sound, healthy, comes ME heil, hail, used in greeting (cf wassail), whence ME heilen, hailen, to greet, whence 'to hail' or greet. With Hail!, cf G Heil! and Go Hails!: for 'Be hail' or well, 'Long Life!' But from E hāl, sound, healthy, comes ME hal, later hale, retained by E.

4. Akin to OE hāl, healthy, is OE hāelan, ME haelen, helen, E 'to heal': cf the syn OFris hēla and OS hēlian, and OHG heilēn, to become, also to make, well, MHG-G heilen, to cure, Go hailjan, MD heilen, hielēn, helen, MD-D heelen.

5. OE hāl, well, has derivative hāleth (abstract suffix -th)—ME helthe—E health.

## The Publish-it Yourself Handbook

New York is not Publishing. Your home and some work can be. Here are some recent experiences, home-published of course.

—SB

## The Publish-it-Yourself Handbook

(Literary Tradition & How-to)  
Bill Henderson, ed.  
1973; 362pp.

\$4.00 postpaid

from:  
The Pushcart Book Press  
Box 845  
Yonkers, N.Y. 10701

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

## The Bread Game

If you're raising money from foundations, this blunt little book is indispensable. I've been on both sides of the breadline enough to cherish its succinct candor in the bullfart atmosphere of granting.

—SB

## The Bread Game

(The Realities of Foundation Fundraising)  
1973; 88pp.

\$2.30 postpaid

from:  
Glide Publications  
330 Ellis Street  
San Francisco, Ca.  
94102

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

## A Treasury of Traditional Wisdom

Mystical insights, once they're rendered back into language, come in passionate outbursts of song, in abstract-seeming formulations, in poignant paradoxes, in telegraphic instructions—in dollops. This astounding collection—1144 pages, 180,000 quotations, well chosen, organized, cross-referenced, indexed, and bibliographed, for 15 measley dollars—undermines a world of ecumenicism with THE GOODS: the harshest statements at the far end of every mystical tradition and literature Earth has. They converge alright, but not without work of your own.

—SB [Suggested by George de Alth]

## A Treasury of Traditional Wisdom

Whitall N. Perry, ed.  
1971; 1144pp.

\$15.00 postpaid

from:  
Simon and Schuster  
One W. 39th St.  
New York, N.Y.  
10018

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

Image worship is very necessary for beginners.  
Swami Sivananda

## Good Earth Almanac

Sunday-funnies-style presentation of natural living projects for kids. Cheap, adventuresome, and they work. Wild food, gardening, camp cooking, candle-making, bird-feeding, food-drying, weather, and ethics.

—SB

When you wake up you will find that this whole world, above and below, is nothing other than a regarding of oneself.

Hakuin

This man is known by five signs. First, he never complains. Next, he never makes excuses; when accused, he leaves the facts to vindicate him. Thirdly, there is nothing he wants in earth or heaven but what God wills himself. Fourthly, he is not moved in time. Fifthly, he is never rejoiced: he is joy itself.

Eckhart

(A Sufi) was asked: 'Who is a Sufi?' He replied: 'He who neither possesses nor is possessed.'

Al-Kalabadi

The man who possesses a knowledge of God, will not be very ambitious.

Sextus the Pythagorean

Jesus said: Blessed is he who was before he came into being.

The Gospel according to Thomas, log. 19

## Synergy Access

There've been a quantity of youth-tech access-to-access publications in the last few years. This is the best of the lot.

—SB

## Synergy Access

(A Global Newsletter on Futuristic Communications, Media & Networking)  
Wes Thomas, ed.

\$5/yr. bimonthly

from:  
Twenty-First Century Media, Inc.  
606 Fifth Ave.  
East Northport, N.Y. 11731

## The Amateur Wind Instrument Maker

Robinson has put together an excellent guide, both for craftsmen and for musicians. The book includes lucid descriptions of the materials and methods for making a number of wind instruments, and includes detailed plans for making flutes, recorders, oboes, shawms, trumpets, and many others. This is not a handbook for whittling hobbyists, but a how-to-do-it manual for serious craftsmen.

[Reviewed by Scott Beach]

## The Amateur Wind Instrument Maker

Trevor Robinson  
1973; 115pp.

\$8.95 postpaid

from:  
University of Massachusetts Press  
505 East Pleasant Street  
Amherst, Mass. 01002

or W.E.T.S. or T. for L.

## Learning

## Good Earth Almanac

Mark Gregory  
1971, 1973; 111 pp.

\$3.95 postpaid

from:  
Grosset & Dunlap  
51 Madison Ave.  
New York, N.Y.  
10010

## RECIPE FOR MODERN PEMMICA

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—SB [Suggested by Gregory Bates]

## Independent Study Program

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Los Angeles, Ca. 90024



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# ABOUT THIS ISSUE

According to William Ophuls, author of "The Scarcity Society" (page 47), the energy crisis signals not only the end of American abundance, but also the end of its corollaries: democracy, free enterprise, unlimited opportunity for personal advancement. And what's next? Potential dictatorship, says Ophuls. The specter of anarchy frightens people into crying out for authoritarian order and the alleged efficiencies of central planning. Hardly anyone stops to think that the Big Daddy of big government has an alias: Big Brother.

Ophuls disagrees with those who argue (less stridently these days) that the market system may yet restrain man's plundering of the earth's finite resources. Even if governments stopped interfering (and making scarcities worse), the forces of supply and demand are geared to immediate gratification, so the future is always hostage to the present. We waste now and don't care that we will want tomorrow. Unfortunately, tomorrow has arrived ahead of schedule. Hence the current panic and the outcry for the panacea of statism.

Despite his pessimism, Ophuls offers a way out—a return to a simpler life in harmony with nature. Such a life, he says, need not be a bleak and deprived one. "A sophisticated and ecologically sound technology," he writes, "could bring us a life of simple sufficiency that would yet allow the full expression of the human potential. Having chosen such a life . . . we might find it had its own richness."

All of which recalls that overused and underexamined phrase, "quality of life," which surely means something quite opposite from conspicuous consumption. What are its components? We'd be delighted to receive and publish your suggestions. For our part, quality of life includes clean air, space, trees, quiet, children, stars, brooks, sunrises, love, laughter.

Is it softheaded to suggest that such things might become more economically desirable than jets, pesti-

cides, superhighways, plastics, skyscrapers—the man-made junk that now damages the biosphere and stunts our best instincts? Can you put a bigger price tag on a peaceful wilderness in coal-rich Montana than on the strip-mining that will soon destroy it? Well, it's not inconceivable. If enough people desired less complicated goods and services, the market would respond. It depends on whether we can retrain our tastes.

Most likely we can't—and yet, America's recent cultural changes already have affected the market in surprising ways. Consider, for example, the success of Stewart Brand, guest editor of this month's WRAP-AROUND, "Whole Earth Epilog." As editor and publisher of *The Whole Earth Catalogs*, whose last edition won a National Book Award in 1972, Brand actually made frugality popular and respectable—as well as a resounding commercial success. The *Catalogs*, if not blueprints for happiness, are more than, as they are modestly subtitled, "Access to Tools." Described as a *Walden* for the space age, they have provided thousands of readers with the philosophy and the means for leading cheaper and ecologically saner lives.

Since we turned over production of this WRAPAROUND to Brand, you will notice that it is edited in his style. Brand is not looking for editorial perfection and is especially loath to correct (or, as he sees it, to compromise) the tone of readers' letters. Besides, he feels, discovering mistakes may give the reader a sense of participation. You will also notice that the *Epilog* covers some items that have been previously mentioned in WRAPAROUND. We feel that the different context in which these tools now appear justifies their inclusion.

Neither Ophuls nor Brand is altering his life-style to cope with the present energy crisis, for they were already living economically. Both own cars—the state of California provides them with no alternative—but they own small ones.

Ophuls and his wife are vegetarians, which means they use up a pound of grain when they eat a pound of food, instead of the seven to fourteen pounds of grain necessary to produce one pound of meat. Brand and his staff got out their *Whole Earth Catalogs*, as well as this *Epilog*, heated solely by their own body warmth, some down-filled jackets and many sweaters.

When we carried Thomas Disch's serious proposal, "Pyramid for Minnesota" (January), we had no idea what we were getting into. Apparently there exists in this nation a great untapped desire for the erection of large stone edifices in even larger open spaces. We have heard from citizens of Mora, Minnesota, who feel slighted by their town's omission from the list of pyramid sites; from a manufacturer of concrete products who wants the exclusive pyramid franchise for Iowa; and from a nice man who offers to let us in on the secret of zero gravity. We have been sent a prospectus for Erecting up Pyramids, Inc. ("Great concepts such as these cannot be left to the chancy mismanagement of artists . . . I should be happy to become chairman of the board"); we have been asked whether pyramid contributions are tax-deductible (alas, no), and we have been urged, by one of the slighted young men, to send along the male-female ratio of pyramid workers.

Most of our volunteers have opted for the Bemidji site, though there is one dissenting voice ("A town that allows itself to be known by such a name has already done enough to glorify the pointless and should not be further compromised"). We encourage further participation in the project—remember, ours, unlike the original, is nonsectarian—and we applaud our readers' pioneering spirit. As one of them put it, "I have never built a pyramid before, but I will learn."

—R.S./R





Catherine Deneuve for Chanel



# CHANEL

Same in the classic bottle 10.00 to 400., Eau de Toilette 10.00 to 20.00, Eau de Cologne 5.00 to 20.00, Spray Perfume 7.50, and Spray Cologne 7.00.



# GOODBYE, COLORADO

The transformation from dreamland to nightmare



THERE IS A PLACE in Colorado where ordinary reality gives way. Today we would call it a geothermal hot springs; to the Indians it was holy, a place where the gods caused the streams to run hot so that men could go there to wash away the world and see it begin again. Ancient trails meander from one natural mineral bath to another, pausing every so often to broaden into circles of grass surrounding precisely laid firepits overlooking the valley below. There are strange little fish in the springs that live nowhere else, and various species of hummingbirds dart and hover around the blossoms of mountain mahogany. The view extends 100 miles in three directions, and one can watch clouds being born from the snowmelt in the north, becoming afternoon rain showers as they slide down the valley like giant snails, and drifting away as cumulus

to the south, a metamorphosis on a scale the size of Massachusetts. There are no beer cans, no Winnebagos, no park rangers or firewood vending machines. The people who know about this place keep it clean and bathe together in the springs without clothes or self-consciousness.

Such is the romance of Colorado, or at least one version of it. It may be the skiing, the climate, the friendliness, or the booming economy, but beyond all else it's the mountains themselves. They can take us up, to greater independence, and higher still, to a world of serenity without abstractions.

A less romantic way of perceiving the power of the Colorado mystique is to see the excitement it has caused

*Hugh Gardner is a free-lance writer who has contributed to several national magazines. He recently left Colorado after having lived there for four years.*

land developers. Between 1965 and 1971, the number of new subdivisions in Colorado jumped from 30 to more than 300—a tenfold increase in land development activity in six years. By the end of 1972, Colorado subdividers had platted out enough tracts for 12 million newcomers, almost 2½ times the state's present population.

For an even less romantic perspective, consider California, heretofore the greenest of all possible pastures for American fantasies. According to a recent Field Research poll, one-third of all Californians yearn to leave the now-tarnished El Dorado. Most of them list Colorado as their first or second-choice destination. California is the greatest single contributor to Colorado's burgeoning population, and the Colorado Motor Vehicle Division processes thousands of license transfers from California every month. Denver, in fact, already





## The Madras.

(How to do what we couldn't.)

People who mean well are always advising us to mix Smirnoff with something it ought to mix with but doesn't. We've got a whole list of promising possibilities that always turn out yukky.

Cranberry juice used to be in the number one spot. Then an interested bystander combined it with orange juice and Smirnoff and invented a good drink called the Madras. We hope it was just beginner's luck. Because we'd hate to be shown up twice.



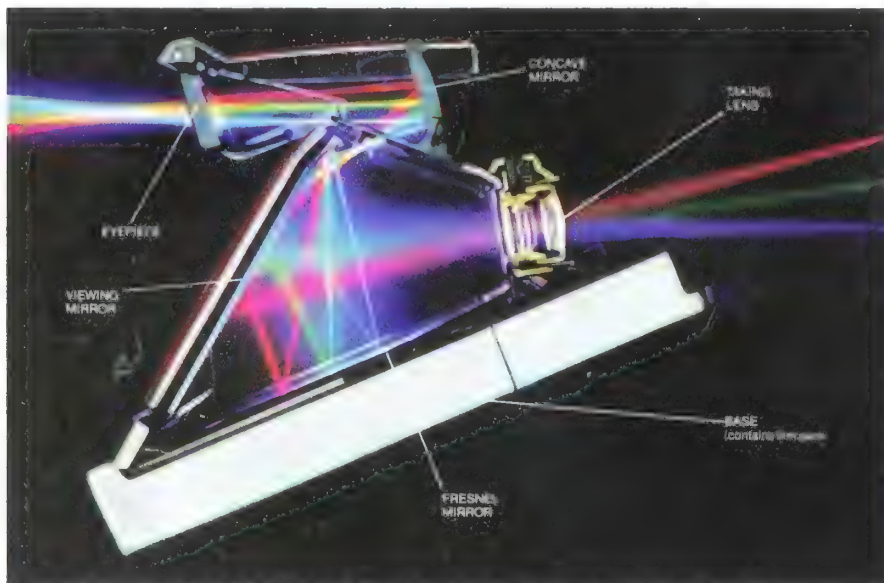
To make a Madras, pour 1½ ozs. Smirnoff, 3 ozs. of cranberry juice and 1½ ozs. of orange juice into a glass of ice and stir.

**Smirnoff**  
leaves you breathless®



# Polaroid's SX-70.

## The end of photography as you know it.



Cutaway photograph of the SX-70 using laser beams shows how you see precisely what the lens sees. When you touch the electric shutter button, the Fresnel mirror flips up and the film is exposed.

No matter how you've looked upon the act of taking pictures, instant or otherwise, picture-taking will never be the same.

A color photograph, which develops before your eyes outside the camera, is only the *beginning* of the SX-70 experience.

The rebirth of a sense of wonder and an increased awareness of the beauty that surrounds you are the end results of SX-70 picture-taking.

### Watch it happen.

Remarkable as the Polaroid SX-70 Land camera is, what is important to remember is not what *it* can do, but what it enables *you* to do.

Touch the red electric shutter button and—whoosh—the picture is automatically ejected from the front of the camera.

There is nothing to time, nothing to peel, nothing to throw away.

Your picture begins developing immediately beneath a transparent, pro-

ductive plastic cover. You can stack it with other pictures, handle it, put it in your pocket. You can even spill water on it and still not hinder the development process.

As the image blooms before your eyes, you realize that this will be a color photograph such as you have never seen before.

Even after you have a beautiful picture, it keeps getting better.

Minutes later, you're looking at your finished picture.

It is hard, dry, shiny, flat and extremely durable.

The image size of the picture is  $3\frac{1}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{8}$  inches.

### The camera that makes it possible.

The SX-70 Land camera, closed, is  $1 \times 4 \times 7$  inches. Wrapped in top-grain leather, it weighs only 24 ounces.

Inside, there are over 200 transistors, a complex system of fixed and pivoting mirrors and a 12,000 r.p.m.

motor, all working together to propel one brilliant picture after another into your life.

Yet all you have to do is frame, focus and touch the red electric button.

The SX-70 is a single lens reflex camera. Your eye sees precisely what the camera sees, because you're actually looking through the camera lens.

You can focus on a scene from miles away, down to 10 inches, and you can actually record far more detail than you can see without the use of a magnifying lens.

You can shoot up to 10 pictures, one every 1.5 seconds, to cover a full action sequence, like a baby's first jaunt across the room. Or you can take automatic time exposures up to 14 seconds long.

The scope of SX-70 picture-taking is as wide as your imagination will allow it to be.

### Power from the film pack.

As amazing as the Polaroid SX-70 Land camera is, the story of the other



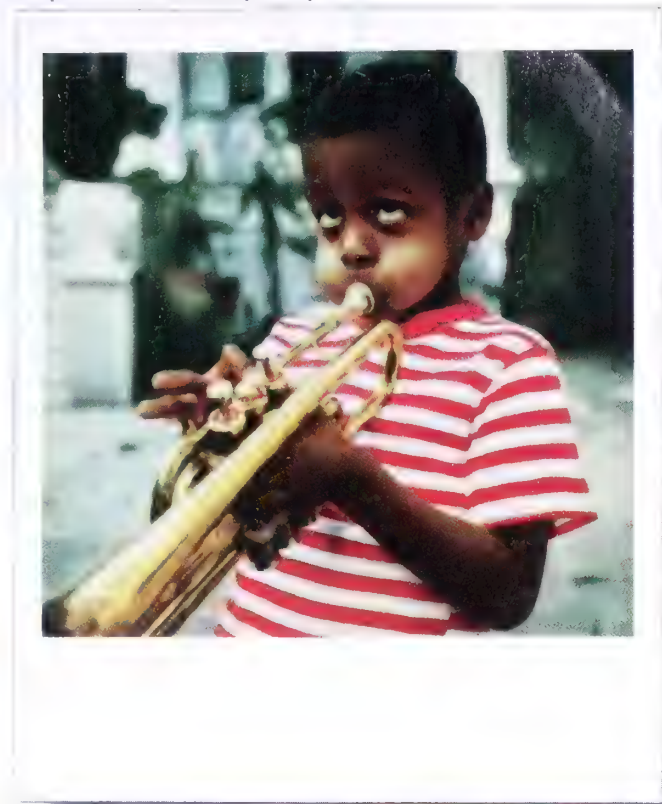
Touch the red button and your film is automatically ejected.



seconds, you see the faint outline of your picture.



Your picture, minutes later, fully developed.



of the system, the film, is equally mechanical.

Each 10-exposure film pack is small enough to be put into your pocket, yet it contains a wafer-thin, 6-volt battery that provides fresh power to operate the camera every time you load a new film.

A unique picture counter, located on the back of the camera, tells you how many pictures you have left. When you insert your film pack, the counter reads "10." After each successful shot, that number decreases. It also prevents the flash from firing after all 10 pictures have been taken.

## Flash pictures.

Just as there are 10 exposures in a film pack, there are 10 shots on each GE FlashBar™ array (5 on each side). You can shoot flash pictures from 10 inches to 20 feet or more away. Once again, you can reshoot every 1.5 seconds, to get a full action sequence. Nothing being left to chance, the SX-70 electronically selects the next shot to be fired. And, as you focus, the lens aperture is set automatically to let in the correct

amount of light.

Outdoors, an electric eye reads the light and programs the electronic shutter for the correct exposure.

## Copies and enlargements.

Because SX-70 pictures can record far more detail than the unaided eye can see, and because they are reproduced in a whole new spectrum of vibrant, highly stable dyes, beautiful copies and enlargements are easily made.

Every time you load new film, a cover sheet is automatically ejected on which you'll find directions on how to obtain copies and enlargements of your favorite SX-70 pictures.

## The new photography.

The virtual cascade of revolutions, mechanical, chemical, optical and electronic that made the SX-70 possible had

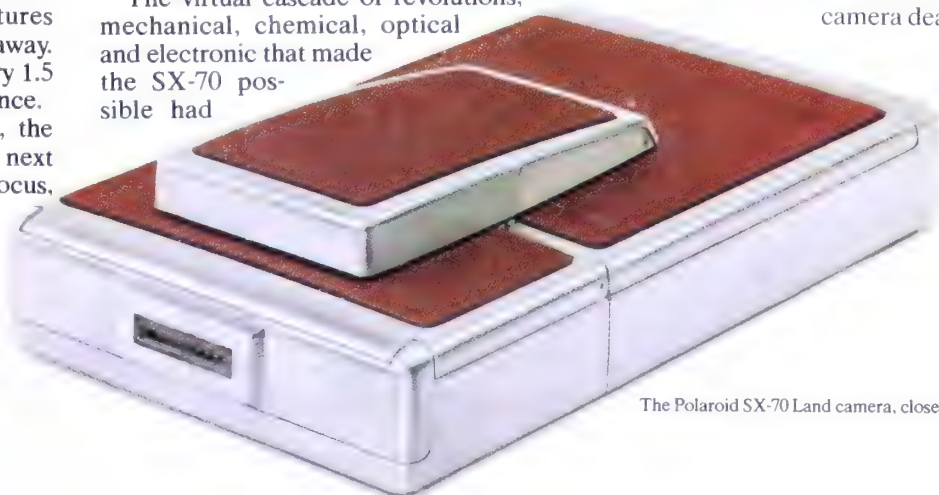
only one purpose: to free you from everything cumbersome and tedious about picture-taking, so it could become at last, the simple creative act it should be.

Just frame, focus and touch the red electric shutter button. Your picture is automatically ejected to time itself and develop into a color photograph of a depth and brilliance unparalleled in amateur photography.

What once might have seemed a family duty, or even just an interesting hobby, can now become a spontaneous and recurring pleasure in your daily life.

## The price.

The suggested list price of the Polaroid SX-70 Land camera is \$180. It is now available at Polaroid camera dealers.



The Polaroid SX-70 Land camera, closed

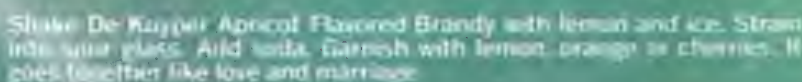
**COLORADO, COLORADO.**  
 "We are here to give you the strong  
 distinction of having the highest per  
 capita rate of automobile ownership  
 in the country." They arrived in  
 Denver and now they want to bring  
 home "Colorado's way of thinking  
 and living," and to  
 "bring home to you the way of  
 thinking and living that is  
 the result of the second and third car  
 they stick the message on their bum  
 per." Don't let Colorado's Colorado

Once the commitment is past away, Colorado displays all the negative of the incentives, but none of the positive. Government used to believe it had power over Colorado, but now has masked the facts behind the rise and the cost of America. Colorado is a failed one, but it is not the only one. The country of Colorado is not the only one where there is a lot of money.

**C**onsumers are doing better now than they were 10 years ago. They are more educated, they bring more money to the table, and more people bring more money to the table. And that means more demand for products. Fewer stop to ask if the biosphere of the place can handle them.

The Colorado River is the nation's largest and is a treasure. It is the only river in the West that is now. Contrary to Colorado's image of a land of sparkling blue water, the river is in fact an arid high-altitude desert, one of the nation's water-poor areas. In providing all we have used to make Denver and its half the annual outflow is pledged by compacts to downriver states and Mexico. Colorado itself uses 10 percent of what's left over. For a population that may reach 10 million, that's a pretty tight margin for water, and it's ridiculous. And Colorado's 10 streams—right now, 100 miles long—more than one-third of a state's size—are no longer capable of supporting fish. The state is draining Colorado's last remaining free-flowing rivers and is threatening the trout streams be *dewatered*.

In Colorado, as former Gov. John Love once said, "water tends to flow toward money." Three-fourths of the state's population lives on the east side of the mountains, either in Denver or in the urban stretches extending north and south of it called Front Range. This is also where financial power resides in Colorado. Three-fourths of the water, however,



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down the western slope on the side of the mountains. This disparity between population and water supply is the impetus behind the "watering" of Western Slope trout streams. In recent years, Denver and other Front Range cities have been using as much as half of their water supply over the highest mountain range on the continent. Over on the eastern Slope, water has become scarce and overused that by the time it gets to California's Imperial Valley it is too saline to grow vegetables without special treatment. "Only return we get from these Western Slope water schemes," says a Western Slope water-conservation official, "is in the form of twelve more Coors cans."

In the mountains the story is shaped by the desires of too many people for too much of a good thing. Consider, for example, an old Indian haunt now called the Crystal River Valley—a narrow, heavily walled canyon south of Aspen. Some 2,700 acres on the Crystal River headwaters are owned by Marble Ski Area, Inc., which is developing a private ski resort together with a new town of condominiums, second homes, and apartments. The project's ultimate population is expected to reach 20,000. From the beginning, Marble Ski Area developers have been criticized for their lack of performance bond guarantees, their shortage of "front-end" capital, their prices (\$7,500 and up for one-third-acre parcels), and their policy of assigning purchasers for services and improvements under threat of foreclosure. Despite this, the lots have sold briskly.

They continued to sell briskly even after John Rold, the state geologist, reported that 200 living units per acre were planned in an area where landslides fall off the crumbling face of alpine hills, that a school was to be sited in a flood plain at the base of an avalanche run, and that lots were being sold in the path of nearly annual mudflows, two of which occurred just last May. According to a study made by the Thorne Ecological Institute, and paid for by Marble Ski Area, the narrow Crystal River Valley can soon expect significant air pollution, not just from the new cars, but also from the new fireplaces.

The truly remarkable thing about Marble Ski Area is that it's one of the better mountain developments in

Colorado, at least so far as money spent on planning and ecological impact studies is concerned. Hundreds of other new resorts and exurbs are proceeding elsewhere in the mountains with less foresight and no bother about public relations. Colorado has virtually no control over them; no state plan, no effective zoning or safety regulations for rural mountain developments, no way to cut off their water, either literally or figuratively. And as the commercial developers continue to buy and build unchecked, the amount of open public space in the mountains continues to shrink. Not one acre has been added to Colorado's wilderness areas since they were created in 1961.

If Colorado's water and mountains seem to be in peril, its capital and largest city is even more endangered. Denver happens to be located in a natural geological bowl in an area subject to persistent temperature inversions. Nature's revenge: the smog trap. On top of that, there is not enough oxygen in the Mile-High City's air for the internal combustion engine to work efficiently. Cars in Denver produce half again as many pollutants as they would at sea level.

The result is the nation's highest level of carbon-monoxide pollution.

Denver has other potential dangers, too, such as the Pentagon's Rocky Mountain Arsenal, which covers twenty-five square miles on the city's northeast side immediately adjacent to Stapleton International Airport. As NBC News pointed out last spring, more than 2,000 GB nerve-gas bombs are stored there *aboveground*, near the airport's north-south flight pattern. Since the NBC report, it has been disclosed that bulk tanks of GB are also stored aboveground at the arsenal, and rumors persist that an even more powerful nerve gas, called CX, is stored there, too.

Denver is also graced with the presence of the Atomic Energy Commission in what is possibly its most grotesque incarnation anywhere in America—the Rocky Flats Nuclear Assembly Plant, operated for the AEC by the Dow Chemical Company. The Rocky Flats plant makes atomic-bomb triggering devices for thermonuclear warheads, just nine miles upwind of Denver and only four miles upwind of Arvada, Westminster, Broomfield, and other proliferating Denver suburbs. It's not that there's

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H4/4

# WINE TALK

by Austin Nichols

*Château La Garde produces a fine red wine in a district better known for its whites.*

If our man in Graves didn't know the district so well, he might have trouble finding Château La Garde. But this small and well-hidden estate is precisely the kind of château he tries to discover.

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At Austin, Nichols, we go out of our way to select wines like Château La Garde red. That's just part of what makes us the world's leading importer of fine Bordeaux château wines.



any danger of the triggers blowing up; it's that in making them the plant keeps experiencing plutonium fires. According to Dr. Peter Metzger, a Boulder citizen-activist who recounts their history in his book *The Atomic Establishment*, there have been over 200 spontaneously ignited fires at the Rocky Flats plant in recent years. The biggest one, in May 1969, was the most expensive accident in American industrial history, destroying more than \$50 million worth of delicate equipment. Over a year later, Gen. E. B. Giller, director of the AEC's Division of Military Applications, admitted the fire had been "a near catastrophe." Had it burned through the plant roof, Giller testified (it very nearly did), "hundreds of square miles could be involved in radiation exposure and involve cleanups at an astronomical cost."

**E**NTER NOW the prospect of those millions of potential newcomers, the new lost legions dreaming of a Rocky Mountain high. What will they find, or create, when they arrive? Since two-thirds of the acreage now platted for them is in the mountains—flat, barren, and mostly overpriced acres, but still surrounded by mountains—it might appear that newcomers could escape at least some of the growing difficulties that plague the state. But not without water and jobs. What's left of Colorado's water is largely controlled by Denver and the 163 new suburbs now planned for the Front Range. And in 1972, more than 90 percent of all the new jobs in Colorado were also to be found in that one narrow strip. The newcomers who need to work for a living, then, will add their bodies, cars, and thirst to a situation that has already reached crisis proportions.

As for the mountain developments, some will succeed as playgrounds and summer homes for the rich. Others will be closed off from Colorado's future by thousands of absentee owners. Still others will go the way of Colorado rural areas in general, which is nowhere: because of the concentration of jobs and water in the Front Range, half of Colorado's counties are losing population despite an overall state growth rate that is triple the national average.

What the newcomers will thus find and add to will be a strip city running from the Wyoming border very

nearly to New Mexico. In their tempts to get to the mountains they came for, they will spend hours foothill traffic jams breathing America's most poisonous air. When at last they reach the mountains to find water gone, the slopes lined with sorts and condominiums, and the valleys strewn with absentee-owners' confetti, they will go back home with the nerve gas and radiation, open an aluminum can of fermented trout stream, and watch TV commercials about the joys of land ownership for 50 cents a day at Pike's Peak Ranchitos.

Until very recently, most Coloradans accepted these grim changes with unparalleled torpor. In 1972 they woke up. In the spring, Denver unexpectedly voted down a bond issue for more downtown parking garages. Over the summer, the Denver Water Board was defeated in its bid to divert more water from the Western Slope for the greater and thirstier Denver of tomorrow. The November elections produced the biggest upset in Colorado voters overwhelmingly rejected plans to host the 1976 Winter Olympics.

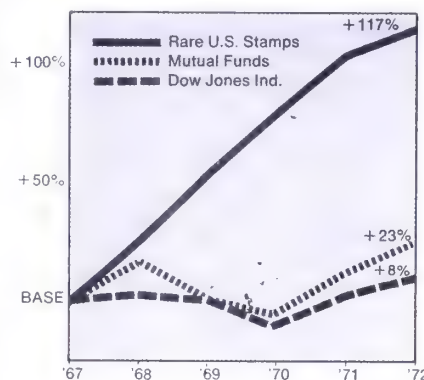
Coloradans were pleased enough with the Olympics at first. They started turning sour when citizen activists uncovered mounting evidence that the Denver Olympic Committee, comprised exclusively of Denver's blue-ribbon and monied elite, was dishonest, incompetent, or both. According to *Skiing* magazine, which originally favored the Olympics, Colorado voters were deceived about the costs they were underwriting, lied about the feasibility of site arrangements, and asked to accept third-class environmental and social planning. Worst of all was the committee's smug attitude that the voters didn't dare reject the Olympics and would docilely "go along." The opposition, which began with a handful of environmental activists, soon became a mass movement to get the issue on the ballot. Although they were outspent 100 to 1 by the Olympic Committee and were up against the combined efforts of a Republican administration and a Democratic machine in Denver, Olympics opponents won resoundingly at the polls.

In the wake of the Olympics defeat and election victories by environmentalist legislators, the key passage in Colorado politics became "land use." State land-use regulation



# Rare U.S. stamp investments outrun inflation... thrive on recession.

Since the end of World War II, rare U.S. stamp values have been spiraling up at rates which may be unbelievable to conventional stock market investors. During the past five years alone, U.S. stamp values have achieved an average annual compounded growth rate of 16.9% — far outpacing the overall performance of mutual funds, the Dow Jones Industrial Average and the average annual increase in consumer prices.



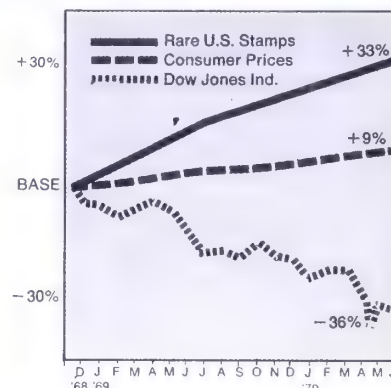
These impressive increases in value are the result of a rapidly increasing demand for the absolutely fixed supply of existing rare U.S. stamps. The supply of U.S. stamps produced in the 19th and early 20th centuries can never be increased. As today's 27 million stamp collectors become more affluent and as thousands of new collectors join their ranks each year, competition for the higher quality stamps of the past will only drive their prices even higher.

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party, Governor Loe, the Senate Republicans refused to even discuss a compromise version with the House, and the bill died in conference.

**E**VEN IF THE State Policies Act had been passed, much of Colorado's future is already written in the sand—and in the lawbooks, the deed registries, the water compacts, the freeways, and in our national fantasies of clear blue mountain lakes. As much as it matters that the state gain immediate control over its destiny, foregone conclusions abound. That Wyoming-to-New Mexico strip city, for instance, is now platted and approved for development. By official projections of 1990 housing needs, in fact, it is already *overplatted*. The Colorado state government has made no attempt to guide these developments in the past, and it will simply have to live with them in the future. Unfortunately, realities of this sort can't yet be seen with the naked eye. When one looks out of a passing car, there is still pleasant open space in the Front Range corridor. When one looks at the papers on file with county clerks, the open space that remains is a cruel mirage.

Meanwhile, resort and second-home developments continue to multiply exponentially in the mountains. County commissioners are empowered to plan and enforce land-use regulations, but they fear the wrath of rural property owners and are greatly tempted by development proposals that increase their tax base. Half the land in the Colorado mountains—one-third of all state land—is owned by the U.S. government, but only 2 percent of it is protected as wilderness.

As land-use problems in Colorado continue to grow worse, so too will the state's air quality. The Colorado Air Pollution Control Commission predicts that the Denver area will fall short of the Clean Air Act standards by 22 to 30 percent, even with strict state emission controls. Denver's hopes for a long-range solution to this are now vested in its new mass-transit plan, which calls for Personal Rapid Transit vehicles designed to run on special elevated tracks. There are several reasons to doubt that the PRT system will solve the problem. First, it is ten years away from completion. Second, it will handle at peak efficiency only 10 percent of

the total trips in the area. Third, the technology has not been put to the test and may not be efficient at all. There are even indications that PRT will cause significant new problems. Its \$1.6 billion price tag could buy enough new buses to saturate the Front Range using only existing roadways, but now there will be yet another network of vehicular tracks occupying yet more space and sky.

The future of Colorado's meager water supply is equally unpromising. Almost nothing prevents further water diversions, and nothing can stop the eventual collapse of Colorado trout fishing and agriculture if this cycle continues. The head of the Colorado Water Conservation Board estimates that the state might possibly support a population of 5 million to 10 million people at the price of using all the state's water for cities and industry. At a population higher than that, water would have to be imported or carefully recycled, but of the twenty major water projects now planned for the West, none will bring new water to Colorado, and serious recycling hasn't even reached the planning stage. It's some comfort that no one has yet proposed melting the snowcaps.

As if all this were not enough, Colorado also finds itself sitting squarely in the middle of the nation's energy crisis. The state contains an estimated 372 billion tons of coal, 100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas, and at least 1.25 trillion barrels of shale oil. The geographic center of the best of these incredible deposits is the little town of Meeker, in Colorado's rural northwest corner. The town is named after a missionary zealot who once sought to bring Christ and agriculture to the Ute Indians, and, failing that, brought them the U.S. Army instead. Meeker—truly a name for history—may someday be the energy capital of the United States.

Colorado coal is being strip-mined now, and will be strip-mined further in the future, but fortunately the pressure is shared by many other parts of the West where coal is even more abundant. Similarly, little of the natural gas will be exploited in the foreseeable future, since 99 percent of it is trapped in sandstone formations a mile underground.

It is primarily oil shale, then, that will transform Meeker and the other sleepy little towns nearby into boom

cities of destiny. A recent study by the Denver Research Institute dictates that this three-county area's farms and ranches will contain many as 600,000 people by the year 2000. By any standard it will be the largest mining project in American history. The amount of oil involved is inconceivably enormous. The Department of the Interior estimates that Colorado contains 1.25 trillion barrels; other experts feel that the total may be as much as 3 trillion. This compares with 350 billion barrels of proven reserves in the thickest odd Arab oil fields. In other words, Colorado has over three times as much oil as the entire Middle East. It's only a question of oil prices reaching a level at which shale-oil extraction is profitable; the technology is available. Recent oil prices have guaranteed a very healthy beginning for the new industry. Perhaps all this makes the confusion about "energy" and "self-sufficiency" a bit clearer.

Exactly how far oil-shale development goes will depend on technology and prices, but not, most likely, on environmental considerations—their scale of wealth at stake is simply too overwhelming. Projecting from the Department of the Interior's prototype planning statement on environmental effects, northwest Colorado can expect these oil-shale "impacts": the exhaustion of area agriculture, huge mobile-home company towns, a need for social services far beyond local bonding capacity, severe decline in air and water quality, and piles of useless mine tailings measurable by the cubic mile.

Spent oil shale has a number of interesting properties. For one thing, it expands in processing, leaving again as much waste as would fill the holes it came from. For another, about the texture of face powder, requiring extraordinary (and expensive) controls to see that it doesn't blow away in dust storms or wash away down the Colorado River system. Finally, it is only slightly easier to cultivate than the surface of the moon. So many special (and expensive) treatments are required to make it grow anything that the idea of the oil companies ever reaping the land is preposterous.

**T**HE FUTURE of Colorado seems locked into a descending spiral. The mystique creates a den-



for development, which is unregulated and clusters around existing urban economic centers on the Front Range. More water and jobs are diverted from the mountains and the dying rural areas, more cars arrive to create even worse air pollution, all of which stimulates even more strip-city growth in outlying suburbs and more eagerness to buy five-acre illusions in the mountains. At the same time, the military and atomic installations now posing serious threats to Coloradans' lives can't be held accountable to Colorado voters; the developers seeking to create escape zones in the mountains are in fact urbanizing them without even so much as state safety regulations; and powerful energy corporations, driven by demand from Americans elsewhere who would like Colorado to set the way it is but don't have to accept the consequences of their needs, threaten to do to Colorado what others have done to West Virginia.

But when the facts about Colorado finally displace the fantasies, the cycle may still not be over. Montana and Wyoming have a public appeal nearly as great as Colorado's, not to mention mineral resources that may be even greater, and are still the way Colorado was ten or twenty years ago. When Colorado is gone, money changers of paradise will be moving there.

Yet there is more to the experiences of Colorado than the implication that its centennial in 1976 will be a wake. In rejecting the Olympics, in rejecting the idea that anything is if enough flags and inertia are draped around it, Colorado voters showed an ability to organize and speak to their future which ordinary government-as-usual does not seem to possess. They took matters into their own hands with the oldest democratic tool of all: citizen initiative and referendum. Paradoxically, we may have reached a point where the forces that affect our lives have become so intertwined into impotent bureaucracies, arrogant technocracies, and slow-moving representative bodies that only the ordinary voter can see the big picture and do something about it.

It's possible, then, that Colorado's defeat of the 1976 Olympics may have been a hopeful sign; perhaps an era of populist movements is just around the corner for the whole nation. In Colorado, that era has arrived. □



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# HARD TIMES AT THE ATHENS NEWS

If you go to Greece, read the funny pages last

**B**ECAUSE DICTATORSHIP is a political extreme, one usually thinks of its extremities: political prisoners, torture, midnight arrests, tanks rumbling through city streets. Greece has, and has had, all of these.

What follows, however, is a report about a more mundane aspect of dictatorship: its day-to-day effects on a small newspaper and two journalists who write for it. The article is based upon information and interviews gathered before the second, most recent, coup d'état in Greece. But statements by the new strong man, Brig. Gen. Dimitrios Ioannidis, suggest that a change in dictators has not produced a softening in the regime's attitude toward the press. On the contrary, the situation apparently has become even more difficult than before. In the week following his coup, Ioannidis twice ordered all Athenian newspaper publishers to appear before him at military police headquarters, a place which, to most Greeks, is synonymous with a torture chamber. His message to the publishers was explicit: tread very carefully or lose everything. Questioned about his role in the government, Ioannidis made the situation perfectly clear: "You were not called here for a dialogue," he snapped, "but to listen to what I say." Within a few days, one Athens daily (*Vradyni*) had been closed down; most of the others were devoting their columns to soccer news.

**A**FTER VISITING GREECE, I can report that the pen is not, in fact, mightier than the sword.

If it were, the man who sometimes follows Christos Economou to work



Jim Hougan

would carry a brace of Parker 75s. Instead, he has what appears to be a .38 jammed into the top of his pants. The gun is visible when the wind catches the flaps of his sports jacket, blowing them to the sides, and the man who wears the gun makes no attempt to hide it. On the contrary, he stands with his hands in his pockets on the corner of one of Athens' busiest streets, watching Economou devour souvlaki at a sidewalk stand.

"He's one of our cowboys," Economou jokes, following my stare. "Authentic Greek: Iannis Wayne-opoulis."

The comment is apt: there's something frontierlike in the way the man flaunts his weapon, his casual ostentation and bluff indifference to gaping tourists and passersby. Rocking

*Jim Hougan, a frequent visitor to Greece and observer of the 1967 coup, is now living in Maine and working on a book.*

back and forth on his heels in the umbra of a curlicued Coca-Cola sign, he makes it clear that the term "second police" is at least partly figurative.

Finishing his souvlaki with a gulp, Economou leads me toward a building whose faded sign reads "the Athens News." Behind us, the policeman follows at an indiscreet distance.

The Athens News, for which Economou writes a regular column, is simultaneously one of the least pretentious and most remarkable newspapers in Europe. An English-language daily published in the capital of Greece, it has a circulation limited mostly to tourists, students, intellectuals, and embassy staffers, about fifteen thousand of whom buy the paper as soon as it hits the kiosks.

Physically, the tabloid looks as if it had been composed by a man with a chronic case of the hiccups. Lines of print often come out looking like this, and since the printers do not speak English, sentences are sometimes jumbled up or disemboweled in a way that suggests the style of William Burroughs. Reading the Athens News can be a dizzying experience, a sort of literary *mal de mer*.

But the risks are worth it. The paper is filled with page after page of solid information on Greek affairs; news often unpublished elsewhere in Greece. The newspaper's editorial stance is belligerently democratic, a position that does not ingratiate it with the country's authoritarian military regime.

This freedom itself is extraordinary. Newspapers whose circulation is confined mostly to tourists and foreign residents are almost always conservative or neutral, as was the Athens



When the place  
finally closes and  
the boss says  
"let's us have one"...

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a little Cutty.



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what to expect from a car.

**ALWAYS SEEMS TO  
YOU NEED IT.**





*News* before the 1967 coup. Most publishers are reluctant to risk government reprisals for what is obviously a quixotic effort, the journalist equivalent of casting pearls before swine. And yet this is precisely the effort that the *Athens News* has chosen to make. It is, in effect, "journal of resistance" distributed primarily to vacationers, "package tourists" who are more interested in airline timetables than in timetables for general elections in Greece.

In a country whose regime is noted for its tolerance of critics, it is surprising that the *Athens News* is allowed to publish. Other periodicals (such as the magazine *Anti*) have been ruthlessly suppressed, their publishers beaten and jailed, for doing no more than what the *Athens News* does every day. How do they get away with it?

The explanation most commonly advanced by those who resist the regime, including reporters on the *Athens News* itself, is that the paper indirectly serves the interests of the junta. That is, tourists and foreign investors reading the newspaper are likely to conclude that Greece is a country with problems but that freedom of the press is not one of them. The newspaper's criticism of the junta may be harsh and to the point, but its open circulation suggests that the regime is a relatively lenient one. According to this logic, the *Athens News* is allowed to publish because it creates the (false) impression among foreigners that the government, though not entirely dictatorial, is not so oppressive. This impression assuages the conscience of tourists and investors alike, while the language barrier insulates the newspaper's criticism from the Greeks themselves.

This analysis is a depressing case of a journalistic Catch-22. The newspaper's publication indirectly serves the interests of the junta, yet if it ceases publication would be unthinkable; without the *Athens News*, there would be no open vehicle for dissent within Greece. To the dictum, "Publish and be damned!" must be added the cautionary observation that publication is damned if it does and damned if it doesn't.

ARRIVING IN A rickety elevator at the fourth floor of 5 Havn Street, Economou delivers his handwritten column to a pretty American

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He'll correct the spelling and can before typing it and deliver it to the typewriters in the back

girl as a part-time employee. Her husband is a lieutenant commander in the Navy, a press information officer for the controversial Sixth Fleet. Her employment at the Athens *News* seems to be at loggerheads with her husband's work, since the newspaper is vigorously critical of the presence. Oddly enough, she has no interest in the newspaper's editorial positions. "What do I know about it? I don't know. It's not my business, really. I'm just a reader," she says.

Her husband has told me that most of the newspaper's employees are "part-time" and that full-time work requires a work permit, which, in the case of the Athens *News*, is almost always withheld.

The style of the Athens *News* is defined by an assortment of press practices that are no less harsh for their vagueness. It is an ironic style, but frequently at a slight remove from the subject. Headlines are rife with puns, and stories are often juxtaposed in critical and humorous ways. A review of Charlie Chaplin's *The Great Dictator* has significance in a city under military rule. A column of Economou's, usually excoriating South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu, begins with a declaration of independence for every Greek. "Can I help you, Economou asks disingenuously, 'does detect similarities between communist dictatorship in Saigon and Greece?'"

Economou notes that the government is less concerned with comments in the forums of intellectuals—water, for instance—than with what is said and permitted in the *tavla* and the popular media. As a result, reporters and columnists have been very careful of what they write, for the crime to embarrass the government, regardless of whether or not the reports are true. Any article that diminishes the "dignity" of a government official can result in a fine, disbarment from the profession, or imprisonment. Any newspaper edition confiscated by the authorities, whether by confiscation, whether "justified" or arbitrary, makes the publisher guilty of a disciplinary offense. Disrespect toward one's colleagues is also punishable by law. A twenty-page government decree, "On

the Journalists' Profession," is the most interestingly unbalanced, but the courts have made it clear that they will interpret the law as harshly as its undefined limits will allow. The result is that with every issue's publication the staff members put large chunks of their lives in jeopardy.

The paper's publisher, Iannis Horn (who, incidentally, doesn't speak English), was sentenced to a prison term last year for what amounted to a mechanical error. The headline which sent Horn to jail—"Bombs, Recruited Schoolchildren Greet Agnew"—was faithful to the facts of the former Vice-President's visit to Greece, but the story's text omitted reference to the incidents described in the headline. Horn explained that the omission occurred when the printers dropped a type tray containing the story and unwittingly left out the first two paragraphs when they reassembled the mess. The result was an innocuous and rather unintelligible article and more than six months behind bars for the publisher.

Avoiding legal traps is something of a science at the Athens *News*; where irony is too weak, sarcasm will substitute. Thus, while a notoriously

corrupt official cannot be exposed, references to him can always be prefaced by the usually capitalized adjective "honorable." After a while, readers begin to wonder. Similarly, the Premier of Greece can be referred to as "our Great Leader" and "the organizer of the Revolution." No Greek judge is likely to challenge these descriptions on the grounds of accuracy or indignity, and appears to be entirely demoralized. More importantly, perhaps, the Athens *News* employs a pictorial strategy that gives front-page play to photographs of events that the state would prefer to see buried or ignored. In this way the newspaper can report without comment the official government line that "only a few dozen" students were involved in a demonstration, while pairing that report with a picture showing thousands of youths marching through Omonia Square with banners and flags flying.

MORE PAINFUL even than the press laws is what seems to be an officially sanctioned, hardly clandestine campaign of dirty tricks. It is a flexible operation, as it must be

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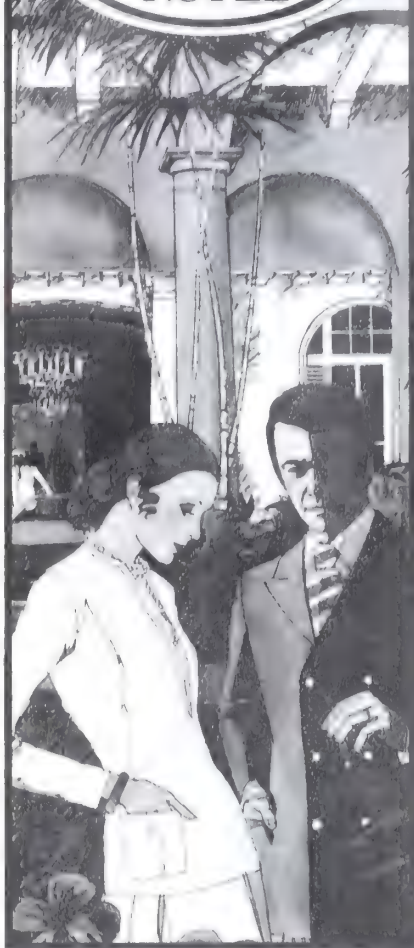
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in a city with ten daily newspapers, and its weight can be brought to bear with exactly the leverage the powerful Ministry of Information ordains.

At the *Athens News*, circulation has more than doubled since the 1967 coup d'état, but the increased revenue from kiosk sales has been more than negated by a decrease in advertising. Government advertising is, of course, an important source of income, and all of that has been withdrawn and placed in friendlier papers. But, despite a massive increase in tourism (which ought to benefit an English-language publication), other ads are down as well. Economou estimates that since the coup the newspaper has lost advertising worth more than 1 million drachmas per year, about \$30,000. While that might not seem like much to an American publisher, it's a fortune to the owner of a small Greek daily. Private businessmen realize that advertising in the *Athens News* is an effective way to attract tourists' dollars, but they also understand that it is a good way to attract government disfavor.

Reporters are primary targets for more direct harassment. Economou is confident that his telephone is tapped. More problematical, however, is his lack of what amounts to an official license to report the news. Because his views are unpalatable to those in power, press identification (issued by the Ministry of Information) is withheld. Lacking such identification, Economou is effectively denied access to official sources and to the places where the news is made.

Before the coup, Economou was one of the best-known and most respected reporters in Greece. During more than twenty years of newspaperwork, he'd been political editor of Helen Vlachos's conservative *Messinivri* and had obtained exclusive interviews with Eisenhower and Khrushchev. As a foreign correspondent he'd traveled throughout the United States, Europe, Cuba, and twice to Vietnam and the Far East. His income as a reporter was about \$1,200 per month; he had access to everyone, and he looked forward to a comfortable pension from his union when he had completed his twenty-five years of work.

Today Economou couldn't get into the Embassy of Mali. His former publisher, Helen Vlachos, is in exile, his former newspaper shut down. He can't get a passport to travel, he's

excluded from the government-controlled trade union, and the Ministry of Information refuses to sign his press card.

His salary on the *Athens News* is about 15 percent of what he received at *Messinivri*, and until his press card is signed he's unable to acquire the few remaining years necessary to receive his pension. In addition, the \$300 per month that Greek journalists can make by contributing to the state-controlled radio-and-television network is no longer available to him.

These are, admittedly, only personal disasters. By and large they represent the withdrawal of many privileges and a few rights. Economou has lost his privacy, his income, his access to important places and officials, his professional standing, and his right to travel. Presumably all of these would be returned if he recanted. But that's unlikely to happen. There is a story about Economou that illustrates the thickness of his skin, and the affection with which some Greeks tell it suggests the deep pride they take in their resistance.

Economou is said to have asked an embarrassing political question of U.S. Ambassador Henry Tasca at a press conference. The question related to alleged CIA involvement in the 1967 coup. Before the Ambassador could reply, an American wire-service reporter (apparently referring to a women's boutique owned by Mrs. Economou) interrupted: "You don't have to answer that, Mr. Ambassador! Economou hasn't any official accreditation—he's just a ladies' shoe salesman." Without missing a beat, Economou turned to the reporter and replied, "Better to dress the foot of a beautiful woman than to lick the boot of a dictator."

**E**CONOMOU is a conservative, but his opposition to military rule in Greece crosses the political spectrum. Louis Danos also works on the *Athens News*, and Danos is not a conservative.

Formerly the editor in chief of Andreas Papandreou's daily newspaper *Anendotos*, Danos was once Economou's "opposite number." Whatever his politics (he says he's not a Marxist), Danos's prose is just as tough as Economou's.

A short, almost fragile man with bright, kind eyes and a smile that blinks throughout a conversation,

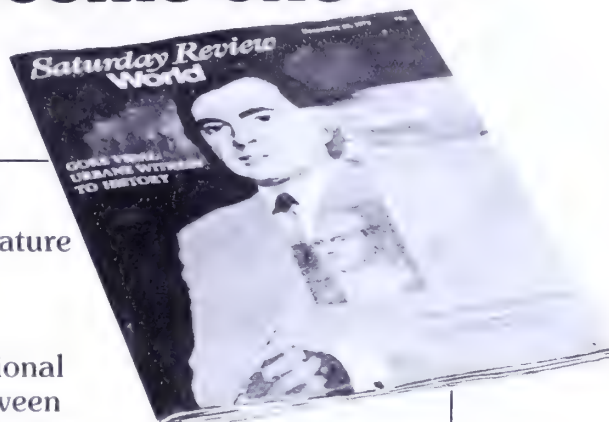


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## THE TH NS NEWS

Danos is the author of a column that appears twice a week in the *Athens News*. It's called "The Critique of Pure Reason," and the title refers less to Immanuel Kant than to the "pure reason" the junta claims must govern Greek affairs.

Danos worked on the first edition of the *Athens News*, back in 1951. He left the newspaper after a violent political argument with the conservative Iannis Horn. Danos still disagrees with Horn, but resistance to the regime has made them friends and co-workers once again.

The *Athens News* is the only source of income that Danos has. Before the coup he received a military pension that was twice his present salary, a reward for thirteen years as a soldier and compensation for battlefield wounds received in the country's civil war against the Communists. Wounded in 1948, he retired from the army as a major after two years of recovery in a military hospital. He had been decorated for heroism.

Danos lost his pension when he was arrested for conspiring to overthrow the regime. His arrest came in December 1970, and he was kept in prison for fifteen months before his trial.

"They didn't torture me," he said. "They tried to kill me instead. You see, besides my war wounds, I have tuberculosis. They knew that and kept me in a one-meter-by-one-meter cell without clothes for more than a year. Like an animal. There were no doctors. I kept alive by running in place for hours and hours, every day." In March 1972, Danos was convicted of belonging to an organization outlawed by the regime for its ties to the liberal Papandreou.

"I confessed," Danos said, "to what I had done. And to what I hadn't done. I did that because they arrested four of my family and said that they'd imprison my mother and others if I didn't confess to everything. Later, in court, I retracted most of the confession, the untrue parts, but it didn't matter."

Danos's column was sufficiently painful to the regime that the former Undersecretary of the Press, Byron Stamatopoulos, would regularly fire off telegrams to publisher Horn.

"He threatens Horn with court," Danos said. "unless he fires me. Stamatopoulos—what a fellow he is! He calls me a Communist, a fascist, an

anarchist—all in the same telegram sometimes." Danos chuckles. "At then he smiles at me and says, 'Hell how-are-you?' when I'm having coffee with friends in Syntagma Square A Janus." Danos pauses and broods. "I don't understand the man. He used to be a socialist. You know, when I was younger, and he was younger, was a member of the Athens Union of Journalists. I was its vice-chairman. Well, after the 1967 coup d'état occurred, the government insisted that we expel forty-two of our members. We refused, and the regime took over the union. Today Stamatopoulos is Undersecretary of Press at the Ministry of Information, and I'm forbidden from even calling myself a journalist. Because, you see, to be a journalist you must be a member of the union, and the only union we have is the government union. If it happens, I'm ineligible for membership: I'm a criminal, as you know. Well, the truth is that no one in my family has ever been involved in politics. Not really. We've simply said no to the regime."

As I left, Danos had a word of advice. "Remember, if you write about us, we are just a newspaper for tourists. We publish Popeye and Donald Duck, and tell visitors where they can find an English-speaking dentist. There are no journalists here. Just part-time help." And he chuckled.

THE OLD ELEVATOR rumbles and shakes its way down to the bottom floor, arriving with a thump and a crash of opening doors. Outside the night is clear and cold. With the exception of a new Fiat parked beneath the "The Athens News" sign, Harilaou Street is deserted. As I wait by, one of the car's windows rolls down and two men look out at me from behind a fog of cigarette smoke that suggests they've been sitting there for a long while.

It seems as if they're about to do something, and politeness makes them hesitate in front of them. When they don't, I'm surprised and it takes a few seconds to realize that their curiosity is too neutral and unabashed to be idle. They have the look of people who are busy remembering what they see. When the window finally rolls up again, I'm left with the feeling of dismissal and the impression that I've been tricked into posing for somebody's fact sheet.



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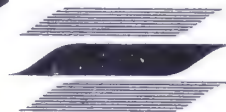
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# PRIVACIES OF LIFE

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IT IS OFTEN SAID that our Constitution is "alive." As the Supreme Court reinterprets the law in different eras, our rights both grow and diminish—sometimes with glacial slowness, sometimes with breathtaking speed.

Today's Supreme Court is hardly considered activist in the cause of expanded individual liberty. Still, recent decisions show that, in one such area at least, the present Court has continued the process of constitutional creation. During the past few years we have been present at the full-blown emergence of a new constitutional right of enormous importance

an intensely personal right that may actually benefit many of us far more than our political freedoms of speech, press, and assembly.

Though often called the "right of privacy," the new liberty is better described, I think, with a phrase used by the Supreme Court in 1866, when it said that we all have a right to be safe from governmental intrusions into "the privacies of life." For the new right does not have to do with solitude as such, but with the freedom to be one's self—to make independent decisions about how one wishes to use one's mind and body. This is largely a middle-class liberty: its importance tends to increase with the acquisition of property and leisure. That may be the secret of its chances with today's Court, which is much less inclined than its predecessors to advance constitutional claims that primarily benefit the disadvantaged.

THE FOUR MODERN CASES that comprise the building blocks of the new liberty are easily summarized. Locating the principle that connects them is quite a bit more difficult.

The first case was *Griswold v. Connecticut*, a 1965 decision holding that Connecticut could not constitutionally make it a crime for married

persons to use contraceptives in the marriage relationship. Although the Court was convinced that Connecticut's "uncommonly silly" law (Justice Potter Stewart's phrase) ran afoul of the Constitution, it was excruciatingly vague as to what specific part of that document the state had violated. The Bill of Rights makes no mention of marriage, sex, or contraception, and the Court (for reasons I shall go into later) tried not to rely upon the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, which protects "liberty" generally. The opinion refers instead to "zones of privacy" created by the "penumbras" of the Constitution, to "a right of privacy older than the Bill of Rights," and to the fact that marriage is "intimate" and "sacred," "an association that promotes a way of life . . . a harmony of living . . . a bilateral loyalty. . . ."

Four years later, in *Stanley v. Georgia*, the Court held that the Constitution would not tolerate a prosecution for possession of obscene films found in the defendant's bedroom. The Court faced the same difficulty as in *Griswold* in finding a constitutional reference point. Previous decisions had excluded obscenity, properly defined, from the freedom-of-speech guarantee. Nevertheless, said the Court, obscenity laws cannot "reach into the privacy of one's own home" where a person has "the right to read or observe what he pleases—the right to satisfy his intellectual and emotional needs."

In 1972, in *Eisenstadt v. Baird*, the Court returned to contraceptives. Despite the emphasis that *Griswold* had placed on marriage, the Court now appeared to say that single persons also had a constitutional right to sexual intercourse and contraception: "The marital couple is not an independent entity with a mind and heart of its own, but an association of

Paul Bender is a professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

two individuals each with a separate intellectual and emotional makeup. If the right of privacy means anything, it is the right of an *individual*, married or single, to be free from unwarranted governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child" (the emphasis is the Court's).

In last year's abortion decision—which has been the most difficult case to date—the Court solidified the new right by trying to give it both some limits and some general theoretical underpinning. Again, the specifics of the Bill of Rights had no apparent application, and the Court could not rely upon either marriage (the pregnant plaintiff was unmarried) or the sanctity of the home. The Court announced, however, that the *Griswold*, *Stanley*, and *Eisenstadt* decisions (along with a few others of questionable relevance) had established "a right of personal privacy or a guarantee of certain areas or zones of privacy . . . founded in the Fourteenth Amendment's concept of personal liberty." This guarantee of privacy, said the Court, applies to "personal rights that can be deemed 'fundamental' or 'implicit in the concept of ordered liberty.'" One such fundamental right was that of a woman to decide whether or not to terminate her pregnancy. The Court referred to the danger that an unwanted child might cause physical or psychological harm to the mother, as well as "stigma" in the case of an unmarried woman. After the fetus became viable, or capable of life outside the mother's body, however, abortion might be prohibited, since the state's interest in protecting fetal life would then be "compelling," and fundamental rights may be limited by a "compelling state interest."

Our catalogue of cases must close with the only decision thus far in which the Court has explicitly reject-



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ed a claim based on the new liberty. A few months after the abortion case, the Court ruled (5 to 4) that the right of adults to acquire sexual materials in bookstores or theaters was not "fundamental." The fundamental right to obscenity, wrote Chief Justice Burger, is "restricted to a place, the home," and does not extend to "places of public accommodation." The Court conceded that other aspects of privacy do apply in such places—abortion is constitutionally protected in hospitals, and contraceptives in hotel rooms, and there is a right to obtain both these things from others. But, said the Chief Justice, these other privacies—unlike obscenity—concerned "intimate relationships," and protection was extended as far as "required to safeguard the right to intimacy involved." Justice Burger did not explain what "intimate relationship" is involved when an unmarried woman seeks an abortion or why solitary rights which involve no such relationship are "fundamental" only in "the home."

AS CASES ACCUMULATE, it becomes clear that the Court's recognition

(however inconsistent) of "zones of privacy" where the law may not intrude must necessarily bring into question the legitimacy of a whole range of "victimless" or moral crimes—those crimes which directly harm (if they harm anyone at all) only the "criminal" himself or other consenting persons. The crime of obscenity is victimless. So is the crime of abortion, if one ignores the fetus as a victim prior to its "viability," as the Court seemed disposed to do. Closely related are prohibitions on heterosexual "sodomy," unmarried fornication, and homosexual intercourse. Moreover, if the hallmark of the new right is not sex but, as some of the opinions state, the right to fulfill one's own "intellectual and emotional needs," then it appears logical to re-examine laws forbidding everything from drunkenness and gambling to marijuana-smoking, heroin use, and suicide. Privacy claims have been made against these, as well as against dress and hair codes for school-children and laws requiring motorcyclists to wear protective helmets; claims may one day be expected over the right to use a car without a seat belt. Which of these activities are

within the constitutionally protected zones of privacy and which are not?

Many of us tend to use philosophical principles to determine the legitimacy of such prohibitions. We ask, for example, whether government has a right to legislate "morals," or whether individuals have a right to do as they please so long as they don't harm others. The Supreme Court opinions through which the new right has emerged are, as we have seen, remarkably free of reliance upon such basics. They are, indeed, remarkably free of any generally valid rationalizing principles.

This should be neither surprising nor disappointing. Justices are not chosen primarily for their ability as philosophers; even if they were, it is unlikely that they could produce definitive theories when they first encounter variations on a new and difficult constitutional claim. In emerging areas, like it or not, the Court's creative process must consist mostly of commonsense reactions to interesting fact situations. Its reasons will often be glaringly inadequate, even contradictory. Many are, in truth, after-the-fact justifications. If the Court is on the right track, then, as result pile up, a tenable governing principle should emerge to explain most of them. It is far from a tidy or wholly intellectually satisfying process, but it is all we have.

ANOTHER WAY in which the Court's opinions differ from ordinary philosophical debate is in the necessity the Justices properly feel to relate their decisions to the Constitution, and to do so in a way that will not create rights the Court does not intend. This problem has been especially vexing in the new privacy cases and has undoubtedly caused at least some of the obscurity in the Court's opinions so far. The absence of any specific language in the Constitution relating to sex, marriage, contraception, or abortion has relentlessly forced the Court, in its search for a text, toward the provision of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments that government shall not deprive any person "of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." It is possible to read this clause as conferring not only the right to fair procedures, but also the right to have the substance of law "duly" reflect societal concerns more powerful than



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e liberty of contract. When the  
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e decisions, it held, quite cor-  
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ta justifications for minimum  
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een so much abused. To this  
e Court stated repeatedly that,  
cedures are fair, it would not  
k down laws in the name of "lib-  
or "property" generally when  
ould be thought to bear, by  
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relationship to a legitimate  
end. Until the *Griswold* case  
along, this test in practice gave  
sures carte blanche so long as  
voided collision with the spe-  
c of the Bill of Rights.

recreating the new privacy, the  
has not wanted to revive the  
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a law interferes with funda-  
l liberty, it is not sufficient  
e legislature has acted ration-

ally—it must show a "compelling"  
reason. The Court, that is, will once  
again be a superlegislature—indeed  
a superlegislature with a vengeance  
—but only when "fundamental" lib-  
erty is concerned.

No one knows just how compelling  
a reason must be to override privacy,  
but the abortion case provides some  
clues, and it appears that it must be  
very compelling indeed. The Court  
held there, for example, that a state's  
desire to protect fetal life is not com-  
pelling unless the fetus is viable, and  
that even saving viable fetal life is  
not compelling if the mother's health  
is in danger. Moreover, said the  
Court, the state's interest in protect-  
ing the mother's health during ad-  
vanced pregnancy is only compelling  
insofar as it justifies making abor-  
tions as safe as possible; protecting  
the mother's health is not a compel-  
ling reason for prohibiting abortions.

On the other hand, the recent ob-  
scenity decisions provide some hints  
as to how unconvincing the state in-  
terest may be when merely ordinary  
liberty is infringed by victimless-  
crime legislation. After the Court  
held that the right to acquire obscene  
sexual material outside the home  
was, while part of liberty, not part of  
the new privacy, it found a "legiti-  
mate state interest" in "an arguable  
correlation between obscene material  
and crime" based on concededly "un-  
provable assumptions." If certain  
books are commonly thought of as  
"good," said the majority, why can't  
a state engage in the "corollary" as-  
sumption that obscene books have "a  
tendency to exert a corrupting or de-  
basing impact leading to antisocial  
behavior"? And if this flight of fancy  
was not permissive enough for the  
states, the majority further suggested  
that nonfundamental liberty might  
even be infringed merely in the in-  
terest of what is called "the total com-  
munity environment": "'What is  
commonly read and seen and heard  
and done [however discreetly] in-  
trudes upon us all, want it or not.'" In  
other words, what we don't like  
we may prohibit, so long as it is not  
"fundamental."

**T**HE IMPORTANT POINT for us in  
these complicated legalisms is that  
victimless-crime laws based on moral  
or paternalistic considerations may  
not intrude on personal choices  
that the Court finds "fundamental,"



I'll drink to that



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but are ordinarily valid otherwise. The protected privacies of life under the Court's present approach thus come down to the Justices' notions about the "fundamentalness" of private activity. In view of the Court's explanations to date (or rather its general lack of explanations) of what makes one private choice fundamental and another not, one is tempted to conclude that the Justices simply deem "fundamental" those activities that have been part of their own pursuit of happiness—or that they can more or less readily imagine as being so. If this is indeed the explanation for what the Court has been and will be doing, then the privacies of life have probably already risen close to their high-water mark for the time being. We might expect that a right to engage in certain kinds of consensual heterosexual sodomy (at least in marriage) might join the rights of contraception and abortion, and we might perhaps see the recognition of a right of a person suffering extreme pain or physical handicap to decide that life is no longer worth the struggle. A prohibition on cigarettes (either outright or through taxes which make them practically unavail-

able except to the wealthy) would be an interesting case. Rights to homosexual conduct, to drugs, and to gambling on the "numbers" would, like the right to acquire obscenity, be unlikely to find recognition.

The Court can, I suspect, do better in the long run than merely to reflect the values of the Justices on an ad hoc basis. Now that the first flush of creation is over and a new right is definitely entrenched, it ought to be possible to take stock and find a guide in the search for the fundamental.

Start with a recognition of the special nature of the new right—the way in which it differs from other rights where the "fundamentalness" of conduct may be an issue. Some rights are recognized because of the effect which their exercise has on others and on the shape of society. Political rights are the best example. The fundamentalness of *that* kind of right can be judged by asking whether the society we want (or, better, the society contemplated by the Constitution) would be possible or likely without them. Thus free speech, press, and assembly, the right to petition government, a broad voting franchise, are all "fundamental" because

it is difficult to imagine our democracy in their absence.

But when we decide to recognize some privacies in life, we decide to recognize a right to make choices not for their effect upon society but for the pleasure—or reduction of pain—they give the actor. If the Constitution is going to protect an area of private choice for *private* reasons, we cannot judge the fundamentalness of certain choices—as opposed to others—through their external appearance or effect. The right to enjoy sex in marriage, then, cannot be a more fundamental privacy one than the right to enjoy sex outside of marriage, because that would only reflect a choice that marriage is a better state than nonmarriage, and that is precisely the decision which the right of privacy must leave to the individual, if marriage is, indeed, a private matter. Heterosexuality can be more fundamental than homosexuality. Nor can the right to spend one's time and to use one's intellect and imagination by reading be more fundamental than the right to use mind-affecting drugs. It would be ironic indeed if a right to make private choices were to be used to ward conformity to the popular "ideal" life-style. If it ever becomes necessary to rank private activities according to their "fundamentalness," the test should not be tradition, or whether the activity is "favored" or involves a favored relationship, but the extent to which the activity is important to the actor, the extent to which his chosen style of life—his pursuit of happiness, if you will—depends upon it.

The primary test of the fundamentalness of private activities, however, must simply be whether or not they are truly private, by which I mean whether they do or do not affect the legitimate interests of those who are not fully consensual participants. If an activity is wholly private in this sense, that alone should make it part of "fundamental" liberty and should also negate the existence of a "compelling" reason to regulate it. Factors such as whether the activity takes place in the home or in a place of "public accommodation" (relying upon, you will remember, in the recent obscenity cases) may be relevant to whether an activity is private in the sense I have described, but they cannot be determinative. In spite of Chief Justice Burger's asser-

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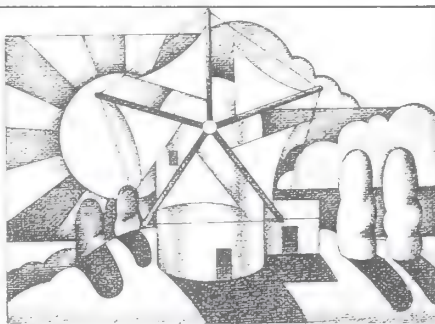
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imaginative public officials and businessmen are starting to use solid waste as a source of energy. Solid waste—plain old garbage, produced by the hundreds and thousands of tons in every community, every day. Programs are underway to burn garbage as a supplement to coal and to burn it alone as a dry fuel and to convert it into fuel oil and gas.

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tion to the contrary, reading a book on a solitary park bench is just as private as reading it in your living room.

**T**HE COURT'S ATTENTION, then, must be focused directly on a question it has largely sought to avoid: what are the legitimate interests of others that deprive conduct of a private character? Three recurrent assertions of societal interest lie behind a surprisingly large fraction of victimless-crime laws. If these contentions are laid to rest, the main outlines of the privacies of life emerge.

First, activity does not become significantly less private merely because others know about it and disapprove. (There is a contrary suggestion in the recent obscenity opinion.) If this question were decided otherwise, there would be no meaningful constitutional concept of privacy at all, since society seeks to prohibit only what it knows about and, presumably, disapproves. There is a line to be drawn here between *knowing* about conduct and being forcibly *confronted* with it. A bar, opium den, nudist colony, or adult movie theater can fall on either side of the line, depending upon how discreetly it is managed.

Second, victimless-crime legislation is often justified primarily on the paternalistic ground that it is intended to save the criminal from himself (or to save him for the sake of his dependents, or in the interest of minimizing the relief rolls). Heroin, it is said, is harmful to the user; gambling to the gambler. The proper attitude toward such legislation, it seems to me, is that already adopted by the Court in its abortion decision. The dangers of an abortion after the first few months, said the Court, justify licensing and other regulations designed to make such abortions safe, but not legislation outlawing them altogether. Similarly, it would be appropriate, in the name of paternalism, to warn users of the dangers of cigarettes, alcohol, and drugs; to regulate the purity of these substances; and to require that gambling odds be clearly stated. Paternalism alone, however, cannot justify prohibition in these areas.

Third, "unprovable assumptions" must not be permitted to be used to establish "legitimate" societal interests in regulating seemingly private

conduct. In the present state of knowledge, that is, government cannot take the acquisition or use of obscenity, marijuana, or contraceptives out of the area of privacy merely by choosing to assert that they cause crime. Again, if this were otherwise, the concept of privacy would disappear. One must also be alert to situations where it is not the private activity that causes crime but government's attempt to prohibit it. This was largely true of Prohibition and may be true of heroin and gambling prohibitions today.

On the other hand, once it is clear that the physical, economic, or psychic well-being of others is involved in a way that they are not completely free to control, government should be able to act, and should properly have a great deal of latitude. Laws may validly regulate prices, what an employer pays his workers, or the working conditions he offers them, for these plainly have an impact on the consumers or workers, who do not share fully in the choices which are made. For very much the same reasons, a discriminatory decision against a generally disadvantaged group, such as a racially exclusionary policy in a private club, is not entirely private because of the involuntary social and economic impact on those who are excluded. Activities involving children as "consensual" participants may also be deemed nonprivate if one takes the view that consent below a certain age should not be effective. Prohibitions upon pollution or the possession of guns are valid if the Court is convinced, as it should be, that these activities implicate the public beyond its disapproval of them.

The hardest cases are those in which activities are undertaken primarily for private reasons, where they are exceedingly important to the individual, but where they also impinge to some extent on legitimate societal interests. The abortion case is a good example. Whether abortion is sought before or after "viability," it necessarily involves the life of another organism, which is often, I assume, a legitimate societal concern, whether or not the organism is characterized as a "person." (Thus prohibitions upon cruelty to animals are valid.) On the other hand, the consequences of denying abortion can be privately drastic for the potential mother.

One way to deal with such situations would be to say that, since we are no longer in the area of pure privacy, there is either no constitutional protection, or only the illusory kind of protection offered when "unprovable assumptions" and phantom "intrusions" are permitted to justify prohibitions. If so, the abortion case was incorrectly decided.

I think, however, that the main outline of the abortion decision rings true. It need not be discarded if one is willing to say that, while the Court under a right of privacy should not ordinarily seek to evaluate the legitimacy of society's response to conduct with a significant nonprivate element, there are some situations in which the discrepancy between the strength of the private and public interests is so great that the private interest must prevail. These situations will be extremely rare, since most private interests can be satisfactorily, if not fully, enjoyed without harm fully implicating others. Obscenity, for example, can be discreetly distributed so that a nonconsenting person never has to face dirty pictures while those who want them can get them (albeit with some difficulty). A bigot can generally shun those he dislikes, even if they have access to the same premises. In the abortion situation such an adjustment is impossible, and the Court has decided correctly, I think, although the question is to me a close one, that a woman's right not to be subjected to carrying and bearing an unwanted child clearly preponderates over the concerns for an unborn, unviable and, so far as we know, unconscious fetus. The Court should not go to wrong in this area if it acts in the name of privacy only when it perceives the grossest kind of disparity between the detriment to the private pursuit of happiness which a law causes and the happiness the law is meant to protect. It would be ludicrous, for example, for an employer to assert such a gulf between the happiness he loses through being forced to pay a minimum wage and the happiness his workers will derive.

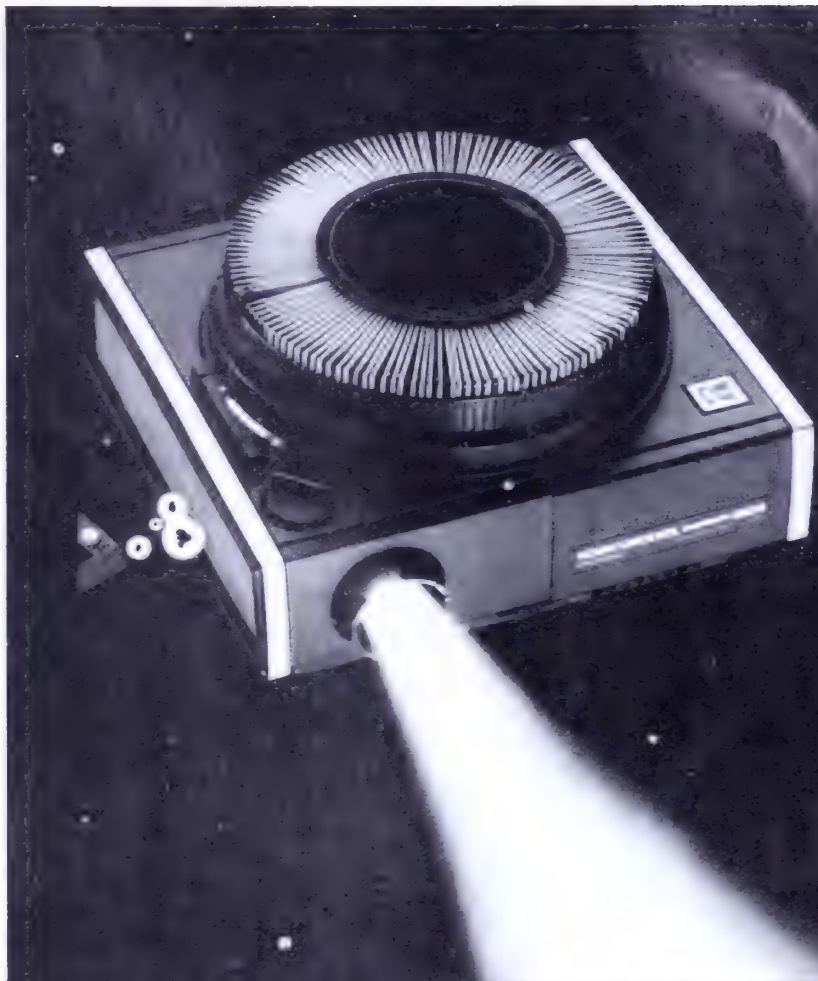
**T**HIS APPROACH to the constitutional privacies of life is neither complete nor, I'm sure, wholly satisfactory. It seems to me to be closer to the spirit of privacy than the Court's so far largely unexplained categoriza-



tion of such rights and interests as "fundamental" and "compelling." The Court's lack of a coherent approach, for example, was surely primarily responsible for the recent indefensible obscenity decision.

It would, however, be much rather to let the Court stumble about in the way it has, in an effort to give some meaning to the concept of personal liberty, than to have it give up altogether, or wait to act until it can write perfect opinions and invariably reach the correct result—which would in practice amount to giving up. The price we pay for the Court's intellectual shortcomings is a result of the obscenity decision—not really much of a price at all, when you think of it, since, by failing to recognize the right of adults to choose the material they wish to see, the Court has simply failed to make things better; it hasn't made things worse. The benefits we reap, on the other hand, are occasionally enormous, such as the elimination in many states of abortion laws which would have continued to cause misery, pain, and death for many years if the Court hadn't acted.

Whatever the results of particular cases, the Supreme Court's discovery during the past several years of a right to at least some of the privacies of life has coincided with the beginnings of a general reevaluation in our country of the wisdom, from both practical and moral standpoints, of victimless-crime legislation. The reports of the federal commissions on obscenity and marijuana are reflections of this, as was the extensive move toward abortion reform that preceded the Court's abortion ruling. These phenomena are not unrelated. Even if the Court goes no further, it will have contributed mightily to American life by setting aside the idea that, whatever the specifics of the Bill of Rights, the concept of liberty includes the right to a range of personal choices which are none of government's business. In doing this the Court has performed one of its vital functions—vastly more important than its ability to write great opinions pleasing to law professors. The Framers may not have intended it that way—and someday we may find that it need not be that way—but these days the Supreme Court is, more than any other institution we have, the source of the basic postulates of our communal life. □



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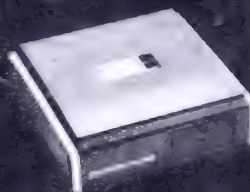
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# THE SCARCITY SOCIETY

well to the free lunch—and to freedom as an infinite resource

HISTORIANS MAY SEE 1973 as a year dividing one age from another. The nature of the ages in store for us is symbolized by the price of Iran's announcement last December that the price of his country's oil would thenceforth rise to \$11.87 per barrel, a rise of 100 percent over the previous price. Other oil-producing countries quickly followed suit. The Shah accompanied his announcement with a blunt warning to the industrialized nations that the cheap and abundant energy "party" was over. From now on, the resource on which our whole civilization depends would be scarce, and the affluent world would have to live with the fact.

Our first attempts to do so have been rather unskillful. In Europe, the effect was to reduce once-independent nation-states to behavior that managed, as an observer put it, to combine the characteristics of an ostrich and a flock of hens. In America, which now lacks almost any observable leadership, the reaction to the statement was merely a general astonishment, followed by measures even more inappropriate than those adopted by the Europeans (except for Kissinger's efforts to promote international cooperation).

IN ONE SENSE, Iran's move marked a dramatic geopolitical "return of the repressed," as the ignored Third World for the first time articulated its demand for a fair share of the planet's wealth. And the powerful new Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) is only the first such group; resource cartels in copper, bauxite, and other primary products may well follow OPEC's example. But in another, more important sense, the Shah laid down a new challenge to the most basic assumptions and procedures that have guided the industrial democracies for at least 250 years. That challenge is the inevitable coming of scarcity to societies predicated on abundance. Its conse-

quences, almost equally inevitable, will be the end of political democracy and a drastic restriction of personal liberty.

FOR THE PAST THREE CENTURIES, we have been living in an age of abnormal abundance. The bonanza of the New World and other fountains of virgin resources, the dazzling achievements of science and technology, the availability of "free" ecological resources such as air and water to absorb the waste products of industrial activities, and other lesser factors allowed our ancestors to dream of endless material growth. Infinite abundance, men reasoned, would result in the elevation of the common man to economic nobility. And with poverty abolished, inequality, injustice, and fear—all those flowers of evil alleged to have their roots in scarcity—would wither away. Apart from William Blake and a few other disgruntled romantics, or the occasional pessimist like Thomas Malthus, the Enlightenment ideology of progress was shared by all in the West.<sup>2</sup> The works of John Locke and Adam Smith, the two men who gave bourgeois political economy its fundamental direction, are shot through with the assumption that there is always going to be more—more land in the colonies, more wealth to be dug from the ground, and so on. Virtually all the philosophies, values, and institutions typical of modern capitalist society—the legitimacy of self-interest, the primacy of the individual and his inalienable rights, economic laissez-faire, and democracy as we know it—are the luxuriant fruit of an era of apparently endless abundance. They cannot continue to exist in their current form once we return to the more normal condition of scarcity.

Worse, the historic responses to scarcity have

Marxists tended to be more extreme optimists than non-Marxists, differing only on how the drive to Utopia was to be organized.

*William Ophuls, formerly a foreign service officer and a lecturer in political science at Yale, is writing two books on the ecological crisis.*

William  
Ophuls  
THE  
SCARCITY  
SOCIETY

been conflict—was fought to control resources, and oppression—great inequality of wealth and the political measures needed to maintain it. The link between scarcity and oppression is well understood by spokesmen for underprivileged groups and nations, who react violently to any suggested restraint in growth of output.

Our awakening from the pleasant dream of infinite progress and the abolition of scarcity will be extremely painful. Institutionally, scarcity demands that we sooner or later achieve a full-fledged "steady-state" or "spaceman" economy. Thereafter, we shall have to live off the annual income the earth receives from the sun, and this means a forced end to our kind of abnormal affluence and an abrupt return to frugality. This will require the strictest sort of economic and technological husbandry, as well as the strictest sort of political control.

The necessity for political control should be obvious from the use of the spaceship metaphor: political ships embarked on dangerous voyages need philosopher-king captains. However, another metaphor—the tragedy of the commons—comes even closer to depicting the essence of the ecopolitical dilemma. The tragedy of the commons has to do with the uncontrolled self-seeking in a limited environment that eventually results in competitive overexploitation of a common resource, whether it is a commonly owned field on which any villager may graze his sheep, or the earth's atmosphere into which producers dump their effluents.

Francis Carney's powerful analysis of the Los Angeles smog problem indicates how deeply all our daily acts enmesh us in the tragic logic of the commons:

*Every person who lives in this basin knows that for twenty-five years he has been living through a disaster. We have all watched it happen, have participated in it with full knowledge. . . . The smog is the result of ten million individual pursuits of private gratification. But there is absolutely nothing that any individual can do to stop its spread. . . . An individual act of renunciation is now nearly impossible, and, in any case, would be meaningless unless everyone else did the same thing. But he has no way of getting everyone else to do it.*

If this inexorable process is not controlled by prudent and, above all, timely political restraints on the behavior that causes it, then we must resign ourselves to ecological self-destruction. And the new political strictures that seem required to cope with the tragedy of the commons (as well as the imperatives of technology) are going to violate our most cherished ideals, for they will be neither democratic nor libertarian. At worst, the new era could be an anti-Utopia in which we are conditioned to behave according to the exigencies of ecological scarcity.

**E**COLOGICAL SCARCITY is a new concept, embracing more than the shortage of any particular resource. It has to do primarily with pollution limits, complex trade-offs between present and future needs, and a variety of other physical constraints, rather than with a simple Malthusian overpopulation. The case for the coming of ecological scarcity was most forcefully argued in the Club of Rome study *The Limits to Growth*. That study says, in essence, that man lives on a finite planet containing limited resources and that we appear to be approaching some of these major limits with great speed. To use ecological jargon, we are about to overtax the "carrying capacity" of the planet.

Critical reaction to this Jeremiad was predictably reassuring. Those wise in the ways of computers were largely content to assert that the Club of Rome people had fed the machine false or slanted information. "Garbage in, garbage out," they soothed. Other critics sought solace in less empirical directions, but everyone who recoiled from the book's apocalyptic vision took his stand on grounds of social or technological optimism. Justified or not, the optimism is worth examining to see where it leads us politically.

The social optimists, to put their case briefly, believe that various "negative feedback mechanisms" allegedly built into society will (if left alone) automatically check the trends toward ever more population, consumption, and pollution, and that this feedback will function smoothly and gradually so as to bring us up against the limits to growth, if any, with scarcely a bump. The market-price system is the feedback mechanism usually relied upon. Shortages of one resource—oil, for example—simply make it economical to substitute another in more abundant supply (coal or shale oil). A few of these critics of the limits-to-growth thesis believe that this process can go on indefinitely.

Technological optimism is founded on the belief that it makes little difference whether exponential growth is pushing us up against limits for technology is simultaneously expanding the limits. To use the metaphor popularized during the debate, ecologists see us as fish in a pond where all life is rapidly being suffocated by a water lily that doubles in size every day (covering the whole pond in thirty days). The technological optimists do not deny that the lily grows very quickly, but they believe that the pond itself can be made to grow even faster. Technology made a liar out of Malthus, say the optimists, and the same fate awaits the neo-Malthusians. In sum, the optimists assert that we can never run out of resources, for economic and technology, like modern genii, will always keep finding new ones for us to exploit or will enable us to use the present supply with even greater efficiency.





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The point most overlooked in this debate, however, is that politically it matters little who is right: the neo-Malthusians or either type of optimist. If the "doomsdayers" are right, then of course we crash into the ceiling of physical limits and relapse into a Hobbesian universe of the war of all against all, followed, as anarchy always has been, by dictatorship of one form or another. If, on the other hand, the optimists are right in supposing that we can adjust to ecological scarcity with economics and technology, this effort will have, as we say, "side effects." For the course with physical limits can be forestalled only by moving toward some kind of steady-state economy—characterized by the most scrupulous husbanding of resources, by extreme vigilance against the ever-present possibility of disaster should breakdown occur, and, therefore, by tight controls on human behavior. Doomsdayers, then, "Space Ship Earth" will be an all-out effort toward a (perhaps benign) perhaps not.

### A bird in the bush

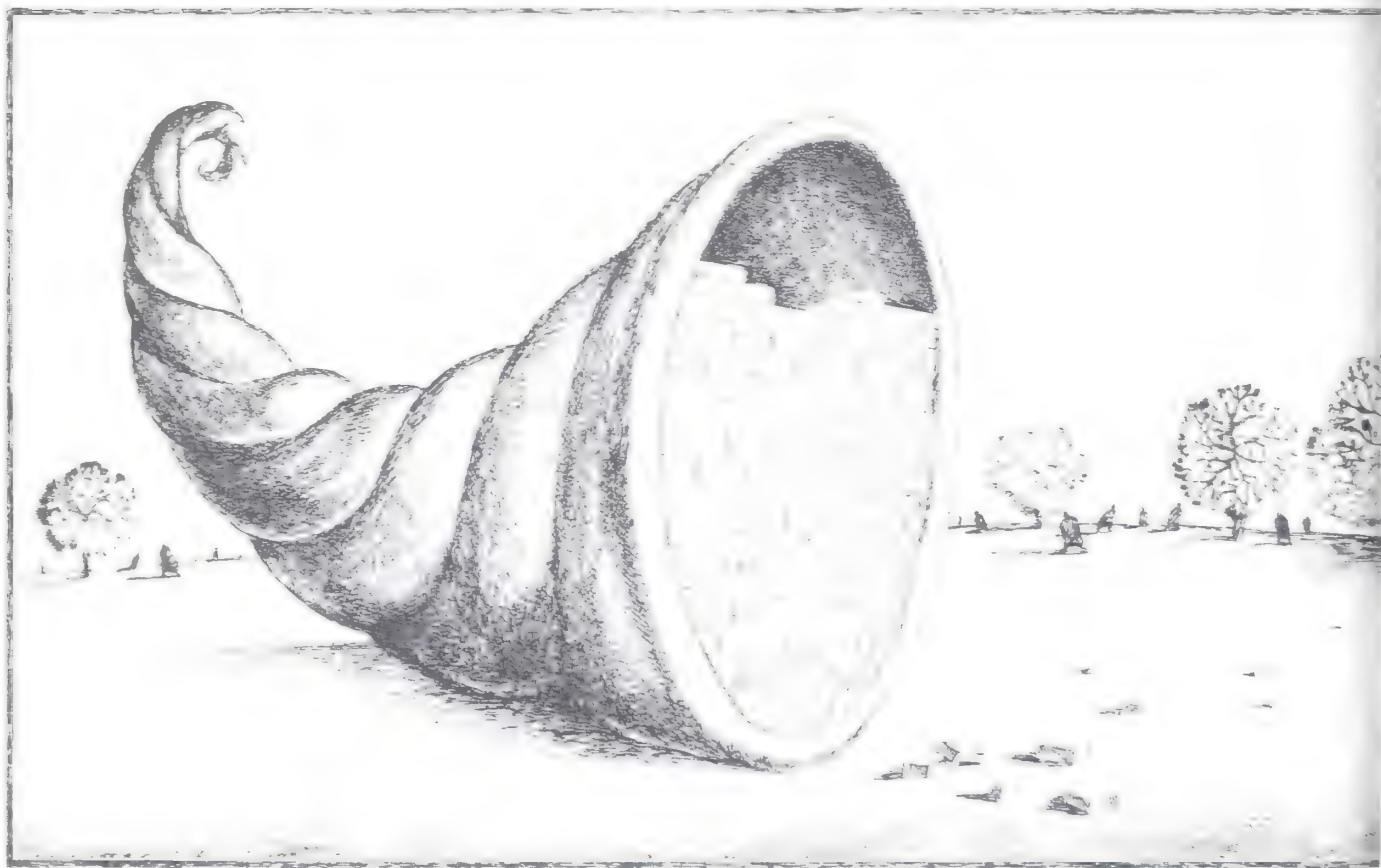
THE SCARCITY PROBLEM thus poses a classic dilemma. It may be possible to avoid crashing into the physical limits, but only by adopting radical and unpalatable measures that, paradoxically, are little different in their ultimate po-

litical and social implications from the future predicted by the doomsdayers.

Why this is so becomes clear enough when one realizes that the optimistic critics of the doomsdayers, whom I have artificially grouped into "social" and "technological" tendencies finally have to rest their different cases on a theory of politics, that is, on assumptions about the adaptability of leaders, their constituencies, and the institutions that hold them together. Looked at closely, these assumptions also appear unrealistic.

Even on a technical level, for example, the market-price mechanism does not coexist easily with environmental imperatives. In a market system a bird in the hand is always worth two in the bush.<sup>6</sup> This means that resources critically needed in the future will be discounted, that is, assessed at a fraction of their future value—by today's economic decision-makers. Thus decisions that are economically "rational," like mine-the-soil farming and forestry, may be ecologically catastrophic. Moreover, charging outlays with monetary consequences for pollution and other environmental harms that are caused by mining and manufacturing (the technical solution favored by most economists) requires market prices and incentives that are not

<sup>6</sup> Of course, noneconomic factors may temporarily override market forces, as the current Arab oil boycott illustrates.





is not politically palatable. It clearly requires political decisions that do not accord with our values or the present distribution of power; and the same goes for other obvious and necessary measures, like energy conservation. No consumer wants to pay more for the same product simply because it is produced in a different way; no developer wants to be confronted with an environmental impact statement that the world would know his gain is the community's loss; no trucker is likely to agree with any energy conservation program that cuts his income.

ALL HAVE A VESTED INTEREST in continuing to abuse the environment as we have in the past. And even if we should find the political will to take these kinds of steps before we run into the physical limits, then we will have adopted the essential features of a space economy on a piecemeal basis—and will have simply exchanged one horn of the dilemma for the other.

Technological solutions are more roundabout. The outcome—greater social control in a crowded society—is equally certain. Even assuming that necessity always proves to be the mother of invention, the management burden thrown on our leaders and institutions by continued technological expansion of that famous fishpond is enormous. Prevailing rates of growth require us to double our capital stock, our capacity to control pollution, our agricultural productivity, and so forth every fifteen to thirty years. Since we already start from a very high base level, the increment of required new construction and new invention will be staggering. For example, to accommodate world population growth, we must, in roughly the next thirty years, build houses, hospitals, ports, factories, schools, and every other kind of facility in numbers that almost equal all the construction work done by the human race up to now.

The task in every area of our lives is essentially similar, so that the management problem multiplies across the board, item by item. Moreover, the complexity of the overall problem grows faster than any of the sectors that comprise it, requiring the work of innovation, construction, and environmental management to be integrated into a reasonably integrated, harmonious whole. Since delays, planning failures, and general incapacity to deal effectively with our current level of problems are all too obvious today, the technological response further assumes that our ability to cope with large-scale complexity will improve substantially in the next few decades. Technology, in short, cannot be implemented in a political and social vacuum. The factor in least supply governs, and technological solutions cannot run ahead of our ability to plan, construct, fund, and man them.

Planning will be especially difficult. For one thing, time may be our scarcest resource. Problems now develop so rapidly that they must be foreseen well in advance. Otherwise, our "solutions" will be too little and too late. The automobile is a critical example. By the time we recognized the dangers, it was too late for anything but a mishmash of stopgap measures that may have provoked worse symptoms than they alleviated and that will not even enable us to meet health standards without painful additional measures like rationing. But at this point we are almost helpless to do better, for we have ignored the problem until it is too big to handle by any means that are politically, economically, and technically feasible. The energy crisis offers another example of the time factor. Even with an immediate laboratory demonstration of feasibility, nuclear fusion cannot possibly provide any substantial amount of power until well into the next century.

Another planning difficulty: the growing vulnerability of a highly technological society to accident and error. The main cause for concern is, of course, some of the especially dangerous technologies we have begun to employ. One accident involving a breeder reactor would be one too many: the most minuscule dose of plutonium is deadly, and any we release now will be around to poison us for a quarter of a million years. Thus, while we know that counting on perfection in any human enterprise is folly, we seem headed for a society in which nothing less than perfect planning and control will do.

AT THE VERY LEAST, it should be clear that ecological scarcity makes "muddling through" in a basically laissez-faire socioeconomic system no longer tolerable or even possible. In a crowded world where only the most exquisite care will prevent the collapse of the technological society on which we all depend, the grip of planning and social control will of necessity become more and more complete. Accidents, much less the random behavior of individuals, cannot be permitted; the expert pilots will run the ship in accordance with technological imperatives. Industrial man's Faustian bargain with technology therefore appears to lead inexorably to total domination by technique in a setting of clockwork institutions. C. S. Lewis once said that "what we call Man's power over Nature turns out to be a power exercised by some men over other men with Nature as its instrument," and it appears that the greater our technological power over nature, the more absolute the political power that must be yielded up to some men by others.

These developments will be especially painful for Americans because, from the beginning, we adopted the doctrines of Locke and Smith in

"The coming of scarcity to societies predicated on abundance will mean a drastic restriction of personal liberty."

their most libertarian form. Given the cornucopia of the frontier, an unpolluted environment, and a rapidly developing technology, American politics could afford to be a more or less amicable squabble over the division of the spoils, with the government stepping in only when the free-for-all pursuit of wealth got out of hand. In the new era of scarcity, laissez-faire and the inalienable right of the individual to get as much as he can are prescriptions for disaster. It follows that the political system inherited from our forefathers is moribund. We have come to the final act of the tragedy of the commons.

The answer to the tragedy is political. Historically, the use of the commons was closely regulated to prevent overgrazing, and we need similar controls—"mutual coercion, mutually agreed upon by the majority of the people affected," in the words of the biologist Garrett Hardin—to prevent the individual acts that are destroying the commons today. Ecological scarcity imposes certain political measures on us if we wish to survive. Whatever these measures may turn out to be—if we act soon, we may have a significant range of responses—it is evident that our political future will inevitably be much less libertarian and much more authoritarian, much less individualistic and much more communalistic than our present. The likely result of the reemergence of scarcity appears to be the resurrection in modern form of the preindustrial polity, in which the few govern the many and in which government is no longer of or by the people. Such forms of government may or may not be benevolent. At worst, they will be totalitarian, in every evil sense of that word we know now, and some ways undreamed of. At best, government seems likely to rest on engineered consent, as we are manipulated by Platonic guardians in one or another version of Brave New World. The alternative will be the destruction, perhaps consciously, of "Spaceship Earth."

### A democracy of restraint

THERE IS, HOWEVER, a way out of this depressing scenario. To use the language of ancient philosophers, it is the restoration of the civic virtue of a corrupt people. By their standards, by the standards of many of the men who founded our nation (and whose moral capital we have just about squandered), we are indeed a corrupt people. We understand liberty as a license for self-indulgence, so that we exploit our rights to the full while scanting our duties. We understand democracy as a political means of gratifying our desires rather than as a system of government that gives us the precious freedom to impose laws on ourselves—instead of having some remote sovereign impose them on us without our participation or consent. Moreover, the

desires we express through our political system are primarily for material gain; the pursuit of happiness has been degraded into a mass quest for what wise men have always said would injure our souls. We have yet to learn the truth of Burke's political syllogism, which expresses the essential wisdom of political philosophy: man is a passionate being, and there must therefore be checks on will and appetite; if these checks are not self-imposed, they must be applied externally as fetters by a sovereign power. The way out of our difficulties, then, is through the abandonment of our political corruption.

The crisis of ecological scarcity poses basic value questions about man's place in nature and the meaning of human life. It is possible that we may learn from this challenge what Lao-tzu taught two-and-a-half millennia ago:

*Nature sustains itself through three precious principles, which one does well to embrace and follow.*

*These are gentleness, frugality, and humility.*

A very good life—in fact, an affluent life in historic standards—can be lived without the profligate use of resources that characterizes our civilization. A sophisticated and ecologically sound technology, using solar power and other renewable resources, could bring us a life of simple sufficiency that would yet allow the full expression of the human potential. Having chosen such a life, rather than having had it forced on us, we might find it had its own richness.

Such a choice may be impossible, however. The root of our problem lies deep. The real shortage with which we are afflicted is that of moral resources. Assuming that we wish to survive in dignity and not as ciphers in some alien heap society, we are obliged to reassume our full moral responsibility. The earth is not just a banquet at which we are free to gorge. The ideal in Buddhism of compassion for all sentient beings, the concern for the harmony of man and nature so evident among American Indians, and the almost forgotten ideal of stewardship that Christianity point us in the direction of a true ethics of human survival—and it is toward such an ideal that the best among the young are groping. We must realize that there is no real scarcity in nature. It is our numbers and, above all, our wants that have outrun nature's bounty. We have become rich precisely in proportion to the degree in which we eliminate violence, greed, and pride from our lives. As several thousands of years of history show, this is not something easily learned by humanity, and we seem no readier to choose the simple, virtuous life now than we have been in the past. Nevertheless, if we wish to avoid either a crash into the ecological ceiling or a tyrannical Leviathan, we must choose it. There is no other way to defeat the gathering forces of scarcity.



**Canada**  
Vacation tear-out supplement

**Come to Atlantic Canada.**



**It's like taking a foreign vacation  
without crossing the ocean.**



The city of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, is at roughly the same longitude as Bermuda, and St. John's, Newfoundland, is more than five hundred miles further east.

But Atlantic Canada is close to Europe in more than just a geographic sense.

It's the people — the Acadian French in New Brunswick, the Scots in Nova Scotia, the Irish and the English in Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island — and it's a way of life they brought with them hundreds of years ago and which even the influence of 20th century North America has failed to change significantly.

An Atlantic Canada vacation can offer you as much variety, as much old-world charm and as much fun as a four-country European tour.

Come and see.

**Newfoundland is where North America began.**

In the capital city of St. John's and in Ferryland, Trepassey and other parts of the pretty Avalon Peninsula, the accent is distinctly Irish. Further north, in the weatherbeaten villages tucked into rocky niches along the shore and strung along the narrow inlets they call

"tickles", you hear the soft burr of Dorset and Devon.

But the dialects aren't modern. Some of the words and phrases in common use are centuries old; part of an idiom lost long ago in Britain.

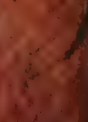
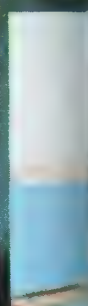
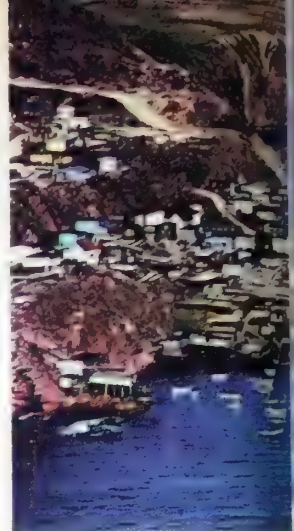
And all over the Province, people sing folk songs that tell of the countries they came from; as well as sea

shanties recounting hundreds of years of Newfoundland legend and history.

Newfoundland will give you the exciting feeling that you've wandered into the pages of a history book.

John Cabot landed at St. John's in 1497, five years after Columbus found the West Indies. By the time Sir Humphrey Gilbert arrived (in 1583) to claim the land officially for Queen Elizabeth I, it was already a busy port, a rendezvous for the adventurous fishermen of half-a-dozen European nations. If you really want to feel the strength of the links that St. John's has with the past, go there in the spring, when the Portuguese fishing fleet sails in — just as it has every spring for more than four centuries.

Up until 1871, when the last British garrison was withdrawn, St. John's was fought over, sacked and more than once burned. So there are very few really old buildings left. The Victorian architecture that crowds the streets around the boot-shaped harbour gives way quickly to a brighter geometry of new sub-







Hundreds of tiny outports nestle in the coves and "tickles" around Newfoundland's rocky shore. From Come-by-Chance to Nick's Nose Cove, from Blow-me-Down to Joe Batt's Arm, each has a name that reflects the imagination and wit of the fisherfolk who settled there so many generations ago.





urbs, with modern hotels, office high-rise and shopping centres.

But there are plenty of reminders of the past for all that.

Signal Hill, where the last great battle was fought between the British and the French for domination of the Atlantic coast, is a national historic park, with old fortifications and cannon pointing grimly out to sea. You can't stand up there, five hundred feet above the Harbour Narrows, the fresh Atlantic breeze in your face, without a deep sense of the past.

In 1901, Marconi trailed an aerial from a flimsy kite on this same hill and picked up the first trans-Atlantic wireless message.

Across the city is the field where Alcock and Brown took off for their history-making flight to Ireland—eight years before Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic.

### Labrador adventure.

Labrador is part of the Province of Newfoundland. If you want to see something of this haunting "empire of the north", you can arrange an unforgettable cruise from St. John's. Coastal steamers weave their way through mazes of

St. John's is both an early cradle of New World history and the vital, expanding capital of Canada's newest province. Signal Hill may be crowded with memories of brave battles and great events, but the blossoming new city spread out below has its face turned resolutely to the future.

islands, passing mist-wreathed cliffs and dodging occasional icebergs to visit villages and settlements that become steadily more remote and primitive the further north you travel.

But if you don't have time for a trip like that, there's plenty to do and see close to St. John's.

You can explore the outports around Conception Bay, where you'll find a warm, friendly people whose way of life hasn't changed much in generations. Their brightly painted wooden homes, the neatly quilted patterns of gardens and fences, the platforms of split and salted cod drying in the sun are part of a different world in a different age.

You can try your hand at jigging for cod—and whether you catch any, or not, the yarns you'll hear while the boat rides the gentle swell will make the day worthwhile.





You can charter a boat at Witless Bay (just south of St. John's) for a trip to one of the nearby bird sanctuaries to see murres and puffins, petrels and terns wheeling and screaming overhead in countless thousands.

Then there's the whole Newfoundland interior to explore. Almost one third of it is water—lakes, ponds, streams and rivers teeming with fighting Atlantic salmon and all kinds of trout. You

won't find finer fishing country anywhere on this continent.

Terra Nova National Park is a 156 square mile natural paradise on the shores of Bonavista Bay—where you might easily see a cruising school of whales.

At L'Anse-Au-Meadow, on the extreme tip of the wonderfully scenic Northern Peninsula, archeologists have uncovered a Norse village established by the Vikings around A.D. 1,000. Historians believe that the first child born there must have been the first white person to be born in North America.

By the time you reach Port-aux-Basques (where you catch the ferry to Nova Scotia) you should know every verse of

the "Gaelic Hymn Ground", you'll probably have learned that Newfie Screech has a kick like a mule and you'll certainly have discovered that no visitor to Newfoundland is ever a stranger for long. **Nova Scotia. Where else can you still hear Gaelic?**

The Scots weren't the first to arrive in Nova Scotia. But when they came, they came in strength. Some 25,000 of them landed between 1800 and 1840, by which time there were very few parts of Cape Breton which had not been settled by Gaelic-speaking Highlanders.

When you tour around the Cabot Trail on Cape Breton (which you certainly must) you'll understand why

Nova Scotia is a province of striking contrasts. You'll find all the bright lights, gourmet restaurants and fine hotels you could wish for in big cities. But wherever you go you're never far from the quiet fishing villages, secret coves and soft, sandy beaches swept spotlessly clean by the Atlantic tides.



At the height of its power, the great fortress at Louisbourg, Nova Scotia, housed more than 4,000 people in an area about as big as 35 city blocks. With the original work orders and carefully kept records of repairs to guide them, engineers have been able to duplicate both the materials and the workmanship used in the original 18th century structure.

they chose that part of Nova Scotia. The timbered mountains, lush valleys and spectacular seascapes are uncannily like the home they left.

Today the Scottish heritage is strong over most of Cape Breton and in Pictou and Antigonish counties. You can hear the skirl of the pipes and see the flash of brave tartans at the Gathering of the Clans each July 1st in Pug-



Halifax is the home of the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra and of the Neptune Theatre, which ranks among Canada's best repertory companies. In Halifax and in the neighbouring city of Dartmouth (right across the harbour) you'll find a busy nightlife, first-class accommodations and seafood restaurants to match any in the world.



signs are Gaelic and English), at the mid-July Highland Games in Antigonish, at the August Festival of the Tartans in New Glasgow and at the colourful Gaelic Mod Festival of St. Ann's, which is held during the second week of August each year.

Nova Scotians never had any ambition to make their province a melting pot. Not the Scots. Not the Irish and English. Not the

settled in Lunenburg and made it the most famous shipbuilding centre in the New World. And not the Acadian French, whose descendants live today in a string of colourful communities along the French Shore of southwestern Nova Scotia and in villages like Belle Côte, Terre Noire, St. Joseph du Moine and Ile Madame in Cape Breton.

The French were the first to settle in Nova

ChAMPLAIN built Port Royal Habitation (at Annapolis Royal in 1607—fifteen years before the Mayflower arrived at Plymouth Rock. The Habitation has been meticulously reconstructed and provides hours of fascinating sightseeing. You'll get more feeling for the early settlement of the French in Nova Scotia when you visit the great Fortress of Louisbourg on Cape Breton. Building began in 1720, and by the time they were finished it was a 100-acre walled city—the strongest fortress on the North American continent. Louisbourg was captured twice and finally demolished in 1758. Now it's being carefully restored. You can visit the sumptuously furnished Chateau, the museum and where archaeologists dig in the ruins of buildings.





is the historical  
piece of the whole  
perhaps even the  
continent.

### **link. A perfect of old and new.**

Citadel — a  
and fortress strad-  
the heights 270  
above the harbour  
built to offset the  
power at Louis-  
Today it domi-  
a city filled with  
ing and delightful  
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wooden-frame  
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ing metropolis  
still marks the  
mour with a boom-  
annon. A bustling  
mercial centre  
still finds time  
and concerts in  
ree-shaded Public  
ens.

Halifax is the capital  
Nova Scotia, and  
ner with its sister  
Dartmouth, is the  
st metropolitan

tic Provinces. Its huge  
harbour complex has  
housed entire navies.

But despite its size  
and commercial impor-  
tance, Halifax still has  
a kind of small-town  
charm. For all its fine  
hotels and restaurants,  
its extravagant shopping  
facilities and unique art  
galleries, it's still essen-  
tially a city of quiet  
squares and secluded  
parks. The perfect base  
for sailors and deep-sea  
fishermen who like to  
come ashore to bright

nightlife.

There are few more  
colourful cities on this  
continent.

### **A paradise for scuba divers.**

More than 3,000 ship-  
wrecks (some of them  
hundreds of years old)  
have been recorded in  
the clean, clear water  
off Nova Scotia's shores.  
Ships like Le Chateau,  
which sank in 1725 car-  
rying a cargo of gold  
and silver and was lo-  
cated off Louisbourg as  
recently as 1965.



you can get all the in-  
formation that's avail-  
able from any of the  
many charter boat oper-  
ators throughout the  
province.

If you prefer to stay  
out of deep water, then  
consider a visit to Oak  
Island in the commu-  
nity of Western Shore,  
where people have been  
digging for Captain  
Kidd's treasure on and  
off since 1796. In that  
year, an old ship's block  
was found hanging from  
the limb of a huge oak  
tree over a thirty-foot  
wide depression. They  
say the treasure's buried  
there somewhere.

Nova Scotia is noted  
for its resorts: The Pines  
and Mountain Gap Inn  
at Digby, Keltic Lodge  
at Ingonish, White  
Pointe Beach near  
Liverpool and the Old  
Orchard Inn at Wolf-  
ville to name just a few  
of the more famous.  
Wherever you stay in  
the province, you're  
never more than 35  
miles from the sea, and  
never far from golfing  
and sailing opportuni-  
ties. Sailors in search of  
something special can  
arrange a cruise on the  
famous schooner Blue-  
nose II. And for people  
who enjoy ballet, there's  
a once-in-a-lifetime  
treat waiting at the  
Theatre Arts Festival  
International at Wolf-  
ville—where the inter-  
nationally-acclaimed  
Bolshoi Ballet is ap-  
pearing this summer.

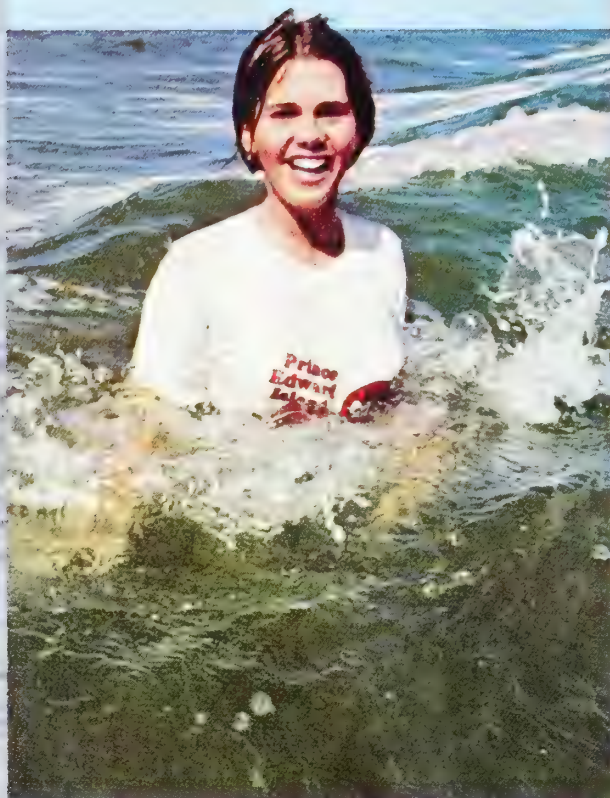
### **Prince Edward Island. The Million-Acre Farm.**

The trip from Hali-  
fax to Caribou, where  
you catch the ferry to  
Prince Edward Island,  
is very easy and very  
lovely. But if you're  
anxious to get there as  
quickly as possible, the  
airline service to Char-  
lottetown (the capital)  
is fast and frequent.



They say that if you were to  
fill Yankee Stadium with  
Prince Edward Islanders,  
there'd be no-one left in the  
province at all. Canada's  
"Garden Province" is so  
small that you'll come to  
know it well in a short stay —  
so busy, that you won't run  
out of things to do and see  
even if you stay all summer  
long.





PEI is only 140 miles long and averages about 25 miles in width. From the air, it's a green and brown patchwork quilt of farms with a decorative edging of pink sand and surf. No steel mills, no oil refineries, no big factories and no pollution.

No rush or hustle, either. To someone fresh from a big city, everything (with the possible exception of the horses at Charlottetown and Summerside Race Tracks) seems to move at half-speed.

If you really want to



get to know the Islanders, think about staying on a farm for a few days or a week. You'll sleep in the farmer's comfortable guest room, eat enormous meals at his table and (if and when you feel like it) lend a hand with the chores.



Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island's pretty capital city, is a place of high art, historic buildings and a very English interest in the gentle pleasures of raising flowers, neat, orderly beds. The Island offers a whole summer-ful of celebrations — famous ones like the Lobster Festival at Summerside, the Fisheries Exhibition and Regatta at Souris and the Highland Games at Eldonville, as well as dozens of village socials where you can sample the Islanders' home-baked pies and famous hospitality.





the big dividend is conversation with the owner and his family — still summer evenings spent sitting on the porch, seeing the world through his calm, steady eyes. Tourist Information centres can make all

the arrangements if you're interested. But if you're not, there are dozens of good hotels and pleasant motels in Charlottetown, Summerside and the other towns. And the great thing is that wherever you stay, you're close to

everything the Island has to offer.

To miles of magnificent sand beaches. To seaside villages where you can shop for local crafts and charter boats for deep-sea fishing or sightseeing. To the Island's many fine 18-hole golf courses. To the come-as-you-are Lobster Festival held at Summerside in mid-July each year. To well-advertised auctions, carnivals, exhibitions and celebrations all over the Island. To Malpeque Bay, where acres of oysters are harvested

The New Brunswick coast is washed by Chaleur Bay in the north, the Gulf of St Lawrence and Northumberland Strait on the east and the Bay of Fundy in the south. But in spite of all that ocean, it's fresh-water fishing that has won the widest acclaim. The Miramichi, Nashwaak, Restigouche, Nepisiguit and Tabusintac Rivers are among the world's great breeders of Atlantic Silver Salmon. Trout are plentiful and striped bass teem in the rivers flowing into the Bay of Fundy.



restaurants on the island and in most of the big cities of North America.

Charlottetown itself is a gracious, tree-lined city. It was officially founded in 1763 and unofficially invaded by two American privateers in 1775. They captured the Attorney General, who was later returned, and the Great Seal of the Colony, which was not.

The historic Confederation Chamber of Province House (where Canada's founding fathers met to plan Confederation) is well worth seeing. So is the magnificent Confederation Centre of the Arts. It contains a thousand-seat theatre, a fine art gallery, Grand Hall, library and restaurant. It's the home of the special theatre presentations held each July and August during the Charlottetown Festival.

### Fishing for Bluefin. A thrill to last a lifetime.

Most of the Island's tuna boats are berthed at North Lake Harbour, a short, scenic drive from Charlottetown on the King's Byway.

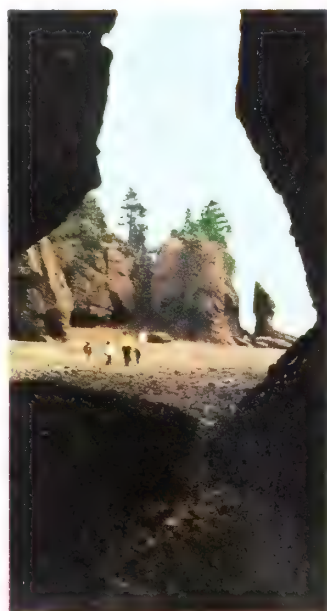
You'll find that you really don't need to be an expert fisherman to enjoy the sport. Nor do you have to be rich. The \$100-a-day rental cost (which includes bait, tackle and all the expert advice you can handle) can, if you wish, be shared with five other fishermen. Everyone gets a turn in the chair.

The smallest Bluefin landed last year tipped the scales at a little over 500 lbs. The world's record was taken in these waters (as of October '73) weighing 1120 lbs.

on the end of a 130 lb. test line.

### Une soirée Acadienne. An unforgettable experience.

The ferry from Prince Edward Island takes you to Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick. To the north, is Acadian country. The first



Wherever you go in New Brunswick, there's a marvelous sense of antiquity, of timelessness, of permanence. You're conscious of it in the gale-torn cliffs, in the serene old villages and perhaps most of all, in the gentle faces of the people.

wick were the French, who named this part of the New World "Acadia". Their descendants, living along the eastern and northern shores of the Province, contribute greatly to the way of life in New Brunswick and provide a cultural element that is rich and unique.



They're delightful, hard-working people, with a tremendous capacity for enjoying themselves. Their parties (soirées) are public affairs. The entire community and everyone else who chances to be in the neighbourhood

pate." To sing, dance and partake of the great variety of Acadian cuisine.

### King Lobster Reigns

While the entire Acadian coast is famous for its hospitality, *joie vivre* and (especially) gourmet seafood, there's little doubt that the most renowned area of all is the resort town of Shediac with its spectacular beaches. Shediac is the Lobster Capital of the World. And to prove it, Le Festin des Homards (King of Lobster) reigns supreme over the mid-summer, four-day Lobster Festival.

Only twenty miles away you can discover the marvelous mosaic of this province's personality in the warm, friendly city of Moncton.

New Brunswick's southern shore is only the Bay of Fundy, where the world's highest tides have worn the sandstone cliffs into sculptured masses resembling gigantic flower pots.

These same Fundy tides are also responsible for the fascinating Reversing Falls Rapids at Saint John. At low tide, the ocean is below the mouth of the Saint John River. At high tide, it's so high above the River that the water changes direction and rushes back upstream with a force that can be felt ten miles.

"...But my roving heart is seaward with the ships of grey Saint John"....

Bliss Carman, one of Canada's Poet Laureates wrote these words many years ago to describe Saint John's romantic and economic ties with the sea.



of traditions and  
of the United  
Loyalists who  
on these rugged  
in 1783. A well-  
walking tour  
(Loyalist Trail)  
you past most of  
est buildings in  
ty—Loyalist  
the old City  
ark, Martello Tow-  
name but a few.

### ul red capital

on a gentle  
of the Saint John  
Fredericton is a  
city of tall  
and church spires,  
and elegant Vic-  
homes.

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Domesday Book,  
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the Beaverbrook Art  
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crafted treasures,  
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almost everywhere  
go in the Picture  
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agnificent remind-  
f a wonderful vaca-





### The sign at the border says Welcome!

If you're a U.S. citizen or permanent resident, you don't need a passport to come to Canada. Or a visa.

But to avoid possible delays, bring something to establish your identity. If you're a native-born U.S. citizen, for example, bring your birth, baptismal or voter's certificate. If you're a naturalized citizen, bring your naturalization certificate. And if you're an alien resident, bring your Alien Registration Receipt Card (U.S. Form 1-151).

### Anything to declare?

Generally speaking, you can bring anything you need for personal use. But you can't bring things to sell.

You can bring 50 cigars, 200 cigarettes, 2 lbs. of tobacco and 40 ozs. of alcoholic beverages (or 24 pints of beer, but not both) without paying duty.

If you want to, you can bring a 2-day food supply for everyone in your family.

If you're driving a car, you can bring a full tank of gas; and the same for an

outboard motor.

You can bring fishing tackle, boats, camping and sports equipment, radios, portable TV sets, musical instruments, typewriters, electrical appliances and cameras. But if you do check in with things like that, you'll be expected to have them with you when you check out again.

Same goes for guns. You can bring hunting rifles and shotguns (together with 200 rounds of ammunition). But if you do, you'll have to provide the Customs Officer with written descriptions and serial numbers. Pistols, revolvers and fully automatic weapons are strictly forbidden.

### Hunting and fishing regulations.

They vary from province to province. Best way to find out about hunting licences is to write the Provincial offices at the addresses below. You can buy fishing licences from most sporting goods stores and outfitters and at any of the national and provincial parks.

### Coming by car?

Bring your Motor Vehicle Registration form. If you're driving a rented car, bring a copy of the rental agreement.

Ask your insurance agent for a Canadian Non-Resident Inter-Provincial Motor Vehicle Liability Insurance Card. That's a long name for a little card which indicates that you have the minimum coverage necessary for driving in Canada.

### Bringing pets?

Your dog will need a rabies vaccination certificate that's less than 12 months old. Make sure it carries an accurate description, is properly dated and signed by a licensed veterinarian. There's no problem at all with cats.

### Our money versus your money.

The rate of exchange fluctuates a bit from day to day. To be sure you get your money's worth of our money, we urge you to

change your dollars at a bank rather than at a service station. Incidentally—most of the credit cards are just as good in Canada as they are in the U.S. If in doubt, check your credit card company.

### Summer starts in May.

You can expect temperatures in the mid-70's through July and August. But there's plenty of sunshine as early as May and as late as September. The further north you travel, the cooler the evenings are likely to be, so pack a couple of sweaters along with your swimwear.

### What else can we do to persuade you to come?

If you want more information about any of the places and events mentioned in this booklet, please write to the Provincial Tourism Bureaux at the addresses below. They'll be happy to send you maps, lists of hotels and motels, descriptions of lodges, camps and several float plane services that cover the far north. They want to do everything they can to make you welcome.

Department of Tourism,  
Dept. D,  
P.O. Box 1030,  
Fredericton,  
New Brunswick  
E3B 5C3, Canada.

Nova Scotia Department  
of Tourism,  
Dept. D,  
P.O. Box 130,  
Halifax, Nova Scotia  
B3J 2R5, Canada.  
Prince Edward Island  
Travel Bureau,  
Provincial Administrative  
Building,  
Dept. D,  
P.O. Box 2000,  
Charlottetown,  
Prince Edward Island  
C1A 7N8, Canada.

Newfoundland & Labrador  
Department of Tourism,  
Dept. D,  
Confederation Building,  
St. John's, Newfoundland  
Canada.

Due to the energy situation we suggest that you make early inquiries about travel from your area, through your travel agent or automobile club. In this way you may avoid any delay or disappointment with your travel plans.

# Canada

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICE OF TOURISM  
OTTAWA, CANADA



# WINNING HEARTS AND MINDS IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Joe McGinniss

HE WAS STILL TRIM AT FIFTY-NINE, his posture still flawless. His dominant features had not changed: the jutting chin, the brow overhung his dark, hard eyes, like a shield. About the face, where there had been only bone and taut skin, there was now a suggestion of flesh. His hair, silver-colored, combed tight back, was longer than I'd expected; I realized that until now I'd never seen him without a hat. I had never, in fact, seen him out of uniform, and there remained so much of the austerity in his bearing that to find him this way, in plain gray suit and dull necktie, was slightly disconcerting.

"Hi, General. Nice to see you again."

William Westmoreland did not smile as we shook hands in his office in Columbia, South Carolina. His gaze was hard, his mouth a thin, tight line. He motioned to a table across the room from his desk. We took seats on opposite sides, and he waited for me to begin.

"I guess Colonel Ballou has explained that you're going to be around for a few days."

"Yes. You were in Vietnam, weren't you?"

"A couple of times. I spent a day with you there in 1967."

"I remember. You wrote an article about me. In fact, I think it was two or three articles."

"No, just one, but it was long."

"Yes. Some friends of mine sent me copies."

His eyes had not flickered. When he spoke, his words were toneless and flat. "Well now," he said, "would you be at liberty to disclose, or would you choose to disclose, just what are the origins and what is the purpose of the article you intend to write about me now?"

"Certainly." I explained that because he had been one of the major public figures of our time, there was curiosity about what he was doing now, and, I added vaguely, about how he thought about things. I said I had thought it would be interesting to observe him for a few days as he traveled about the state in his position as chairman of the Governor's Task Force on Economic Growth.

He nodded briskly and began to speak. For the next half hour, he gave me what amounted to a briefing, an update briefing on Westmoreland, which stressed the combination of sentiment and the desire to do something useful that had led him to return to South Carolina after a forty-year absence. He acknowledged, and then



If the turkey pluckers vote right, a defeated General may become a victorious Governor

dismissed, the criticism raised in some quarters of the state: that the task-force position was no more than a smokescreen, created by the awe-struck incumbent Governor, behind which Westmoreland could lay the groundwork for his own gubernatorial campaign.

The stated function of the task force was to serve as a "catalyst or generator of new ideas which, if implemented [would] improve the quality of life and create opportunities for the people of South Carolina." No mention of winning hearts and minds, but still there seemed something familiar about the prose.

Westmoreland was speaking quickly, with little inflection. "Some people have accused me of having political motivations because of all the traveling I've done since taking this job. But I don't know how I could have grasped the real strengths and weaknesses of our state without that sort of traveling. I try to get out and deal with problems at their source."

"Sort of the way you operated in Vietnam, isn't it, General?"

"Yes, but now wait a minute. Please don't portray my conduct as such that I seem to be putting myself in a command role. I suppose I

*Joe McGinniss, author of The Selling of the President 1968 and The Dream Team, is writing a new book about the vanished American hero.*

still have the image of a military man—I'm not too prone to small talk: I feel that I think in what I consider orderly terms, although others may not." Unexpectedly, Westmoreland's whole face blossomed with delight as he burst into laughter. Then, just as quickly, as if he were taking off and putting on a mask, he grew grim and proceeded.

"For the past several months there have been all sorts of predictions that I am going to throw my hat into the political ring. To date, I have refrained from making any commitment to do so. But so many people have approached me, from all strata, that I have recently elected to keep my options open. You see, nobody knows whether I am a Republican or Democrat. And neither do I. I'm not beholden to anyone.

"Of course, it's probably not realistic to think that someone with no political experience . . ."

He paused. It seemed to be a cue.

"I don't know, General. Look at Eisenhower. He had no political experience. And these days, especially, not having been involved in politics might be an asset."

"Yes, that could be. And I do have *considerable* executive and administrative experience." Suddenly, he erupted into laughter again. "And I'm not exactly a neophyte when it comes to *winning with politicians*."

"On the other hand," I said, "you might not enjoy the process of campaigning. All that backslapping—that doesn't really seem to be your style."

"You're right," he said. "You're exactly right. That's contrary to my character. And I don't know what to do about it. Because coming back here, getting involved in South Carolina, really has turned me on—as military service turned me on." His expression and voice were more animated now. "But I sure am trepidatious about politics." Boom! Another enormous explosion of laughter.

There was a knock at the door, and Col. William Ballou, Westmoreland's aide, came into the room to remind the General that it was time for a lunch appointment.

"You know," Westmoreland said, more expansively now, winding it up, "I guess basically I'm kind of a do-gooder. Kind of a crusader."

I nodded.

"I want to do something about these underdeveloped counties that we have. And I think I can. We've got the methodology. You can see it right up there on the chart."

### Assembly-line slaughter

THAT AFTERNOON, General Westmoreland, Colonel Ballou, and eight county and state officials gathered in the manager's office at the Rich's Food Products plant outside the town of

Newberry, an hour's drive north of Columbia. This was the only building in the state devoted solely to the killing, processing, and packaging of turkeys. Twelve thousand turkeys a day, the General was told, were converted from living breathing animals into a variety of products ranging from frozen turkey breasts to the ground-turkey by-products used in such prepared meats as hot dogs and bologna. Westmoreland frequently toured such facilities just as, in Vietnam, he would visit pacified hamlets and troops in the field. It was a question of keeping in touch.

A man came into the office carrying an armload of white coats and white caps.

"If you'll just slip out of your suit jacket gentlemen, and put these on, I believe we'll be ready to start the tour," the plant manager said.

"Are these coats really necessary?" General Westmoreland asked.

"Well sir, as you'll see, they're desirable."

The General took off his gray suit jacket and hung it behind the manager's desk. He put on the white coat and buttoned it up the front. Then he was handed a cap. On one side of the cap was printed, "Rich's Food Products." On the other it said, "We Wrap Our Future In Every Package."

General Westmoreland examined the cap before placing it on his head.

"I thought that said 'Fool' instead of 'Food,'" he said.

"Sir?"

"I thought it said 'Fool' on the cap. I thought this was a fool's cap." Boom! The explosion of laughter. Then, with General Westmoreland and the plant manager in the lead, the group formed a single column and began to move forward.

The first stop was the outdoor receiving shed where incoming turkeys were uncaged and hooked by their feet to a slowly moving conveyor belt. The belt was filled with turkeys squawking loudly, trying to flap their wings although there wasn't enough room, and taking their last, upside-down look at the world. What they saw, in the background, was a warm November sun starting to move slowly toward the flat South Carolina horizon, and, in the foreground, the former commander of United States ground forces in Vietnam, and about a dozen other men in white coats staring back at them wondering, as the turkeys might have themselves, what was going to happen next.

"We scrape off their feathers," the manager said, "as you can see those men doing with the electric shears there, and then the turkeys move inside to the killing room, where they're stunned with an electric stick, and then their jugular veins are slit. I don't think there's any need for us to go in there—it's crowded and kind of messy—so why don't we move into the main section of the plant."



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Inside, there was a great hum of noise as hundreds of turkeys, in various stages of dismemberment, moved steadily along conveyor belts while workers, most of them thin black women in hairnets and white coats, performed the tasks required to turn dead birds into turkey meat.

Hanging right side up now, the just-killed turkeys—blood from the gashes in their throats pouring down their pale, freshly shaved carcasses—continued their journey on the belt. The General climbed onto a metal catwalk where he could observe the turkeys from close range, at eye level. It was as if he were inspecting a platoon. Dozens of turkeys, all in a row, hanging lifelessly, their eyes still open—bulging, in fact—with the blood pouring out and the black women in hairnets waiting expressionlessly to perform their methodical tasks. Although it was cool inside the plant, the General reached beneath his white coat, took a handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped perspiration from his forehead. The white coat was starting to show widely spaced specks of blood.

Westmoreland moved past the section of belt where the turkeys, upside down again, had their heads removed by a metal device that trapped the head while the belt carried the rest of the turkey on. Occasionally a head would not come off at once; the neck would stretch grotesquely as the body moved on, and four or five other turkey heads would clog the decapitating device as their bodies, too, moved on, and then—yank!—the continuing force of the belt would tear off the half-dozen heads at once, and the newly decapitated carcasses would go smoothly on their way.

WHEN THE TOUR ENDED, we returned to the manager's office, removed the blood-flecked coats and hats, and General Westmoreland began to ask questions.

"Now, you get your turkeys from a radius of what? A few hundred miles?"

"About a three-hundred-mile radius."

"And who owns these turkeys? Who raises them? You don't raise any yourself? Now, has the establishment of this plant stimulated the raising of turkeys in these environs? As you look to the future, is it going to stimulate turkey production? Well, what percentage of your turkeys are raised in South Carolina?"

"About 3 percent."

"Only 3 percent? Isn't that amazing? But wouldn't it be more economical to raise your turkeys here?" Colonel Ballou was sitting next to the General, rapidly taking notes.

Then the questioning was interrupted by the arrival of the same man who had brought in the white coats and hats. This time he was carrying a plate of fresh, white turkey slices, each sporting a decorative toothpick. The plate was

passed, and each member of the touring party took a slice.

"Now, I noticed that you have a lot of women working for you," General Westmoreland continued. "And many of them are black. I believe you've implied they're doing satisfactory work?"

"Yes, they're very good workers."

"So you are satisfied with the work force you've acquired here in South Carolina. And would you say that it compares favorably with the work force that you employ at your other plant, which, I believe, is in Iowa?"

"Yes, it compares very favorably."

"As I listened, I could not help but recall the afternoon six years earlier when I'd heard the General, in much the same brisk tone, grill a Special Forces colonel about the performance of South Vietnamese troops. Were they performing well? Were they improving? How was the conduct under fire?"

After a few more minutes of questioning, I left. General Westmoreland stepped into the corridor outside the manager's office and, once again, wiped his brow with the handkerchief.

"Did you eat your turkey, General?" I asked.

"I ate part of it," he said. "I must admit, though, some of those scenes took the edge off my appetite." He grinned. "And I've got a pretty strong stomach."

As he waited for Colonel Ballou to finish his telephone call to the office in Columbia, the General chatted with the manager of the plant. A few feet away an attractive blond secretary sat typing.

"There's been a lot of talk about future automation of plants like these," the General said sternly, talking to the manager but looking at the secretary and at the nameplate on her desk. "But I'm sure, no matter how automated you get, you'll still keep people like Miss Fuller on your payroll, won't you?" He smiled.

She looked up, surprised. The plant manager nodded blankly. The problem is that because of his leaden tone, and because no one ever expects General Westmoreland to make a joke, even to say anything pleasantly inconsequential, it takes people a while to recognize that he is smiling. When she saw the General smiling at her, she smiled back. He stepped quickly toward her and shook her hand. "How are you, Miss Fuller?" He seemed to be testing, just trying this public personality on for size. As a candidate for governor, he was no doubt aware, he would have to do this sort of thing dozens of times each day.

## Biting the bullet

IT WAS A QUARTER TO EIGHT, the tables were being cleared, and the General was starting his speech: "I may be a stranger to Newberry County," he said, glaring out at his audience.



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# NEW BRUNSWICK

over dark and furrowed brows, "but Newberry County is no stranger to me."

More than sixty people, the largest number ever to attend a monthly dinner meeting of the Newberry County Municipal Officials' Association, sat rapt with attention, with only a very few members discreetly picking fried chicken from their teeth. This was not the county sheriff or a state senator talking to them, this was *General Westmoreland*.

"Our state is only forty-seventh in the nation in per capita income," he was saying, "but here in Newberry County you've been prospering. You've got a strong industrial base, with textile mills and the manufacture of processed wood products; you've got forestry resources, and a strong agricultural base. You are the largest egg-producing county in the state and second in overall dairy industry. You rank high in soybean production. . . ." It was like a social-studies class—Newberry County: eggs, soybeans, processed wood.

"Now, what are your problems as I see them? Your big challenge, as I see it, is that you've got to let your *infrastructure* catch up with your growth. I'm a great believer in quality control. But in order to maintain quality control during this period of growth, some decisions are going to have to be made that will be politically unpopular. Somebody is going to have to bite the bullet, so that the next generation will not have to tear down what has been built by this generation.

"I believe that the Southeastern section of the United States has the most potential for growth of any section in this country. South Carolina is at the heart of the Southeast. And Newberry County is at the heart of South Carolina. . . ."

COLONEL BALLOU was driving the General back to Columbia for a television appearance. I rode in the backseat. The dinner and speech had run late, and the Colonel was driving very fast to get back to Columbia in time.

"You certainly are well received down here, General," I said.

"Yes, I think that's true."

"I guess it's kind of a welcome change after Washington. And the way things have been for you in the rest of the country."

"No," he said, "I think you'd be surprised." He turned in his seat so he was facing me. Occasional headlights illuminated his face. "For example, I can't go into a commercial airport in this country without two or three people speaking to me. And only very recently I was grand marshal of a parade up in Baltimore—it was a patriotic parade—and they told me there were half a million spectators."

"Is that right?"

"Yes. Now, two, three, or four years ago, if I had been grand marshal, you can be sure that all the antiwar elements would have been out there, doing their thing. But in this case there was not a single act of discourtesy. As I was recognized by the spectators, there was, in almost every case, simultaneous applause."

"That must have made you feel pretty good."

"Yes. You know, there is a common impression that this antimilitary feeling was a widespread state of mind. It wasn't. It was just those antiwar groups concentrating their efforts to receive maximum publicity—which, let me hasten to say, they did.

"But I don't think any of that animosity was ever personal. It was directed at me because of what I represented. That's not to say it was enjoyable, having those people waving placards saying I was a killer of women and children, et cetera, et cetera. But you can't let it get you upset. You just have to take it in stride. I had a job to do, and I did it to the best of my ability. I'm not the least bit defensive about it. And I don't feel I have anything to apologize for."

I nodded. Then the General fell silent. When we arrived at the television station, we found the front door locked; Colonel Ballou walked to the side of the building, looking for an open door.

General Westmoreland stood by the car, waiting, looking straight ahead.

"Do you miss it?" I asked. "I don't mean Vietnam. I mean the Army. Being a General in chief of staff, all that."

He stood with his hands in his pockets, jingling a bit of change. "I guess I miss it in a way," he said quietly, looking at the ground. Then he looked up at me. "No," he said more firmly. "I don't let myself miss it. I've got to face life as it is today, and that's what I do."

Tuesday morning, on the road, the General seemed affable and relaxed. The day was sunny and warm again, and the television program the night before had gone well. It had been the first program of a weekly series on the education station, designed to review the career of a "distinguished South Carolinian." When I had asked a woman at the station why the General had been chosen to inaugurate the series, she had seemed surprised at the question. "Why? Because the General is someone of whom not just South Carolina but the whole nation can be proud." Then she had looked admiringly at the screen, where, in answer to a question, General Westmoreland was explaining that the United States mission in Vietnam could be considered a success because the objective had been to "keep the North Vietnamese from taking over South Vietnam by force," and the North Vietnamese had not done so. "There aren't many men of his stature," the woman said.

The General's first stop was at a luncheon in the town of Elgin, where the B. F. Goodrich



ny had opened a plant that manufactured (These, I learned, are rubber belts, including fan belts, that help turn wheels inside.) Lots of important people from Elgin, from B. F. Goodrich headquarters in Akron, were here; the General was representing the mayor.

"I must say," he began his speech, "that I am impressed with the V-belt industry. I think we are here to stay—I therefore think V-belts are here to stay.... After all, success in life and progress in life, involves turning over the page...."

"The people of South Carolina have not forgotten the work ethic that has made this country great.... I believe that the Southeast is going to be the great growth area in the United States during the final third of this century. And South Carolina is at the heart of the Southeast. Kershaw County is at the very heart of South Carolina."

### After Vietnam

AT NIGHT, AFTER the General finished making a speech at the American Legion Hall in Greenwood, I stood with him in the doorway as he waited for Colonel Ballou to bring his car. "General," I said, "I would like to talk to you more about Vietnam."

He looked directly at me. "Why?"

"Well, I'm wondering how you feel about it."

His gaze did not waver. "I'm not afraid to talk about Vietnam. I'm not trying to forget it. I have nothing to apologize for. But it's a past era. And right now I'm concerned with the future."

"I understand that, General, and I don't mean to want you to go back over the whole war on your tail. I guess what I'm really curious about is how you feel about the way Vietnam has affected this country."

"I don't think the effects have been very great. I'm not one of those people who will blame the high rate and pollution and the energy crisis on everything else that's gone wrong in this country on Vietnam."

"I guess I mean more the effect it's had on our lives. That's what I really want to talk about."

"Yes. Well, I'd have to think about that. There won't be any opportunity to talk about it tonight."

"How about tomorrow, then?"

"Tomorrow. Yes, I suppose there would be time at breakfast."

"Good. What time?"

"Seven-thirty," the General said, and he walked down the steps and got into the car, an old Crown Ford from the state car pool.

Colonel Ballou got lost driving the General

from Greenwood to Greenville, fifty miles away, and when I saw him later that night in the Holiday Inn coffee shop he was shaking his head in dismay.

"It was that darned bypass," he said. "I got on that thing and there weren't any signs and then I found myself going east and west instead of north and south and, gosh, I got *all* balled up. But the old man, you know, he doesn't like me to ask directions when I'm driving."

"He doesn't?"

"Nope. I'll say, 'Ah, Westy—or, sir—I think we're lost. Maybe I should just stop up here at this gas station,' and he'll be working on his papers in the car there, you know, and he'll look up and say, 'No, no, keep going, we'll find our way.' So now what I do is I don't even tell him we're lost. I just pull into the gas station before he realizes what's going on."

The Colonel and I stayed up a while longer, and he began to talk about South Carolina and its problems. How 53 percent of the families in the state had an annual income of less than \$4,000. How the state was forty-seventh in per capita income and fiftieth in both infant mortality rate and adult life expectancy. How there were so few doctors, so few hospitals, such poor schools. All this, while the state budget showed an actual profit at the end of every year.

"The old man cares about this state, you know. He really does. He looks around and sees all this wrong and knows he could do so much. He's trying his best to do everything he can to make a better life for the people who live here."

"ALL RIGHT," HE SAID, unsmiling, after the breakfast order had been taken, "Get on with your business."

The business, of course, was Vietnam.

"Vietnam is nothing that I feel defensive about," he said, "or that I will in any way apologize for. Of course, hindsight is always clearer than one's view at the time."

He was speaking rapidly, in a clipped, tense tone. This was not the topic that he would have chosen for breakfast conversation.

"The real damage done by the Vietnam war in this country, in my opinion, was to the youth. This war was an entirely new experience for our youth. What was new about it? Two simple things: A, television, and B, the news type of reporting, which inevitably portrays the extreme, the sensational, which is, of course, news."

"The seamy side of the Vietnam war was given tremendous visibility. And believe me, that war was no seamier than any other."

Suddenly the General laughs. "No," he says, "nothing happened in Vietnam that hadn't happened in other wars. But there was all that emphasis on the irregularities that occurred in Vietnam."

"I had a job to do, and I did it to the best of my ability. I don't feel I have anything to apologize for."

Joe  
McGinniss  
WINNING  
HEARTS AND  
MINDS IN  
SOUTH  
CAROLINA

"There are a lot of people, General, who would say that our whole involvement there was an irregularity."

"Oh?" He paused, and looked toward some empty tables. "Well, it may have been. Hmmm. Was Korea the same?" He paused again. "I guess you could make a case that it was."

Then he turned toward me and resumed, in his earlier, forceful tone. "The point is that the war affected the life-style of our youth. It brought about long hair and an untidy, unkempt appearance. Now, I'm not objecting to this. I don't get uptight. Remember, I have two teenagers myself. And let me tell you, the war was a rough experience for them. Not only were they subjected to tremendous peer pressure, they had their old man around their necks like an albatross. But they're good strong kids, and they came through it just fine.

"Anyway, this long-hair syndrome was developed in order to dissociate the individual from anything regimented—anything that had any stamp of the military. The military wore short hair, so they would go to the other extreme. What I'm saying is that the Vietnam war, plus the Beatles, had a profound effect on the life-style, the attitudes, and the appearance of our youth. History could record that these attitudes were simply a passing fad. On the other hand, it could be that these attitudes might be against the national interest."

"They might?"

"They could mark the beginning of an era of disorderliness, complacency, and apathy. A lack of pride in individual and country, which could sap our vitality. This *could* be, I said. My guess is that it will not."

I said, "A lot of people, General, and not necessarily antimilitary people, either, would say now that they wish Vietnam had never happened. Do you feel that way?"

"Yes," he said. "I would join that group. Setting aside the strategic implications, I would not hesitate to join that group."

Then, remarkably, as he spoke, the Muzak system in the dining room began to play "America the Beautiful." First the melody, then the words drifted softly across the room. General Westmoreland, who was speaking with intensity, did not seem to notice.

"You have to remember the atmosphere in which our involvement began," he said. "A lot of people listened to John F. Kennedy's inaugural address, and when he talked about paying any price and bearing any burden in defense of freedom, the military took him seriously. So did the State Department, and so did a lot of other people, though when things got down to the nitty-gritty, they saw it in a different light.

"Now I'm not being apologetic. I'm not trying to justify my actions or our military activities. I'm not saying that the strategic objec-

tive wasn't worth the price—history will have to judge that. But I'm sorry that the strategic objective—which was set early, remember—regret that that objective could not have been accomplished in another way, without the trauma and the side effects and the debilitating effects of the Vietnam war."

**T**HE SKY WAS DARK the next day, and the wind was gusty and strong. By the time General Westmoreland got to the Spartanburg YMCA for his luncheon talk to the Kiwanis Club, a driving rain had begun and tornado warnings had been issued.

General Westmoreland had gone to high school in Spartanburg. At the luncheon, he was introduced by a minister who had been on the high school debating team with him, and at the head table were old acquaintances from the tumbling and gymnastics team. Returning to Spartanburg, after more than forty years, seemed the closest thing to a sentimental occasion that could provide the General.

"I'm afraid maybe Thomas Wolfe knew what he was talking about when he said, 'You never go home again.' There have been changes in Spartanburg, exciting changes. I've seen many friends here today, and many of them have changed. And so have I.

"My father was a member of this Spartanburg Kiwanis Club. My first public speech was made to the Kiwanis Club of Spartanburg, when I was fifteen years old. I had just returned from a Boy Scout jamboree in England and I carried a flag and spoke about that. It must have been a pretty bad speech, too, because you fellows here had not invited me back until now. . . ."

There was more, of course, when the laughter died down. There was talk of the exciting future in store for South Carolina, talk of pressing problems that needed to be solved, of a rekindling of the spirit of '76. And afterward there was a visit to the Mayor's office to present a proclamation to representatives of the undefeated high-school football team.

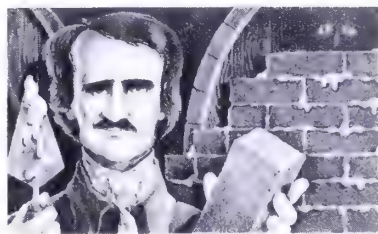
And then, abruptly, it was over. A short while later, Thanksgiving week. Colonel Ballou drove General to a Holiday Inn where Mrs. Westmoreland was waiting with a new blue Audi that she would drive to their new condominium under a lake in the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina. Their two younger children were going to Washington for the holiday; their oldest daughter, married and living in Massachusetts, would not be coming down. This would be a weekend devoted to golf, televised football, and the writing of the General's memoirs.

He climbed into the driver's seat of the Audi, fastened his shoulder harness, and, with a nod to Colonel Ballou, drove off toward the north where the sky was beginning to clear.



# YOU DON'T NEED A CELLAR TO BUILD A WINE CELLAR.

Unfortunately, Americans become interested in wine about the same time we did play with basements.



Things have changed since Poe's day.

And many people have simply written off the possibility of having their own wine cellars, not knowing that there are many places in the average home well suited to storing wine. Having a wine cellar is essential to the true connoisseur of wine, and the more of these there are around, the better for Inglenook, so let us proceed

## WHY WINE NEEDS A SPECIAL HOME.

Wine is a living thing. Like plants, it needs special care and the proper environment in order to survive. Wine will die if exposed to direct sunlight, heat, or freezing temperatures.

It doesn't even like temperature fluctuations. Nor does it like vibration. If handled too roughly, wine can even be bruised.

With these requirements in mind, let's look at several locations around the house that could serve as your wine cellar.

## A PLACE IN THE SHADE.

If you do happen to have a basement, this is the best place in the house to store wine. Failing this, check out the garage. A concrete floor will keep the wine at the most even temperature throughout the year, unless you happen to live in Hibbing, Minnesota, in which case you'd better look around inside. A closet beneath the stairs, a cupboard in an unheated hallway, an unused closet on the cool side of the house: these are all excellent locations for an indoor wine cellar.

Be sure no sunlight can hit your cellar and that it is away from heating pipes, radiators, or flues. Also make sure that major appliances which set up vibrations, such as refrigerators and washing machines are nowhere near your wine cellar.

The ideal temperature for a wine cellar is 56° Fahrenheit.

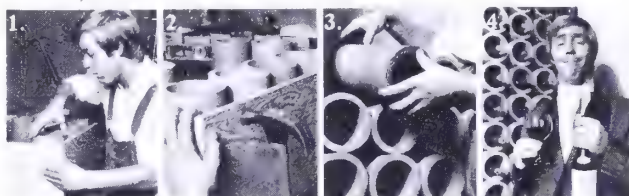
Check out your location with a thermometer and should the temperatures vary more than 10°, insulate your cellar in some manner.

We suggest a material known as expanded polystyrene. A one inch

thickness of this material is as effective against changes in temperature as is 4 feet of concrete.

## YOU CAN'T SLEEP STANDING UP. NEITHER CAN WINE.

Wine should be stored lying down so that the wine comes into contact with the cork. This keeps the cork from drying out and letting in air, which ruins the wine. You will need some sort of rack or bin to hold the bottles so that when you remove one, the rest won't be disturbed. The simplest is the case that the wine came in. Another type of wine rack can be made with cardboard mailing tubes, large fruit juice cans, or ceramic drain tiles.



To build a ceramic drain tile wine rack: 1. Cut 1" x 12" boards to desired height and width. Allow extra 1/2" on sides for tile variance. 2. Nail boards together. (To avoid bulging and insure safety, reinforce case by attaching boards to back of case and wall.) 3. Set box upright. Stack tiles. 4. Ta-dah!

Store sparkling wines on the lowest racks of your cellar, which is usually the coolest area, white wines next, and the red wines on the top.

## AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR.

If you've made up your mind to make a wine cellar of your own, you should also commit yourself to buying wines that are worth aging. Approximately 90% of the world's wines do not improve with age. This is due to the fact that they have been stabilized and pasteurized and heat treated to the point that any further aging would not normally improve them one iota.

The remaining 10% includes those wines which should improve with age, Inglenook being one of them.

We could give you a lot of reasons why Inglenook is worth putting away in your wine cellar, but we'll confine our argument to just one example:

In 1971 an Inglenook Pinot Noir, vintage 1893, was tasted at the Premier National Auction of Rare and American Wines. The organizer of the event, Alexander McNally, termed this wine's aging ability as "extraordinary," and he assessed its overall quality and condition as being "every bit as great as the 1899 Chateau Lafite."

What more can we say?



*Inglenook*



NAPA VALLEY  
ZINFANDEL

A medium bodied dry red table wine. Best stored and served at 56° Fahrenheit. 1971 is a vintage year in Napa Valley. Produced and Bottled by Inglenook Vineyards, Redwood, California. Master Blend.

# INGLENOOK

In Europe, there are many great wines.  
In America, there is Inglenook.

A story by Isaac Bashevis Singer

# THE FATALIST

Translated by Joseph Singer

NICKNAMES GIVEN IN SMALL TOWNS are the homely, familiar ones: Haim Bellybutton, Yekel Cake, Sarah Gossip, Gittel Duck, and similar names. But in the Polish town where I came as a teacher in my young days I heard of someone called Benjamin Fatalist. I promptly became curious. How did they come to the word "fatalist" in a small town? And what did that person do to earn it? The secretary of the Young Zion organization where I taught Hebrew told me about it.

The man in question wasn't a native here. He stemmed from somewhere in Courland. He had come to town in 1916 and posted notices that he was a teacher of German. It was during the Austrian occupation, and everyone wanted to learn German. German is spoken in Courland and he, Benjamin Schwartz—that was his real name—got many students of both sexes. Just as the secretary was talking, he pointed to the window and exclaimed: "There he goes now!"

I looked through the window and saw a short man, dark, in a derby and with a curled moustache that was already long out of style. He was carrying a briefcase. After the Austrians left, the secretary continued, no one wanted to study German anymore and the Poles gave Benjamin Schwartz a job in the archives. If someone needed a birth certificate, they came to him. He had a fancy handwriting. He had learned Polish, and he also became a kind of hedge-lawyer.

The secretary said: "He came here as if dropping from heaven. At that time, he was a bachelor of some twenty-odd. The young people had a club and when an educated person came to our town this was cause for a regular celebration. He was invited to our club and a box evening was arranged in his honor. Questions were placed in a box, and he was supposed to draw them out and answer them. A girl asked whether he believed in Special Providence, and, instead of replying in a few words, he spoke for a whole hour. He said that he didn't believe in God, but that all things were determined, every trifle. If one ate an onion for supper, it was because one *had* to eat an onion. It had been so preordained a billion years ago. If you walked in the street and tripped over a pebble, it was fated that you should fall. He described himself

as a fatalist. It had been destined that he come to our town, though it appeared accidental.

"He spoke too long; nevertheless a discussion followed. 'Is there no such thing as chance?' someone asked, and he replied: 'No such thing as chance.' 'If that is so,' another asked, 'what is the point of working, of studying? Why learn a trade or bring up children? Well, and why contribute to Zionism and agitate for a Jewish homeland?'

"The way it is written in the books of fate, that's how it has to be,' Benjamin Schwartz replied. 'If it was destined that someone open a store and go bankrupt, he has to do this.' The efforts man made were fate, too, because free choice is nothing but an illusion. The debate lasted well into the night and from that time on, he was called the Fatalist. A new word was added to the town's vocabulary. Everyone here knows what a fatalist is, even the beadle of the synagogue and the poorhouse attendant.

"We assumed that after that evening the crowd would get tired of these discussions and turn back to the real problems of our time. Benjamin himself said that this wasn't a thing that could be decided by logic. Either one believed in it or not. But somehow, all our youth became preoccupied with the question. We would call meetings about certificates to Palestine or about education, but instead of sticking to these subjects, they would discuss fatalism. At that time our library acquired a copy of Lermontov's *Hero of Our Time*, translated into Yiddish which describes a fatalist, Petchorin. Everyone read this novel, and there were those among us who wanted to test their luck. We already knew about Russian roulette and some of us must have tried it if a revolver were available. But none of us had one.

"Now listen to this. There was a girl among us. Heyele Minz, a pretty girl, smart, active in our movement, a daughter of a wealthy man. Her father had the biggest dry-goods store in town, and all the young fellows were crazy about her. But Heyele was choosy. She found something wrong in everybody. She had a sharp tongue, what the Germans call *schlagfertig*. If you said something to her she came right back at you with a sharp and cutting retort. We

Isaac Bashevis Singer, a novelist and fabulist, is perhaps best known for his short stories. His most recent collection is *A Crown of Feathers* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).



...wanted to she could ridicule a person in a half-joking way. The Fatalist fell in love with her soon after he arrived. He wasn't at all afraid. One evening he came up to her and said: 'Heyele, it's fated that you marry me, and since that is so, why delay the inevitable?'

He said this aloud so that everyone would hear and it created an uproar. Heyele answered: 'It's fated that I should tell you that you're an idiot and that you've got lots of nerve, and therefore I'm saying it. You'll have to forgive me, it was all preordained in the sacred books a billion years ago.'

Not long afterward, Heyele became engaged to a young man from Hrubieszów, the chairman of the Paole Zion there. The wedding was postponed for a year because the fiancé had an older sister who was engaged and who had to be married first. The boys chided the Fatalist, and he said: 'If Heyele is to be mine, she will be mine,' and Heyele replied: 'I am to be Ozer Stein's, not yours. That's what fate wanted.'

"ONE WINTER EVENING the discussion flared up again about fate, and Heyele spoke up: 'Mr. Schwartz, or Mr. Fatalist, if you really believe in what you say, and you are even ready to play Russian roulette if you had a revolver, I have a game for you that's even more dangerous.'

"I want to mention here that at that time, the railroad didn't reach to our town yet. It passed two miles away, and it never stopped there at all. It was the train from Warsaw to Lvov. Heyele proposed to the Fatalist that he lie down on the rails a few moments before the train passed over them. She argued: 'If it's fated that you live, you will live and have nothing to fear. However, if you don't believe in fatalism, then...'

"We all burst out laughing. Everyone was sure that the Fatalist would come up with some pretext to get out of it. Lying down on the tracks meant certain death. But the Fatalist said: 'This, like Russian roulette, is a game, and a game requires another participant who must risk something, too.' He went on: 'I'll lie down on the



Isaac  
Bashevis  
Singer  
THE  
FATALIST

tracks as you propose, but you must make a sacred vow that if I should live, you'll break your engagement with Ozer Rubinstein and marry me."

"A deadly silence fell over the hall. Heyele grew pale, and she said: 'Good, I accept your conditions.' 'Give me your sacred vow on it,' the Fatalist said, and Heyele gave him her hand and said: 'I have no mother, she died of the cholera. But I swear on her soul that if you will keep your word, I will keep mine. If not, then let my honor be stained forever.' She turned to us and went on: 'You are all witnesses. If I should break my word, you can all spit in my face.'

"I'll make it short. Everything was settled that evening. The train would pass our town around two in the afternoon. At one-thirty, our whole group would meet by the tracks and the Fatalist would demonstrate whether he was a real fatalist or just a braggart. We all promised to keep the matter secret because if the older people had found out about it there would have been a terrible fuss.

"I didn't sleep a wink that night, and, as far as I know, none of the others did either. Most of us were convinced that at the last minute the Fatalist would have second thoughts and back out. Some also suggested that when the train came into sight or the rails started to hum, we should drag the Fatalist away by force. Well, but all this posed a gruesome danger. Even now as I speak of it a shudder runs through me.

"The next day we all got up early. I was so scared that I couldn't swallow any food at breakfast. The whole thing might not have happened if we hadn't read Lermontov's book. Not all of us went; there were only six boys and four girls, including Heyele Minz. It was freezing cold outside. The Fatalist, I remember, wore a light jacket and a cap. We met on the Zamosc Road, on the outskirts of town. I asked him: 'Schwartz, how did you sleep last night?' and he answered: 'Like any other night.' You actually couldn't tell what he was feeling, but Heyele was as white as if she had just gotten over the typhoid. I went up to her and said: 'Heyele, do you know that you're sending a person to his death?' And she said: 'I'm not sending him. He has plenty of time to change his mind.'

"I'll never forget that day as long as I live. None of us will ever forget it. We walked along and the snow kept falling on us the whole time. We came to the tracks. I thought that on account of the snow the train might possibly not be running, but apparently someone had cleared the rails. We had arrived a good hour too early, and, believe me, this was the longest hour I ever spent. Around fifteen minutes before the train was due to come by, Heyele said: 'Schwartz, I've thought it all over and I don't want you to lose your life because of me. Do me a favor and let's forget the whole thing.' The Fatalist looked

at her and asked: 'So you've changed mind? You want that fellow from Hrubie at any price, huh?' She said: 'No, it's not fellow from Hrubieszów, it's your life. I know that you have a mother and I don't want her to lose a son on account of me.' Heyele could barely utter these words. She spoke and trembled. The Fatalist said: 'If you will keep your promise, I'm ready to keep mine, but on one condition: stand a little farther away. If you try to force me back at the last minute, the game is over.' Then he cried out: 'Let everyone step twenty paces back!' He seemed to hypnotize us with his words, and we began to back up. I cried out again: 'If someone tries to pull me away, I'll grab him by his coat and he will save my fate.' We realized how dangerous this could be. It happens more than once that when you try to save someone from drowning, you are pushed down and drown.

"As we moved back, the rails began to vibrate and hum and we heard the whistle of the locomotive. We began to yell as one: 'Schwartz, don't do it! Schwartz, have pity!' But even as we yelled he stretched out across the tracks. There was then just one line of track. One of us fainted. We were sure that in a second we would see a person cut in half. I can't tell you what went through in those few seconds. My heart literally began to seethe from excitement. At that moment, a loud screech was heard and the train came to a halt no more than a yard away from the Fatalist. I saw in a moment how the engineer and fireman jumped down from the locomotive. They yelled at him and dragged him away. Many passengers disembarked. Some of us ran away out of fear of being arrested. It was a real commotion. I remained where I was and watched everything. Heyele ran up to me, put her arms around me and started to cry. It was more than a cry; it was like the howling of a beast—give me a cigarette. I can't talk about it. It chokes me. Excuse me . . ."

I gave the secretary a cigarette and watched how it shook between his fingers. He drew on the smoke and said: "That is actually the whole story."

"She married him?" I asked.

"They have four children."

"I guess the engineer managed to halt the train in time," I remarked.

"Yes, but the wheels were only one yard away from him."

"Did this convince you about fatalism?" I asked.

"No. I wouldn't make such a bet even if you offered me all the fortunes in the world."

"Is he still a fatalist?"

"He still is."

"Would he do it again?" I asked.

The secretary smiled. "Not for Heyele."



Imagine a land where  
you can inhale the perfume of pine  
beside a roaring waterfall.



Cup your hands and drink deeply from a crystal-clear creek. Discover the strange mystery of mist-shrouded Forbidden Plateau. Imagine a land where you can breathe the incense of salt, cedar and seaweed on a forgotten stretch of beach.

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Imagine a land of seacoast. Mountains. Lakes. Rivers. Rangeland. Desert. Wheatfields.

Imagine a vacation you'll return from with a thousand faces indelibly impressed on your mind and in your memory.

## **This is British Columbia, Canada.**

After visiting British Columbia, stop off at the B.C. Pavilion at the Spokane World's Fair. See your travel agent for information on all-inclusive package tours or write the Department of Travel Industry, 1019 Wharf Street, Victoria, B.C., Canada, V8W 2Z2.

# THE GOOD OLE BOY

A Southern belle's lament



**L**IKE THE FRENCH CONCIERGE and the Cockney costermonger, the Good Ole Boy is such a recognizable phenomenon that he almost defies definition, but to say that he is simply a bigoted, uneducated, Southern white male is comparable to summing up Genghis Khan with the statement, "He rode horseback well." As we all know, this is true, and as we all know, there is a great deal more.

My last encounter with a Good Ole Boy was so traumatic that I left the South in what must stand as one of the quickest vanishing acts on record, vowing never to return until I was old enough to qualify for that other Southern sobriquet, "dear old thing." I had no sooner gotten settled on Beacon Hill than "American Pie" soared to the top of the hit parade and the tip of everyone's tongue. The song intrigued everyone because of the allegorical nature of its lyrics. No one knew what it meant, and even the songwriter, when asked to interpret it, indicated that he really was not sure himself. Whether or not this is true, it was a wise piece of press agency because the question, "What do you think it means?" swept the country. I dined out on this parlor game in Boston because the mystery was buried in the rocky soil of idiom, and my

Yankee friends did not know what a Good Ole Boy is. As a Southerner I understand the term, but my definitions were not exactly known for their clarity; I usually ended up waving my hands and saying, "A Good Ole Boy is . . . well, you know, he's . . . well, he's a Good Ole Boy."

## The Good Ole Boy defined

**D**URING THE HEYDAY of the civil-rights movement, the Northern press began to refer to sheriffs, prison guards, and anyone with a gun as either a bullhorn or a German shepherd as a Good Ole Boy. Thus our hero received a great deal of publicity and found himself elevated to national fame, something he had never before enjoyed. Suddenly there was *something* called a Good Ole Boy instead of men who had always been called Good Ole Boys. The idiom was awry in foreign mouths, and the casting-of-the-stone mentality took over, until non-Southerners came to believe that the Good Ole Boy was an exclusively low-class type, a tobacco-chewing Klutznick of the Ku Klux Klan, a redneck, or even a poor white. While this *can* be true, it isn't always true. I have known Good Ole Boys who

*Florence King is a Southerner who has written news stories, true confessions, and thirty-seven volumes of pornography.*



journalists, lawyers, college professors, state legislators. Good Ole Boys can be in any social stratum; they are formed in any class but by the extent to which they have been confused by the contradictions of the Southern style.

Because the Good Ole Boy is undeniably a Southern Wasp phenomenon, he has a broad, ruddy face that gets easily rubicund from drink and tends to go jowly under the influence of the latter. Because he lives in a conservative state with indulgent gun laws, he has a callous on his trigger finger that seems to heal, holes in his thumbs from hooks, and—souvenir of his regular manly workouts—boils on the back of his neck from the heat of his clippers. He is a sartorial disaster clad in baggy sunstans, a white shirt open at the neck, the cuffs rolled back one turn, an enormous belt buckle of the *Gott und Reich* variety decorated with horns or antlers, white socks, and Marine Corps-issue shoes with thick soles and cleats.

He is between forty and fifty years old. Forty is the high-water mark of Good Ole Boyhood; by this time the requisite beer belly and bar-spread are coming along nicely. He always wears a "sports jacket," never simply "jacket." He does not wear shoes that slip on, including loafers, because this is the way women climb into his shoes. His must tie, and he likes leather shoestrings. When I was on the woman's page of the *Raleigh News and Observer*, I covered a rebuttante ball for three years, and, although it was a white-tie affair, I never saw a marshal in patent-leather slippers with faille bows. I wore plain black shoes, and I saw a lot of men in black leather shoestrings. I once mentioned patent-leather slippers to a Good Ole Boy who was scheduled to present his daughter, and his eyes flashed raw panic.

The Good Ole Boy will not drive with two hands. He keeps his left arm propped vertically against the window frame in a perpetual right-turn signal. When he approaches a barstool he does not sit on it. He leads with his crotch, opens his thighs, and slides forward onto the seat.

I FIRST ENCOUNTERED the Good Ole Boy when I went to graduate school at the University of Mississippi in 1958. What was to become an old acquaintance of some thirteen years met me the moment I got off the bus in Memphis and walked through the waiting room.

Men always draw the Good Ole Boys; any seating arrangement in the South is bound to be full of them. Courthouse railings are their favorite hangout but a row of anything will do. As I walked past them it began.

Shore would like to have that swing in my yard."

"You want me to help you with your box, li'l lady?"

"Hesh up, Alvin, that ain't nice. Don't you talk to her like that."

"I just want to help her with her box, thass all."

An explosion of mirth followed this riposte but it was quickly shushed by the man who had appointed himself my protector. There is always one Good Ole Boy in the lineup who takes on this role. Just as the minstrel show has an end man and a vaudeville team a top banana, any collection of Good Ole Boys has a Shucks Ma'am.

"Shucks, ma'am, he didn't mean to insult you. He just thinks yore mighty sweet, thass all."

"Thass right, li'l lady, I just want to help you out."

"Well," said another, "I just want to take her out."

"Don't you pay no mind to him, ma'am, he's just foolin'."

I checked into what I thought was a respectable hotel but no sooner had I started to unpack than the desk clerk was at my door.

"I just wanted to see if you were aw-right. It's too late for room service so I just thought you might like a Co-Cola."

I told him I didn't care for anything. He looked at the cascade of underwear that was spilling out of my open suitcase and got a glazed look in his eye.

"I just want to check yore air conditioner to make sure it's workin' aw-right."

The room was freezing but he fiddled with the knobs, then turned around.

"Well, I just wanted to check, thass all."

As he was leaving my room, the door across the hall opened and a jowly, rubicund man of forty in sunstans, white shirt and socks, killer belt buckle, and thick-soled shoes poked his head out and grinned.

"I just thought I'd say hello, li'l lady. Felton, whatchoo doin' in this li'l lady's room?"

"I'm just seein' she's comfortable, thass all."

My neighbor winked at me. "I'm just funnin' with you, ma'am. Felton's aw-right, he wouldn't bother nobody, he's a Good Ole Boy."

"Get on outta here, Raiford," said Felton. "Leave this li'l lady alone. If Raiford pesters you, ma'am, you call down to me and I'll take care of him."

When they left I pushed the bureau up against the door and got into bed. A few minutes later I heard a thundering stampede of drunken men, and the hallway erupted with rebel yells.

"Hey, you goddamn sumbitch, how are you! I want you to meet this here ugly-lookin' critter. This here's Pearl Hicks. Pearl's a Good Ole Boy, I wanna tell you. Ole Pearl knows where

"I can count on my fingers without seriously affecting my typing speed the Southern men I have known who are not Good Ole Boys."



Charles Gatewood

we can rustle up some women, don'tcha, Pearl?"

The elevator door clattered open, and suddenly a woman began to scream bloody murder.

"Hey, Pearl! Hey, come on now, you leave that lady alone! Don't you cry, ma'am, he didn't mean no harm, he's just friendly. Pearl, you wanna get us thrown outta here? This lady a guest at the hotel. Now, ma'am, you don't have to be scared, I won't let him hurt you none. Lemme pick up yore things. This her yore earring? Wait, I see yore other shoe. There now we got evrrathing. Shucks, ma'am, I'm just as sorry as I can be."

"I just wanted to ask her in for a drink."

"Shut up, Pearl. You done 'nuff already."

There followed the muted shuffling sound of Good Ole Boys wallowing in guilt. Tendrils of their self-loathing seemed to penetrate my door and I tried to analyze this fierce angst.

## Overcompensation

**T**HE NAME "GOOD OLE BOY," while very masculine in a hail-fellow-well-met way, lacks virile and masculine imagery. It suggests a man both fat and fatuous, yet the Good Ole Boy is more than a locker-room jock or a Babbitt with a Southern accent; his *Sturm und Drang* is much more complex because it is unique, peculiar to him alone and unshared by his fellow countrymen.

Men who consistently suffer military disaster like the French, or who are simply uninterested in soldiering, like the Italians, tend to compensate with high levels of sexual ardor. As we see it, the Good Ole Boy acts out his shabby, klutzy, superstud role because he is descended from the only American men to know military defeat and foreign occupation. Everyone knows what happens to the women of a defeated nation when the victorious army marches through. Southern women are the only white Americans who experienced the fate of the Sabines, and the Good Ole Boy cannot get this out of his mind. Though he is a consummate womanizer, if he would, as the saying goes, hump a rock pile if he thought there was a snake under it, he feels an inordinate pull in the opposite direction and harbors a conflicting need to protect women from any conquering male, including himself.

This is why there is a Shucks Ma'am apologist perched on every railing when the Good Ole Boys line up in what is obviously an unconscious military formation. The Shucks Ma'am is a collective conscience, a salesman of guilt who reminds the others that sex and masculine aggression must be fought and defeated.

The Good Ole Boys' guilt accounts for the Jekyll syndrome. Good Ole Boys have a habit of saying, "I just want to hold you," when they really mean they want to go to bed. Sometimes they vary it with, "I just want to love you," but



they never fail to include the *just*. The fiction also appears in their general content: "Raiford just chased Sally Ann with a gun, ain't like he done any real harm," or, "just shot that nigger in the ass, he didn't hurt her." Calhoun just wants to hold (protect) you, not conquer, as in Yankee) you. He just wants to give you a Co-Cola, nothing more. To be completely with male aggression would be to effect, high treason. This psychological move puts the Good Ole Boy's sexuality on a see-it-now-you-don't basis; his virility is constantly being passed back and forth, being and withdrawn by an internal gyroscope to capricious fluctuation.

### Fascist passion

FIRST ENTANGLEMENT with a Good Ole Boy occurred at Ole Miss, where I managed, by effort whatsoever, to stir the fascistic sensibilities of Calhoun Lee Creech, who was said to be a spy for the White Citizens' Council. Calhoun's duties supposedly included lurking in the lounge in the student-union building to pick up on any pro-integration statements and to give viewers when the civil-rights bulletins came on.

Because I am a Capricorn as well as a Wasp, I gave him a false impression of aloof *froidueur*, and Calhoun was a fascist as well as a Good Ole Boy. I was enchanted. My demeanor appealed to his fascistic side because he craved the strong, and it appealed to his Good Ole Boy side because he dreaded conquest. In other words, I looked as if I couldn't be had.

For a long time I did not realize that he was attracted to me in lust because on Good Ole Boy there is no discernible difference between expressions of desire and expressions of hatred. He glazes once, as Emily Dickinson said. One time Calhoun telephoned me he opened with "Betcha don't know who this is." I suspect being a spy leads to obfuscatory speech and a reluctance to reveal one's name, considering how long he kept up this guesswork. I tend more to think that he himself was not sure of his identity.

Our conversations revolved around three elements:

"You look mighty good to me."  
 "You 'n' me's got to get together."  
 "I'll kill for you."

Calhoun refused to go out with him, so, after two weeks of fruitless phone calls, he decided to drop me.

One night quite late I was coming out of the late building, where I regularly studied before the dorm was too noisy. When I got to the door there was Calhoun, drunk.

We struggled, and Calhoun kept up a running commentary about getting six boys to swear on the Bible and various other threats. He got me into an office and gave me a push; I fell backward onto a desk, in a perfect position for what Calhoun had in mind, but also a perfect position to give him a good ole 1950s spike heel in the eye. He staggered backward, howling, and I made my escape.

I did not see him at all the next day. That evening my buzzer rang, and when I went downstairs there he was, smelling literally, if not figuratively, like a rose. There was a cut under his eye but otherwise he looked better than I had ever seen him. He wore a coat and tie, and his hair was damp; he looked like a little boy freshly scrubbed by his mother and sent off to Sunday school. He held a dozen pink carnations.

With his internal gyroscope tuned to Shucks Ma'am, he spoke.

"I'm mighty sorry 'bout last night. I didn't mean no harm, I just wanted to love you, but I was drunk and a li'l crazy, thass all. But I wasn't gonna rape you, 'deed I wasn't. I just wanted to hold you a li'l, thass all."

**A**NY WOMAN INVOLVED with a Good Ole Boy quickly discovers that her ashtrays and drinking glasses are never big enough for him. This is the Little Dinky syndrome. Everything is "little dinky this" and "little dinky that," but he is good-natured about these complaints because he is so unsure of his masculinity that he overcompensates by cultivating an oxlike placidity wrapped in a shroud of inexhaustible patience. This, he feels, is very male and godlike.

He gladly replaces the little dinky items with unwieldy gargantuana, nice big masculine things that soothe his self-doubts, but it never stops there—which brings us to the Little Dinky Woman syndrome.

Sexually threatened men must find or create as many differences between the sexes as possible; the *petite différence* is not enough; it must be the *grande différence*. Here the Good Ole Boy nails his flag to the mast and navigates the treacherous straits of Scylla and Charybdis with a nightmarish cargo of diametrically opposed *idées fixes*.

Because men and women are different, his preferred physical type is the tiny, fragile, daintily, weak, delicate epitome of femininity who is ever getting lost because he has to shake the sheets to find her.

However, because men and women are different, his preferred physical type is also the soft, *zaftig*, fleshy, pleasingly plump, curvaceous epitome of femininity with a good rump on her, who inspires his gallant compliment: "The more there is, the more there is to love."

The Good Ole Boy cuts this Gordian knot by

"The Good Ole Boy harbors a need to protect women from any conquering male, including himself."

Florence  
King

## THE GOOD OLE BOY

picking out a billowy girl friend and then buying her lingerie that is three sizes too small.

**L**IKE ANYONE WHO HARBORS a great deal of sexual fear, the Good Ole Boy seeks someone on whom he can project it. An unfailingly good way to find a psychological punching bag is to create an ideal to which no mere mortal can possibly aspire, and then, when the inevitable happens, cast blame upon the waters.

As far as women are concerned, all the Good Ole Boy demands is an oversexed Melanie, thass all. She must be so voluptuous that it requires no effort, talent, or virility to satisfy her, a woman so perpetually ready to pop that she will have an orgasm if he merely looks at her crooked. At the same time, she must be sweet, demure, passive, submissive, self-sacrificing, with a yen to be dominated by a strong man.

The Good Ole Boy knows unconsciously that women who are good in bed tend not to be sweet and submissive, and that women who are sweet and submissive tend not to be good in bed. He therefore sets himself up for disappointment, followed by a flight from the female, whom he actually hates as we all hate anything we fear.

Naturally, the Good Ole Boy never finds his sexy Melanie, but he does manage to find women who are either (a) sexy or (b) Melanie.

When he finds a sexy woman, he assumes that she really wants a black man, and so his virility is threatened. When he finds a Melanie, her attitude toward sex is lukewarm, and so his virility is threatened.

Whichever kind of woman he ends up with, it is never long before he has an excuse to be rid of her.

As the Irish girls who follow each other in a lemminglike migration to America will so quickly explain, the romantic Irishman of song and story does not exist. Brian Boru the minstrel boy is a guilt-ridden, sex-dreading forty-five-year-old bachelor who lives with his mother and prefers the company of the other lads down at the pub.

So, too, does any Southern woman know that Rhett Butler is a wishful figment of another Southern woman's imagination. Insofar as all Southern men are products of the South, they are, with very few exceptions, all Good Ole Boys to some extent. It is a matter of degree. I can count on my fingers without seriously affecting my typing speed the Southern men I have known who are not Good Ole Boys. The rest, like Irishmen, dread the feminine in all its forms and prefer to escape to the great outdoors with their camping equipment or go down to the pub with the other lads.

An excursion to Johnny's Cash 'n' Carry tavern is an experience in working sociology that should not be missed. It is always full of Good

Ole Boys, a whole line of them all in a row. hero, Beverly Lee Tiddywell, is overwhelmed with joy and relief to see so many males at one place, and they are equally glad to see but neither must show it. Instead they exchange the South's only taciturn greeting: "Hey travels down the line; "Hey... hey... h Then Beverly slides crotch-first onto the s Once on it, he keeps sliding back and forth and down, to and fro, caressing the memo many another pair of suntans. Anyone thinks that Southerners are lethargic sh watch the squirming movements of Good Boys on barstools or motorcycle seats. W walloping punch, Beverly Lee greets his ole dy, Alva Lee Hicks, and they discuss their u tunate fellow townsman, Shirley Lee Crou "Waal, s'a cryin' shame if you ask me way they got ole Shirley down in the jailho Shirley ain't so bad. He couldn't help it what happened. It wuz his property and e body in town knows he's got him that there ole Army surplus bazooka. They shoulda better sense than to trespass. 'Sides, they just nigras anyhow. It weren't really his a-tall, it wuz Tilly May's. He wouldna been ered up if it hadna been fer her and the she done him. That gal dern near broke heart, handin' it out lak she done, to any what asked fer it. Just as well he blew her off, too, 'cause she weren't no daggone good how. But what beats me is the way they's f 'bout him settin' fire to the house. It wuz house, and 'sides, the county condemned it wuz gonna tear it down anyways. Looks t lak Shirley saved 'em some trouble. He cou help it if the wind blew the flames over to oil company. Can't blame a man fer the wa wind blows. Nope, Shirley's aw-right, he Good Ole Boy."

Alva nods slowly. "Them nigras wuz a-col after Tilly May, you wanna bet. She wuz a in' it to them nigras sure as shootin'. Killin' too good fer her if you ask me. Poor ole Shi he's a Good Ole Boy."

The sobriquet of Good Ole Boy is always spoken in such a way that it becomes a verbal passport, the only intrasexual endearment dares permit himself, a code word for the brutishness that he cannot otherwise show. The perceptive eavesdropper it is oddly reminiscent of shy, whispering nuns calling each other "sister."

The Good Ole Boys have thus cleared Sh of mass murder and arson and pictured him nothing more than a put-upon cuckold thwarted by the capricious vagaries of the weather. Black men and women, those twin sexual nemeses, have been relegated to an integrated pile of heap corpses, their souls free to cohabit as much as they please, and the Good Ole Boys are all together at last.



# AFRICAN JOURNEY

translated by Angus Davidson

JOURNEY THROUGH AFRICA is a veritable dive into prehistory, into an archaic world one confronts in the actual conformation of the land. The chief characteristic of this landscape is its diversity, as in Europe, but terrifying monotony. The face of Africa bears a greater resemblance to that of an infant, with few barely defined features, than to that of a man, upon whose life has imprinted innumerable significant events. It bears a greater resemblance to the face of the earth in prehistoric times, when there were no seasons and humanity had not yet made its appearance, than to the face of the earth as we know it today, with the countless changes brought about by both time and man. This monotony, furthermore, displays two truly prehistoric aspects: repetition, that is, the repetition of a single theme or motif to the point of obsession, to the point of terror; and total shapelessness, complete lack of limitation.

Prehistoric, for example, is the prairie which covers Africa for thousands of kilometers from west to east, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. This prairie is a limitless steppe of a light green color dotted here and there, as far as the eye can see, with one single kind of tree, the small African acacia, bristling with thorns, with branches like the spokes of an umbrella, with one single kind of shrub, round and dark green. One drives on and on, on roads or tracks, for hundreds of kilometers, and the same goes on forever, it merely repeats itself the two features that belong to it, the acacia and the shrub.

In the far distance, in those remote solitudes, one can sometimes distinguish myriads of black dots moving rapidly through the swarm of acacias and shrubs; these are herds of zebra and gazelle fleeing to an unknown place, frightened by something unknown. If one stops in the middle of the prairie, the hum of the car engine is suddenly enveloped by a virginal, breathless silence. One hears a muted sound of wind; the light floods the immense plain with implacable brilliance; all at once one feels one is being observed and discovers the small, sharp heads of some giraffe protruding, motionless, on the end of enormous necks, above the umbrellalike acacias. These timid, curious animals stand amongst the trees, taller than the

trees; then, at a gesture or the sound of a voice, they flee, crossing the road one after another in slow, awkward, heavy bounds, with their immensely long legs and massive bodies. We drive on again, and again the prairie starts repeating, millions and millions of times over and over again, its theme of the acacia and the shrub. Every now and then the plain appears to rise a little toward the sky and to form an outline of long, gentle hills that seem ready to enclose it

*Alberto Moravia is the author of Conjugal Love and Two Women. This article is adapted from his newest book, Which Tribe Do You Belong To? which will be published in September by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

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Suzanne Mantell

and become a wide valley; but the line invariably disappears and dissolves into the usual formlessness.

Prehistoric, also, is the rain forest, which extends immediately beyond the prairie. I drove through the forest by the road which, in Nigeria, goes from Lagos to the legendary Benin, once a city of marvelous sculptors and craftsmen. The road is narrow, straight, made of earth red as blood. The forest seems an expanse of black flesh slashed by a long wound, one still open and bleeding. Again one drives for hundreds and hundreds of kilometers without any change in the landscape. The predominant theme is the black tangle of trees and bushes, of lianas and creepers, rising like a wall on either side of the road and almost cutting off any sight of the sky, which is reduced to a blue streak parallel to the red streak of the road.

This tangle, at first sight, looks varied and rich in branching trees and dangling boughs; but finally the eye becomes satiated and ceases to examine and appreciate it. The forest rises straight up on either side of the road; a stream, black, putrid and motionless, penetrates amongst the trees. On its banks can be seen huge tree trunks that have fallen and are decaying in the shallow, turbid water. The forest is funereal, gloomy, mute; it seems that nothing exists here but snakes and insects. The forest, like the prairie, appears to emerge from its shapelessness, to show signs of something finite, recognizable, something with a form of its own, a clearing, a path, an isolated tree, a group of trees; but almost immediately this suggestion disintegrates and disappears in the green, dark equatorial vegetation.

### The African sickness

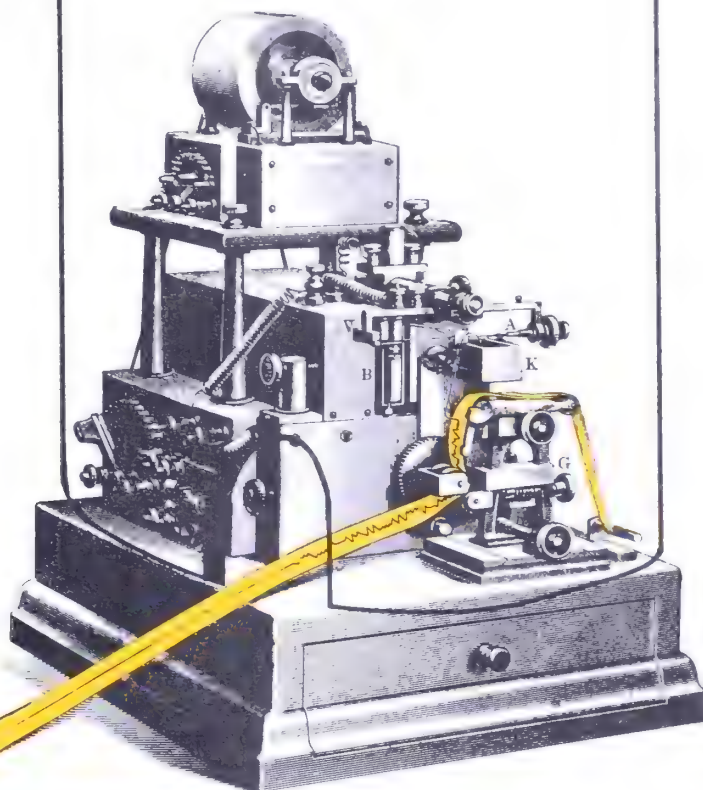
**P**REHISTORY IN AFRICA exists not only in the conformation of the landscape but also in the presence of the one universal religious belief—magic. In Europe the world of magic survives in modest and enigmatic remnants, like scraps of flotsam in the sea after a shipwreck. But here one is always aware that the world of magic is still complete, intact, and functioning. Magic is the African sickness, a spell rooted in fear, the fear of irrational forces which in Europe man has overcome over many thousands of years, but which here in Africa are still intrusive and uncontrolled. It is a fear to which the traveler finally becomes accustomed; it is a fear that is painfully agreeable. But for the African, who has no historical background, fear is a nameless fright, a perpetual, vague terror, and his magic is as gloomy and demented as it is aphrodisiac.

In the market at Lagos, the sultriness was damp and tainted, like that of a monstrous pile of washing. I picked my way through several

passages between counters and stalls overflowing with merchandise and with foodstuffs softened by their exposure to the noxious tropical heat. I came upon an open space surrounded by huts, in which *jujus* were displayed. These are the objects used by the Africans for the innumerable operations of their magic, objects that can be bought in the market and are much sought after (in that open space at least twenty stall-holders offered the same infernal goods). And what are *jujus*? First of all, there were a large number of big smoked rats, arranged in two rows and strung together on sticks like the figs of Calabria; in a large basket, a lot of dried chameleons; and, lying on the counters, dishes and small baskets full of repellent bits and pieces—skulls of monkeys and dogs and horses; feet of gazelles and antelopes; eyes, hoofs, and bristles; pieces of excrement and other fragments, putrefied and unrecognizable. Each item has its own usefulness. An African goes to the market, buys a rat or a skull or a chameleon, then takes it home and makes use of it for the operations of black or white magic—that is, malignant or benign.

There can be recognized in *jujus* a very special quality of foulness, extravagant and repugnant, a magical substitute for science. The use of *jujus* is seemingly an attempt to control fear but it is really a direct expression of it. The same can be said of the masks that give the appearance of perpetual, sinister carnival to the life of the African. These masks have by now become very well known. I shall confine myself to recalling just one of them among so many. In a large, grimy meadow on the outskirts of Lagos I came upon a circle of idlers. A mask figure was dancing to the sound of a wooden drum played by a skeletonlike old man. The body of the masked figure was clothed in straw tied around his legs, his waist, and his shoulders. He looked like a dancing sheaf of corn; his face was covered with a black silk stocking on which were sewn bunches of white shells. At each step the straw moved and fell apart but did not reveal the body of the dancer, which thus did not appear to exist at all. The bunches of shells rose upward, allowing a glimpse not of his face but of the smooth black silk of the stocking, with only his nose barely indicated, as in highly stylized African sculptures. It was not an immediately terrifying mask; yet after a while it came almost unbearable to watch. This mask was not intended to arouse fear; it *was* fear. The body was transformed into a sheaf of corn, pressing the transience of man. The face, closed in the stocking and covered with shells like a reef under the sea, was an allusion to the inability of man to show his face in competition with prolific, overpowering nature. Then, as the dance continued, a huge airplane flew over the meadow with a deafening roar. But the spectators





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tators did not turn their eyes to the sky: their attention was concentrated on the masked figure impersonating fear.

### Life into dance

**S**OMEONE HERE IN LAGOS has told me that the workers in the shipyards sometimes improvise a dance to the engine rhythm of an excavator or a rock drill. To anyone who knows the simplicity of the music with which the Africans accompany their dances, this transformation of bulldozer into musical instrument will not appear so strange. But what is unique is the irresistible inclination to express in dancing not merely this or that important experience, such as agricultural work or sexual initiation, but the whole of life. The African is capable of fitting happily—by dancing—into modern industrial civilization.

There are primitive people in all five continents who translate the religious and social manifestations of their existence into dance: but it is only the African who has succeeded in becoming a modern man while still preserving intact his original dancing capacity. The dance is merely the most striking aspect of the contagious primitive rhythm the African has introduced into the modern world. This rhythm, which seems an ingrained part of industrial civilization, comes directly from prehistoric times. It is the most precious gift these people have given humanity, as well as the clearest sign of their influence on contemporary habits.

The first quality, that of translating the whole of life into dance, is one of those obvious things which, just because they are so obvious, can escape attention. I remember, for instance, one day when I was driving along the road that goes from Lagos to Benin—that streak of red earth between two vertical walls of black forest. Suddenly I saw, in the distance, a group of Africans walking in the middle of the road, dressed in fluttering, multicolored togas and tunics. They were walking quietly, with the untiring, eager, carefree gait Africans use to tramp across the boundless spaces of their continent. As we neared the group, a tall, slim young man started a preliminary dance step, moving a little apart from the others. His companions did not even look at him but went on walking, chattering and laughing as they went. Then a woman began to dance as she walked, next another young man, then another woman, and finally the whole group, as though by some sort of contagion, danced in unison down the road, through the solemn, funereal solitude of the forest, leaping, waving their arms, swaying their hips, with a frenzy and violence which their quiet demeanor of a few minutes before would have made quite impossible to foresee.

We passed close beside them: an old man who carried a small wooden drum, the ends of which he struck with the palms of his hands; a few young men with pieces of fluttering, colorful materials thrown over their shoulders; some boys and some almost naked little girls. They were dancing as they walked, their agitated movements in strange contrast to the absolute stillness of the forest. The fixed, preoccupied look in the eyes gave the impression of an ecstasy that was facile and yet of sufficient power to shatter the thin diaphragm of individuality and bring man into communication with mystery. The mystery was there, only two steps away, visible and observable: the forest, majestic, hostile, in the depth of which they were wandering like the faithful in the nave of a cathedral. The group continued to dance as we left them behind. The road was perfectly straight, and after about half a kilometer I turned and looked: they were no longer dancing but had now started walking again at their usual pace.

The African dances out his life. For this reason there is always something surprising in his dance, something spontaneous, unforeseeable. He does not know what awaits him in life, just as, in general, we do not know what awaits us in life. He seeks to move his body in a certain direction, according to a certain rhythm. Perhaps, moving in this way, he succeeds in entering a more general, a more ample rhythm flowing around him, as a current in the sea flows around a fish swimming in it or how a piece of wreckage floating upon it. But sometimes his personal rhythm does not succeed in inserting itself into the universal rhythm, and then he immediately ceases to dance, resumes his normal gait. Still, he tries continually to enter, dancing, into the rhythm of the cosmos, with the determination and the patience of the water diviner, of a man digging for gold.

**D**ANCING IS ALSO a way to shed superficial individual form and merge with other people, as different pieces of different metals become merged in a single crucible. One day returning from a trip to Ibadan, we passed through the outskirts of Lagos. The road ran beside an uninterrupted row of hovels fantastically blackened and rotted with damp, huts patched with pieces of gasoline drums and boards taken from drawers, low buildings washed with red. Here and there, between one hovel and the next, there was an open space of meadow covered with shabby grass, rough and wild-looking, and very different from the soft grass of European suburbs. In one of these meadows we saw an assemblage of people, so we stopped and went over to them. It was an entirely blue crowd, being the color of the Yoruba, one of the largest tribes into which the population of Nigeria



vid. In the framework of the red-painted  
s a the great green-black trees, all these  
ks ogas, trousers, shirts, tunics, drawers,  
h dkerchiefs formed a great patch of  
n, id, chemical blue under the low, cloudy  
A id all this blue there floated, as though  
slightly troubled sea, faces, arms, shoulders,  
k the greasy, lustrous black of well-roast-  
of . We barely had time to get out of the  
ore the crowd rushed toward us, sur-  
d us, swallowed us up. A moment earlier  
a been in a free open space; a moment  
v were wedged in among the bodies of a  
n people.

na the sensation of being surrounded and  
llo ed up not so much by a crowd as by a  
e robbing, warm body furnished with in-  
erle limbs and with an infinite number  
e and yet single in itself. This body, this  
eary fusion of a number of bodies into  
vs effected by the dance.

lderly man with a small white skullcap  
e rward and explained that it was a dance  
ction; if we wished to stay, we were wel-  
e. hen we declined the invitation, the crowd  
rred to the open space with a vast move-  
t ke that of an ebb tide, and spontane-  
y formed a circle round the dancers. As  
go back into the car we were able to see,  
n distance, a number of diabolical, masked

figures leaping and shaking and, all around  
them, a surge of black, rhythmically swaying.

But the dance also has the value of a purely  
individual revelation. One can see this by going  
to one of the many nightclubs whose violent  
neon lights blaze forth, in the sultry, somber  
nights of the Gulf of Guinea, in the depths of  
the most populous quarters of Lagos. These  
nightclubs are usually in the open air; the ce-  
ment platform opens out in the midst of a mul-  
titude of rickety, peeling little tubular tables and  
chairs; the band is located on a rostrum, against  
a confused, ragged background of huts and  
hovels. Yet when the band, with passion and  
authority, strikes up a twist or a hi-life, the spec-  
tator immediately forgets the poverty of the sur-  
roundings and becomes fascinated by the grace,  
the elegance, the self-possession, the rhythm, the  
intense expressiveness of the dancers. Tall, slim,  
smothered in immense jackets and trousers,  
they move over the platform with a swaying,  
impassive, disembodied lightness. Their fem-  
inine partners, incredibly agile, supple and  
long in the limb, with ankles and wrists of pro-  
digious elegance, and heads whose projecting  
jaws are emphasized by their conical hair ar-  
rangements, twist and turn in front of them in a  
way that manages to be at once completely  
chaste and completely sexual.

I had seen them before, these thin, thread-

“In Europe  
the world of  
magic survives  
in modest and  
enigmatic rem-  
nants, but here  
it is complete,  
intact, and  
functioning.”



Bruno Barbey, Magnum Photos

like, black, elegant figures, these heads, all eyes and mouth, the skin of which had the unevenness, the gloss, and the dark color of bronze in the museum—the mysterious sculptures of the Benin artists. Away from Africa these sculptures sometimes give the impression of caricature. But here, in these Lagos nightclubs, one sees that they are realistic, in fact almost photographic. In the Gulf of Guinea it is nature that is expressionistic, subjective, delirious, caricaturist, not the artists. And the people dance to express this extravagance.

### A memory of the Masai

**S**HIRLEY WAS AN ENGLISH GIRL, born and brought up in Kenya, where her father owned a big farm about a hundred kilometers from Nairobi. Her physical type could not have been more Nordic, more British; she was tall, thin, loose-limbed, with hair of an ordinary dull blond, eyes that were blue but not beautiful because they had a certain fixed, glassy look, a small, severe nose, a wide mouth, and a square jaw. Not only had Shirley never seen Europe but she had rarely been to Nairobi: her education had been carried on, somehow or other, at home. Ignorant and uncultivated, she had a perfect knowledge of Swahili, which is the lingua franca of East Africa, and of Kikuyu. She knew how to organize an encampment, how to hunt wild animals, from gazelles to lions, how to direct agricultural work on her father's estate, how to cook, and even how to treat certain tropical diseases.

Shirley drove me along bumpy, sandy tracks in her old Land Rover, across the green flat spaces and through the acacia groves of the great plain, to see a curiosity of the neighborhood, a little zoo of wild animals collected by an ex-professional hunter who rents them to firms that make films of hunting expeditions and other adventures in Africa. Shirley drove with a nonchalance that indicated long practice, and as she drove she talked. Or rather, she answered my questions. She talked without turning her head, looking straight ahead at the track; and so, because she was not looking at me, I tended to pay more attention to her way of speaking than to her attitudes or the expression of her face. Her words came to me clearly and precisely, as if I were listening to the radio.

Shirley's father had decided to go back to England, since life in Kenya was becoming difficult for Europeans. I asked Shirley whether she liked the idea of seeing her country of origin for the first time, what she thought of doing there, and whether she would miss Kenya. She replied positively, but in an entirely colorless, mechanical way. She was quite content to leave, to go to England, to start a new life, she said. She

would not feel any nostalgia for Kenya, because recently it had become too unpleasant for the English. She added that she would be all right in England because she had many relatives and friends there. I felt unlucky to have fallen in with someone so boring and without interest.

But, at a fork in the road, in that boundless green solitude, Shirley found herself in doubt and stopped. There was a light breeze that pressed one's ears; the sun of the upland plain shone bright but without burning. Suddenly a young African emerged from behind a big bush. He was very tall, almost naked, with half his body painted red, his hair divided into a hundred little plaits; he held a long spear in one hand and a club in the other. Shirley leaned out of the window and called to him in Swahili. There was an abrupt change in her voice, and in her face. Her voice became warm, modulated, shrewd, full of curious inflections that ranged from shyness to authority; her face animated, and a strange expression of studied ingenuousness and insinuating sympathy shone in her eyes and was apparent in the smile on her lips. As for the African, he answered Shirley's questions in a slow, hesitating voice; but, from the first moment, had an expression of recognition, of embarrassed acceptance of an avoidable relationship. Finally Shirley thanked him and we went on our way.

Encouraged, I dropped the subject of the Masai and asked her about her life in Kenya. Once she became animated and began her story. As a child, she and her three brothers would spend the whole day wandering round the countryside with a band of Masai boys of their own age. In an almost singsong voice, she described the Masai, a tribe of herdsmen living in the northern part of Kenya. Tall, slender, elegantly well built, tireless in the hunt, the Masai are completely resistant to European civilization. Unlike the Kikuyu, they do not become converted to the religion of the Europeans, they do not dress in the manner of Europeans, they do not accept European habits and customs. Shirley added Shirley without my asking. She was very likable: gay, carefree, lighthearted. They were frivolous, vain, careless, and childish; they laughed and joked all the time. As though urged by an irresistible need to talk about the Masai, Shirley added that these pastoral people live on blood and milk. They suck the milk straight from their beasts, the blood they suck in the same way. They make an incision in a cow's neck, drink the blood, and then close up the vein.

**S**HIRLEY'S SPEECH WAS normally plain and colorless, limited to the hundred or so words that constitute the entire language of her people. But in speaking of the Masai, her language changed, as did her voice and her expression.



speech had become much richer and warmer, words of an almost literary stamp, un-  
d genuine, mingled with her phrases.  
an experiment, leading the conversation  
work she would be doing in England, the  
she would be frequenting there. Abrupt-  
speech again became mechanical, her  
ld and empty. It would perhaps be too  
o say that she had become a different  
if anything, she was essentially the  
woman who became warm and animated  
peaking of Africa. But she rejected her  
frican nature; she wished to be especially  
ly English. Even in her liking for the  
a, there was a slight, disdainful note of  
ment.

left the principal track and went through  
en gate between two fences that vanished  
e distance and seemed, in that deserted  
to form the enclosure not so much of a  
registered property but of a dream.  
all at once, began speaking warmly  
as she recalled her youth in the company  
Masai. They used to hunt warthogs: the  
English children, the Masai, and sometimes  
ny as fifteen dogs. The Masai would run  
long thin legs, brandishing their spears,  
ey would drive the warthogs from their  
ad kill them. It was all so exciting, so in-  
and the African days were so very, very  
The sun never seemed to go down and  
moment of life was new and strange.

ley was silent for a moment and then,  
t prompting, she went on to say that the  
had no feelings about women, whom they  
er to be mere pieces of property. All they  
women is that they should work hard in  
lages while the men wander over the im-  
plain, naked and armed, like Greek heroes,  
their cows. After a silence, Shirley told  
at a Masai had gone to her father and  
ked to buy her in order to make her his  
As she told me this story there was a far-  
ook in her eyes, as though she imagined  
united by conjugal ties to an African  
nan. But immediately afterward she con-  
by saying, in a hard tone of voice, that  
asai are truly stupid, and that this request  
t a further proof of their stupidity.

WENT ALONG the winding path through  
e tall grass of the plain, a group of Masai  
with spears and clubs approached us and  
or less barred our passage. Their ebony  
ads glistened in the sun, and their eyes  
ntently fixed upon us. Shirley stopped the  
once and entered upon a long conversa-  
Again I was struck by the animation, the  
uity, the singularly familiar tone of her  
and of her expression. Two or three times  
miled; then again she frowned and ap-

peared to be angry. Finally she turned toward  
me and, abandoning Swahili for English, ex-  
plained to me that these young men, vain like  
all the Masai, were asking to be photographed  
with her. Would I take the photograph?

I accepted willingly. Shirley took a camera  
out of the locker, explained to me how it worked,  
and then, very nimbly, got out of the car and  
went to take up her position. The Masai sur-  
rounded her, naked, slender, black, unspeakably  
primitive beside her, with their little plaits of  
hair, their necklaces of colored beads, their cop-  
per bracelets, their red paint like a veil of blood  
on their black skins. One of them, the tallest  
and most muscular of all, put his arm around  
Shirley's waist; another placed his hand on her  
shoulder. She hesitated, then smiled broadly  
and mischievously. In a shrill, clear voice, in  
which there seemed to be a suggestion of plea-  
sure, she called out to me to be careful to set  
the camera correctly. The Masai were laughing  
also, but Shirley was right: their attitude was,  
above all, one of vanity and frivolity, and with  
a touch of arrogance, as though, instead of look-  
ing upon Shirley as a person, they considered  
her an object, in other words, a woman.

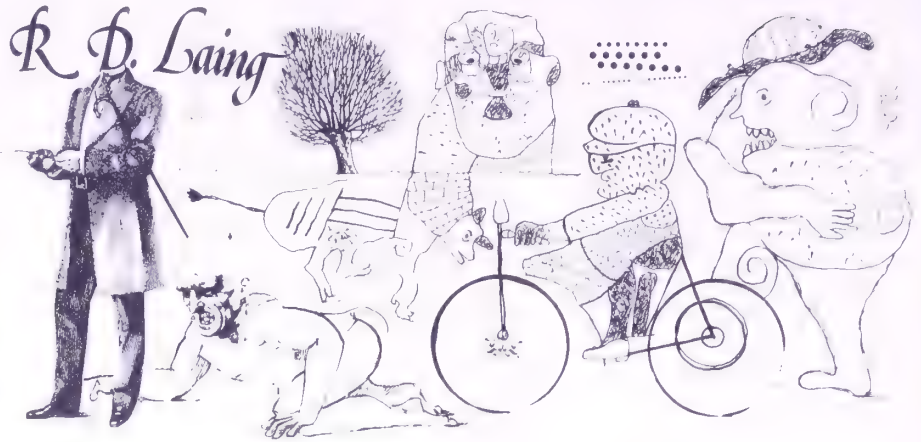
The photograph taken, Shirley extricated  
herself unhurriedly from the Masai, got back  
into the car, and, waving her hand in farewell,  
started off again along the track. We drove on  
for barely a kilometer, and then the little private  
zoo, the goal of our expedition, came into view.  
Two or three large, decrepit, dusty trees provided  
shade for some huts and a row of cages. As we  
approached, I saw that the cages had big, heavy  
bars of dark wood; in the shadows, behind the  
bars, one could see the outlines of wild beasts;  
a couple of giraffe in an adjoining enclosure  
raised their little inquisitive heads.

The car came to a stop. Shirley asked me  
whether I wanted to look around the zoo; I told  
her it did not matter, and she, relieved, said,  
"All these animals in the cages are absolutely  
uninteresting. In the cages they lose their per-  
sonality, which depends on spontaneity and free-  
dom. What you need to see is a free lion walk-  
ing through the bushes on the plain, a free ele-  
phant standing still, lurking in the foliage of  
the forest; a free rhinoceros as it raises its black  
head above the yellow grass."

She said all this as she continued to drive  
the car in her usual slapdash, carefree manner.  
Her eyes were wandering over the immensity  
of the plain, as though looking for something.  
I could not help picturing her in London or  
some other English town in a foggy, gloomy  
Nordic winter. And I felt that, even there, her  
eyes from time to time would have a look of  
enchantment when, instinctively, she would seek  
the green outline of the hills of Africa, the sun-  
light on the high plateau, and the elegant black  
figures of the Masai wandering over the plain. □

"The African  
tries continually  
to enter, danc-  
ing, into the  
rhythm of the  
cosmos."

# COMMENTARY



## WHY I WANT TO BITE R.D. LAING

**S**CHIZOPHRENIC BITES R. D. LAING.  
It's got a nice ring.

The timing and setting would be important. It wouldn't do to just run up and bite him. A lot of people would miss the point, and I'd get sheepish and embarrassed trying to explain. It would come off as a pathetic, overintellectualized joke—if it came off as anything at all.

By an accident of birth I find myself in fairly chic circles from time to time. I've run into a few people who claim to be close to R. D. and have said how great it would be for me to meet and talk to him. I generally just nod and smile, never letting on I'm more interested in biting than talking. So let's assume it happens.

"R. D., this is Mark. Mark, this is R. D."

(He'd just smile seraphically. I'd have to start things.)

"Your theories are full of shit," would be true enough but impolite and, more important, unlikely to lead to a propitious moment for biting.

"You know, in a way I'm sorry you're not right," might do the trick and is at least partially true. It would be nice to be able to hang something as destructive and wasteful as schiz on the alienation and materialism of modern life, to have all that pain be noble and poetic instead of senseless and useless.

I don't know what he'd say, but it would be a good idea for me to agree a lot. Being argumentative and nasty

might put him on his guard. I doubt he'd be expecting to be bitten, but the element of surprise would be somewhat lessened. Besides, if I bit him after arguing with him, it would have the flavor of a frustrated drunk lashing out.

Just where to bite him? Going high might have sexual connotations that would cloud the issue. It might be mistaken for a particularly clumsy embrace. A hand would be okay, but people move hands pretty fast. I might miss. All in all, I figure my best bet is to drop to my knees and get an ankle. Even to someone fairly far away it would be clear who was biting whom. The only possible misinterpretation would be that R. D. was kicking me, which is almost as good.

But just when to bite him? How to set the stage? Simple civilized agreement with him wouldn't be enough. A full-fledged conversion experience of some sort—"I once was blind but now I see"—would ensure that he didn't walk away before I got a good chance to bite him. He'd be intrigued, or at least feel obliged as a doctor or guru to help me through my spiritual

*Mark Vonnegut, currently a pre-med student at the University of Massachusetts, is in the process of completing The Eden Express, his account of being schizophrenic in modern America.*

*Harper's welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

awakening. It would also break down the conversational distance between us so I wouldn't have to lunge as far.

Another advantage is the easy of it would give after all was said and done. "Suddenly everything R. D. was saying made perfect sense. The next thing I knew I was biting him. I don't know what came over me. Now I feel fine and sure he's full of shit again. Terribly sorry."

**M**ost people figure schizophrenics must really dig R. D. My lack of enthusiasm seems a bit ungrateful. He's said so many nice things about us, we're the only sane members of an insane society, our insights are profound and right on, we're prophetic, courageous explorers of inner space, and so forth. To the best of my recollection, there's not a nasty word about schizophrenics anywhere in R. D.'s work. There's no end to the degrading, nasty things others have said about us. So why should I want to bite such a nice man?

I probably wouldn't be so bit about R. D.'s stuff if I hadn't been such a believer before I landed in a nuthouse. I'm still not sure whether R. D.'s stuff helped land me in a bin or helped me manage to stay the loose as long as I did. Now that I know now I doubt that it made much difference, but what I felt when I found myself staring out the little hole in the padded cell



"I did everything just like  
aid, and look where I am now,  
astard."

faith in R.D. didn't vanish all  
e. It took three major break-  
and a few minor ones before  
in to dawn on me that maybe  
s wasn't the last word on schiz.  
I want to bite him then. I just  
sappointed that there wasn't  
point in looking in that direc-  
or help. I stopped thinking  
him at all. It's only fairly re-  
that I've felt like biting him.

izophrenia's a reasonable re-  
to an unreasonable society."  
at on paper. Poetic, noble, etc.  
you happen to be a schizo-  
e, it's got some not-so-cheery  
ations. How would you like to  
our mental health dependent  
sociopolitical, religious, et  
health of America? Looking at  
that way doesn't give you any  
seful clues about how to get  
Pulling off a revolution and  
ag in a new era in which truth  
auty reign triumphant seems  
y when you're having trouble  
ng your teeth or even walking.  
d of like being sane—and not  
o avoid nuthouses, electro-  
sadistic orderlies, and other  
d goodies. But if schiz is a  
ble, noble reaction, then my  
becomes an indictment of  
f my society's become notice-  
ore reasonable, I missed it.

pleasant implications aren't  
ood grounds for biting some-  
e fact is, being a schizophrenic  
n't have any more good im-  
ns than being a diabetic or  
cancer. Maybe I just resent  
implication that it does. It's  
y a priggish consideration,  
ven I bite someone I want to  
for good reasons.

of R. D.'s worst sins is how  
and misleadingly he glides  
e suffering involved. "Aside  
e patient's disabilities, the la-  
f someone as schizophrenic is  
fact and political event." Ex-  
the fact you're riddled with  
Mrs. Jones, your health is  
implies that a schizophrenic  
y someone who sees things a  
herently and is subjected to  
of nastiness by the intoler-  
ist, insensitive no-goodniks.  
n't say I've always been treat-  
oly and compassionately by



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doctors, nurses, and orderlies (there are a few I'd love to get my hands on), but whatever pain I've suffered at the hands of insensitive people is strictly small change compared to that of the disease itself.

The surroundings don't seem to make much difference. I've been nuts around out-and-out fascists and nuts around people R. D. would consider top-notch. If anything, it was more painful being around people who loved and cared for me. At least around fascists I could mutter about how different things would be as soon as my friends showed up.

It was being less and less able to take more and more things. At first, it was just New York City and cops and war and hypocrisy. Toward the end, birds became as deafening as jackhammers and my friends as monstrous and threatening as cops.

Maybe it's his goddamned guru stance and that so many people seem to take him seriously as such.

If I ever do run into R. D., I hope I'm not raving crazy at the time. I might ignore him or forget to bite him if I were. When I'm raving crazy, my perceptions are so screwed up I can barely see or hear someone standing right in front of me, let

alone make any sense out of what they're saying or manage enough control over my body, mind, and voice to make some appropriate response, which in the case of R. D. would be biting him.

There are interesting little clues to how R. D. actually deals with a raving crazy: "He [the raving crazy] has the duty to accept being put in a padded cell if he becomes too much for the others" (in R. D.'s therapeutic community). In other words, R. D. doesn't operate much differently from a well-trained nurse or orderly in any mental hospital.

Maybe it's his holier-than-thou attitude.

An interesting fact about schizophrenia is that its incidence is amazingly consistent through varying cultures and times. About 1 percent of any given population at any given time is how it works out. What this means is that while people at some times in some cultures might have better reasons for going nuts, about the same number go nuts regardless. Getting this to jibe with Laing's notion that schiz is a reasonable reaction to an unreasonable society isn't easy. I'd love to hear him try.

Another interesting fact about schizophrenia is its consistency in face of any sort of shrinking: you want to throw at it. One-third improve, one-third will stay about the same, and one-third will get worse with Freudian therapy, Laing therapy, primal scream, or whatever. What this means is that any psychiatrist can get his hands on a bunch of schizophrenics, do virtually whatever he pleases, and use the third that remains as evidence for his brilliant theory. This is why all poetic psychological theories of schizophrenia based on case histories rather than statistical data. There are some medical approaches that have some statistically demonstrable effectiveness but as far as shrinking, there's nothing that does much good. The evidence is mounting that schiz is not likely a biochemical, possibly genetic, phenomenon. It makes about as much sense to try to talk people out of it as to talk them out of diabetes or cancer.

This isn't to say schiz isn't a fascinating, profoundly poetic, disorder. It is. To say it isn't just because it happens to be biochemical is a gross underestimation of biochemistry.

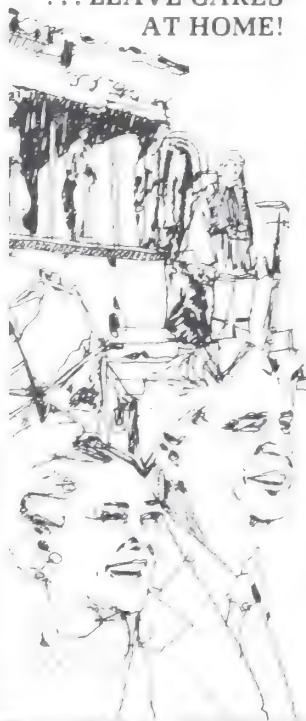
It's been said that schizophrenics are mystics who get messed up because they try to hang on to their egos. What's probably more accurate is that schizophrenics are mystics who don't have the luxury of time. Most reported mystical experiences—while they include feelings of timelessness and infinity—cover a little actual clock time. One day, a year or a couple of minutes a day about it. For a schizophrenic, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

Schiz is all tied up with religion, art, psychology, politics, and countless other things. Studying things from the angle of schizophrenia from these fields is doubtless important, fascinating, and profound but what shouldn't be lost in the equation is the fact that schizophrenia is sheer hell for millions of people.

Even if R. D. could cure schizophrenia, he could cure 100 a year and not put much of a dent in the problem. As it is, he works with about 20 a year and gets virtually nowhere. If there's going to be any progress or hope, it's going to come from biochemists, not poets.

—Mark Vonnegut  
Boston,

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# A LETTER TO HARPER'S READERS

GEORGE A. PLIMPTON  
541 EAST 72ND STREET  
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10021

Dear Harper's Reader,

Though a contributing editor of Harper's Magazine I am writing this letter on behalf of another publication with which I am associated, The Paris Review, to suggest that Harper's readers will find much to appreciate in the pages of that long-lived and distinguished journal.

It is an interesting time in the magazine's history. After 20 years of publishing abroad, international operations have proved too cumbersome and the Review is leaving the Left Bank of Paris and coming to the United States. Though giving up its roots, we are keeping the name and reputation, much in the manner of such august organizations as the Ballet Russe, The Budapest String Quartet, and the Lakers, now of Los Angeles.

The traditions which have made The Paris Review a literary magazine of long-standing reputation will continue ... its emphasis on creative writing (in the past we have introduced such writers and poets as Philip Roth, Terry Southern, Jack Kerouac, Samuel Beckett, John Hollander, William Meredith, James Merrill, James Wright) ... its continuing translations of such international figures as Ingeborg Bachmann, Italo Calvino, Jorge Luis Borges, Jean Genet ... and especially its famous series of interviews (now numbering sixty-nine) with distinguished authors on the craft of writing.

The next issue, due in March, will be the first to be published in this country. It will contain interviews with W.H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood, fiction by Christina Stead, Joy Williams, Grace Paley, and Paul West; poetry selected by the newly-appointed poetry editor, Michael Benedikt (author of The Body, Sky, Mole Notes, among other works) ... an important issue which will mark the beginning of a new era for a magazine, in which it will continue to present the most noteworthy and interesting developments in literary creativity. Its efforts should be supported and followed. Be sure to use this opportunity to subscribe.

Sincerely,

*George Plimpton*



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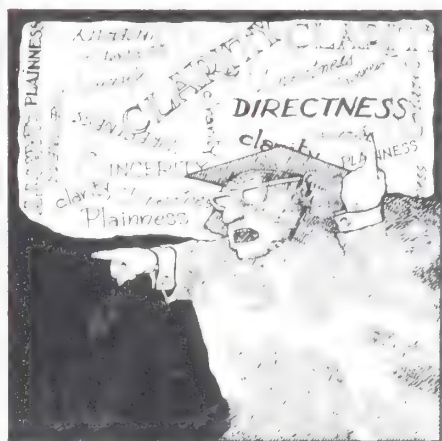
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# BOOKS



## SELF-EXPRESSION AND OTHER VICES OF STYLE

by Jack Richardson

**Style: An Anti-Textbook**, by Richard Lanham. Yale University Press, \$6.95.

*"I am ruminating," said Mr. Pickwick, on the strange mutability of human affairs."*

*"Ah! I see—in at the place door one day, out at the window the next."* —Charles Dickens

The Pickwick Papers

IT IS A WIDELY accepted proposition that American English is not what it should be. Our everyday verbal commerce, chastised in the past only by specialists and scholars, has now become a public issue. Editorials warn us that a flaccid morality lies behind our linguistic imprecision; columnists satirize our tolerance of

bureaucratic jargon and technogese; and even on that perfect example of speech turned demotic, the television talk show, laments are heard about the perverse uses to which politicians and their spokesmen are subjecting our language.

"Gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name" was the way Shakespeare defined the highest use of language. Those who bemoan the trend of American prose find in our talk and writing an exact inversion of the Shakespearean process: that which has achieved a well-known dwelling place and an honest title is being forced, through slipshod coinage and use of words, back into insubstantiality.

Our verbal crisis is not new: ignorance and fashion again and again have conspired against English, causing bitter protests by those who appoint themselves guardians of the mother tongue. In 1710 Swift was inveighing against such vogue words and phrases as "about town," "others of that kidney," "uppish," "phizz," and "pozz"—just as the present custodians of our language deprecate the spread of "far out," "too much," "heavy," "finalized," "viable," and "at this point in time." For every Fowler who does our prose styles good service, there are dozens of pedants and fanatics who would stultify our speech and writing, forcing them out of accepted idiom into logical aridity or verbal snobbism. It is therefore pleasant to discover a writer who deals with the vagaries of American prose in a sensible way, a scholar who analyzes the crisis rather than embodies it.

Richard Lanham has been a teacher of English composition at Dartmouth and at UCLA. Perhaps because of this, his book is a manual whose theme is that of practical survival. For although Lanham has endured the horrors of the freshman English class, he has not, like many of his colleagues, looked upon the time thus spent as a dismal but necessary condition of academic life. Instead, he began to examine the attitudes of the teachers and the taught, subjecting to historical and critical analysis the principles by which our idea of good prose is based.

LANHAM CALLS HIS BOOK an "anti-textbook," and properly so, for he firmly sets himself against the general pedagogical belief that clarity is the supreme aim of style. The notion of verbal transparency, of style as a well-scrubbed window through which the landscape of the writer's mind can be viewed, is what Lanham condemns. He finds in this devotion to clarity an intellectual negligence on the part of those who teach English that shares a good measure of the responsibility for the gibberish we encounter daily.

But how, it is fair to ask, can clarity be condemned? Surely all prose writers ought to be concerned that their efforts not be blurred by ambiguities arising from verbal haziness or grammatical flaws. To be understandable must be style's first imperative.

Jack Richardson, drama critic for Commentary, is working on a book about the language and times of a gambler.



o this Lanham would agree, in actual practice, he maintains, has come to be considered, by who theorize about and teach prose, the beginning and end of this belief has in turn begotten worship of plainness, directness and sincerity, a triumvirate that make style invisible and good artless. In short, those who teach us about style have set themselves the task of teaching what assist isn't there—with the result that moral exhortation often flows into their pedagogy where it should be only a disinterested study of the uses to which prose has been put.

Of these uses is precisely to directness. Lanham points out that academic prose is often intentionally obscure, not because those who write are pompous, but because the various disciplines demand the use of certain hermetic words and phrases, whose avoidance would make the writer seem frivolous to his colleagues. And just as the socialist whom Lanham quotes uses words like "stable systems of social organization" when he means that in a society people behave in conformity in a similar manner that the enemy of clear prose, the bureaucrat, tells his superior that "the conveyance operation you indicated did terminate in a viable manner" he means that the plan his boss proposed failed. Both are using language in a context that has little use for clarity, indeed actually discourages it for the sake of a proper tone in an unabrasive manner.

This is Lanham's first point: language is not used *in vacuo*. His second is that the user, besides having a self, has also a private psychology—a way of viewing the world that is his description of it. The genre of clarity, therefore, suffers from the same difficulty as the disinterested observer theory in philosophy: both are useless in specific cases because they assume something pre-cultural, something untouched by human bias and variety.

The third part of Lanham's argument is mainly historical. The styles of the writers we venerate as masters of language have never, he asserts, been so simple and direct as the purist would have us believe. The pillars of lucidity as Swift and Dryden are, upon close examination, revealed to have been concerned

with much more in their handling of words than the efficient transmission of a message. Indeed, to demand that style be no more than an unobtrusive vehicle for thought is to demand something that has never existed in the literary history of our language. Worse, it is to overlook the sportive pleasure that the cultivated writer and reader take in words.

How, then, should style be taught? As a process, Lanham believes, that has more to do with play than with moral values or pragmatic use. The student of English composition must be made to enjoy the surface of language, to understand that prose is not something to be gulped down so that facts can be speedily digested, but something to be savored and enjoyed for its own sake. Therefore Lanham would change the emphasis in the teaching of style, substituting for the limpid earnestness urged by the textbooks the playful attitude toward language that has usually been considered an exclusive prerogative of the poet. Lanham is against a utilitarian concept of prose, but he is very much a Benthamite when it comes to poetry, arguing that it differs from prose mainly in the size of the margin it keeps on the page. Rhythm, sound, alliteration, pitch—indeed all the values of poetic language except rhyme—these are also the rightful property of prose, and until the student is made to understand how such verbal techniques are used, he will never discern the real nature of language or the true purpose of style.

Let the student then read aloud; let him discover the subtle rhythms and rhetorical patterns that the best prose has; let him come to understand that words are not chosen for their definitions alone and that they often betray him who selects by rote. In short, if style is to be taught at all, it must be taken out of its cloak of invisibility and revealed as the rich technique it is, a technique that coerces conceptual thought as well as serves it.

I AGREE WITH most of this argument, especially with the stress Lanham lays on the tone, pitch, and rhythm of prose and the value of reading aloud in order to appreciate these qualities. I agree also that style needs to be rescued from the more severe strictures to which teachers of English subject it and that there is an element of

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BOOKS

play in writing that should be recognized and consciously enjoyed.

Nevertheless, I have certain misgivings about Lanham's proposals, misgivings that have a practical rather than a theoretical basis. Clarity, as the word is generally used in discussions of style, may indeed be a relative term and a narrow goal. However, given the English that is written and spoken by the majority of Americans whose utterances are made public, it would seem that direct, simple expression, far from becoming a grim fashion, is actually in danger of extinction, at least in that form known to us as English. Of course, Lanham, being sensitive to linguistic phenomena, realizes this, and he explains the current trend toward jargon as a natural result of the unimaginative standards for good prose that the textbooks have forced upon us. The English that we read and listen to with amusement or pain becomes, then, in his view, a form of protest against the verbal puritanism of teachers who want nothing from their students but sincere thoughts delivered in subdued wrappings.

Even if this explanation did reveal the reasons behind the low level of so much of our current prose, however, it would not follow that the desire for unfettered verbal play should be encouraged in those who do not know how to keep from uttering nonsense. Much of Lanham's pedagogical program seems to be designed for those who already possess a certain degree of linguistic enlightenment, who at least are beyond the struggles involved in accurate denotation. Just as a course in counterpoint is wasted on the tone deaf, so a study of verbal euphony has little value to the student who has not mastered the fundamentals of articulation. The desire to create a general sensitivity to language is a noble one, but also probably an unrealizable one until those for whom good English is not a natural acquisition master the tedious five-finger exercises of grammar and usage. Old-fashioned as these concepts are, they at least provide a solid basis for judgment. If a student, in a burst of melancholy fancy, writes, "It seemed for her and I that there appears no alternate to love in a world obverse to feeling," one can't really fault his sense of rhythm or alliteration. One can only point out that what he has written is not English and that he is asking for

understanding in spite of his language rather than through it.

Moreover, Lanham is a little charitable in his diagnosis of the prose problem. Rather than the manifestations of an oppressed spirit, a good deal of the English written today betrays an arrogance toward language, a contempt for its rules and structure, that is begotten by a low desire for self-expression. When thinking about Lanham's book came across this example of "plentiful" prose in *Ms. magazine*:

*January. The month of the Super Bowl: a cultural imperative, a grand and glorious ritual celebrating the strength and wisdom of man, the national purpose, and the will of God, as personified in football. Millions of Americans will watch on television, yearning inchoately to be in Houston, taking part.*

*I hate to spoil anyone's illusions, but I do think I had better tell you about last year's Super Bowl so you can decide for yourself if your inchoate yearning might be better directed. I went to the last Super Bowl because I, too, yearned to become grand and glorious through participation. It could have worked. The Miami Dolphins playing the Washington Redskins in Los Angeles should have, at the least, been a game. Given the cast and place, it could have been glamorous, compelling, even fun. At the worst, it could have been the funky eve of the year.*

*In other words, I went to the last Super Bowl a naive sports fanatic. The Super Bowl is, in fact, a corporate gathering, a convention, sound and fury designed to sustain an audience until the year's Super Bowl.*

From the confusion over the subject of the first two sentences to the muddling of tenses in the last, to an instance—and not an exception—one of verbal chaos caused not so much by an indifference to the subtleties of prose as by the assertion that individual expression need not be restrained by anything so prosaic as denotative clarity. How does one explain an editorial piece that allows "inchoate" to be misused not once but twice in the first paragraphs of an article; football to become a personification, or the absurd juxtaposition of "at the best" and "at the worst"?

Lanham would agree that this



common example of verbal  
and he has his remedy for re-  
on. My quarrel with him is  
invaluing the use of clarity in  
mate of style he places his  
ble analytic abilities in the  
of a philistine philosophy. It  
an antic philistinism, a phil-  
plumping for individuality  
ly expression, but it is defi-  
s much the enemy of nuance  
cision as any newsletter from  
Ptagon. In the face of such an  
a depreciation of clarity,  
a good-natured, scholarly  
a dangerous enterprise, for it  
s one more fortification we  
against the onslaught of non-  
at, since it attacks under the  
ole banner of self-expression,  
ore formidable threat to lan-  
re than dull prose or fashionable

do not want to end my dis-  
ic of Lanham's book on a note  
agreement. He is guilty really  
ng more serious than an over-  
lication of his case, which of  
s entails the oversimplification  
h which he wishes to discred-  
t have chosen to question Lan-  
thesis at its most practical lev-  
t because I hope his book will  
a great deal of influence on  
e who teach English composition  
t before on the prose we will be  
in a decade or so. And de-  
ely reservations, I believe this  
ce should, if judiciously per-  
prove beneficial.

c in the end Lanham's book is  
e than an attack on the prece-  
clarity enjoys over other as-  
f style. Rather, it is a general  
into the nature of prose, con-  
in a generous and liberating  
r, a manner unburdened by  
rrowness of appreciation. Eng-  
is proven itself adaptable to  
different stylistic tempera-  
and the fault of so many theo-  
style has usually been an ex-  
y that demonstrates little be-  
the writer's literary taste. It is  
m's achievement that he can  
espond to and elucidate the  
es of English style, from the  
te sonority of Mr. Pickwick to  
ncrete desperation of Alfred  
s images. And this is an  
ment that makes *Style: An*  
*extbook* a necessary manual  
ose interested in the perpetua-  
and the possibilities, of good  
h prose. □

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... what was a potboiler and unfinished experimentation, ... how to use each impulse to advantage. He was better than most of the people who written about him, and his humor was absolutely first- was a master of the put-on years before it was certified by ... al journalists. (Once, on his many visits to Memphis ... he resisted the advances of ... sistent lady with, "Please ... e alone. Can't you see I'm on ... ation?") He was quite aware ... importance long before he was ... ly admired but was rarely bit- ... at his lack of recognition, and ... enemies and sycophants with ... al disdain.

... ng the Thirties, when he pro- ... an unequaled body of work, ... ller at times didn't have enough ... pay the light bill, but it is pi- ... to recall that his penury in- ... a fine house, a large farm, ... as, thoroughbred horses, and ... a plane. (And how nostalgic it ... that it was once possible to ... ay make something of a living ... ublishing fiction in maga-

... ng with his rural life, his sus- ... of journalists, academics, ... the appurtenances of "literary" ... o longer seem eccentric but ... nsensical. What appeared to ... anoid, or at least retiring, be- ... now seems wholly calculated ... rational, justifiable defense ... at fools who were not to be suf- ... His close-mouthed demeanor ... elled by his inner energy; as ... other Johnny observed, "My ... r is the most even-tempered ... n the world ... mad as a hornet ... e time." (Faulkner's only re- ... "advice" to fledgling writers ... he terse, "Don't work when ... tired.") He appears to be one ... few American writers who ... Hollywood faster than it used ... though it would be closer to the ... to say simply that he survived ... shameful treatment of him with- ... ancor. He was a shallow man ... when forced into situations in ... a genteel defense was his sole ... a, i.e., the Nobel speech and ... rsity seminars. He resisted ad- ... ements for himself because he ... ed they were a waste of time, ... g, and decadent. (He refused to ... Kennedy's dinner for Nobel ... winners because he was "too

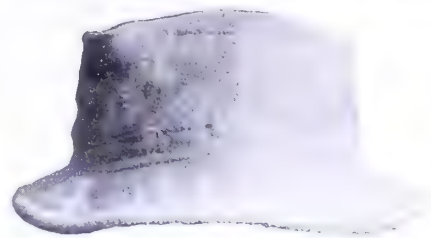
old to travel that far to eat with strangers.") If he wrote potboilers, which he referred to as "third-rate Kipling," he never prostituted his own character, his hard sense of himself. "Humility," he once wrote his publisher, "is only . . . unmitigated pride." If style is not the man exactly, still Faulkner's literary uniqueness seems due in large measure to his stern individualism.

**B**LOTNER WILL NO DOUBT be criticized for a kind of academic overkill, as well as for his open, occasionally fawning, admiration for his subject. (I predict here that the *New York Review of Books* will reserve one of its finer poodle collars for his garrote.) His main thesis—that Faulkner's work springs directly from particular people and places—poses an insurmountable technical problem, for it requires incessant plot summation—and if there is anything more boring, or, for that matter, more unrepresentative than a plot summary of a Faulkner novel, I can't think of it offhand. The only way around this, however, would be a technical analysis that would demonstrate how such prosaic detail was rendered into such remarkable prose, which would not only be its own form of tedium but would open any biographer to ruthless speculation. Blotner has written an old-fashioned biography, free of "interpretation" and analytic cant, which allows us to draw our own conclusions about a truly exemplary life. And that's plenty fair enough.

The massively accumulated detail suggests that Faulkner did a very important and perhaps even "relevant" thing; he totally rejected the bourgeois view of the artist as romantic adventurer, which in our time becomes the artist as Ultimate Consumer, whether his collections consist of women, celebrity, drugs, money, or other "experience." Faulkner was happy with his kind of mind. He felt no shame about the observer's role; if he didn't dig the postholes on his farm himself, he could describe what it feels like to dig one; that is what the power of language is all about, and why he didn't distrust it or care to abuse it.

No farmer, Faulkner was a planter—in every sense. What becomes absolutely clear is that the man believed intensely in both the necessity of art

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and his right to a whole life, convictions which he further believed could not be translated into either aesthetic theory or public relations. That really doesn't seem so hard to understand now. He never confused literature with life-style, and that is why he came to see them as all of a piece.



## SYSTEMS WITHIN SYSTEMS

by Lewis Thomas

**The Logic of Life: A History of Heredity**, by François Jacob. Translated by Betty E. Spillman. Pantheon, \$8.95.

**T**HERE IS NO DOUBT at all about our being a social species, as interdependent and interliving as the famous social insects. We are all attached together, like ants or bees. The embarrassment for us is that they are obviously up to something collectively constructive throughout their lives, each intricate action having been somehow coded out precisely in their genes, while it is not at all clear what we are gathered together to do. Language is, of course, one kind of collective activity for which we seem to be genetically programmed, and we have been working diligently and compulsively at this for all the millennia of our social existence, but it is hard to see this as a satisfactory end in itself. The elaborate structures of language seem more the equivalents of building materials, like twigs of the right size for the hills of ants, or bits of wax for the cells of hives.

*Lewis Thomas, a pathologist, is president of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City and author of the forthcoming *The Lives of a Cell* (Viking).*

Another sort of collective human behavior—on a much smaller scale than language and fairly recent in its evolution and, therefore, easier to observe—is science. If you want to see how we have engaged in this, and how the structure now around us was put together, François Jacob's book provides a naturalist's view of the enterprise.

Although the biological revolution is generally thought to be a phenomenon of just the past twenty-five years, starting from nearly scratch in the early 1950s, it had its real beginnings in the seventeenth century. What we have been experiencing in the past quarter-century is a great burst of activity, with cascades of brand-new information coming in from all sides. But there have been similar bursts in the past, never so extensive or involving so many workers, yet with qualitatively similar effects on the architecture of human knowledge.

Jacob's intention is to survey the currents and tides of human thought that have brought us to today's level. This cannot be done retrospectively, as he points out, by looking for logical, linear arrangements of ideas; you cannot start with today's molecular genetics and trace your way all the way back, idea by idea, scientist by scientist, any more than you can establish an orderly sequence of experimental biology leading to the long-delayed abandonment of the concept of spontaneous generation. Instead, the progress of science seems to take place in bursts, quantum jumps, with the productivity of any particular epoch being determined by the "objects that become accessible to investigation." The emergence of the theory of evolution and the disappearance of the doctrine of spontaneous generation are "the products of mid-nineteenth century thought as a whole. . . . Before these changes could occur, there had to be a delineation of the species, a discrimination between the organic and the inorganic, and an elimination of the series of transitions leading imperceptibly from the simplest organisms to the most complex." In order to write the history of biology, according to Jacob, "There is no question of finding the royal road of ideas, retracing the march of progress towards what now appears to be a solution. . . . On the contrary, it means specifying the various stages

of knowledge, defining the transitions and revealing the conditions which enable objects and interpretations to enter the field of the possible."

This is the task Jacob sets for himself, and the result is simply astonishing. In his exploration of the evolution of our ideas about reproduction and heredity, he is required to touch on virtually every discipline of biological science; the book is, accordingly, densely packed with information; it amounts to a compact encyclopedia of biology; and it manages to convey, for all the weight of its content, a sense of continual excitement and wonderment. It is, in short, a great story.

**J**ACOB HAS A PROFOUND respect and affection for the biologists of earlier periods. Their ideas, long since outworn and outclassed by new information, made the great good sense for their time. He reveals their essential elegance, half-concealed by the antique, archaic signs beneath the dust.

There is a single thread that runs through this history, holding all the details together and providing a unification of structure and function. It is the idea of integration, which Jacob believes to be a fundamental property of life on earth. There is no such thing as a single, isolated living entity, nor can the separate, purified constituent parts of organisms be regarded as solitary things. From the smallest and simplest to the hugest and most complicated, they are systems, and they relate to each other in an almost causal fashion. At any level—single cells, for instance—the component parts are required to be integrated into a higher system; they are there in order to be integrated, and without this they make no sense. There are really no discernible boundaries, whichever direction you look. In the introductory chapter he writes, "There is not a single organization of the living, but a series of organizations fitted one another like nests of boxes or Russian dolls. Within each, another is hidden. Beyond each structure accessible to investigation another structure of a higher order is revealed, integrating the first and giving it its properties."

The metaphor of the Russian dolls reappears in the final chapter. In



Jacob weaves his way through the scientific history of four centuries, illustrating the ways in which insatiable human curiosity and eventually instinctual, compulsive need to find and communicate information have led inevitably to one exhibition after another of new scientific life. It is a long process of construction, crowded with working models that are beautifully symmetrical in their absolutely logical, cathedral-like knowledge, and all of it put together by a great mass of workers who could never have had, at any time more than the vaguest glimmer of what they were building.

What Jacob calls the "integrated" fundamental unit in the structure of what Jacob calls the "integrated." This indicates the assemblages of units of life which are formed by the integration of subunits, and which are themselves prepared to be integrated into higher units. There is no end to the process. Living beings construct themselves in a series of successive parcels arranged according to a hierarchy of discontinuous units. At each level, units of relatively well-defined and almost identical structure combine to form a unit of the level

above the cell, amino acids, which are themselves molecules constructed by the integration of inorganic elements, are enzymatically linked together to form polymers, which are then used to form proteins. The organization within cells are integrated into units of living things, and the cells combine to form tissues, and so on. At each level, the component parts have a meaning in their collective organization that is different from their significance as individual entities.

BIOLOGY HAS BEEN TROUBLED for a long time, especially in recent years, by an imaginary controversy between reductionists and holists. Not many working biologists are actually involved in the argument, being too preoccupied with their work at hand, but it goes on, sometimes bitterly, among observers of science. The reductionists, it is said, will only study the separate parts of things, analyzing them, so to speak, to death, while the holists do not pay sufficient attention to the internal detail of living structures, being interested only in the overall affair. Jacob has little time for

this dispute, but settles it anyway. "Every object that biology studies is a system of systems. Being part of a higher-order system itself, it obeys rules that cannot be deduced simply by analyzing it. This means that each level of organization must be considered with reference to the adjacent levels . . . and at every level of integration, new characteristics come to light."

With this central idea, he moves tentatively away from biology, or at least suggests that the move is imaginable, into the possibility of "social and cultural integrons," provided that one acknowledges the necessity for a scientific approach that is different from that of biology but still makes use of biology. Thus: "Although the study of man and societies cannot be reduced to biology alone, it cannot do without biology any more than biology can do without physics. . . . Biology is diluted out in the study of man, just as is physics in the study of the cell."

Jacob is dissatisfied with today's state of knowledge, and impatient for the future. He doesn't understand how organisms could have made such huge increases in the size and complexity of their genetic apparatus, in the evolution of multicellular animals from primitive single cells lacking nuclei. He points out that this might have been accomplished by symbiotic union of previously separate cells, even by fusion of unrelated cell types. He is interested in the general possibilities for symbiosis as a factor in evolution, citing the recently discovered genetic separateness of mitochondria and chloroplasts, indispensable organelles inside all animal and plant cells, which were almost undoubtedly free-living bacterial forms earlier in evolution and then became established as symbionts in all the rest of us. He has lots of questions still to be worried about, and high hopes. But his primary obsession, now and for the future, is with the consortial arrangement and integration of systems of living things. The knowledge for which he, along with André Lwoff and Jacques Monod, received the Nobel Prize in 1965 is no longer a contentment for him. "Today the world is messages, codes, and information. Tomorrow what analysis will break down our objects to reconstitute them in a new space? What new Russian doll will emerge?" □

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# LETTERS

## The Pyramid Volunteer Corps

*Since the appearance of "Pyramids for Minnesota" (January), we have received letters from people who want to donate their labor, people who want to donate their money, and people who would just like to know what is going on. The author replies:*

To the Friends of Pyramids:

We exist! Not in such numbers yet as to threaten the CNP or any other very well-known initials, but we do exist, and, by the sound of your letters, we are serious. I can assure you, at least, that I am, and that I am taking steps toward our official existence, which involves finding a lawyer who will donate his services to the cause.

Until we officially exist, however, we must wait, as even pharaohs must have waited. Meanwhile we must all spread the good news and make ever more friends for the future pyramids. Do not be fainthearted when men shall revile you. Just remember what another old campaigner said: "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not" (II Corinthians, 4:4).

As to who we are exactly, we are Legion. All states, ages, sexes, and socioeconomic conditions seem to be represented. (States of the Union, that is.)

I look forward to seeing you all at the groundbreaking or the laying of the cornerstone, however it's usually done. Meanwhile, keep the faith, and when questionnaires ask you, "Hobbies?" you know how you may proudly fill in that blank.

THOMAS M. DISCH  
Rome, Italy

## Seeing through other eyes

Please express my appreciation to Annie Dillard for sharing her Tinker Creek revelations ["Sight Into In-

sight," February]. I've read *Harper's* for twelve years in silence, but this article moved me to write.

JUDY GIBBS  
Fraser, Mich.

How delightful to find someone who can articulate so well the magic I, too, see in nature and this earth. Annie Dillard is amazing, and I delight in her lyrics. I gaze around constantly and praise the delicate workings of this universe. . . . How reassuring to know that there are a few out there who are celebrating, really celebrating. . . . People should hear her. Hopefully, she can be a catalyst for those who don't look around. Certainly, she can be a spokesperson for the ones who do.

MARY E. CARTER  
Omaha, Neb.

## The high cost of eating

One can only comment about "The Helping Hand Behind Food Prices"

Roger LeRoy Miller, February] by saying: a dreadful oversimplification. Agricultural prices are inelastic, whereas most other prices are elastic. A slight oversupply raises prices astronomically. It is impossible to compare agricultural prices with those for industrial goods; and anyone with any knowledge of the Thirties, either in the cotton or the corn belts, must be aware that the price-support program and other aids which were given to the farmer were offered in desperation, to avoid the collapse of our rural life. At 5 cents a pound for cotton and 5 cents a bushel for corn, most farmers were going bankrupt in the Thirties: their loans were being called by the banks, and the banks, no longer able to pay the taxes on foreclosed land, were surrendering the land to the state and closing their own doors. The alternative to the various programs was the destruction of the land through agricultural practices which mined the land and the translation of the relatively free farmers into a rural proletariat.

Perhaps it would be advisable to use a different system to control agriculture from the one that was devised in the Thirties; but it is significant that the world comes to the United States for food and fiber. Obviously, the larger farmers have benefited more than the small farmers, but the support system has guaranteed minimum prices and has ensured that capital will flow into the agricultural sector rather than out of it. One needs only to compare the American agricultural system with the several feudal systems of the Marxist systems to realize that, for the whole, we did more right than wrong things.

ROY E. LEMOINE, JR.  
Tallahassee

ROGER LEROY MILLER REPLIES:

Dr. LeMoine is certainly correct when he states that the demand for agricultural products is quite inelastic, thus causing relatively small swings in prices in response to changes in supply. What is not correct is why this particular fact complicates the demand for food would justify the agricultural program we have had in the past, which has basically led to extensive subsidization of large farmers in the United States. It is dubious that the price-support program during the Thirties was instituted in desperation, to avoid the collapse of rural life. If that had been the case, then it would have been structured to benefit small farmers, not large ones, who would have kept it on their own anyway.

More generally, I find it difficult to justify guaranteeing a specific rate of return to those engaged in agriculture as opposed to guaranteeing a specific rate of return to those engaged in any other endeavor. To assume that without the support system capital would not remain in the agricultural sector is to deny that people will continue to demand higher rates of return. If capital were to leave agriculture, thus reduce the supply, the re-



of agricultural products would  
 and so, too, would the relative  
 ability. This happens in every  
 sector in the economy and  
 could also happen in agriculture.  
 because I lambasted the past  
 government farm program certainly  
 does not mean I am in favor of a  
 or Marxist system. Rather, the  
 position that could be drawn from  
 my article is that a less regulated  
 agricultural system would work even  
 better for the American consumer.

## Comments on "Commentary"

I was very pleased to note that  
 that P. Burruss, Jr.'s methods of  
 rigorous, analytical procedure paral-  
 lel my own ["Proof That the Solution  
 to the Energy Crisis is at Hand,"  
 Library] and that the topics of our  
 argument and profoundly insignificant  
 each coincided.

There is, however, one glaring dis-  
 crepancy that I would like to point  
 out to the author. Whom is he trying  
 to fool on Curve IV? The threshold of  
 our ability to perceive nothing has  
 already been passed—November  
 1972 by my calculations. Further-  
 more, we sailed past that ultimate  
 threshold of perceiving nothing  
 something sometime during the  
 month of 1972. The times of these  
 events are necessarily vague due to  
 extreme deviations from the popu-  
 lation's rational norm during the  
 1970s. Not wishing to refute his  
 theory, I suggest that he shift  
 the time scale on Curve IV, or tell  
 us whether three curves to hurry up.

GLENN T. SHIMAMOTO  
 Philadelphia, Pa.

## St. Louis: the core city

Stephen Darst writes a nice story  
 about St. Louis ["Prufrock with a  
 leaker," January], but it is about  
 the city of St. Louis rather than  
 the total metropolitan area and  
 should be written about any number  
 of core cities across the United  
 States. The St. Louis metropolitan  
 area, which is the overriding psycho-  
 logical, economic, and cultural real-  
 ity, is as rich and—as a native Kan-  
 sas Citian, I must say—extraordi-  
 narily self-assured and resilient heri-  
 tage in art, literature, music, reli-  
 gion, faith, education, and just plain  
 concern about human beings.

Of this heritage the city of St.  
 Louis has been largely the historical  
 source. And the city is still the psy-  
 chological and cultural core of the  
 metropolis. . . . Cores have a way of  
 being seedy. And core cities do, too.  
 But seeds are where the action is for  
 the future. Looking at the open and  
 still-opening pockets of unoccupied  
 territory in core cities around the  
 country in the light, or non-light, of  
 our energy crisis, one does not have  
 to be very imaginative to project  
 large-scale reoccupancy. Where in  
 the suburbs are there stores accessi-  
 ble without gasoline?

We do need more city-county co-  
 operation. Some years ago St. Louis  
 University and Washington Univer-  
 sity conjointly, with the help of a  
 large grant from the Ford Founda-  
 tion and a supplementary grant from  
 the McDonnell (now McDonnell-  
 Douglas) Aircraft Corporation, came  
 up with some well-thought-out plans,  
 including several alternatives, for  
 city-county unification. Thus far, the  
 voters have not seen fit to approve  
 any of them. It would be well if  
 everyone in metropolitan St. Louis  
 could admit how closely the future of  
 the metropolis is tied to the interac-  
 tion of its constituent parts.

Finally, do you have to have a  
 population always getting bigger and  
 bigger to improve the quality of ur-  
 ban life? It might be the other way  
 around.

Does anyone want to get bigger  
 forever and ever?

WALTER J. ONG, S.J.  
 Center for the Advanced Study  
 in the Behavioral Sciences  
 Stanford, Calif.

## STEPHEN DARST REPLIES:

Father Ong says pessimistic statis-  
 tics are for the core city only. But  
 the figure on employment decline is  
 for the metropolitan St. Louis. And we  
 both noted the important fact about  
 the metropolitan area—the core city  
 (whose decline is far worse than that  
 of other U.S. cities) is politically  
 separated from the richer suburbs.  
 No solution for that is in sight.

The essential point of my article  
 was that St. Louis grew not because  
 of local genius but because of strate-  
 gic position and declined not be-  
 cause of sloth and stupidity but be-  
 cause that location became of de-  
 creasing value. And that, growing or  
 declining, it has an elusive but never-  
 theless real quality that is interesting.

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# GAME

## FUELING AROUND

No matter how serious the crisis, Americans always seem able to invent fitting acronyms, proverbs, and slogans to help ease their burden. World War II produced SNAFU, "There are no atheists in foxholes," and that universal response to all adversity, "Don't you know there's a war on?" Recent national crises gave us, "Hell, no, I won't go," and "Don't blame me, I voted for McGovern." Now it's time for *Harper's* readers to lighten the energy crisis with appropriately wry slogans for bumper stickers and lapel pins: "No more SUVs," "No more SUVs," "No more SUVs."

your Chevrolet," or "I'd better light a candle to make the Apple."

azine. Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 3 at the office of Harper's. Winning entries published in the May issue. Send your entries to:

Runners-up: Six in the field, edited by  
Lesley Thomson and James Press

Winners of "Curious Criticism," the February game that asked readers to submit a criticism that might appear in an unlikely source.

### First Prize

*The Best Plays of 1972-1973*, edited by Otis L. Guernsey, Jr. Dodd, Mead :

A Christmas Carol reviewed in *Cosmopolitan*:

A book *loaded* with yarning men . . . Cratchit (for all you pussycats who dig married men : Scrooge aren't older men simply *super*!) : Marley's Ghost (talk about your *kindy sex*!) : and—*pant' pant'*—Tiny Tim. With—*surprise of surprises!*—a goose dinner straight from our *very own* files of sex.

Valley Stream, N.Y.

### Runners-up

*Sense Relaxation* by Bernard Gunther  
 (1981) 125 pp.

*Friday the Rabbi Slept Late* reviewed in *Consumer Reports*:

Insomniacs may find themselves concentrating less on the mystery in this book than on how the rabbi got such a good sleep. By testing well-known mattresses, Consumer Reports judged the rabbi slept on a medium-firm innerspring mattress with reinforced seams, relatively light in weight, average price \$110.

James C. Gorman  
Glenmont, N.Y.

—Hof. Green  
Hess. All.

4 *Glocke* & *Orange* reviewed in *Sci.*

Initially, the title suggests the development of a new method for predicting the citrus industry by allowing growers to precisely determine ripening-time in advance. Unfortunately, the text bears little fruit in this area. The idea, however, has prompted several promising lines of research.

Far Rockaway, N.Y.

*The Godfather* reviewed in the *American Economic Review*:

The author presents a penetrating microeconomic analysis of an industry long neglected by economists. The study explains such anomalies as the high degree of efficiency which exists despite the industry's widespread nepotism, and the high rate of labor turnover which prevails despite the lucrativeness of contracts in the industry.

Reed Morris  
Teaneck, N.J.

*Gone with the Wind* reviewed in *Insurance*:

*Gone with the Wind* emphasizes the importance of having a well-planned homeowner's policy. Although her examples are a little long, the author dramatically describes those unexpected

**Warning:** When you're talking about the  
weather, it's always better to be **cauti-**  
**cally** optimistic than pessimistic.

... Cruz ali

*Stella Levine Is Dead and Living*  
The first volume in the Buena Vista  
Fiction Series, Volume 1

In terms of the female employment rate, the data in recorded rates of activity

—Ja: Pa

year-old heroine's imaginative fantasy with religious overtones, realizing the idea, "the family that prays together, stays together."

—Nancy T.  
Hawthorne.

*Alice in Wonderland* reviewed in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*.

Lewis Carroll must be commended for his excellent scientific account of the drug user's experimentation with hallucinatory drugs. Carroll follows Alice through her terrifying encounters with drug-distorted personalities. The aftermath of a bad trip will serve as ample warning to would-be drug abusers.

Kathryn  
Chen



# The CoEVOLUTION Quarterly

Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog

## COEVOLUTION

m was introduced in 1965 by Paul and Peter Raven in their study of the r-prey relationship of caterpillars and They found that the eaters and the rogressively evolved in close response other — coevolved. (Some plants ed defensive alkaloid poisons. Some lars acquired a taste for alkaloids. The diversified wildly. The caterpillars ied with them. What evolved really relationship, stably dynamic, ictable and sure.)

s that all evolution is coevolution. The of the term is what it adds to the ts of ecology. Language such as "ving the ecology" suggests something irect — static, knowable, oriented ard, unwelcoming to human ness...unreal. Ecology is whole system rity, but coevolution is whole system in The health of it is forward — a ic self-education which feeds on nt imperfection. We coevolving atars and meddlers are not left out y maintains. Coevolution learns.

## EVOLUTIONARY GAME:

Got the Cardiac Glycoside?

hemical defense against predators, plants Milkweed family learned to synthesize nt poison, the cardiac glycosides. The ch butterfly caterpillar learned to relish kaloid. The adult Monarch, full of c glycosides, tasted terrible to his tors, the birds. The nice-tasting Viceroy fly learned to mimic the orange-and- appearance of the Monarch so birds I leave him alone too. The birds, mably, learned to distinguish more ly between the real and bogus Monarchs. he Milkweeds, meanwhile, learned to he combinations of alkaloids in dual plants so that caterpillars adapted e plant could not feed on another. So e everyone gets some victory and defeat, the game never stops.



## The CO

We always used to have the most fun with the "Supplement" to the Whole Earth Catalog. We would bandy about half-baked research, personal enthusiasms, new layout ideas, correspondence from readers, ideological arguments, news and speculation, burps and farts and occasional song. We plan to do that again.

In addition The COEVOLUTION Quarterly will focus on what has been called The Energy Crisis, our deepening encounter with, sure enough, the Limits To Growth. We'll work mainly on these areas:

1) Short-term Forecasting — secondary shortages, threatened jobs, converging effects, etc;

2) Home Remedies — from personal to County-scale;

3) Understanding Wholesome — reprinting and initiating coevolutionary papers in cybernetics, ecology/economics, religion, self-anthropology, language, and whatnot.

Plus ongoing access-to-tools. The Quarterly will appear approximately in March, June, September, and December. On editorial matters write to: The CO, Box 428, Sausalito, Ca. 94965. For subscriptions (\$6/yr) write: The CO, 558 Santa Cruz, Menlo Park, Ca. 94025.

—SB

## Review of C. J. Jung's

### Septem Sermones ad Mortuos

by Gregory Bateson

tiny book is for me the greatest achievement of his life — the turning point in a long e. He clearly recognises in *Memories, Dreams, actions* that the days (in 1916) in which it written were the beginning of all his later hts.

at time he was coming out of a long period ow recovery from the influence of Freud from the break with Freud. It was the tent for a new (or return to a very old) ral history of Man-God-Cosmos.

book is difficult to read. It is (of course) a of poetry, and therefore almost impossible e reviewed and analysed in prose. And Jung's s clearly changed as he wrote, even in the e or four days of the writing. He was in a e of transition.

Man is a gateway, through which from the outer world of gods, daemons, and souls ye the Dead shall pass into the inner world; out of the greater into the smaller world. Small and transitory is man...At immeasurable

distance standeth one single Star in the zenith.

The book then both is a progress from macrocosm to microcosm and is a description of the landscape at various stages of that progress.

It is not clear (does not matter) who is the novice and who the initiator in this strange catechism. Not only Jung but also the Dead are in transition. They came "back from Jerusalem, where they found not what they sought."

From his state of transition, Jung sees three concepts to which he gives the Gnostic names: Pleroma, Creatura and Abraxas. There is also — man.

Abraxas is approximately Shiva, the ultimate Creator-Destroyer. The most terrible and most beautiful of all the gods that man contains within his microcosmic self and that in turn is contained in the macrocosm. Within Abraxas, the more familiar figures (Helios, the Sun; and the Devil, darkness) are subsumed. But it is Abraxas that gets the poetry.

It is splendid as a lion in the instant he s it down his victim.

It is beautiful as a day in Spring.

To look upon it, is blindness.

To know it, is sickness.

To worship it, is death.

To fear it, is wisdom.

To resist it not, is redemption.

All this is within creatura, the realm where differences, distinctions, and ideas hold sway. The ground out of which creatura looms as figure (in the language of Gestalt theory) is pleroma — the totally unconceived and unstructured realm about which nothing can be said or thought because to say anything is to create distinction. Call it "void" or "fulness", it is still older and deeper than that first distinction by which creatura comes into recognition and therefore being.

The book is exasperating, profound and beautiful.

Jung's "Seven Sermons to the Dead" was privately printed in 1925 and circulated with no mention of its author. It is not to be found in the *Collected Works*. Recent editions of *Memories, Dreams, Reflections* (\$2.95, Random House) carry it as Appendix V. The translation is by Cary F. Baynes, translator of Wilhelm's I Ching.

Gregory Bateson, anthropologist, cybernetician, biologist, originated the Double Bind theory of schizophrenia.

—SB



## 100



## Gliding

...ance of an objective review here: I hang  
...dy-flying, the flying of dreams. You  
...un off the top of a hill, climb onto the  
...nd soar with the hawks. It's hazardous —  
...come careful. It's hard carrying the  
...ving back up the hill — you become

...ing is best to do with a skilled flier. If  
...skied or surfed much you'll find the  
...comes quickly. It's important to learn to  
...your ability and never fly in stronger  
...or tougher terrain than you can handle.  
...start on gentle open 50-100 ft. slopes.  
...ort is new, invented but three years ago,  
...nly one brand-new book about it — a  
...one, covering instruction, history, kits,  
...and manufacturers.

## Gliding

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...unrugs and transports with exceptional  
...ere are the top ones, each of them  
...ing kits and readymades. The one I know  
...MANTA, which has an adjustable  
...l bar for sitting or prone flight. Kits are  
...400, finished wings \$400-600, depending  
...e and features. Manta runs a good school  
...San Francisco Bay Area. BENNETT,  
...what expensive, has the largest sales of any

## E CANNULA ABORTION

by Stephanie Mills

...ion is the commonest method of birth  
...al in the world. It has also been the most  
...rous, whether performed by physicians in  
...als with conventional instruments or  
...ed by back country midwives with sticks.  
...in have risked and lost their lives  
...uating unwanted pregnancies since time

...ntly accepted technique may change  
...t.

...cepted medical practice for abortion,  
...on and curettage, subjects women to  
...al laceration, uterine perforation,  
...rrhage, and death. It involves dilation of  
...rvix by steel rods of increasing size.  
...procedure is quite painful, and may  
...re general anaesthesia, which increases the  
...o life. The cervix is "stabilized" by being  
...with toothed tenacula while the womb is  
...d with a steel curette. It is incredibly bad  
...n which attempts to make the uterus  
...rm to the instruments and procedure they  
...re.

...Karman cannula is a narrow, blunt, flexible  
...ic tube, closed at the end and notched.  
...illustration.) Attached to any vacuum-  
...ing apparatus it effects a suction abortion  
...out two minutes. Since the cannula is blunt  
...soft, the risk of uterine perforation is

virtually nil. Suction and gentle scraping of the  
uterus with the cannula seem to result in far  
less bleeding after the abortion.

The cannula method is fast and (potentially)  
cheap enough to be used when a pregnancy is  
suspected, but cannot yet be confirmed by a  
test. In such very early abortions, the smallest  
available cannula (4mm) can be used, and no  
dilation of the cervix is necessary. In abortions  
requiring the use of a larger bore cannula,  
smaller cannulae may be used as dilators.

Karman has devised a syringe for use with the  
cannula which incorporates a couple of  
features for maintaining a fail safe vacuum.  
(However, one Dr. consulted about the kit felt  
that the syringe is pretty flimsy.) A kit consisting  
of a syringe, speculum and a number of cannulae  
of various sizes will be distributed by several  
international groups. A program is being set  
up to train paramedics in its use. It can  
be expected that the device will eventually  
filter back to midwives and may, in time save  
millions of women's lives.

The no-touch technique for using the cannula  
minimizes the risk of infection. A sterile  
cannula is inserted directly into the uterus  
without coming into contact with the walls of  
the vagina (which are obviously not sterile).

The cannula and syringe are prescription items,  
and are not for unskilled use. That doesn't mean  
that it takes a doctor to perform a cannula  
abortion, but it does mean that anyone  
attempting one had better have some training.  
Further information on this technique is



Manta staffer Eileen Preville launches in the California Coast Range.

manufacturer. EIPPER builds a good wing and  
runs a school in the Los Angeles area.  
ULTRALIGHT PRODUCTS has the best  
hardware and kits. SEAGULL is a different  
wing, broader in the beam, with a curved  
leading edge: they also have a school.

Manta Products  
1647 East 14 St.  
Oakland, Ca. 94606

Bill Bennett Delta Kites  
Box 483  
Van Nuys, Ca. 91408

Eipper-Formance, Inc.  
Box 246  
Lomita, Ca. 90717

Ultralight Products  
137 Oregon St.  
El Segundo, Ca. 90245

Seagull Aircraft  
1554 Fifth St.  
Santa Monica, Ca. 90401

Since the sport is evolving so quickly, it's worth  
getting the periodical *Ground Skimmer* (\$5/yr.



An Eipper-Formance drawing of the flight sequence

monthly, Box 66306, Los Angeles, Ca. 90066).  
The present state of hang gliding reminds me of  
the early days of LSD.

—SB



available from the National Women's Health  
Coalition, 222 E. 35th St., New York, New  
York 10016.

Stephanie Mills is a writer and director of  
Planned Parenthood who suffered an early  
fame in 1969 with a valedictory address to her  
graduating class at Mills College which announced  
that she, personally, was going to have no babies.  
The Energy Crisis after all, and the Food Crisis  
to come, are really Customer Crises. Too many  
users. "Cannula" is pronounced CAN-ewla.

—SB



# Re-designing Both Ends of Energy Use

*Austerity is another name for elegance.*

*Using only energy mined from local wind and sunlight and manure is a thin budget. You've got your collectors, digestors, and windchargers working, and you've chopped down the power lines from town. Your next trick is surviving that way — another whole set of inter-related design problems.*

*Only three research groups I know of have the skilled experience and originality to have made much headway (I'd like to hear of others). The New Alchemy Institute — a double community of biologists and engineers at Cape Cod and Santa Barbara. Integrated Living Systems — a mountain laboratory of designers in fact operating in energy isolation. Zomeworks — a company of inventors and communicators in Albuquerque.*

-SB

## A SAILWING WINDMILL FOR PUMPING WATER

Our sailing windmill at New Alchemy on Cape Cod is beautiful to watch as it turns in gentle breezes, pumping water from a lake some 15 feet below to a storage tank that feeds a series of tiny aquaculture ponds. In 10 mph breezes it is capable of pumping 6,000 gallons daily. The mill cost only a few hundred dollars to construct, and is described in the first "Journal of The New Alchemists".

The highest potential of windmills like this will eventually be realized in arid lands. They will pump ground and stored water to fish culture ponds, and from the ponds to fields and orchards to irrigate and fertilize tree and food crops that in turn will nurture small communities. If you want to observe the wind at play and to move water around, build one.



## The New Alchemists

The New Alchemy Institute is a small international organization for research and education on behalf of man and the planet, seeking solutions that can be used by individuals or small groups who are trying to create a greener and kinder world.

To this end we look to the power of the wind and the sun to provide us with energy that is non-polluting, less than finite and immune to embargo. We couple our windmills, domes and solar heaters to biological systems where animal protein in the form of fish is grown in sun-warmed ponds. The pond water fertilizes the gardens and fields where food crops are grown. The gardens are worked organically, following as closely as possible a policy of stewardship, returning to the earth in care and compost as much as is taken.

The Institute has a membership program available to anyone with an interest in our goals. Annual membership is \$25.00, and members receive publications of the Institute, including the "Journal". The New Alchemy Institute, Box 432, Woods Hole, Massachusetts 02543.

### THE ARK: A SOLAR-HEATED AND WIND-POWERED GREENHOUSE AND AQUACULTURE COMPLEX ADAPTED TO NORTHERN CLIMATES.

The complex includes a sunken greenhouse, an attached aquaculture pond, a solar water heater and a diversity of light and heat conservation and distribution components. It is an integrated, self-regulating system requiring the sun, power for water circulation, waste materials and labor to sustain its productivity. The electricity to drive the circulation pump will ultimately be provided by a 6 kilowatt windmill. The heat storage — climate regulation component is a 13,500 gallon aquaculture pond. Solar heat is trapped directly by the covered pond and by water circulating through a solar heater. The attached greenhouse is built below the frost line and derives its heat from the earth, direct sunlight and from the warmed pond water passing through pipes in the growing beds within the structure. Details are provided in the second "Journal of The New Alchemists".

The intensive fish farming component is comparable to those already pioneered by the Institute. Several crops of Tilapia fish will be cultured throughout the warm months on foods raised within the structure. A single crop of trout and perch will be raised during the cooler seasons. It is our hope that the aquaculture component will be productive enough to underwrite construction and maintenance costs and that the greenhouse component will provide abundant marketable vegetables and greens.



FISH PISS: THE LINKING OF AQUACULTURE AND THE RAISING OF VEGETABLE CROPS

In 1970 we performed an interesting laboratory experiment in watering lettuce and parsley plants with enriched water from a densely populated aquarium. A series of plants were grown in flower pots. Half of them were watered with tap water and half with water from a 100-gallon tank containing 8 small catfish. The plants watered from the aquarium grew faster and were visibly larger than those which received tap water.

This year the experiment was repeated on a larger scale. Leaf lettuce, beets and zucchinis (leaf crop, root crop and vine crop) were the vegetables used. Half of the plants received tap water while the others received water from one of our aquaculture ponds containing about 700 tilapia and a heavy bloom. Beets and zucchinis did not respond to the enriched water, but the lettuce was a different story. In three successive experiments involving 69 to 98 lettuce plants, the weight of edible lettuce produced in the pond water plots exceeded that from the tap water plots by 44.3%, 67.9% and 121.6%.

We conclude that vegetable growers having access to fish pond water would be well rewarded for the effort of applying such water to sun-rooted leaf crop vegetables, particularly tomatoes which, like lettuce, favor abundant moisture and high levels of fertilization.

There are other benefits from connecting ponds and garden cycles. We found that the tilapia fish avidly consume vegetable crop waste, especially carrot tops and a variety of weeds from the gardens. The various links create a productive cycle: plants for the fish and fish for fertilizer and moisture from the fish ponds for the plants, and the steward gently orches-



New Alchemist covered ponds & gardens at Cape Cod (from the windmill).



## Integrated Living Systems

ion remains, how do we implement technology into society. I feel that we must appeal to the American public's concern with solar hardware which: (1) is cost competitive, (2) is systemically (all dependent parts interfaced into an system established under specific conditions), (3) has minimal environmental impact, (4) has minimal energy investment in raw materials, (5) is a bold step ahead of current hardware, (6) is not stop gap in technology, (7) has a long life time and will remain useful for many years, (8) is useful for export technology and housing problem is a planetary

first time, it is possible to begin to meet the mentioned hardware qualifications in Such home is the ILS Prototype I which is powered by the sun and the wind. By a systemic design where energy efficiency and minimum costs are major design parameters, we have evidenced that it is possible to use a system which is cost competitive with conventional homes and which is energy autonomous, in any geographic regions in the United States.

of the ILS Laboratory's reach for an energy system have learned from the self imposed constraints of using only the sun and the wind as sources of energy that refrigeration, cooking, heating, lighting standards, toilets, etc., must be redesigned to maximize their energy efficiency. Much of this upgraded hardware has been used to lower the overall energy demand of the system, stalled in conventional housing.

Prototype I system uses 20% of the solar energy and 10% of the thermal energy available in an average house. It is important to note that all of the electricity, hot water and heating are provided by the sun and the wind with no back up. During the past winter, the ILS Prototype I experienced 119 days of snow and more than a week at a time with no sun or wind. Temperatures were down to minus below zero Fahrenheit. The energy efficiency of the Prototype functioned normally.

Prototype like ILS I would have cost industry \$500,000.00. The capital outlay for Prototype I was about \$12,000.00 and two man months. Our monetary efficiency demands much less time and development at reduced costs.

ILS is a laboratory. It is itself an experiment. We are not a business but a team of people who design, construct, and live in a system which can ultimately be brought into use by other impact groups. Our goal is to create a larger laboratory with some two hundred scientists, engineers, designers, lawyers, doctors, anthropologists, communications people and the like, working together in a new way with a sense of urgency to provide new tools, methods and methodologies to grapple with the problems of energy, people and habitat. We have the hardware to build a very intensive physical plant for the laboratory in a very short period of time. The ILS system allows for the first time energy autonomous communities to be built. Many small laboratories have been created to address urgent national problems. It is time to build a laboratory which responds to the problems of energy and appeals in its form and objectives to kindle the imagination of the ILS staff as well as the American public.

< you,

rt G. Reines  
Director, ILS Labs  
Route 103  
S, N.M. 87059

ILS Labs domes (from one of the windmills).



## Zomeworks

Besides designing and building solar and structure systems, Zomeworks does occasional publishing and conference organizing — more inventive, if possible, than its devices. The most recent conference (Halloween, 1972) brought together a zoo of old-timers and outlaws in the alternative energy spectrum. Here are excerpts from the proceedings (*Life Support Technics*, \$1.50 from Biotechnic Press, Box 26091, Albuquerque, N.M. 87125).

—SB

Some of the speakers who clearly explained their theories and methods found that ... those who gathered to listen to their talks were not serious enough — did not pay attention to what they were saying or demonstrating, that they didn't ask the right kinds of questions — that whatever it was that brought them to the same meeting was at best accidental, but was perhaps a lie imbedded in society that brings together opposites, that surrounds prophets not with those who would catch fire with their message, but rather groups that drown and trample them. But in a deceitful way — nodding their heads — "Yeah man — right on — you got it!" ...

Euclid's parallel axiom was found to be independent of the other axioms of Euclidean geometry. You can negate it and still find models in which everything built from the other axioms thrives. This same kind of study is needed in our technology....Technology quickly links itself into the world where you can't bite it without biting yourself. Every invention and method that facilitates the production of anything we use is taken in, achieving immunity from questioning. Fortunately we have history. There is proof that life existed before the transistor, TV or the internal combustion engine.

Steve Baer

Actually in the Depression period, before the Second World War, there was a movement called the Decentralist-Distributist Movement in America in which a great many people were discussing the very things you're discussing now — not in the same language — but the need for reaffirmation of the way of life adapted to the land and not tied in heavily to urban concentration. Go back to the 1840's — there was a strong period of idealistic community building, trying to recapture these same roots. As a matter of fact, these ideas are part of the original American ideals — the whole

Jeffersonian concept of the kind of society that we were going to build here — small, land-based, largely self-governing, self-provisioning communities, which were tied together in a federation. I think all these attempts are an attempt to recapture the original American dream.

Peter Van Dresser

One speaker noted that Libre operated a "total life support system" for thirty two people on 50 kilowatts per month — a considerable improvement, he felt, over Bob Reines' figure of 10 kilowatts per day for the average one-family home. This saving was achieved in part by reducing demands for power — learning to get by with less — but the residents of Libre didn't consider this a hardship: "We're not in any way uncomfortable; we're living in luxury, absolute luxury."

## WIND ENERGY

If you're going to put together a wind generating system from new components, you'd better plan to spend around \$2500. That's a lot of money, but if you want your own non-polluting alternative to Four Corners power plant, you have to pay the piper. A lot of that \$2500 goes for storage, since the wind is a variable power source. If you could do without storage, or if you can find used components, or surplus components, or make your own components, you can save money. You can also save money if you are willing to compromise your life style and do without some of the uses of electricity found in the typical American home. The initial expense is high, but you won't have any more electric bills. Remember, the price of electricity is going to keep going up.

If you are going to build a wind generating system, you should plan to spend about 10 hours studying for every hour of construction. A lot of this stuff gets very technical, but don't let that scare you off. Just jump right in and learn the answers. The three biggest resources you have are people, the phone book, and libraries. There are people walking around who have the answers to a lot of the questions and problems you will run up against. There's a university in Albuquerque with an electrical engineering department. Talk to people who sell wire. Call the manufacturer of batteries. If somebody tells you you need an external shunt (for example), go to the library and find out what that is.

Bob Reines



# The Big Strange Picture

(Strange?)

Estranged. While our growth curves shoot the moon our sense of normal has rotated 90% from horizontal to vertical. The parasite has lost all sense of its host.

(You rave beautifully.)

Maybe the parasite never did sense its host, though I've not met a native culture that didn't know and celebrate its place. I was in a dream with Gregory Bateson the other night, playing my usual Boswell to his Samuel Johnson. Walking down a hallway I asked him what was the difference between a growing system and a mature one. "Measured medium," he said, and departed. The meaning I puzzled out of it (in the dream) was that a growing system measures only itself and eats to grow, whereas a mature system measures itself and its medium and eats to balance.

(Checked that with Bateson?)

I'm afraid to.

(Have you checked any of your Apocalyptic Enthusiasm with anything besides other Apocalyptic Enthusiasts?)

Of course not. It's all second-hand or speculation. My culture goes to great effort to insulate me from any experience of privation. The price of gas and food is up, as if reflecting a coming scarcity instead of just the cost of delivery. That's the first thing besides talk to reach me. The reason I believe that the Apocalypse is not merely a self-fulfilling prophecy is those absolute quantities on the old Ball of oil, coal, arable land, and standing room. "You can't," said David Crosby, "bullshit the ocean."

(Nuclear power might, no set-up, really might invalidate your whole beef.)



And a dome really might not leak. But they always do. A single "perfect" technological skin doesn't make it — one pinhole and you're wet. There's no redundancy, no margin. Nuclear technology requires vast perfection — elaborate containers and transport for a vicious brew of radiation, zero-defect reactors, a huge managerial reich, sabotage-proof administration. It's a Satanic price.

(No doubt you have a better program.)

Yeah. A steady-state energy-economy coupled with a growth information-economy.

(Beg pardon?)

Figure that the growth information-economy goes on anyway — call it cultural evolution or Fuller's "doing more with less" or McLuhan's implosion — it's doing fine. But the energy-economy is approaching a bend-or-bust point. Scribbled:



(What's that upward angle after the bend?)

That's points for sophistication and for being wise about bending.

(You got it all figured out, huh.)

Not likely. Nor figure that anyone can figure out — not if it's healthy. Human consciousness is too narrow to contain the big balance. We power galore but as Ehrlich says, Power is no control.

(What is?)

Variant parallel systems. Local self-interest local by local competition and whole-system level-seeking — not homogenization, please.

(Does that mean anything?)

It means some respect and trust in controls besides our own ... a lot of wholesome inefficiency ... and renewed knowledge that participation in the sacred requires playing it

(By whose rules?)

Right.

(Rite?)

-SB

## Energy: Water: Food

The demand for capital by the energy industry is pushing interest rates way up. The petroleum producers figure they will need 1,300 billion dollars for capital investment between now and 1985 to meet demand worldwide. That amount is bigger than the total US GNP today and to achieve it the petroleum industry will need to grow at a yearly rate of 18% for the next fifteen years. Either consumers will pay industry or the consumers will be taxed by government for same.

An aside on all this is the effect on food prices. I fear that an attempt to double current energy consumption will vastly increase the drain on scarce water supplies. If this happens, water intensive crops will suffer hugely and prices will rocket. Water intensive energy sources are: shale oil and Wyoming coal and nuclear power. Am looking for figures on the water demand of energy sources and water demand of foods. Will send some conclusions soon.

Jim Harding

## House Energy Improvements

The best rundown we've seen on what you can do to your home to reduce heat loss (winter) or improve cooling (summer) by intelligent design and simple improvements: "Living With the Energy Crisis", 25 cents postpaid from Small Homes Council — Building Research Council, University of Illinois, One E. St. Mary's Rd., Champaign, Illinois 61820.

## Seeds too?

Shortages you won't believe are going to exist this next year again, both flower and vegetable seeds, but more particularly in vegetable seeds. For instance, something as ridiculous as Purple Top White Globe Turnip is going to be almost unobtainable. Gardeners will be well advised to order early this year, preferably in January and February to try to beat the crunch.

It's sort of unfortunate that this year when there is going to be such a surge in enthusiasm for gardening, that we're encountering the many shortages that we see. In vegetable seed alone, many varieties are in extremely short supply, and while this may not be immediately felt on the seed rack or in the catalog, eventually it is going to be felt somewhere. Many of the green beans are short, the lima beans are short, beets are short, some of the carrots are short, some of the cucumbers are short, some of the lettuce is short, all of the onions are short, parsley is short, parsnips are short, peas are short, sugar peas are almost non-existent, some of the pumpkins are short, some of the radishes are short, several varieties of spinach are short, many of the squash varieties including both summer and winter are short, some varieties of tomato are short, turnips are almost non-existent, and a few varieties of watermelon are short.

Why all these shortages? We don't know. There are a lot of different reasons, including bad growing conditions last spring, crops which simply did not make seed as we had anticipated, shortages in South Africa (where a lot of green beans are grown), shortages in Taiwan, shortages all over Europe from bad crops, etc.

Sincerely,

W. Atlee Burpee Co.

Gerald F. Burke,  
Vice President

## Nuclear Briefing, Nov. '73

The only way nuclear power would ever be conceivably safe would be if you had a society of perfect humans totally robotized where materials ever failed, no directions were ever followed poorly, where no sabotage ever existed, where no acts of God ever occurred where there were no psychotics, no angry people, a society that no one has ever remotely visualized. And that by the way, that requirement comes from a leading nuclear expert, Dr. A. Weinberg. He said, we just want to make a Faustian bargain with society — you give us a perfectly tranquil society and we'll give you nuclear power. The absurdity of a society of that sort is so self-evident that we long ago should have stopped the nonsense of nuclear fission energy.

Dr. John Gof

## Basic Energy Unit

Suppose we determined what is the basic requirement per year per American family at that quantity  $x$ . Every family could get  $x$  for a set reasonable price. But  $2x$  would cost times as much,  $3x$  nine times, etc. Or, let energy buying above  $x$  amount be at what price an unsubsidized open market arrives. This idea is Huey Johnson's (head of Trust Public Land), based on Henry George's land tax theory — no tax on minimum family land, multiple taxes on more than that un



something's up when two different  
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me article, which they did with this  
at Howard Odum prepared in 1973 for  
al Swedish Academy of Sciences.  
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have read. Also the harshest. We hope  
nt later the entire paper to include Odum's  
ion following each of the twenty points.  
nt book **Environment, Power and**  
(\$5.95, Wiley) presents his elegant  
system for energy cycle accounting  
background of his remarks here.

—SB

True value of energy to society is the net  
which is that after the energy costs of  
and concentrating that energy are  
ted....

dwide inflation is driven in part by the  
ing fraction of our fossil fuels that have  
sed in getting more fossil and other

y calculations of energy reserves which  
posed to offer years of supply are as  
ergy rather than net energy and thus may  
uch shorter duration than often stated....

eties compete for economic survival by  
s principle (3), which says that systems  
d dominate that maximize their useful  
power from all sources and flexibly  
ate this power toward needs affecting  
l....

ing times when there are opportunities to  
l one's power inflows, the survival premium

by Lotka's principle is on rapid growth even  
though there may be waste....

6. During times when energy flows have been  
tapped and there are no new sources, Lotka's  
principle requires that those systems win that do  
not attempt fruitless growth but instead use all  
available energies in long-staying, high diversity,  
steady state works....

7. High quality of life for humans and equitable  
economic distribution are more closely  
approximated in steady state than in growth  
periods....

8. The successfully competing economy must use  
its net output of richer quality energy flows to  
subsidize the poorer quality energy flow so that  
the total power is maximized....

9. Energy sources which are now marginal, being  
supported by hidden subsidies based on fossil  
fuel, become less economic when the hidden  
subsidy is removed....

10. Increasing energy efficiency with new  
technology is not an energy solution, since most  
technological innovations are really diversions  
of cheap energy into hidden subsidies in the form  
of fancy, energy-expensive structures....

11. Even in urban areas more than half of the  
useful work on which our society is based comes  
from the natural flows of sun, wind, waters,  
waves, etc. that act through the broad areas of  
seas and landscapes without money payment. An  
economy, to compete and survive, must maximize  
its use of these energies, not destroying their  
enormous free subsidies. The necessity of  
environmental inputs is often not realized until  
they are displaced....

12. Environmental technology which duplicates  
the work available from the ecological sector is  
an economic handicap....

13. Solar energy is very dilute and the inherent  
energy cost of concentrating solar energy into  
form for human use has already been maximized  
by forests and food producing plants. Without  
energy subsidy there is no yield from the sun  
possible beyond the familiar yields from forestry  
and agriculture....

14. Energy is measured by calories, btu's,  
kilowatt hours, and other intraconvertible units,  
but energy has a scale of quality which is not  
indicated by these measures. The ability to do  
work for man depends on the energy quality and  
quantity, and this is measureable by the amount  
of energy of a lower quality grade required to  
develop the higher grade. The scale of energy  
goes from dilute sunlight up to plant matter to  
coal, from coal to oil to electricity and up to the  
high quality efforts of computer and human  
information processing....

15. Nuclear energy is now mainly subsidized with  
fossil fuels and barely yields net energy....

16. Substantial energy storages are required for  
stability of an economy against fluctuations of  
economies, or of natural causes, and of military  
threats....

17. The total tendency for net favorable balance  
of payments of a country relative to others  
depends on the relative net energy of that country  
including its natural and fuel-based energies minus  
its wastes and nonproductive energy uses....

18. During periods of expanding energy  
availabilities, many kinds of growth-priming  
activities may favor economic vitality and the  
economy's ability to compete. Institutions,  
customs, and economic policies aid by  
accelerating energy consumption in an  
autocatalytic way....

19. During periods when expansion of energy  
sources is not possible, then the many high  
density and growth promoting policies and  
structures become an energy liability because  
their high energy cost is no longer accelerating  
energy yield....

20. Systems in nature are known that shift from  
fast growth to steady state gradually with  
programmatic substitution, but other instances  
are known in which the shift is marked by total  
crash and destruction of the growth system  
before the emergence of the succeeding steady  
state regime....

Howard T. Odum

Stephanie Mills,



# STAY TUNED

Camped as we are on the outskirts of this month's issue, we at **WRAPAROUND** would like to use the special vantage to say:

First, we owe a great debt to the thousands of you who have written us during the past fifteen months. We started with the idea of **WRAPAROUND** as a place for exploration and exchange. We asked you to think of these pages as an extension of your own processes of discovery, and to contribute whatever information, perspectives, resources, and ideas were proving valuable in your own lives. The generosity of the response—in spirit and in volume—has confirmed and extended our belief in the importance of sharing personal experience. In future issues we will be experimenting with ways to find more space for your contributions.

Second, we want to mention subjects we are considering for upcoming issues. The list, in no particular order: holistic medicine, adventure, craftsmanship, television, cosmic mysteries, the brain, a sense of place, patriotism, sleep, shelter, small proposals for making cities livable, death, race relations, and the telephone. We hope you will send us specific leads, thoughts, and suggestions.

Third, the adjacent display is a reminder that we have a limited supply of past issues of **WRAPAROUND**. They are available on a first-come, first-served basis for as long as they last. To order, specify the titles you want and the number of copies of each title, and send 25 cents per copy to: **WRAPAROUND**, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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Rules of the Game

W

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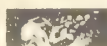
LONGEVITY: Ah To Be Young While Old



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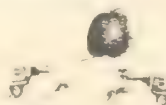
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MONEY MONEY MONEY

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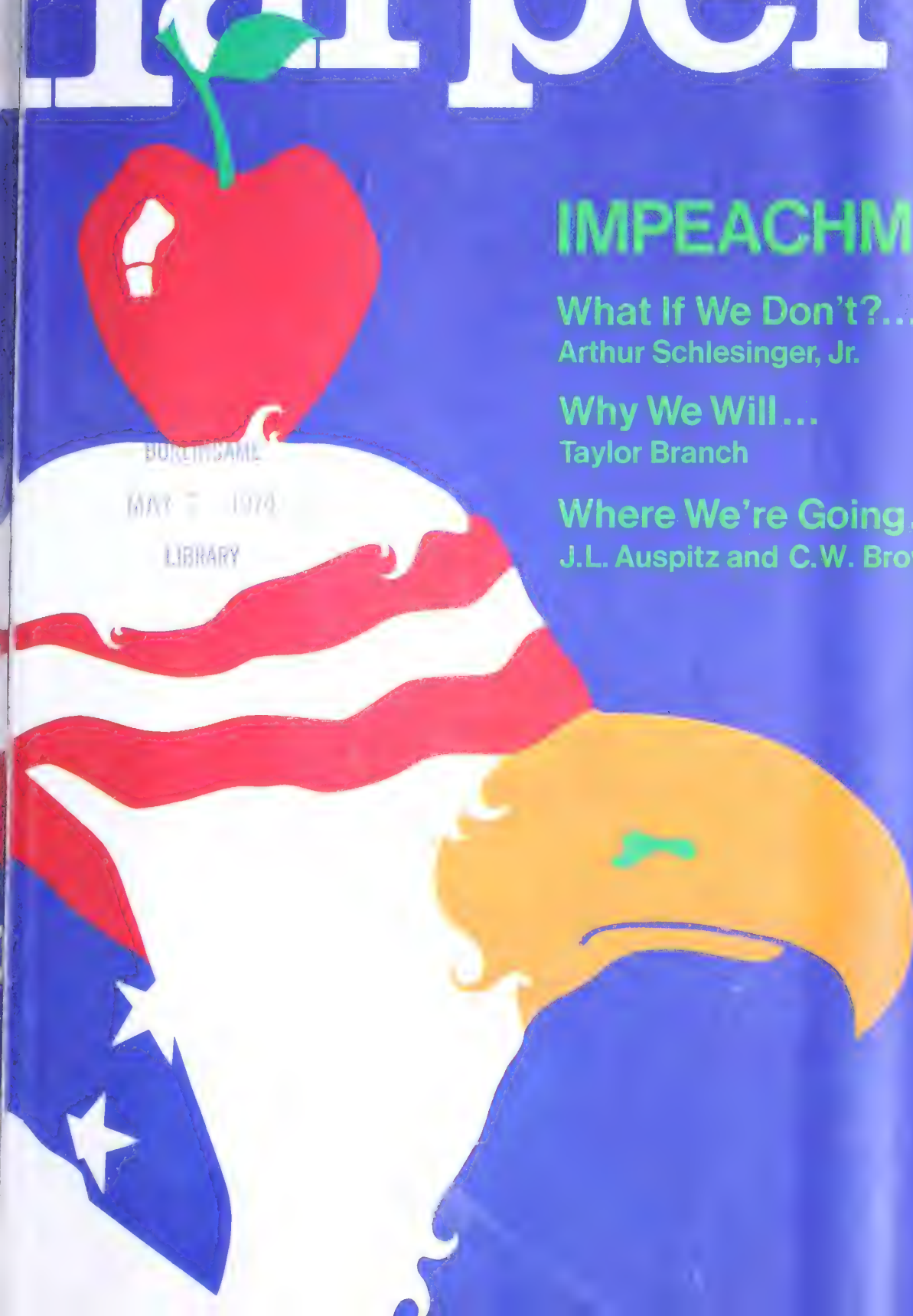
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## JAMES L. TUMAN

HOME: Detroit, Michigan

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: Community Relations Specialist

HOBBIES: Gliding, bobsledding, white-water canoeing, para-sailing.

LAST BOOK READ: "How I Found Freedom In An Unfree World"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created and organized Veteran's Referral Switchboard in 11 cities, nationwide program to aid veterans returning to civilian life.

QUOTE: "Time permits broad vistas of exploration in life but only brings meaning to those who know its value."

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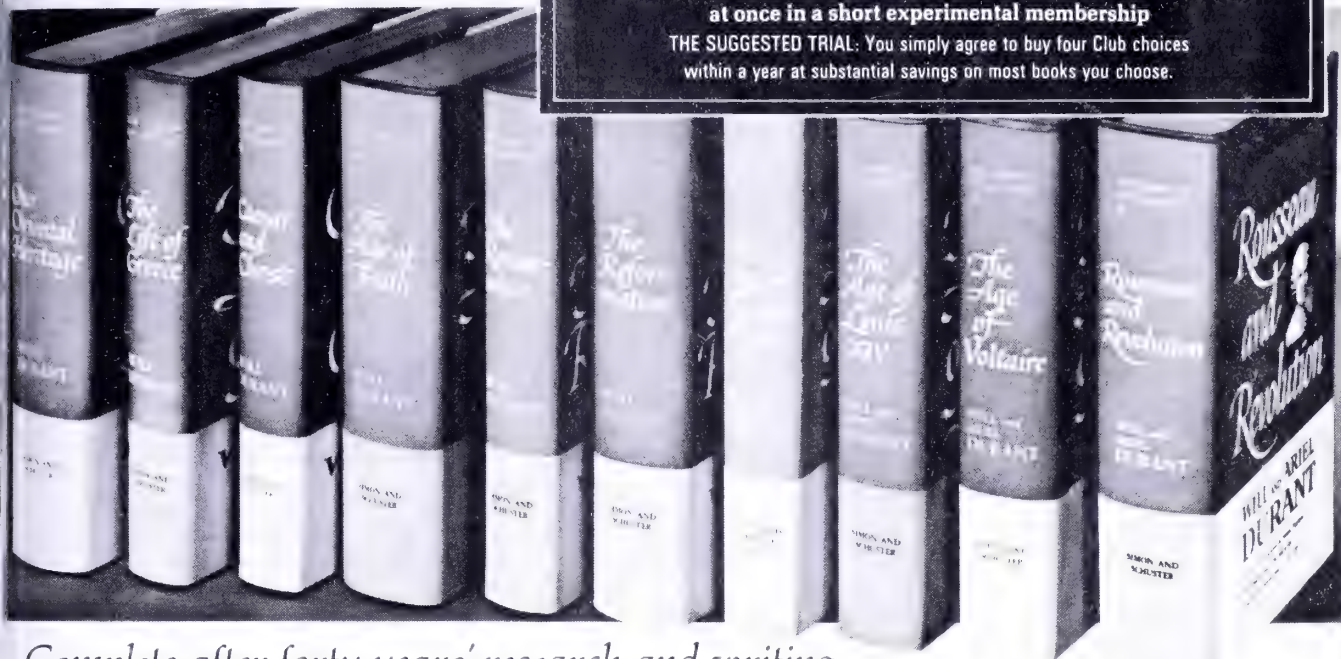
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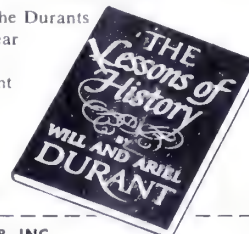
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# Harper's

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS EDITOR: Lawrence S. Freundlich

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert Shnayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: \$15.00 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.  
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# WRAPAROUND



## The Tickle and the Rub

Once upon a time when boy met girl and they fell in love, they got married, and (then as now) if they were lucky they lived fairly happily ever after. In any case, they had the comfort of knowing that they had fulfilled an important social purpose. Sometimes what they'd achieved had to do with the orderly transfer of property or with the forging of alliances; sometimes with populating the future or with the rites of passage into adulthood and the consequent assumption of new responsibility. Because such goals no longer make marriage seem mandatory, more and more of us have taken to questioning just what the institution is good for today.

The answer that has the broadest appeal is personal growth, but the two groups who most vocally praise growth differ about how to encourage it. One bloc feels that, since marriage is based on understanding, its rules and regulations need to be modernized and redirected. Lovers of this persuasion are likely to express their ideals in the generic marriage ceremonies and to specify their rights and responsibilities in painstakingly detailed marriage contracts. The other group, by contrast, puts its trust in the absence of written or verbal covenants, believ-

ing that the greatest growth will result from the greatest freedom and that people should be bound to one another by desire, not by dicta.

Both groups agree, however, on what they mean by "growth." For them, it is roughly synonymous with expansion, with moving on to new experiences, new contacts, new skills. This definition derives in part from age-old patterns of development; growing up is marked by movement out of the nest and into wider worlds. In part it also stems from a peculiarly American experience. "Go West, and grow up with the country," was a favorite piece of advice, and Americans are fabled for packing up and setting forth to meet the challenges of new territory.

More profoundly, perhaps, the expressed wish for personal growth reflects our culture's endorsement of growth as a primary goal in almost every sphere of modern life, from economics to technology to mastery of the environment. Unfortunately—as we have recently discovered—expansive growth in these areas has some dismaying side effects, including rootlessness, inflation, power crises, and a bumper crop of ecological disasters.

Solutions to these problems are far from clear, but implicit

in all the proposed remedies is a second definition of growth. Thus one sees growth as more nearly synonymous with construction, and it takes into account the fact that nothing can grow in a vacuum; everything that grows changes, and everything that changes changes everything around it. As we become increasingly aware that our world is an almost seamless web of interrelationships, we rediscover an old truth—it is far wiser to discern and harmonize with the patterns of life around us than to blindly wrench things about in the pursuit of our own narrowly conceived aims.

It's worth exploring the implications of this lesson for the special environment you share with the person you live with and love. What happens if you focus on creating the optimum conditions for your partner's growth? What happens if you try to realize the potential you possess in combination? For two people who want to share each other's triumphs, work through each other's defeats, and trust each other with the naked truth about themselves, what can happen is that both of them will develop more fully than either would have alone. A good many modern couples feel that this is the pattern of development that they want their marriages

and their lives to be about.

Printed evidence that such couples exist is scarce, probably because the dynamics of successful partnership between lovers are too subtle, too fluid, and too complex to describe. But describable or not, they are appreciated by couples who manage to set them in motion, and recognized as instrumental to personal growth. As a matter of fact, they make substantial contributions to the cause of personal pleasure as well. Finding out what you have to offer is in many ways an exciting experience, perhaps because—even in the best of worlds (or couples)—grasping is common but giving is rare.

This issue of **WRAPAROUND** offers snapshots of love in some of its many moods and guises. There are personal close-ups and shots of significant features in the cultural background.

We are grateful for the searching and candid readers' narratives that arrived in response to a **WRAPAROUND** Idea in the December 1973 issue. Those of you who would like to add your stories are invited to send them to **WRAPAROUND**, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

—Judith Appelbaum

# WRAPAROUNDWRAP

## DANCE

A good relationship has a pattern like a dance and is built on some of the same rules. The partners do not need to hold on tightly, because they move confidently in the same pattern, intricate but gay and swift and free, like a country dance of Mozart's. To touch heavily would be to arrest the pattern and freeze the movement, to check the endlessly changing beauty of its unfolding. There is no place here for the possessive clutch, the clinging arm, the heavy hand; only the barest touch in passing. Now arm in arm, now face to face, now back to back—it does not matter which. Because they know they are partners moving to the same rhythm, creating a pattern together, and being invisibly nourished by it.

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh  
*Gift from the Sea*, 1955



There are 3,000 American husbands today who are over seventy-five and have wives under twenty-five; 2,000 women over fifty-five have husbands under twenty-five.

## WHAT CAPTIVITY KILLS

Man has succeeded in enslaving woman; but in the same degree he has deprived her of what made her possession desirable. With woman integrated into family and society, her magic is dissipated rather than transformed; reduced to the condition of servant, she is no longer that unconquered prey incarnating all the treasures of nature.

—Simone de Beauvoir  
*The Second Sex*, 1953

## All-Purpose, Fill-in-the-Blanks, Meaningful Relationship Contract

We, \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_, desire to enter into a MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP. We reject the notion that \_\_\_\_\_ and believe instead that \_\_\_\_\_ is more important, and, therefore, being of sound \_\_\_\_\_ and body, and having a clear \_\_\_\_\_ of this MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP CONTRACT, do freely and in good \_\_\_\_\_ choose to enter into this MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP CONTRACT until \_\_\_\_\_.

### I. Others

\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ (hereinafter referred to as THE PARTIES) believe that their MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP will \_\_\_\_\_ be \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_ with others.

THEREFORE, THE PARTIES agree to allow each other absolute \_\_\_\_\_, acknowledging their \_\_\_\_\_ about \_\_\_\_\_ beyond this MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP.

### II. Children

ANY \_\_\_\_\_ resulting from this MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP will be alternately taken into consideration by THE PARTIES. Children born on even-numbered days will be the responsibility of \_\_\_\_\_, whereas children born on \_\_\_\_\_-numbered days will be the responsibility of \_\_\_\_\_.

Both PARTIES will assume full responsibility for conception, placental nurture, labor, delivery, nursing, and postpartum depression except in the event of \_\_\_\_\_ (See Clause I, above).

### III. Religion

THE PARTIES agree to \_\_\_\_\_ out-of-the-body experiences with anyone external to the MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP.

### IV. Domicile

INASMUCH as THE PARTIES agree that it is possible to hire someone to do any task deemed by one or the other or both of THE PARTIES as disagreeable, and INASMUCH as THE PARTIES are aware that the removal of this task as a source of disagreement would only shift the focus of the problem to the true discontent between THE PARTIES and therefore disturb the MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP, THE PARTIES choose to \_\_\_\_\_.

### V. Communication

THE PARTIES agree that pursuant to a MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP both \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ will practice techniques in the interests of \_\_\_\_\_ things out.

THE PARTIES agree to carry on meaningful communication of feelings at all times unless \_\_\_\_\_ and except on \_\_\_\_\_ nights, when \_\_\_\_\_ or when one or the other of THE PARTIES does or does not feel like it.

### VI. Names

THE PARTIES agree that \_\_\_\_\_ is an interesting name but that a \_\_\_\_\_ by any other \_\_\_\_\_ smells just as \_\_\_\_\_.

### VII. Careers

IN THE EVENT THAT \_\_\_\_\_ receives a six-figure job offer from a firm on the \_\_\_\_\_ Coast and \_\_\_\_\_ receives a six-figure job offer on the \_\_\_\_\_ Coast, THE PARTIES agree to live in AKRON, OHIO.

### VIII. The Ineffable

THE PARTIES, being thoroughly acquainted with modern scientific psychology, believe that \_\_\_\_\_ is simply a \_\_\_\_\_ plot and that \_\_\_\_\_ therefore does not impinge in any way upon this MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP.

Signed and solemnized this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_.

—drafted by Gwyneth Cravens,  
a contributing editor of *Harper's*

## REVERSING FIELD

What if it were hard to get married and easy to get divorced? The present laws reinforce the wrong impulse at the right time and the right impulse at the wrong time. Getting married, not getting divorced, should be a process.

Divorce has been the great American growing-up syndrome. While it's true that pain and fear sometimes do start a new maturing period, it would be more sensible to base our legal and social rituals on the opportunity rather than the problem.

What if we had to prove compatibility to get married just as we now have to prove incompatibility to get divorced?

What if our customs and laws enforced trial marriages just as we now have trial separations?

What if marriage and separation counseling, as well as proof of agreement about property and progeny, came at the beginning of marriage instead of the end?

What if an organization of people who love were formed, and they held weekend group sessions with people who were thinking of getting married, with the idea that a couple from the organization had to "sponsor" couple planning marriage?

With possibilities like these there would be some assurance that the partners in a marriage would understand it as a living learning process. Divorce then would simply be the admission that the couple is not learning together and that each member needs to go and learn separately for a while.

—Martha Stuart  
*Martha Stuart produces videotape programs.*

## IDEAS

We all have moments of special transparency when an immutable law of the universe curls into aphoristic form and presents itself to us with stunning simplicity and elegance. For example: "Buttered toast always falls facedown." Or "The chief cause of problems is solutions." Or ?????????? What are your favorite universal laws? Write to WRAPAROUND, *Harper's Magazine*, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.



# ROUNDWRAPAROUND

**"You never get to sit next to the window any more when you're married."** —J. D. Salinger  
*Franny and Zooey, 1961*

## Marriage I, Marriage II

Nobody seems to like marriage much the way it is. The number of divorces is constantly increasing and even the legislatures have turned their backs on the "until death do us part" concept; more and more states are enacting laws permitting no-fault dissolution of marriages instead of requiring that one spouse sue to prove the other "guilty" of something. At the same time, a great many people—particularly the young and the old—are eschewing marriage entirely. And among the young, a sizable number have decided that marriages need not produce offspring.

All these trends (and many others that could be mentioned) indicate clearly that the components we regard as making up the legal status of marriage should be split into at least two legal statuses, which I call Marriage I and Marriage II.

Any couple who wish to live together without experiencing whatever social stigma still attaches to the practice should be able to enter Marriage I merely by registering their intent to be married for an undetermined period of time with some convenient local registry office (the county clerk might do). As long

as their registration is in effect, the couple will be "married," which should enable them to avoid social criticism and the violation of outdated laws like those against fornication. It should also enable them to receive servicemen's allotments, Social Security, and other fiscal benefits payable only to a spouse. Their status as a married couple will quiet timorous or censorious landlords and suspicious credit agencies.

Marriage I would not involve any obligation of support or any inheritance rights; if either party wanted to leave worldly goods to the other, he or she would have to have a will drawn. (The absence of inheritance rights might encourage older couples to marry; many of them now hesitate to do so for fear of adversely affecting the heirs they wish to benefit—usually their adult children.)

The status of Marriage I would automatically turn into Marriage II if the couple had a child; in the absence of a child, it would be terminable by either of the parties at any time if that party went to the office where the status was registered in the first place and withdrew or canceled the registration. Marriage I would, of course, also be automatically terminated when, as, and if both parties decided that they preferred the tie that binds more tightly—namely, Marriage II. Marriage II would be the status of marriage as we know it today and as it may be modified.

Many couples, particularly those with stars in their eyes, might well prefer to enter Marriage II at the outset. That would be their right and privilege. But for others, who now have to choose between no legal status and conventional marriage, Marriage I might well be a helpful and popular innovation, and it's not as far out as it sounds. Indeed, in one state, Maryland, a proposal somewhat along these lines was introduced into the legislature. It didn't get anywhere, but the basic approach may be promising. With living apart a ground for divorce in many states, why shouldn't living together create a limited marriage option?

—Harriet F. Pilpel

*Harriet Pilpel is a practicing attorney and coauthor, with Theodora Zavin, of Your Marriage and the Law.*

## SOME ENCHANTED EVENING

One can wait a whole lifetime for a moment like this. The woman whom you never hoped to meet now sits before you, and she talks and looks exactly like the person you dreamed about. Strangest of all is that you never realized before that you had dreamed about her. Your whole past is like a long sleep which would have been forgotten had there been no dream. And the dream too might have been forgotten had there been no memory, but remembrance is there in the blood and the blood is like an ocean in which everything is washed away but that which is new and more substantial even than life: REALITY.

—Henry Miller

*Tropic of Capricorn, 1939*

## June Moon: Groom Boom, Boon, or Doom?

Overall, in the United States the marriage rate is lowest during the first three months of the year, then rises during the second three months to a marked seasonal peak in June. After a sharp drop in July, the rates are somewhat higher for two months; the rates decline again for two months, but for December the rate again rises moderately. From this general pattern there are numerous variations. The four regions of the country differ, with the sharpest difference between the Northeast and the South. In the Northeast, there is a marked decline in marriages in March, an especially pronounced peak in June, and a noticeable decline in December. In the South, there is no decline in March, a less pronounced rise in June, and a marked rise in December.

—Hugh Carter and Paul C. Glick  
*Marriage and Divorce, 1970*



## RELIGIOUS RAGOUT

Now, Christianity arose in the West as an exceedingly strange mixture of social and religious ideas from many different sources. It comprised legal and social ideas of marriage that were mainly Jewish with notions of moral and spiritual chastity that were Greek or Essene, and probably garbled and remote influences from India. The resulting confusion was so involved that it may assist us to unravel it if we simply list the main factors that came into play:

1. The Jewish idea that the physical universe is inherently good.
2. The Orphic and garbled Indian idea that the physical universe is evil.
3. The Jewish institution of marriage as a property and familial arrangement.
4. The Jewish idea of the holiness of procreation, the duty of population increase, and the sin of sowing the human seed unprocreatively.
5. The Orphic-Essene-Indian idea of withdrawal from the flesh through nonprocreation, and thus of the greater holiness of virginity.
6. The Jewish idea of the sin of adultery as an infringement of property rights.
7. The generally Greco-Indian tradition that the holy or sacred person stands apart from social involvement.
8. The Jewish idea that the social conventions are the laws of God.
9. Jesus' own idea that women, too, have some rights since they are at least equal with men in having souls.

It is no wonder that an attempt to combine these ideas plunged the relations between men and women into a fearsome mess, though it may perhaps have been worthwhile if only for the last idea involved—the recognition that "women are people."

—Alan Watts

*Nature, Man and Woman, 1958*



# TRAP AROUND WRAP

## So Grows the Tree

Both sexes begin life with the same primary gratifier: the mother. When they reach the "Oedipal age" of three to six years, however, the little boy is talking about marrying mother when he grows up, while the little girl is talking about marrying father—he is multiplying his attachment while she is dividing hers. A highly Oedipal boy, therefore, has a steeper pleasure gradient than a highly Oedipal girl. The difficulty that many creative women have in "getting it together," in translating their abilities into a coherent career—may not be solely a function of the heavy negative cultural conditioning about achievement they have received. It may also owe something to the fact that their flatter pleasure gradient does not permit so heavy an investment in some sort of ultimate symbolic gratifier. Men who are high achievers are unconflicted because there is nothing in the original family picture to arouse conflict: the father is rejected and dismissed, the mother is all. It is much more difficult to reject and dismiss a mother. Since fathers are typically less central in child care, the girl who makes a heavy Oedipal investment is taking a huge risk and stands to lose more than she gains. Boys risk far less when they embark on the Oedipal journey.

This is not to say that the difference acts only to make life easier for boys. Their emotional tasks are simply of a different sort. Little girls have to make a difficult leap of faith during this Oedipal phase—have to divide their deepest affection and attach some of it to a relatively ephemeral object. Little boys, on the other hand, must divide *themselves*—must somehow relinquish their dependent attachment to the mother while at the same time retaining her as an object of Oedipal fantasy. This is perhaps the origin of the masculine tendency to compartmentalize sexuality—to be more willing to divest it of loving and affectionate meaning. Boys are trained very early to reject and suppress the core of their emotional and interpersonal being—initially, their needs for mothering. They thereby become experts at filtering feelings—at allowing one feeling expression

while blocking others normally associated with it. They have the difficult task of altering their relation to the mother while retaining their primary attachment to her. They thus lose what little girls are able to retain: a sense of continuity—a capacity to accept and cherish the idyllic memories of infant dependency. The mother-daughter relationship may often be fraught with tension and competition, particularly in adolescence, but in stable patriarchal societies it tends to be the strongest, closest, and the least conflicted, on the average, of the four parent-child pairs.

These different early experiences, then, suggest that while women will tend to be virtuosos in taking emotional and interpersonal risks, men will tend to be virtuosos in exercising emotional and interpersonal control. Men will be less willing to be vulnerable, to risk involvement and commitment in relationships, to get hurt, to let it all hang out. They will make a greater demand for interpersonal safety in their heterosexual relationships—wanting partners who are docile, affectionate, devoted, faithful, and unchallenging. Women, on the other hand, are more willing to live dangerously in their deepest relationships, more able to invest their love in partners who are distant, cold, and inconstant. This ability is learned early: As Ashley Montagu points out, fathers provide far fewer gratifying tactile and security-giving experiences to their children than do mothers.

These differences should diminish rapidly over the next fifty years in response to the revolutionary changes gradually being brought about by the women's movement. It is important that the changes are being introduced at every point in the system—a necessary process if real change is to occur. Mothers are encouraged to de-intensify their child-rearing activities, fathers to increase theirs, women to assume more sexual freedom and self-assertion, men to become more vulnerable and emotionally uninhibited, and parents to treat children in ways less differentiated by sex. —Philip Slater

*From the book Earthwalk. Copyright © 1974 by Philip Slater. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.*

## READERS

My husband and I will soon have been married for thirteen years. Together we care for a twelve-year-old son, a four-year-old daughter, an eight-year-old dog, and an aging house on riverfront property. The house and property were severely flooded (four uninsured feet of unexpected water inside) just one month after our purchase, but they have slowly and painfully been restored to a comfortable, cheery—and unfinished—state over the past six years. (This last fact seems like a parable of our marriage.)

Ours was conceived as a traditional marriage, yet alternatives to "conventional" marriage keep cropping up within its traditional framework. They seem to result from wear or from sheer accidents of fate (like the flood) rather than from any plan; and, like tears on a patchwork quilt, they may necessitate new patches, careful mends, but they never quite manage to change the basic shape or destroy the functionality of the thing.

My husband, the breadwinner, has made major occupational changes during our married life. I have, on occasion, acted as breadwinner. There have been several periods when my husband or I attended school full time for at least one year. Nearly eight years ago, we moved almost four thousand miles from a Midwestern, metropolitan area to the subarctic—as an "adventure"—and we have stayed.

The marriage itself started off badly and has come close to collapse more than once. But it has proven amazingly durable, elastic, resilient. It seems to grow stronger and more rewarding and enjoyable as the years pass.

I now regard my life with my husband as being the same sort of meaningfully formative, shape-making period in my personal history that childhood was. I think he views our marriage similarly.

Two somewhat incongruous things stand out in my mind as salient features of marriage, aside from the perhaps obvious point that my husband and I now each know one another more intimately than any other

living adults know either of us.

The first feature is that marriage has not *really* changed the basic fact that each of us is a individual. We have *not* become "two hearts that beat as one."

The second fact is that—f better or for worse—almost every action either of us makes in life now in some way or another affects and represents the other. On many, many levels—ranging from the purely legal stance to the subtlest psychological shadings of feeling that are externalized only by our close friends and family members—we now form in the world a unit, a kind of minicorporation, a "pair." —Jean B. Andersen

Fairbanks, Alaska

We've experienced marriage in a rather different way: as part of an "intentional community." Our community is a ten-member urban group which aims, by living together, to create an alternative life-style based on cooperation and social action. Right now we are the only couple.

We've found many advantages to being married and living in such a community. A benefit from the experience is encouragement, and ideas from others. The greatly reduced cost of group living allows us to pursue other interests instead of needing to work full time. Of course, we sometimes find there are just too many people but the advantages outweigh the problems.

Our marriage is our first priority (ours is not a "group marriage"), but we find the group to be a stimulating and satisfying environment. We are in our early twenties and have been married a year and a half.

We feel that conventional marriage and family life, with an emphasis on "getting ahead," are often unfulfilling. Our group has attempted to downplay competition and materialism, and to emphasize human worth and sharing. We believe that this life-style offers an exciting and satisfying alternative to conventional marriage.

—David and Margaret McConliffe  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The stability of marriages seems to increase with income and education.



# ROUNDWRAPAROUND

## A Pressure Cooker Built for Two

I keep index cards with the addresses of friends. When a couple we know splits up, a regular little ritual becomes necessary—tearing up one card and writing out two in its place. I seem to be doing that a lot lately. Sometimes it feels as though Muriel and I are the last licks in the shooting gallery.

It's common to assume that our marriage and family system has grown so fragile because we put too little into it. My feeling is just the opposite: that our mating customs are being mangled not by too little attention, but by too much.

For most of us in city and suburb, spouse and children are our only intimate companions. Without kin, neighbors, or friends to call community, we try to find community in our marriage alone. The institution wasn't meant for this and can't take the strain.

In their original form, marriage and family were part of a multiple network. Parents and children belonged not only to each other, but also to relatives, tribe members, and friends.

As extended families shriveled and friends got transferred, the nuclear or two-parent family became the only community to which most of us belong.

The family wasn't meant to be our only source of warmth, and it suffers when it is. A sociologist, Karen Renne, once studied dissatisfaction in marriage and found that couples with few outside friends were much more likely to be frustrated with each other. On the other hand, those who reported several close friends and/or relatives reported being more happily married.

And the process is self-feeding, reports Ms. Renne: a bad marriage increases social isolation; more social isolation makes a bad marriage worse.

Some of us, especially those who move around a lot, have little alternative to seeking a sense of community only at home. The certainty of parting makes close friendship outside marriage too tenuous, too painful when it inevitably ends.

But whatever practical reasons there may be for avoiding community outside the home, I think more of us are held back by simple fear, and jealousy. If

"For there is only misfortune in not being loved; there is misery in not loving." —Albert Camus (1913-1960)

my mate can find intimacy outside our home, what will he/she need me for?

I'm not talking about an affair but simply of close friendship. One member of a couple having an intimate friend not shared by the other, even a friend of the same sex, can make the marital bond tremble.

Having been separated myself and having lived through so many ruptured marriages with others, I'm always struck by how many friends a newly separated person finds.

When Muriel is here to keep me company, to share my pleasure and pain, I have little need to expose myself to others, to let them in on who I am, to make them my intimate friends. It's only when Muriel's not around that I'm forced onto others, forced to let them know I need them. Then I have a larger community.

But so long as our marriage stays on an even keel, my friendships stay more superficial, because I'm lazy about seeking intimacy away from home, and scared of it.

And I wonder: does my very closeness with Muriel, the fact that our main community is with each other, mean eventually we'll blow apart from the pressure?

—Ralph Keyes

Ralph Keyes is the author of *We, the Lonely People: Searching for Community*.

## SOURCES

*We Can Have Better Marriages*, by David and Vera Mace (Abingdon Press, \$5.95).

David and Vera Mace, who have been married for forty years, are professionals in the field of marriage counseling and founders of a new organization called Association of Couples for Marriage Enrichment, Inc. (Information on how to join ACME and why you may want to is available in the book, or you can write to the Maces at the Behavioral Sciences Center, Bowman Gray School of Medicine, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27103.) This, the latest of their books, makes an intelligent and appealing guide to modern marriage at its best.

## Upon a High and Handsome Bedstead

Choose the largest, and finest, and the most airy room in the house, purify it thoroughly with whitewash, and decorate its spacious and beautiful walls with pictures and other objects upon which the eye may dwell with delight. Scattered about this apartment place musical instruments, especially the pipe and the lute; with refreshments, as cocoa-nut, betel-leaf and milk, which is so useful for retaining and restoring vigor; bottles of rose water and various essences, fans for cooling the air, and books containing amorous songs, and gladdening the glance with illustrations of love-postures. Splendid wall lights should gleam around the wall, reflected by a hundred mirrors, whilst both man and woman should contend against any reserve, or false shame, giving themselves up in complete nakedness to unrestrained voluptuousness, upon a high and handsome bedstead, raised on tall legs, furnished with many pillows, and covered by a rich canopy; the sheets being besprinkled with flowers and the coverlet scented by burning luscious incense, such as aloes and other fragrant woods. In such a place, let the man, ascending the throne of love, enjoy the woman in ease and comfort, gratifying his and her every wish and every whim.

—*The Hindu Art of Love*

translated by Sir Richard F. Burton, 1883



## THE WORST ADDICTION

"I'll tell you what I know, then," he decided. "The pin I'm wearing means I'm a member of the IA. That's Innamorati Anonymous. An innamorato is somebody in love. That's the worst addiction of all."

"Somebody is about to fall in love," Oedipa said, "you go sit with them, or something?"

"Right. The whole idea is to get to where you don't need it. I was lucky. I kicked it young. But there are sixty-year-old men, believe it or not, and women even older, who wake up in the night screaming."

"You hold meetings, then, like the AA?"

"No, of course not. You get a phone number, an answering service you can call. Nobody knows anybody else's name; just the number in case it gets so bad you can't handle it alone. We're isolates, Arnold. Meetings would destroy the whole point of it."

"What about the person who comes to sit with you? Suppose you fall in love with them?"

"They go away," he said. "You never see them twice. The answering service dispatches them, and they're careful not to have any repeats."

—Thomas Pynchon

*The Crying of Lot 49*, 1966



# WTRAPAROUNDWTRAI



## The Vision Destroyed

Something happened. Outdoors a huge black bird came flapping with a crow's laborious wingbeat. It banked and, tilted to fit its feet, fell toward the woods. His heart halted in alarm for the crow, with such recklessness assaulting an inviolable surface, seeking so blindly a niche for its strenuous bulk where there was no depth. It could not enter. Its black shape shattering like an instant of flak, the crow plopped into a high branch and sent snow showering from a quadrant of lace. Its wings spread and settled. The vision destroyed, his heart overflowed. "Clare!" he cried.

The woman's pragmatic blue eyes flicked from his face to the window where she saw only snow and rested on the forgotten food steaming between his hands. Her lips moved:

"Eat your egg."

—John Updike

"A Crow in the Woods," 1962

## AN IRISH GIRL'S LAMENT

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird throughout the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked. I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you; and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns and a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

You promised me a thing which is not possible; that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird, and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you, today or tomorrow or on Sunday. It was a bad time she took for telling me that, it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

You have taken the east from me, you have taken the west from me, you have taken what is before me and what is behind me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great you have taken God from me.

William Butler Yeats, trying to show that poetry springs spontaneously from common people, recorded this anonymous lament in an essay, "What Modern Poetry?" in 1912.

## Premarital Divorce

One summer day a friend and I sat on the grass in City Hall Park comparing notes on our collapsing worlds. His wife of several years had asked for a divorce. My—there's no word for him. He wasn't my husband. Lover? Such a Rudolph Valentino of a word, it doesn't half describe him. (Where's the Jimmy Stewart, the Harpo Marx?) Call him the man I had been living with. He also wanted out.

My friend and I were going through much the same experience, even though he had lawyers and financial tangles to cope with and I didn't. We were each losing people we loved, and the patterns of our lives were shifting like confetti in a kaleidoscope. Reeling from the pain and the strangeness, we spent the summer like two drunks supporting each other down the street.

Yet there was a difference. It's reflected in words and the lack of them. Wife. Husband. Marriage. Separation. Contested. Uncontested. Settlement. Trial. Divorce. The certainty of the words reflects the certainty of the arrangement. Living together, even though it involves no light decision, is not the commitment that marriage is. No matter how much you think you love each other, how limitless the shared future may seem to both of you, you still haven't called in the neighbors for the house-raising. Living together remains an essentially private arrangement, unintegrated into any structure outside that of shared emotions.

All that's going to keep you together—besides the force of habit—is the force of those emotions. Living together is essentially tentative; inevitably, there is a quality of experiment about it. Two friends who had lived together for several years and then married said the difference came down to saying, "We're together unless something splits us up," instead of, "We're together until something splits us up," a subtle, but important, shift of emphasis.

Such tentativeness helps at the end. For an unmarried couple, the sense of failure, of not having been able to bring off what you thought you could, is not so marked. In a way, your bets were hedged from the start. The feeling of embarrassment

and apology before friends a family is also—comparatively absent. The failure and apology are, like the arrangement by which you came together in the first place, essentially private and interior. And the mechanics of disengagement are likely to be easier as well. No joint bank account and, if you were cautious, few joint possessions; and while arguments over things like who takes the cats can get sordid, they're nothing like the agony of deciding whom the child will live with. The fact is, you never raised a house, you built a sand castle. If the tides came in one day a little farther than you thought they might, well, that's how it is with sand castles.

There's just one catch. The question arises that never goes away, although one learns to ignore it after a time. What if you'd pinned yourselves down, taken the risk, called in the neighbors, raised the house—would it have mattered? Would it have tipped the balance in some way you couldn't have foreseen, so that instead of being blown apart, you might have come through—changed, of course, but still together?

Married or single, there's no such thing as a free divorce.

—Karen Durbin

Karen Durbin is a free-lance writer based in New York.

## Suppress Yourself

Among the papers left me by my late uncle, Wilbur Slats, were several letters to his children about the subject of marriage. Most of these letters are of surpassing bitterness, since his offspring's acquaintance with matrimony was abundantly disastrous. The following, however, seems a more measured and representative sample of his views.

—Protagonist Br

Dear Children:

Once again I am informing you about a branch of my family that is about to be mutilated by divorce, on the ground that the partners no longer love each other. Once again the parents will be free to seek happiness, no doubt in further slippery tanglements. Once again children will be set swinging between a furtive affection and dull resentment that will touch everyone they meet: parents; inevitable stepparents; real, ha-



# OUNDWRAPAROUND

ad step-siblings; their future ous; and, of course, their vn children.

Love, for you, has become a ode of self-expression. You call Being-in-Love, but it seems ore like finger painting or fig-re skating—a chance to dem- strate a skill and reap a gra- ity of bodily delight. I would ot disparage the joys of Being- Love, except that I remem- er they were once redeemed by offering, or at least made more interesting—necessarily so, be- cause Being-in-Love is always condition outside society, op- posed to it, and in the end de- stroyed by it. Tristan and Isolde ave to die. So does Emma Bo- ary. Alas, society is now as plerant (I almost said indif- erent) toward Being-in-Love as is toward other victimless rimes. Which is why, I sup- ose, lovers now appear, to ev- ryone but themselves, as so many Marceaus miming in the mirror. We have lost a drama nd gained a bland equanimity.

Love as self-expression, how- ever, is the enemy of love; it is he bad coin that drives out the ood. Ephemeral, it is the enemy of promising, which is the only ay we anchor the future in the resent. Solipsistic, it is the en- my of caring, which is our only ound of trust. Narcissistic, it is the enemy of nurture, which s one purpose of animal (even, daresay, human) life. And ince promising, caring, and nur- ure are the only proper consti- uents of marriage, your notion of love is also the enemy of marriage.

You insist ad nauseam that you have a right to happiness. Why, then, did you marry? The purely individual right to hap- piness has no place in marriage nor in the expectations you bring to it. The only members of your family who may have a right in this sense are the babies and little children. That is why they aren't generally encouraged to marry. For the rest, marriage is an exhilarating affair of conflict and resolution, tension and release. There are lagniappes of happiness in marriage (rather more than in Being-in-Love), but for the most part Freud was quite correct to see the essence of the matter as high tragedy. It is your generation's pride that you have learned to cast off all roles. I suggest that you have simply scurried off the stage. And what of future genera-

tions? There are no accidents on that score nowadays. This is im- portant because the most evil of the skeptical questions is also today one of the most often heard. It is: "What did poster- ity ever do for me?" Yet you who righteously proclaim your sense of stewardship of the Earth at the same time forget the promises, shatter the trust, and stint the nurture of the only links you have with the future of the Earth. (That is, when you don't contracept or abort them.) Your posterity is your children, and marriage is its vessel. To break a marriage, as you have done once again, is to break faith with your chil- dren, with posterity. You may be sure that they will do as much for you, and their chil- dren, as you have done for them.

—Wilbur Slats

## Where Marriages Are Arranged

For the thousands of young men and women who have made the decision for Krishna, shaved their heads, signed over all their worldly possessions, and ex- changed their hippie life-styles for an American version of Oriental monasticism, sex, love, and marriage are among the corruptions of contemporary so- ciety they seek to remedy.

These American kids accept the teaching of A. C. Bhaktive- danta Swami, a seventy-seven- year-old Bengali Indian, to the effect that sex is an animal prop- ensity on the level of eating, sleeping, and self-defense, and one that interferes with spiritual development. They strive not to identify with their bodies. Love in America, they believe, is only a play of illusion among false egos; what passes for marriage is a mere shadow of the original sacrament—union for the sake of procreation of two house- holders in love of God.

So the chanters of Hare Krish- na submit absolutely to the In- dian convention of "arranged marriages." Theoretically every pair is matched by Bhaktive- danta, whom the devotees ac- cept as their spiritual master; in fact, Bhaktivedanta's appointees, the temple presidents, who are senior Hare Krishna males in their early twenties, play Cu-

pid. Though the phenomenon is astounding to Americans, pair after pair of the converts willingly accept spouses assigned from on high, and they marry in elaborate Vedic ceremonies with full expectation that the union is binding for life. There is no provision for divorce.

One unhappy husband did find a way out of wedlock, how- ever. He declared himself a can- didate for the high monastic state of *sannyas*, or beggarhood, which enabled him to resume celibacy and move 2,000 miles away.

Not that the Hare Krishna hierarchy is arbitrary in its matchmaking; no, in some re- spects the religious movement operates like a good computer dating service: artists with art- ists, leaders with leaders, gov- erning board members with heir- esses. There are quirks in the system, of course: an ugly wom- an got a handsome man simply by requesting him.

But most of the time Hare Krishna married couples seem content and display a moderate affection for each other; they are comradely, if not romantic. They live together in small apartments near the temple but participate in all temple activi- ties from 4:30 A.M. to 7:00 P.M. Officially they have sexual in-

tercourse only once a month— on the wife's most fertile night, as determined by an ovulation thermometer—but rumors have been heard that some couples have it more often. Even so, conjugal Hare Krishna sex is still no light matter, for a strict regulation prescribes five hours of chanting Hare Krishna before consummation. (On ordinary days, they chant for two hours.) Little wonder Hare Krishna wives, like nuns, describe them- selves as "married to Krishna."

The tangible outcome of the arranged marriage among the Hare Krishnas can be seen in certain temples in the Western U.S. In Los Angeles, seventy married devotees are raising fifty infants under five years old; in Dallas, about two hundred Hare Krishna offspring aged five to fourteen from all over the world attend a special San- skrit school. Considering that the movement has been in ex- istence for almost eight years and that there are about three thousand adult Hare Krishnas, that gives them a birthrate slightly ahead of at least one ethnic group, the unprolific Thule Eskimos. —Faye Levine

Faye Levine is the author of *The Strange World of the Hare Krishnas*, recently published by Fawcett-Gold Medal.

"From Father's hands I passed into yours. You arranged every- thing according to your tastes, and I acquired the same tastes, or I pretended to—I'm not sure which—a little of both, perhaps. Looking back on it all, it seems to me I've lived here like a beggar, from hand to mouth. I've lived by performing tricks for you, Torvald."

—Henrik Ibsen

*A Doll's House*, 1879

## C'EST TWO

Marriage as a life-partnership is being and persistence in the orientation of a specific man to a specific woman and vice versa. This being and persistence is the determination and limit of true freedom. It is, therefore, the basic positive meaning of the concept of marital fidelity, and one that has to be kept in view in relation to the negative bearings of this concept. If love was and is genuine, it is capable of this being and persistence in orientation, and it shows itself to be faithful love by achieving it. Faithful love means that one has to do with this other in mutual totality. *Je vous aime tout entier toute entière*: with the whole of my being I love the whole of your being (Emile Verhaeren). And marriage consists in the fact that this may and must and should be lived out.

—Karl Barth

*On Marriage*, 1961

"A good marriage is that in which each appoints the other guard- ian of his solitude, and shows him this confidence, the greatest in his power to bestow."

—Rainer Maria Rilke  
(1875-1926)



## Song of Ample Experience

When I was younger I chose to think of marriage as the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns. I would read the class notes in alumni magazines as if they were casualty lists. The news that Beecher had married I took to mean that Beecher had died. Not in the medical sense (Beecher presumably still clung to a suburban half-life in a domestic netherworld), but in the sense of what then was called "creative possibility." No longer would I wait to hear that Beecher had accomplished high deeds in Hungary, or that he had written the great American novel, or found gold along the upper reaches of the Amazon. Beecher's race was run; either he had given up the chase for lack of courage, or he had fallen into the hands of the secret police on the wrong side of the Finland Station. I never expected to see him again, except possibly during the political show trial at which, as a defeated man, he might mumble through the confession placed in his hands by his wife.

The callowness of my imagery corresponded to the callowness of my youth. Like many young men of my generation I had a mistaken idea not only of women but also of "creativity," a word that even now, twenty years later, I cannot use without irony. In the 1950s "creativity" was the bright bauble most desired by certain children of the middle class. They had inherited everything else, and so why shouldn't they also own an artist's imagination? If it was a democratic country, and if everybody was created equal, then how could an ignorant musician possess something that they didn't possess? Obviously he couldn't, and on the basis of this reasoning thousands enrolled in creative-writing courses and seminars on the art of the cinema. Alas, too many of them received a passing mark and so went on to become second-rate directors, editors, poets, novelists, and critics.

A similar and equally specious form of logic now prevails in the realm of sexual adventure. The affluence of the 1960s demanded a mass market in erotic fantasy. Instead of thou-

sands enrolling in creative-writing classes, hundreds of thousands bought sunglasses and stood around on street corners waiting for it to happen.

People become preoccupied with sexual variation only when they have nothing better to do. The futility of most employment, together with a vague sense of something so malevolently abstract as "the system," encourages a general feeling of discontent. The feeling is unpleasant, and it is not unnatural that large numbers of people should seek relief with a variety of opiates, among them sexual titillation.

The market in this drug expanded prodigiously in a decade, enriching the suppliers who could provide a fix in the form of girlie magazines, pornographic films, massage parlors, romance in Miami Beach, or whatever else could be sold with the promise of escape and transfiguration. In the midst of the restless selling, the distinction between male and female necessarily became blurred. If sexuality can be offered as a drug-store anodyne, then it is no longer important to ask who is supposed to be doing what to whom or why. It is the failure to ask these questions that has given rise to the secondary confusions about marriage, divorce, life-style, commitment, children, women's liberation, and, like you know what I mean, baby, personal freedom.

Now that I am older, it is the unmarried man whom I mourn as exile and victim. From within what turns out to be the bastion of marriage I look out upon a desolate and windswept heath. The gaunt figures in the foreground, harried by the furies of sexual illusion, remind me of hunted animals. In their wandering to and fro they squander their strength, and they have little time to build anything but the occasional hut or cairn. Like all creatures who inhabit the eternal present they lack the historical dimension, and so they have no need of architecture, families, books, political ideas, or paintings on the walls of caves.

They are swingers, and they pride themselves on their ceaseless twisting in the wind.

—Lewis H. Lapham

*Lewis H. Lapham, managing editor of Harper's, avoided marriage until the advanced age of thirty-seven.*

## The Uses of Adversity

In 1972, when I lived in the Eskimo village of Anaktuvuk Pass, well above the Arctic Circle, I discovered there had never been a divorce in the history of the community. Some of the marriages had been arranged, but even when they were unhappy (which was rare) it would have been economic suicide to dissolve a match.

In this rough land, where people live mostly by subsistence hunting and fishing, a man needs a woman to sew his clothes, tend his dog team, and raise his children, who are the main economic hope of his future. And—with all due respect to women's lib—it is almost impossible for a woman to live well without a man in the primitive Arctic. I might shoot a caribou, but butchering that mountain of meat and hauling it home would tax my strength, especially if I also had to cut enough wood to heat my cabin at 50 below zero and sew my clothing from furs I had scraped and chewed supple.

I had come to the Arctic from a society (Boston) where it is practical to get a divorce, and eventually I got one—at the end of a decade of marriage—satisfied that I had not found a man for all seasons. After the Arctic, however, I began to reassess my values.

Better than half my married life had been happy, especially when—as in Anaktuvuk—my husband and I had had to depend

on one another to stay alive. We had purchased a thirty-foot schooner, sailed halfway round the world, and weathered a lot of rough water, a hurricane, and a forty-nine-day cific crossing.

In our fight against the elements, we had little time or inclination for personal battles. Rare camaraderie developed between us—similar to what I had encountered in the Arctic—I had seen more rough sailing and less calm. I think we might still be together.

There are many advantages to being single, and I envy them all, but I must admit I miss sharing with a good partner; I miss going to war with an ally I trust. —Lael Morgan  
*Lael Morgan is the author of Women's Guide to Boating and Cooking and the forthcoming And the Ladies Provides: Alaskan Natives in a Year of Transition.*

## READERS

Thoughts on an unconventional marriage:

Conventional marriage: Man goes to work. Wife stays home with children. Marriage still good and wife is about to lose her mind, upsetting husband; wife doesn't want to hear about it.

So, unconventional marriage: Wife (finally pregnant after 10 years) quits job. Husband quits job. And everyone stays home to raise new baby.

It's been almost two years. We started a little advertising agency about two months after the baby was born. We've been done diaper and baby-sitting duty and find them really quite delightful. I've gone a little crazy at times but, all in all, the experiment is working.

We got a small loan from our parents, and we've starved, sweated, and cried a lot. But our twenty-two-month-old baby is dynamite.

She spends one hour a day four days a week, at an infant class in the nearby Montessori school; I write at night, and Alan teaches one morning a week so that we all get away somewhat.

The baby is smart as a whip and a lot of that comes from our being here to help her as a teacher.

Raising kids is hard now days, and I think we've hit upon a good solution.

—Diane B. Wolfe  
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

## SOURCES

*The Future of Marriage*, by Jessie Bernard (World).

This is a fascinating report by a sociologist on the two marriages in every marriage: his (which tends to be a pretty good deal) and hers (which is frequently rotten). Jessie Bernard makes a wealth of data accessible, intelligible, and provocative. The book is out of print now (it was published in 1972) but it's worth trying to find a copy at your library.

*Mama Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, by Judy Sullivan (Arthur Fields Books, \$6.95); to be published in June 1974.

A spirited, personal account by a dropout wife, this book tells what she did, why she did it, and how it's working out.





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# WHAT IF WE DON'T IMPEACH HIM?

If Congress flinches now, the Constitution may be inoperative tomorrow



Moses Kahn

**WE** HEAR A great deal today about the presumably grim consequences of the impeachment of the President—an endless public trial, a people divided, a government paralyzed, a nation disgraced before the world. But suppose the House of Representatives should decide *not* to impeach Mr. Nixon. This would have its consequences, too—consequences that deserve at least as careful an examination.

For the refusal to impeach would be a decision as momentous as impeachment itself. It would and could be interpreted only as meaning that Congress does not think Mr. Nixon has done anything to warrant impeachment. It would alter the historic relationship of Presidential power to the constitutional system of accountability for the use of that power. The message our generation would send to posterity would be that Mr. Nixon, whatever his other disasters, had conceived and established a new conception of Presidential accountability, and that his successors, so

long as they take care to avoid the crudities of a Watergate burglary, can expect to inherit Mr. Nixon's conception of inherent Presidential authority and to wield the unshared power with which he will have endowed the Presidency. Failure to impeach would be a vindication of a revolutionary theory of Presidential accountability.

**T**HE TRADITIONAL theory, the theory that prevailed from 1789 to about 1966, was sufficiently clear. The President, as Andrew Jackson put it, must be "accountable at the bar of public opinion for every act of his Administration." "I have a very definite philosophy about the Presidency," said Theodore Roosevelt. "I think it should be a very powerful office, and I think the President should be a very strong man who uses without hesitation every power that the position yields; but because of this fact I believe that he should be sharply watched by the people [and] held to a strict accountability by them."

It is precisely such a system that Mr. Nixon has seemed determined to reject, one that manifestly drives him, as *he* would say, "up the wall." In his view, the requirements of accountability are sufficiently fulfilled every four years. Each Presidential election confers a mandate, which empowers the President to do whatever he thinks best for the safety and welfare of the republic. Between elections the President has the right to be left alone to carry out his mandate. The mandate, if there were proper "respect for the Presidency," should shield the President from the

harassment of a nosy Congress, an unscrupulous opposition, and a disrespectful press. All these egregious institutions must "get off his back" and let him do his job.

For better or worse, however, this conception of Presidential accountability does not happen to be the one embodied in the American Constitution. It may well be embodied in the last constitution of General de Gaulle. But Mr. Nixon, alas, is not the President of France. And his novel theory of Presidential accountability, applied to the American scene, has led to a variety of unprecedented executive actions, some of which, in my judgment, are impeachable and some of which are not.

Mr. Nixon moved rather systematically, for example, to deprive Congress of the three historic powers that enabled it during most of American history to play its role in the system of accountability. One of these is the power of the purse—the power to decide how public money should be spent. *The Federalist*, No. 58, called this "the most complete and effective weapon with which any constitution can arm the immediate representatives of the people, for obtaining redress of every grievance, and carrying into effect every just and salutary measure." The second is the power of oversight and investigation—the power to monitor and disclose the activities of the Executive branch. "The informing function of Congress," said Woodrow Wilson, "should be preferred even to its legislative function." The third is the power to declare war—the power specifically reserved by the Founding Fathers for Congress so that, as Lincoln said, "no one man should be the power of bringing this oppression upon us."

These are the powers that have above all preserved the balance

*Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., is Albert Schweitzer Professor of Humanities at the City University of New York. His latest book is The Imperial Presidency (Houghton Mifflin).*

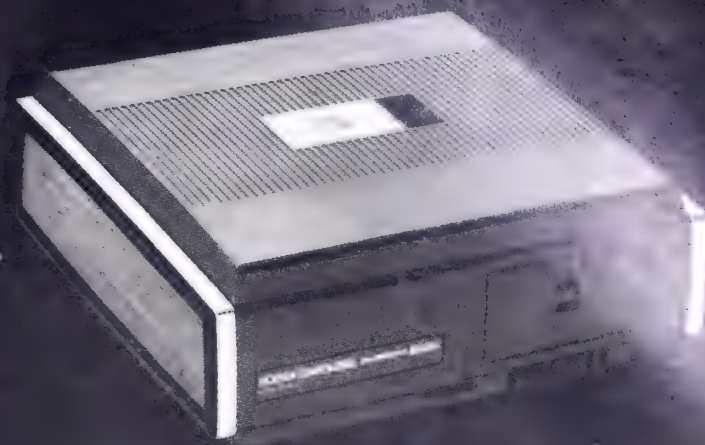


Constitution—and these are the powers that Mr. Nixon set out methodically to nullify. Through his doctrine of unlimited impoundment, he sought to nullify the Congressional power of the purse. Through his doctrine of unreviewable executive privilege, he sought to nullify the Congressional power of oversight and investigation. Through his doctrine of the unlimited power of the Commander in Chief to take preemptive action to protect American troops from the threat of attack, he sought to nullify the Congressional power to authorize war. If he had succeeded in imposing these three doctrines in the absolute form in which he presented them, he would have effectively ended the power of Congress as a partner in the constitutional order.

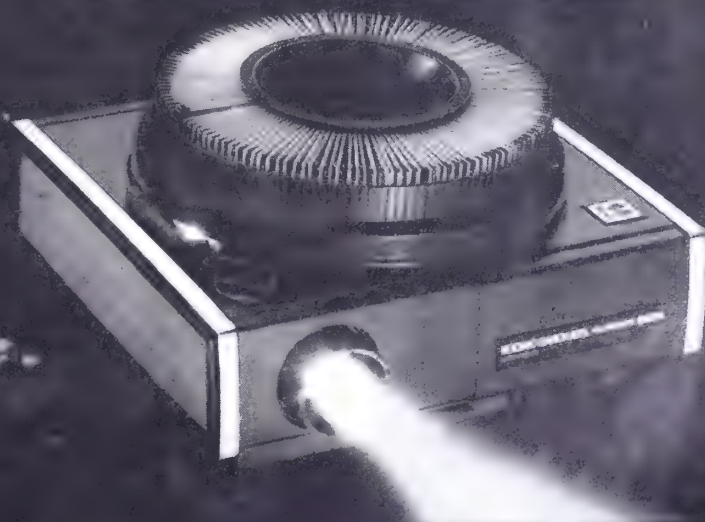
I do not propose, however, that these doctrines, wrongheaded as they may be and ominous as would be their consequences, constitute per se grounds for impeachment. Mr. Nixon has been perfectly open and above-board about these claims. He has avowed his doctrines publicly and given Congress and the people full and fair warning. Moreover, as we could have learned from the Andrew Johnson case, impeachment is not the way to settle arguable constitutional differences in advance of final decisions by the Supreme Court. Of course, if Mr. Nixon persisted in such doctrines in defiance of court orders, this would be another question and would obviously carry him to the zone of impeachability.

What matters here is that these doctrines express a state of mind. They express a rejection of Lincoln's view that under the Constitution "no man" should exercise excessive power. And this same state of mind, the same resentment of challenge and routine, the same effort to break the presidency out of the historic system of accountability has led Mr. Nixon to other claims and deeds that fall much more probably into what Hamilton, explaining the necessity for impeachment, called "the abuse or violation of some public trust."

MOREMOST AMONG the public trusts confided by the people to the President is the constitutional command that "he shall take Care that the laws be faithfully executed." A crucial question in regard to the Watergate matter is whether Mr. Nixon



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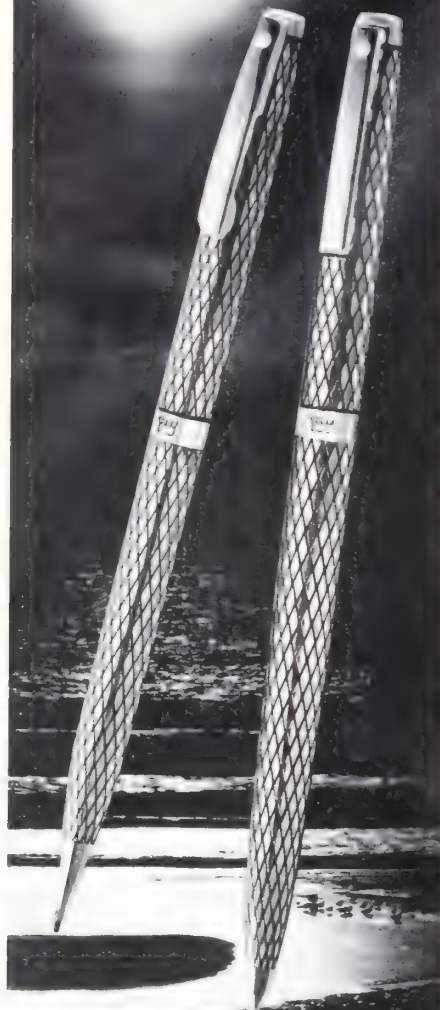
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WHAT IF WE DON'T IMPEACH HIM?

on has obeyed this command. One reading of the record would suggest, for example, that, instead of pressing for the detection and punishment of lawbreakers, Mr. Nixon has continuously resisted inquiry into Watergate: first trying to limit the FBI investigation; then failing to report to law-enforcement officials crimes of which he had admitted knowledge after March 21, 1973; then withholding evidence from the courts; then firing the Special Prosecutor, who seemed too ardent about the faithful execution of the law; then, when forced by the courts to produce tapes he had attested on July 23 last as being "under my sole personal control," denying that some ever existed and turning over others in a form so damaged and defective as to destroy their evidentiary usefulness; most recently, declining to submit further evidence to a new Special Prosecutor. When the board of technical experts concluded that one of the most critical tapes had been deliberately obliterated, Mr. Nixon, far from showing constitutional zeal about ferreting out the obliterated, revealed no public concern or even curiosity.

This would not seem a convincing portrait of a President taking care that the laws be faithfully executed. Of course, it may well be an incorrect reading of the record. Still, there is surely enough in that record, however read, to raise the question of whether Mr. Nixon's interest in Watergate has been in the faithful execution of the law or in the sabotage of a criminal inquiry. In a constitutional order, above all when the probity of the President himself is under challenge, that question demands an answer. The Founding Fathers anticipated that such questions might arise and laid down in the Constitution a way by which answers could be found.

For no President can withhold evidence in an impeachment inquiry. Whatever standing the claim of executive privilege may have in other circumstances, it has none here. James K. Polk was the only President between Jackson and Lincoln to enhance the power of the Presidency; but Polk conceded with utmost clarity in a message to the House of Representatives in 1846 that, if the House were looking into executive misconduct with a view to the exercise of its power of impeachment, "the power of the House in the pur-

suit of this object would penetrate into the most secret recesses of Executive Departments. It could command the attendance of any every agent of the Government, compel them to produce all papers public or private, official or unofficial, and to testify on oath to all facts within their knowledge."

Impeachment, it must be emphasized, is not a judgment on a public official; it is a process by which a judgment can be reached on the basis of evidence. And this process of the most expeditious as well as the most constitutional way to resolve the question of whether Richard M. Nixon has faithfully executed the laws of the United States. It is a procedure, moreover, that should commend itself quite as much to the friends of the President as to his critics. For Mr. Nixon is indeed guiltless, if he is the victim, as Vice-President F. F. B. assures us, of a left-wing cabal organized, according to Senator Goldwater, by "people dangerous to the American way of life," then what better way to expose the conspiracy and confound the conspirators than to give Mr. Nixon a fair and open trial. Whatever constitutional scruples may have constrained the President from making public the documents turned over, Senator Scott tells us, would clear him if only they could be released. They would necessarily be overborne in the case of impeachment. Do these true believers wish to dispel the uncertainty and give the President in whom they profess such boundless faith the opportunity to vindicate his character?

This is precisely the ground on which Benjamin Franklin argued at the Constitutional Convention. In the case of impeachment, he said, was the best way to assure not only "the regular punishment of the Executive where his misconduct should deserve it" but equally "his honorable acquittal when he should be unjustly accused." Dr. Franklin cited the case of the Prince of Orange, who was blamed for the failure of the Dutch fleet to carry out an agreement to meet the French fleet at a stated rendezvous. Because the *Stadtholder* could not be impeached, suspicions were permitted to flourish and end in "the most violent animosities and contentions" against him. "Had he been impeachable," Franklin observed, "a regular and peaceable inquiry would have taken place and



ould if guilty have been duly punished, if innocent restored to the confidence of the public." When there as no process of impeachment, Franklin noted, this might leave a desperate people no alternative but assassination, in which case the lead- under fire would be "not only de- rived of his life but of the opportu- nity of vindicating his character."

Worst of all is the signal transmit- ted to posterity if Congress decides at the question of whether Mr. Nix- on has faithfully executed the laws is not worth bothering to answer. Such considered expression of Congres- sional indifference could not but in- te Mr. Nixon's successors to be equally cavalier about their constitu- tional responsibilities in the assur- ance that, unless a President, say, murders his wife in the presence of s Cabinet, Congress will be unlikely insist that he need worry about his obligation to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. Thus refusal to impeach Mr. Nixon would widen the breach in the system of account- ability. And that breach would be widened still further if a Congression- failure to act established the view espoused by the new Attorney Gen- eral and some Republican members of Congress that a President is not to be held accountable for the deeds of his closest subordinates.

OBVIOUSLY A PRESIDENT need not be impeached because an ob- scure official buried deep in the end- less bureaucracy, someone he does not know and probably has never heard of, does something wrong. But this is an extraordinary idea that a President is not responsible to some degree for the behavior of those inti- mates with whom he chooses to sur- round himself in the White House and the Cabinet. No doubt many of the Republicans who deny that Mr. Nixon should be held accountable for Messrs. Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, Stans, Dean, Krogh, Chan- n, et al. are stockholders in great corporations. One hardly supposes that they would be equally permissive of the top man in one of these corpora- tions disclaimed all responsibility for a persisting and cumulative pat- tern of offenses that had wrecked the public credit of the firm and had been committed by people he person- ally brought into the business. On the contrary: they would hasten to vote

him out of office at the next stock- holders' meeting. It is hard to see why Republican Congressmen should have higher standards for the presi- dent of a corporation than for the President of the United States.

The practical point is irresistible. If Mr. Nixon did not know what his right-hand men were doing, it was only because he did not wish to know. He had every facility in the world for finding out. And if Con- gress should decide that a President is no longer to be held broadly ac- countable for the conduct of his most personal appointees, it would obvi- ously encourage future Presidents to wink at every sort of skulduggery so long as nothing could be traced to a specific directive from the Oval Office.

The constitutional point is equally irresistible. Madison was the father of the Constitution. The First Con- gress, because it contained so many men who had been at Philadelphia in the summer of 1787, has been called an adjourned session of the Constitu- tional Convention. Madison in the First Congress successfully argued that the President must have power to remove his appointees. Assuring the President this power, Madison said, would "make him, in a peculiar manner, responsible for their con- duct, and *subject him to impeach- ment himself* [my emphasis], if he suffers them to perpetrate with im- punity high crimes or misdemeanors against the United States, or neglects to superintend their conduct, so as to check their excesses. On the Con- stitutionality of the declaration I have no manner of doubt." If the Nine- ty-third Congress should now decide that it understands constitutionality better than Madison and the First Congress, if it concludes that Mr. Nixon has no responsibility for the conduct of his closest associates, it would confirm Mr. Nixon's success in breaking the Presidency out of the historic system of accountability and in fastening a new conception of Presidential responsibility on the American republic.

The refusal to impeach Mr. Nixon would in addition fix on the hapless republic the idea of "national secur- ity" which he invoked—and appar- ently still invokes—as justification for secret and lawless behavior on the part of a President and his agents. No doubt Mr. Nixon's defenders will claim that he did no more than other Presidents—notably Lincoln and

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by Austin Nichols

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Franklin Roosevelt—in moving beyond the Constitution to protect the safety of the nation. They will point out that neither Lincoln nor Roosevelt was impeached; therefore, Mr. Nixon must be in the clear. And certainly one cannot deny Presidents the power to take drastic actions at their own peril when the life of the nation is at stake. Madison himself wrote in *The Federalist*, No. 48, that it was vain "to oppose constitutional barriers to the impulse of self-preservation." But there remain signal and decisive differences between the actions of Lincoln and Roosevelt and the actions of Mr. Nixon.

The life of the nation, after all, was truly at stake during the Civil War and again during the second world war. Moreover, Lincoln and Roosevelt carefully explained to Congress and the people why they thought the emergency so critical and thereby enabled Congress and the people to be the judge of their actions. Time in their cases was unquestionably of the essence. Their Congresses were unwilling or unable to devise policies of their own. And none of their acts was directed against the internal political process. Indeed, both Lincoln and Roosevelt held Presidential elections in the midst of their supreme national crises—and did not try to cook the results.

Moreover, where Lincoln and Roosevelt did their best to account for their actions to Congress and the people, where Mr. Nixon himself had expounded with relish his theories of impoundment, executive privilege, and the Presidential war-making power, Nixon never let Congress or the people in on his notion that "national security" gave the President the right to break the law; this had to await John Ehrlichman's testimony before the Watergate Committee. Nor did he vouchsafe any public explanation of the national emergency of 1970, any argument that the Weathermen and the Black Panthers posed a threat to the republic comparable to that posed by civil war or by Nazism. Instead, behind closed doors, he authorized illegal actions—actions in many cases beyond anything undertaken by Lincoln or Roosevelt in times of authentic and indisputable crisis. Most indefensible of all was the Nixon Presidency's subversion of the political process itself. Whether this was authorized in advance or covered up afterward, it represented

an attempt to deny the American people one of the two constitutional remedies for the abuse of Presidential power. The other remedy, of course, is impeachment; and, if Congress chooses to deny us this as well, where would it leave the constitutional order?

**M**R. NIXON's all-purpose invocation of national security and the inherent and absolute Presidential right, whatever the surrounding circumstances, a right to be exercised in secret at Presidential pleasure without accountability to Congress and the people, surely represented an extraordinary violation of public trust. Some of his own people have begun to understand this now, although Mr. Nixon himself thus far has shown not the slightest evidence of comprehension, repentance, or even passing regret. "The key, the penitent Egil Krogh recently said, "is the effect that the term 'national security' had on my judgment. The very words served to block critical analysis. It seemed at least prescient if not unpatriotic to inquire into just what the significance of 'national security' was." If Mr. Nixon is not impeached, it will be a meal from Congress to future Presidents that they can define national security as they wish, share their definition with no one, and do whatever they claim national security requires. It will be difficult for future Congresses to object when future Presidents upon the powerful precedent of Nixon will thus have established

Future Presidents will be tempted most of all to assume that the American people in the end really prefer a regime based on and limited to the idea of quadrennial accountability as long as it is divorced from the stupidity of a Watergate burglary. A Watergate is precisely the sort of excess that more intelligent or less included Presidents than Mr. Nixon would take every care to avoid. If Mr. Nixon is still in office in January 1977, even though his personal reputation may be shattered beyond repair, he will very likely have succeeded in consolidating the imperial Presidency.

There may be still another international consequence. There are many ways to deal with the abuse of Presidential power. One is to reestablish and enforce the system of ac-



bility. The other is to reduce the powers of the President. Having failed to do the first, Congress would doubt attempt the second. Since no one in Congress really trusts Mr. Nixon an inch, if he is not impeached there will be a continuing campaign all January 1977 to clip his wings through restrictive legislation. Already Congress has under consideration proposals giving itself the last word on questions like impoundment, executive privilege, executive agreements—questions that, before the Nixon Presidency, were worked out by accommodation and comity between the executive and legislative branches.

The trouble with wing-clipping legislation is that it would not only restrain Mr. Nixon in his last two years but could do injury, perhaps lasting injury, to the Presidency as an institution. But the Presidency as an institution is really not the cause of our trouble. As an institution, the Presidency has served the republic well during most of the course of American history. It would be fallacious to viscerate the institution because a recent President or two abused the trust—or because Congress and the people allowed the system of accountability to fall into decay. The great virtue of impeachment is that it punishes the offender without punishing the office. It would permit future presidents to use legitimate powers to the full while warning them in an emphatic way that they had better not usurp illegitimate powers or ignore the system of accountability.

Impeachment is, after all, the constitutional remedy. It is not, as some citizens seem to suppose, a form of *mise en majesté*. The Founding Fathers prescribed it in the full expectation that it would be used. Madison deemed it "indispensable" that the constitution contain a provision "depending the Community against the incapacity, negligence or perfidy of the Chief Magistrate." Monroe called the impeachment clause "the main spring of the great machine of government," the method of keeping the machine in motion by its own powers and on proper balance." There can be no better means than this of making future Presidents sensitive to the system of accountability—and of making future Congresses remember that they too have a responsibility in the constitutional order. If there was ever a time when the community

needed defense against Presidential incapacity, negligence, and perfidy, it is surely today. If Congress does not act in 1974, the deterrent effect of the impeachment clause will thereafter be nonexistent.

**T**HE CONSTITUTIONAL SIDE of the story is not all, nor is it even perhaps the more important side. A Congressional decision to excuse Mr. Nixon's transgressions would create more than a constitutional model. It would create a moral model.

The President of the United States occupies a peculiar but recognized place in the moral organization of American society. Theodore Roosevelt called the Presidency a "bully pulpit." Franklin Roosevelt said it was "preeminently a place of moral leadership." Parents used to hope their children would grow up to be President. Children like to see the President, whoever he is, as benign and wise, the national father to whom they can safely entrust their lives and their destinies.

What happens to this bond when a President no longer sets a particularly edifying example? No doubt it

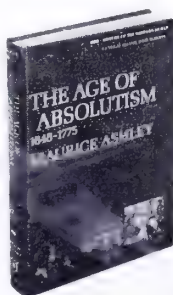
is healthy not to see a President as a superhuman figure. Yet it troubles the whole society when he can no longer be seen as any sort of example at all. Few among us can hate our children enough to urge them to model themselves on Mr. Nixon. "He is the most visible and instructive father figure we have," Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., recently wrote, "our most impressive teacher. What does he teach our children? To give almost nothing to charity, to cheat in money matters at every opportunity, to lie, to reject all criticism, to be indifferent to the needs of strangers, to treat laws disrespectfully, to love only close friends and relatives and sports on television, and to carpet-bomb at Christmas." How to convey the ideals of American life in the face of such a moral example?

Mr. Nixon has succeeded for the moment in turning the Presidency into preeminently a place of immoral leadership. This is not only confusing for children and demoralizing for parents but it spreads its contamination well beyond the White House, bringing American politics in general into discredit. Nothing has been more marked after Watergate than the

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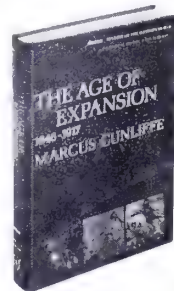
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indiscriminate national revulsion against all politicians. I saw a bumper sticker the other day: BE A PATRIOTIC AMERICAN—VOTE AGAINST ALL INCUMBENTS. All this is manifestly unfair. Mr. Nixon's chums were, in the main, not politicians at all. They were public-relations men, bond lawyers, and the like, with little knowledge of and no respect for the political process. They never understood that democratic politics is a conflict of limited liability in which the opposition must always be permitted to live to fight another day. The crassness and stupidity of their tactics appalled the professionals, including those in Mr. Nixon's own party. And it was seasoned professionals like Senator Ervin who took the lead in exposing them. But if members of Congress should say, in effect, that Mr. Nixon and his men did not after all transgress the bounds of traditional politics, that none of their dirty tricks rouses serious Congressional objection, then Congress will only strengthen the popular cynicism about politicians. All politicians will be perceived as more or less out of the same can. Only Congress can redeem the reputation of politics by enforcing a distinction between Watergate politics and the politics of a constitutional democracy.

**T**HE SHRINKING FROM impeachment probably arises from the novelty of abuse of power, from the remoteness of contemporary Presidents, and from the difficulty of visualizing the offenses of the Nixon Administration. Perhaps the situation can be more easily conceived if put in terms more homely and local. A letter in the *Ann Arbor News* of December 19, 1973, did this rather well. The author, Robert P. Weeks, wrote:

*What would you do, as a citizen of Ann Arbor, if you learned that the Mayor of Ann Arbor . . . had done the following:*

1. *Approved a plan by which the Chief of the Ann Arbor Police Department could illegally tap your phone, open your mail, and burglarize your apartment, office or house;*

2. *Directed the Ann Arbor Police and FBI agents to tap the phone of the Ann Arbor News reporter who covers city hall; directed the FBI to investigate a newscaster for the local radio station;*

3. *Withheld knowledge of a burglary from a local judge trying a case in which that knowledge was crucially important;*

4. *Secretly taped conversations held in the mayor's office in city hall between himself and citizens like you as well as public officials, then when a confirmed court order required him to turn over nine of these tapes, refused to obey; then, reversed himself; then, announced that the two tapes containing perhaps the most critically important material never existed;*

5. *Tripled his wealth while serving as Mayor of Ann Arbor;*

6. *Paid practically no Federal income taxes for several years because he claimed huge and legally dubious deductions for turning over his official papers to the Ann Arbor Historical Commission;*

7. *Surreptitiously used Ann Arbor taxpayers' funds to make major improvements on two private dwellings of his;*

8. *Twice selected personally as mayor pro tem a man who had bribes delivered to him in city hall and then had to resign to avoid going to jail;*

9. *Selected and supervised as trusted top officials of his administration seven men who were indicted, convicted or have pleaded guilty—including the city attorney.*

The citizens of Ann Arbor, Mr. Weeks suggested, would very likely not be altogether complaisant about such matters. "Should we hold Ann Arbor elected officials to one high standard of conduct but have a much lower, much more lax standard for the President? . . . Our silence is a way of saying to this President and future Presidents, 'There's practically no limit to the corruption we'll put up with in the White House.'"

It may well be that, even should a majority of the House vote to impeach Mr. Nixon, one-third plus one of the Senate would block his conviction and removal. Some people would feel that this would be the worst outcome of all, that Mr. Nixon would construe acquittal as triumphant vindication, that he would return with righteous vigor to his course of aggrandizement, that he would even reinstitute the enemies list and use all the resources of government to conduct reprisals against all who had dared challenge and criticize him.

This is not impossible, though it does not seem likely. Even if Mr.

Nixon should eventually beat the the experience of trial before Senate would inescapably have chastening effect. The readiness of Congress to carry things that must surely reinvigorate the system of accountability—not so much conviction and removal but a deal more than acting as if Mr. Nixon had done nothing out of the ordinary. The worst thing, it seems to me, would be to register Congressional acquiescence to Mr. Nixon's theory of Presidential accountability. It would be better to have impeached and removed him than never to have impeached at all.

Some dream of milder alternatives—a resolution of censure, for example, that both houses would pass by a majority vote. But this would be a cop-out and readily identifiable as such unless the resolution managed to specify exactly why the deeds in question were censurable but not impeachable. Another suggestion is a resolution calling for the President's resignation. But this would be purely hortatory, and, if more than a formality, would introduce an indigestible parliamentary element into a nonparliamentary system. I hardly think it would be wise in the long run to confer on Congress the power to remove Presidents without investigation and trial. Think what might have happened, for example, in the night of Congressional indignation after President Truman fired General MacArthur, or in the period when John Adams was standing against Congressional agitation for war with France. Yet everyone agrees that these two doughty Presidents never had finer hours.

The Founding Fathers were present in making impeachment the constitutional remedy. They did not want to make it easy to get rid of Presidents but they were determined to make it possible to do so. If members of Congress really want to restore the historic system of accountability, the means are at hand: they decide not to hold Mr. Nixon and his successors accountable except once every four years, they license the imperial Presidency, or in a new and ominous time for the republic, and transform the balance and character of our constitutional order. Impeachment may have grave consequences. Refusal to impeach the President will have consequences even more grievous and far more enduring.





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# WHY WE WILL IMPEACH HIM

Not for reasons of law or morality, but because nobody can think of anything better to do



**A**S OF THIS WRITING in mid-March, Congress finds itself being dragged without mercy toward a vote on the impeachment of President Nixon. Most of the legislators, mindful of the enemies to be made by any overt action, grimaced at that reality the way a drunk greets the light of morning. Hoping the issue would go away, both houses maneuvered to increase their salaries in a way that would leave no recorded vote for constituents to scrutinize, and Sam Ervin defended the culinary merits of North Carolina barbecue on the floor of the Senate against Joseph Montoya and his New Mexico chili peppers. Meanwhile, the question of impeachment aroused the Congressmen's chronic fear of action, testing their powers of avoidance. "Speaker Albert wants impeachment like a sex maniac wants a sterility operation," said John Conyers, a member of the House Judiciary Committee.

The House of Representatives has never liked impeachment and has usually reserved the exercise for lowly federal judges. Even then, it takes an extraordinary push to get the machinery rolling. Otto Kerner, the former Governor of Illinois, still holds a seat as a federal appeals judge despite his conviction and sentencing for several felonies, and there has been no whisper in the House about removing him. The President himself presents a far graver matter. His tenure in office is a question of high policy, fraught with difficulty and consequence—precisely the kind of issue that the Congress ordinarily handles by authorizing the President to *do* something about it.

*Taylor Branch, a contributing editor of Harper's, is at work on a book about decadence.*

In this peculiar instance, of course, the President is not eager to take the mandatory's role, but many members of Congress hope that he will achieve the same purpose by resigning after they have full opportunity to denounce Watergate and declare themselves in favor of honest government. Publicly they cry out for resignation to spare the nation further discord and scandal; in the privacy of their offices, they pray for resignation to spare themselves the awful decision.

The bells are tolling, however, for the House Judiciary Committee, whose members have realized that they will give the first answer on what to do with the President. "The other members of Congress can wait to see what we do," said Tom Railsback (R.-Ill.), "but we on the committee have been living with impeachment for several months now. We have to vote." The historic magnitude of the issue has impaled the Judiciary Committee on the point of decision. There is no chance that the full House will impeach Nixon without the recommendation of the committee. But if it does urge impeachment, the other Representatives will feel the full weight of the responsibility for the first time. They, too, will suffer the trauma of an inescapable vote, and they will be yanked from their customary lassitude toward an actual matter of government.

The thirty-eight members of the Judiciary Committee retain much more anonymity than one would expect of a group that controls the main valve for impeachment; few citizens can name more than a handful of them. There are no legendary figures on the committee, no statesmen who command enough authority to part a sea of reporters. By and large, 23



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their political achievements belong on the feature pages. Among the twenty-one Democrats, Paul Sarbanes of Maryland is best known as a Princeton classmate and friend of Ralph Nader's. Two members are noted for their contributions to the new Democratic walking tradition: Wayne Owens plodded across 689 miles of Utah to win a seat in 1972, and Jerome Waldie slogged through 690 miles of California desert to boost his campaign for Governor of California this year. Four members made the White House enemies list: John Conyers of Michigan ("Emerging as a leading black anti-Nixon spokesman," wrote John Dean); Father Robert Drinan of Massachusetts (a peace activist, the first priest ever elected to Congress); Charles Rangel of New York (who defeated Adam Clayton Powell and now wins Harlem with Thieu-like majorities); and Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin, a longtime leader of the few erudite liberals in the House. Barbara Jordan of Texas is known as the first black Congresswoman elected from the South in this century, and Elizabeth Holtzman won recognition by defeating one of the old fixtures of the House, Emanuel Celler, chairman of the Judiciary Committee for more than thirty years. Other than these few, the Democrats on the Committee have won distinction only by force of their personalities. William Hungate of Missouri, for example, is the jester—brimming with tales of his favorite Missourian, Mark Twain. His son is a bass player for Sonny and Cher.

The seventeen Republicans are an even more nondescript lot. As a group, they might easily be taken for a reunion of former fraternity presidents from a Big Ten university. They include one famous name—Hamilton Fish, Jr., of Dutchess County in New York. His father held the same seat for years, making sure that Franklin Roosevelt never carried his home area of Hyde Park. FDR campaigned against him in bitter futility. The present Fish entered politics in 1968 by defeating G. Gordon Liddy for the Republican nomination, and he is now an ally of Norman Vincent Peale in spiritual activities. Rep. Trent Lott of Mississippi speaks for the district that gave President Nixon his largest majority (87 percent) in the 1972 election. A bright young conservative, Lott de-

nounces the distorted media and says it would be hard to locate a white McGovern voter in his area. Charles Wiggins represents Nixon's hometown, Whittier; and William Frolich comes from Joe McCarthy's native city of Appleton, Wisconsin. David Dennis is a bespectacled o-mudgeon who represents Muncie, Indiana, in the Gothic heartland.

**I** EXPECTED THE PUBLIC spotlight of impeachment to bring out the worst qualities of obscure politicians—the headiness of new recognition, the promise of new dreams for the voters, the discovery of previously hidden charisma. Several of them, it seemed likely, would decide they really belonged in the Senate. Had that been the case, I would have had the familiar task of pillorying them as elected minstrels who behave like sightseers after Dunkirk—scrabbling in the ruins for souvenirs while exclaiming world peace. After interviewing most of the members of the committee, I came away instead with the feeling one often gets from jurors. Most of them seemed like ordinary citizens sobered by the realization that they hold a man's fate in their hands. There were exceptions, of course: a few of Nixon's friends looked as if someone had turned out the lights at the last sales luncheon, and some of his enemies were high on the unctuousness of the Lott's work. But aside from these extremes, most of the members seemed drained of the baser elements that normally shine forth in political interviews. This was especially true of the dozen or so members who might hold the swing votes on impeachment. Their feelings seemed, well, appropriate when they emerged through the familiar rhetoric. Perhaps it was because they fully expect to send out a resolution favoring impeachment. The likelihood of removing the President from his office has registered upon them with the same solemn impact that comes to dying villains at the end of old movies, when, listening to violin music, they have profound insights on the meaning of life.

Many learned observers, and nearly all Washington cabdrivers, believe that the President will do something to wriggle through. This is the lesson of the past, and it allows onlookers to enjoy a contemptuous view of both Nixon and the Congress. But I think





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something different is afoot on the Judiciary Committee. My own guess is that they will support impeachment by a vote of at least 24 to 14, with nearly all the swing voters and a few surprise Republicans coming down for the prosecution. Many of the swing voters seem to anticipate this outcome with a cold chill.

The result of the Judiciary Committee's deliberations already seems clearer than the reasons behind the impeachment. The collective view of the committee members suggests that President Nixon will not be impeached because of the impartial force of the law. The law is too vague. He will not be impeached on the basis of political calculations by the members of Congress. They have tried hard to see the path of political survival, but the path remains veiled in darkness. And he will not be impeached by morally impassioned legislators with a new vision of the country's future. Most of the votes for impeachment will be cast with a curious lack of passion that reflects a strange and haunting fact: the President will be impeached by a Congress that has no better ideas than he about how to lead the country away from its pervasive troubles. They can impeach the President, but they cannot override his vetoes on any significant matter concerning the country's political direction. They will defer to his judgment and grant him sweeping powers right up to the moment they drive him from office.

Why, then, impeachment, and what do the committee members hope to gain by it? They remind me of Abraham wrestling with the divine command to slit Isaac's throat, struggling toward the conclusion that a higher authority cannot be refused. As it must have been with Abraham, the committee members wonder how circumstances conspired to present them with such an impossible situation—in which the question becomes defined in such a way that they must vote either to impeach the President or to sanction unconscionable actions. They will impeach him for conduct that cost no one his life or an arbitrary jail term, and that caused no one to go hungry—in short, for things that, under different circumstances, could easily be overlooked. As it is, however, most of the members sense they will have no choice, and even the President's most loyal defenders feel the ground eroding be-

neath their feet. The members of the committee have undergone a change that befits these odd circumstances after finding little help in the area that normally sustain impeachment.

### The silence of the Founder

**T**HE MEMBERS of the committee espound views for public consumption on the law of impeachment, the intentions of the Founding Father and the meaning of the precedent here and in England. This gives scholarly and judicious cast to the debates and makes the members look like diligent attorneys—rummaging through diaries left over from the Constitutional Convention of 1787. After a certain amount of such talk, however, almost everyone concedes that the law is no more than a spinning compass in these matters, with precedents for almost everything. "At some point, the decision has to be subjective," said Chairman Peter Rodino. "That's why impeachment is part of the political process instead of being an ordinary judicial matter."

The argument continues, nevertheless, over the precise meaning of "treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors," the constitutional grounds for impeachment. Advocates of the "strict" interpretation maintain that an indictable crime is required. They cite Blackstone, Madison, Pinckney of South Carolina. They also cite the assorted legal opinions in the cases of the twelve Americans who have been impeached by the House (nine federal judges, one Senator, a Secretary of War, and President Andrew Johnson). The attorneys for those defendants, and for possible defendants like Justice William O. Douglas and Nixon, concluded (to no one's surprise) that the grounds for impeachment lie only within the narrow definition of overt criminal conduct. Partisans of impeachment, on the other hand, have always leaned toward the "broad" view, by which officials can be impeached for grave political offense such as abuse of public trust or gross neglect of duty. They cite different passages from Madison and Blackstone, and it is generally argued that they have a greater selection of authorities to choose from: Hamilton, Patrick Henry, James Wilson, and so on. The *New York Times's* favorite Framer is George Mason of Virginia.



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who held that the President could be impeached for almost anything, cloaked in suitably dignified language: for "making bad treaties" or "maladministration" (to which Madison objected as being too vague), and also "if the President be connected in any suspicious manner with any person, and there be grounds to believe he will shelter him." One of the few Framers not quoted in the battle of the footnotes is William Blount of Tennessee, who was himself impeached in 1797, while a Senator, for urging an interpreter to garble communications with the Seminole Indians in a way that would incite them to attack the Spaniards in Florida. The Senate declined to try Blount, on the ground that members of Congress are not subject to impeachment. This self-immunization is one of the few lasting precedents in the field.

The Justice Department has determined that "if there is one lesson to be learned from this material it is that nothing can be considered resolved." The Representatives on the Judiciary Committee have reached the same conclusion, but they continue to make declarations on this

high issue because it is a handy way to avoid discussing the particulars of the Nixon case. All the committee's Democrats and about a third of the Republicans espouse the broad view that it is possible to impeach a President for nonindictable offenses and they applaud the effort of the constitutional scholar Raoul Berger to rescue this standard from vagueness. Berger has discovered a "limited, technical" meaning of "high crimes and misdemeanors" in the British Parliamentary practice, which is some triumph since British impeachments were even more inscrutably wanton than our own. Viscount Mordaunt was impeached for making uncivil addresses to a lady, Chief Justice Scroggs for notorious excesses and debaucheries, the Duke of Buckingham for taking offices that he did not deserve, and so on. Berger distills a broad but limited definition of impeachable offenses from these episodes, and the Representatives struggle to endorse it. One of the staunchest supporters of the broad definition, Representative Waldie, described the difficulties: "God knows what the hell it means."

Such arguments over the grounds

for impeachment are a ritual of the process, and they help establish the grave mien that is undoubtedly required. But the issue tends to dissolve in the committee's consensus that President Nixon will not, in the end, be impeached for anything other than criminal offenses. "As a practical matter, you have to impeach for something that an overwhelming majority of the American people will look at and say is flat wrong," said Robert Kastenmeier. From the other direction, conservative Republican Charles Wiggins observed: "If the evidence tends to show that Richard Nixon would be indictable for willful obstruction of justice, particularly his own justice, I think the question of definition would disappear." The expectation of such evidence forms the core of the impeachment vote of the committee.

Many of the Representatives seem to worry not so much about whether the offense must be a crime but about how serious it should be. Must a precedent be set for impeaching a President who falsifies his tax returns? Can a Congressman who accepts contributions from the milk lobby lead an inquest against future Presidents for their milk deals? Testing the evidence is one thing, but weighing the gravity of an offense introduces the nasty subjective element. Chairman Rodino said that an impeachable crime is like love—you can't define or predict it, but you know when it's there. Others, ominously, likened their decision to that of a judge in a pornography case. They all agreed that it's vague. "I wish I could, as a lawyer, just sit back and weigh the evidence against the law," said James Mann of South Carolina (whose district went 80 percent for Nixon in 1972). "That would be easier and more objective. But there are uncertainties that cast us adrift in a more political atmosphere."

### The politics of impeachment

**A**NY DEMOCRAT WHO wants to run against a ticket headed by Jerry Ford instead of Nixon is *sick*, pure and simple," said Rep. William Hungate of Missouri, as he leafed through a stack of legal opinions, press clippings, and speeches from the great impeachment trials. "A lot of the best Republicans won't even run with Nixon. But if you trade him for

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Jerry Ford, they will knock you down wanting to run for office. At some time, the local Republicans—the candidates for coroner and sheriff and the guys in the furniture business out there—are going to start calling their Republican Congressmen to say: give us Ford. The political vote for the Democrats would be to keep Nixon forever.”

“You’ve got to remember that these guys around here are subject to two basic rules,” observed John Conyers, with contemptuous sarcasm. “One is that they wouldn’t vote impeachment on anybody if they could get out of it. Two is that they would impeach their *mothers* if necessary to stay in office. It’s not up to these fellows. It’s the external events that are going to operate on their little hearts and minds.” Conyers, like some of the other advocates of impeachment, often attributes the reluctance of his colleagues to cowardice and opportunism. He is in a good position to stand on principle in this case, since he could probably demand that Nixon submit to the guillotine without incurring the wrath of his constituents, only 14 percent of whom were Nixon supporters in the 1972 landslide. It is not clear whether he could take so righteous a view if his conscience called for the President’s acquittal.

Opportunism works in both directions. Democrats think the Republicans might dump their leader to save themselves, and Republicans think the Democrats might want to avoid facing Gerald Ford. Hamilton Fish, while bristling at the idea that political factors might intrude on a great constitutional question, expressed a widely held Republican view: “I think the Democrats should think twice about putting Ford in office two years before the 1976 election.”

Most members of the committee speak of procedural fairness, of conscience, and of the transcendent importance of the issue. Yet they all read their mail and acknowledge that sinister partisan ideas are afoot. Democrats concede that there is temptation in their ranks to let the President twist in the wind. Republicans have detected a deep longing for Gerald Ford. There is much political gossip, but the net figures from the calculations point nowhere. When the tide was running against impeachment, the pressure seemed to be on the Republicans. “They would

have the tougher choice,” said the third-ranking Democrat, Jack Brooks of Texas. “They would be saddled with Nixon for elections, but they would still have to vote on impeachment themselves. If they do not vote to impeach, they will be forced to defend Nixon in spite of themselves. It’s a tough bullet to bite. They have to alienate either the Republican die-hards who work in their campaigns or the independents and Democrats who make up their margin of victory.” Now that impeachment seems likely, however, some of the pressure has shifted to the Democrats, who talk fearfully of the Ford juggernaut and the Nixon sympathy vote. People who favor the political execution of Nixon, they say, might still have some irrational distaste for his executioners.

John Conyers has a safe vote for impeachment, and the ranking Republican, Edward Hutchinson of Michigan, probably has a safe vote against it. But most of the committee members come from districts where the political impact of impeachment cannot be foretold. Everything cuts both ways.

I think the case against President Nixon is so far advanced within the committee that partisan politics will decide *how* impeachment proceeds, not whether it will succeed. Some of the shrewder Representatives already work on this assumption. “Look,” said Charles Wiggins, “the Democrats know that we would only impeach Richard Nixon for actual crimes, but they are smart enough not to rule out anything now. They will take evidence on Cambodia, impoundment, and a whole host of matters that they know will not produce articles of impeachment. Then they can write a committee report saying Richard Nixon is bad, terrible; he told lies, and he’s a dirty SOB for all these things, but the committee, in its judicious wisdom, is only impeaching him for a few outstanding crimes.” Wiggins, who is considered by most members the most forceful lawyer on the committee, leaned over his desk and continued: “That’s when things will get nasty. I’m not defending the misdeeds of Richard Nixon, but I think it’s an abuse of our power to pursue matters that are not likely to lead to impeachment. I don’t want to subpoena witnesses to testify on how Lyndon Johnson used the FBI or the IRS,

but the only objective standard for judging *political* abuses is to compare them with past practices.”

A Republican who anticipates voting for impeachment might be wise to wave the flag for Nixon’s values and defend him with great feeling before announcing that he is overwhelmed by the evidence of certain crimes—a soldier for the defense followed by a statesman who casts self-interest aside for the welfare of the republic. A Democrat in the same position may feel compelled to paint the blackest picture of Nixon’s sins so that he can come off as a crusader for the regeneration of the system. Nine Democrats on the committee come from districts carried by McGovern in 1972, and the main limitation on their fervor will come from their own self-restraint. Most of the Democrats and all of the Republicans who vote for impeachment will try to strike a posture combining pain and duty.

The political attentions of the committee members already focus on how they will explain their votes back home. The presentation is crucial, they think, and their judgments on this score provide hints as to how they are leaning now. Rep. Walter Flowers of Alabama said that his constituents would not allow him to vote for impeachment if he tries to explain it by saying there was enough evidence to require a trial. “That’s passing the buck to the Senate,” he observed. “I don’t think any constituency would buy it.” Flowers said he would have to be convinced that Nixon is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. Ray Thornton of Arkansas, on the other hand, has decided that he will vote for impeachment if he, like a grand juror, finds “probable cause” of an impeachable crime. “We could not determine the President’s guilt without having a full trial,” he said, “which would be usurping the function of the Senate.”

After a long discussion on the political situation in Muncie (“My people aren’t all that wrought up about impeachment”), Rep. David Dennis said that the question is beyond politics: “You don’t have to give us too much credit, but I think we are struggling to find the best thing for the country, aside from saving our own skins. And frankly, even if we tried to figure it out in purely political terms, it would be very difficult to do. You’re just as likely to



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## Impeachment without passion

**I**F THE ANSWER is not to be found clearly in law or in politics, neither will it come from a clash of high passions over the future course of the country. One of the most striking things about the Representatives on the committee is the numbed calm with which they approach their task. Most of them call it a "relaxed atmosphere." A judicious demeanor is understandable, but even behind that, in off-the-record discussions, only a few of the Representatives spoke for or against the President with the emotional drive that I expected in an impeachment. After all, they are moving toward what would be the first removal of a President in history, and it seems only natural that his detractors would be moved to the core by the dangerous, if not evil, character of the man, and that his defenders would reciprocate with equal force. But the committee members investigate the President with all the feeling of a meter maid on her rounds.

Perhaps the nature of impeachment has changed, because the Representatives seem removed from the violent political clashes that have marked previous impeachments for what they are—major national traumas, politics in extremis.

"We have a much more relaxed attitude about this than there was, for example, in the Johnson trial," said Henry Smith of New York. "What we're talking about is skulduggery in high places, and there's always a certain amount of that." Trent Lott offered a slightly different view: "Both sides feel a little awkward in their positions. That's why there is no great passion."

In *The Federalist Papers*, Alexander Hamilton wrote that impeachments would bring out and concentrate the contending passions of the full community. Such is the nature of the process, and strong feelings animate it. In the case of President Nixon, however, I think you can make a better case that it is precisely the *absence* of political passions in the House of Representatives that makes his impeachment possible. How else can a body that shrinks from almost any conflict with the President im-

peach him? Even as Representatives of the House are prying President Nixon out of the White House for his testimony, he is vetoing with impunity its bills on major national dilemmas. The polls and commentators agree that the country is suffering acutely from various crises—energy and growth, of confidence in the future, of belief in political, economic, and family institutions—far beyond what President Nixon could have caused, and yet there is no sign that the House and Senate have any notion of how to change the direction of the country. Their political ideas can generally be expressed as plus or minus 10 percent from the President's budget. It is hard to believe that the House would impeach President Nixon out of sheer commitment to rectitude in government, for the country swallowed corruption easily when it was going somewhere.

If the impeachment of President Nixon were to be decided on the basis of political beliefs, he would probably walk all over his opposition. On the big issues that excite people's emotions—war, taxes—his instincts seem close to those in Munich. Although it is traditional for defendants to seek the narrowest grounds for impeachments, one would expect President Nixon to seek broad ones so that he could exercise his command over the country's defensive passions—the cornered feelings shared by those who struggle to make something of themselves when the times are sagging against them. The President might be able to lie and cheat in the name of one of the values, but not in the name of but glars caught red-handed.

## What impeachment resolve

**O**VER THE PAST YEAR, impeachment has gone from a subject for graffiti buffs to one that has the President changing lawyers. At the same time, the country has continued in what several members of the Judiciary Committee call a "downward spiral." Angst is everywhere and the Congress is looked upon favorably by only 21 percent of the public. Representative Waldie says that the voters are angry and fed up, and that you can fill up a petition to oust President Nixon at any long gas line in the country. "You wouldn't have to haggle over wh-



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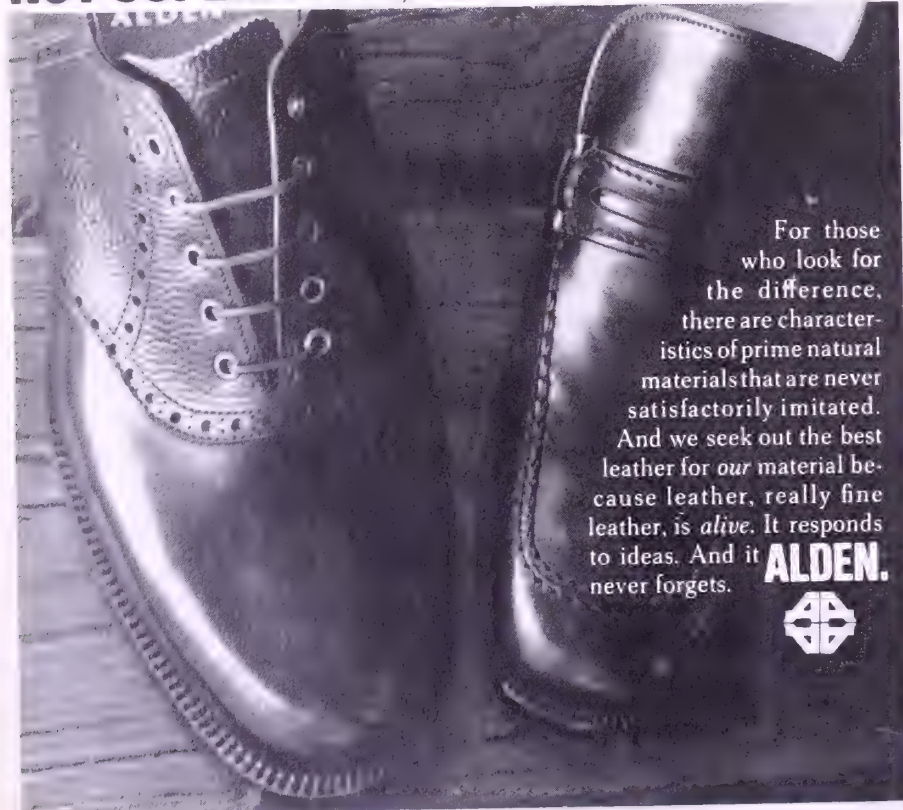
constitutes an impeachable offense he added. But what happens if President Nixon gives way to Jerry Ford and then the gas lines and the downward spiral stay with us?

Waldie's idea that the President could be impeached at any gas line is enough to give pause to the most devoted impeacher. It is evident that the same sullen resentments that helped put Nixon in office now work against him. Some people vent their spleens against liberals and the press, predicting that the country would be rescued if we would stop howling at Nixon so that he can go forward with his bold programs and his dinner with Brezhnev and the oil sheikhs. Others vent their spleens against Nixon, predicting full tanks and renewed political vigor if we get rid of him. The hyperbole is inevitable, but it is still nonsense. No matter what happens to Nixon, there will not be a new frontier, or an old one, because nobody knows how one would work. The debate over Watergate and impeachment is the most engaging political question in the country, partly because it avoids the imponderable problems that lie beyond it.

The President created his own Watergate problems but not necessarily all the conditions that make his impeachment possible. No one knows how many impeachment votes will drop away without shortages and crises, but it is a reasonable suspicion that at least some Representatives, under great pressure to do something, to strike a match, will find Nixon's impeachment the first thing they could think of. The country is going to hell, and Nixon looks like a crook. The connection between these two items is debatable, but impeaching Nixon is at least somewhat specific and courageous. Several of the Representatives on the committee certainly feel overwhelmed by their constituents' demands to set the world aright, and they resent this bitterly as the President resents Archibald Cox. "If you think the public is disenchanted with elected officials," said one, "you ought to see what some of us think of the public."

The system is so far down the road that Representatives feel compelled to strike a blow for the basic game rules, and the President has delayed his accounting until he has reached impeachment—the only forum in which a confession will do him good. It is too late. The logic of

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tergate has pointed to his obstruction of justice, which no one can defend, and the President's deviousness in the case has led to the discovery of a host of other abuses in which he surpassed his predecessors. Nixon may be called upon to pay for more crimes than he committed, but his own actions have forced the issue. "The cynicism is so deep now that we can do nothing until it's removed," said Rep. Edward Mezvinsky. "The President tried to shift the focus from Watergate to energy and the economy in order to get away from the cynicism. But what has happened is that the distrust just followed the President to those issues. People feel they can't believe anything from government, and the President's fate is even more entwined in the distrust."

While justice and lawfulness may not always be the strongest demands of the American voters, they come to the fore when the foundations of the political community are shaken. President Nixon has given such momentum to these demands that the Congress must now deal with a question that is beyond politics. "If there is hard evidence of crimes like the cover-up," said Chairman Rodino, "we

must decide whether we will let them go, or whether we say they cannot be tolerated in our system. Is there such a serious abuse of power spread on the record that by letting it go we would in effect be approving it?"

The impeachment of Richard Nixon by the House of Representatives will evoke more emotion than it is possible to anticipate. When he becomes fully disgraced and pathetic, many people will be moved—despite his crimes—by the sight of a typically flawed American who tries too hard, puts ketchup on his cottage cheese, and is loath to admit his wrongs. Others will be intoxicated with the notion that he personifies all opposition to political harmony and purpose. Still, the emotion will be different from that of previous great impeachments, and perhaps that is good. The Johnson trial opposed contending visions of the American Union itself, but it had little impact on Reconstruction. The Nixon impeachment promises success in a more limited cause. It will provide no blueprint for the future and scant direction for our politics, but it should restore the constitutional system by which we try to decide. □



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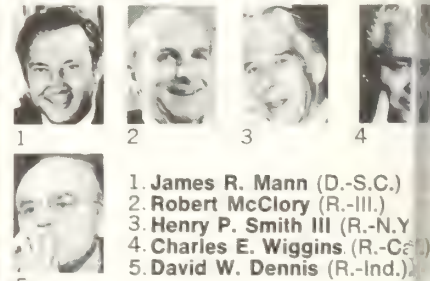
## THE LIKELY LINEUP

Nearly all thirty-eight members of the House Judiciary Committee will declare themselves uncommitted until evidence can be gathered and evaluated. But they have expectations of what the evidence will show. My judgments here of the likely votes are derived from conversations with the members, instinct and informed gossip.

### PROBABLE YES—23

Peter W. Rodino, Jr. (D.-N.J.)  
Harold D. Donohue (D.-Mass.)  
Jack Brooks (D.-Texas)  
Robert W. Kastenmeier (D.-Wis.)  
Don Edwards (D.-Calif.)  
William L. Hungate (D.-Mo.)  
John Conyers, Jr. (D.-Mich.)  
Joshua Eilberg (D.-Pa.)  
Jerome R. Waldie (D.-Calif.)  
Walter Flowers (D.-Ala.)  
Paul S. Sarbanes (D.-Md.)  
John F. Seiberling, Jr. (D.-Ohio)  
George E. Danielson (D.-Calif.)  
Robert F. Drinan (D.-Mass.)  
Charles B. Rangel (D.-N.Y.)  
Barbara Jordan (D.-Texas)  
Ray Thornton (D.-Ark.)  
Elizabeth Holtzman (D.-N.Y.)  
Wayne Owens (D.-Utah)  
Edward Mezvinsky (D.-Iowa)  
Thomas F. Railsback (R.-Ill.)  
Hamilton Fish, Jr. (R.-N.Y.)  
William S. Cohen (R.-Maine)

### SWING VOTES—5



1. James R. Mann (D.-S.C.)  
2. Robert McClory (R.-Ill.)  
3. Henry P. Smith III (R.-N.Y.)  
4. Charles E. Wiggins (R.-Calif.)  
5. David W. Dennis (R.-Ind.)

### PROBABLE NO—10

Edward Hutchinson (R.-Mich.)  
Charles W. Sandman, Jr. (R.-N.J.)  
Wiley Mayne (R.-Iowa)  
Lawrence J. Hogan (R.-Md.)  
M. Caldwell Butler (R.-Va.)  
Trent Lott (R.-Miss.)  
Harold V. Froehlich (R.-Wis.)  
Carlos J. Moorhead (R.-Calif.)  
Joseph J. Maraziti (R.-N.J.)  
Delbert L. Latta (R.-Ohio)

By this tally, there is already a majority of votes in favor of impeachment. The swing votes are important because of the effect they will have on the full House. If they go against impeachment, the vote will be seen as narrow and partisan. But if several of them go against the President, the committee report will have the force of a strong bipartisan majority.

Representative Wiggins is probably the most important of those in the middle. He should be Nixon's most forceful defender in the early committee hearings, but he is fully capable of voting for impeachment if the evidence is strong enough. He is so respected by the committee that he may carry two or three key votes with him. —TJ



# AN ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE SPACE AGE

Traveling in an already  
antique land

by Anthony Haden-Guest

HERE ARE THREE of us beach-combing, walking along a beach of white sand, and prodding at scoured benches, driftwood, rusted cans, sea-washed coconuts. But now one of us stoops, wrenches away a black tangle of seaweed, and comes up with a fragment of pale metal like a redded saucepan. He considers it, turning it over in his hands. The piece is pitted, but it flares briefly in the sunlight. "The outer casing of Titan," he says. "It must have sorted."

This is Missile Beach, Cape Canaveral, and the trophy, in itself an inconsiderable lunar potsherd, will be added to a collection of mementos, models, relics. There are in this particular collection signed photographs of all the astronauts and of some of the controllers; an actual weather rocket, pretty much in mint condition; complete sets of souvenir decks, mission by mission; instruments freshly removed from obsolete launchpads; moon-walking dolls; even nuts and bolts and oddments that have been Up There. There are two or three such small, sacred hoards around the Cape. The beginnings of archaeology of the space age.

WE HAVE PERHAPS created too much history too quickly—more than we can cope with. We are knowledgeable about the cycles: birth, growth, decay, degeneration. Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make fashionable. The space project has al-

ready accumulated a history of Byzantine complexity. There are monuments in the heartlands of the project—the Cape Canaveral Spaceport itself, and the John F. Kennedy Space Center on Merritt Island, just across the Banana River—which stand as paradigms of Instant Obsolescence. Edifices and artifacts that were the splendor of their times now lurch backward into the archaic after a history of some two decades. And everywhere the savor of decay.

It was in 1946 that a government committee, convened to pick a locale for the space program, chose Cape Canaveral in the sparsely populated and infertile terrain of northern Florida. The government bought fifteen thousand acres of land looking out over five thousand miles of ocean—ideal for rocketry. Operations got under way on October 1, 1949, with overall responsibility going to the U.S. Air Force. The following year, building began. How much money has this sour soil soaked up since? A hundred billion dollars? At least.

On July 24, 1950, the first missile was fired from the Cape. This was the Bumper, a V-2 rocket "acquired" from one of Hitler's final programs. The first tactical missile was launched a year later, and over the next few years the world grew familiar with Vanguard, Thor, Atlas, Polaris, and Jupiter-C. It all seemed hot stuff at the time but, in fact, this was the most sluggish period in the annals of the Space Coast.

October 4, 1957. Out of nowhere, the Russians launched the first man-made satellite, Sputnik I. That November they sent up Sputnik II with the first terrestrial being launched into space—Laika the dog. America

took the hint (motivated not by the Challenge of Space, but by the appealing prospect of orbital nuclear bombs). Explorer I, the first U.S. satellite, was launched on January 31, 1958, but it weighed only thirty pounds, and it compared miserably with the Russian achievement. On October 1, 1958, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) was created to quash the persistent interservice squabbling over the program. The need for coordination had become critical. The Russians had landed a rocket on the moon, and had another orbiting Venus. On April 12, 1961, they launched Vostok I. Its pilot was Yuri Gagarin, the first man in space. On May 5, Gagarin was followed by Alan Shepard.

In 1962 NASA, after some contemplation of Hawaii, decided to enlarge its premises by purchasing the 83,894 acres of Merritt Island. A further deal was made with Florida regarding 55,805 acres, much of it sunk beneath Mosquito Lagoon. And it was in this same year that President Kennedy made a resonant decision: to boldly go, as the *Star Trek* prologue was to put it in a ringing split infinitive, where no man had gone before. The race to the moon. The new center was named for the Presidential benefactor, and, in the aftermath of 1963, Cape Canaveral itself was renamed Cape Kennedy.

December 21, 1968. Borman, Lovell, and Anders flew Apollo 8 to the moon. That was the first orbit. On July 16 of the following year, Collins, Armstrong, and Aldrin took up Apollo 11. Five hundred and thirty million people watched as Armstrong and Aldrin walked the surface. A



Annie Leibovitz

Anthony Haden-Guest is a contributor to the London Telegraph, and is the author of The Paradise Program: Travels Through Muzak, Coca-Cola, Texaco, Walt Disney, and Other World Empires (Morrow).



slow, tranced gait over a blue-gray shimmer of dust and rock. Men on the moon. Man on the moon. Man and his machinery, but crosscut with the fabulous. Three years later, the entire program was dead.

NASA HAS ALWAYS been generous with documentation, and some of it makes for evocative reading. The lunar program itself was "The Grand Design," for instance, and the space center is "The Home of the Giants." There is a plaintive sound to that baroque New Frontier/Great Society prose nowadays, but the sense that history was in the making is acute. Yes, the history was a short one, but its dimensions were imperial, and it created and left a landscape of post-imperial melancholy.

Cape Canaveral is a flattish terrain, and poor: the only distinguishing features are man-made. Empty roads, fraying at the edges so that cars move through a small-arms fire of pebbles. Heavy Launch Road, ICBM Road, Satellite Beach. Here and there on the plain the great gantries rise. Gantries are the structures that house the rockets, feeding them

with fuel and personnel. Most of them have been abandoned, and they have a skeletal, ramshackle look, even from a distance. The vacancy and flatness also play tricks with vision, so that one moment the gantries will loom on the horizon, like the monuments of Luxor or Angkor Wat, rendered into metal; then at a blink they will dwindle to Tinker Toys carelessly left on a nursery rug.

The VAB remains dominant. The VAB is the Vehicle Assembly Building, the second-largest building in the world, superseded only by Boeing's main assembly plant in Everett, Washington. It is partly the odd, box-like shape and partly the almost arty coloring (broad bands of gray and cream) that make it look like a gift-wrapped package, a modish file cabinet somehow left out in the sun and rain. It seems apt that while excavating the foundations workmen should have found the bones of a mammoth.

Today I am driving with Don Engle. Engle is a scientist with a soft, scholastic manner and a zeal for the history of the program that is rare in his colleagues. With us is Mary Bubb, who has been a space

journalist almost since the first day of the space center. My intention is to visit the important sites in some sort of chronological sequence. The dates are known, the facts of the space program exhaustively documented. No Rosetta stone should prove necessary for the archaeology of space. Or so it might seem.

We are, anyway, trying to identify the first Bumper pad, scene of the first launch. And we can't find it.

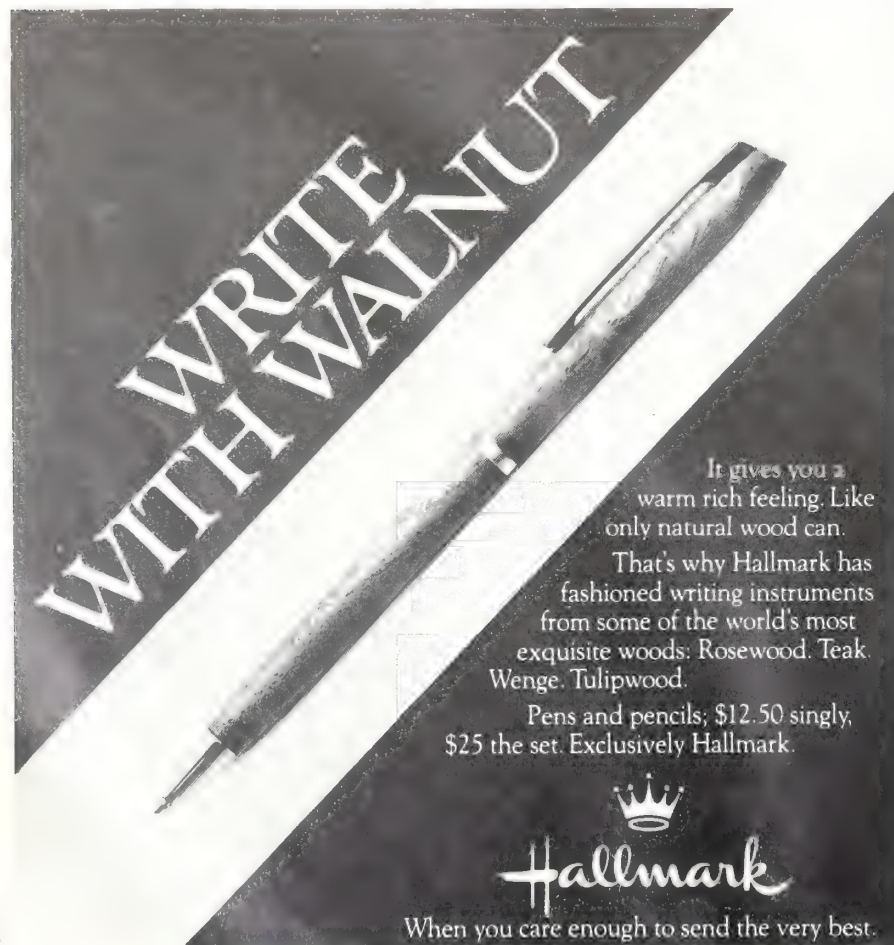
"It's this one," Engle finally decides, "or maybe this one...."

Alternatives. Patches of deteriorating concrete, both overgrown by weeds. The concrete is crossed by metal tracks, clogged with shell-crusted tar. Stanchions and steel plates remain bolted in place, with shorn lengths of heavy-duty wire still attached, and there are ground markings in flaking yellow paint. But there are no indications that it was on this place, right here, that something once happened. Something of importance. A deserted building nearby carries a freshly painted sign reading, "Ordnance and Cryogenic Test Building. NASA."

Those with sci-fi leanings call the scientists Spacers but, with echoes of a still earlier past, they prefer to think of themselves as Pioneer. There is, indeed, a society—the Missile, Space, and Range Pioneers, Inc.—which holds annual reunions at Cocoa Beach. Cocoa Beach is a small town, a few miles from the Cape, and quiet enough nowadays, but it has a gimcrack look that recalls its past as the boomtown of the Space Coast, the place where the astronaut groupies would hang out, usually making deals with hard-drinking engineers.

This year the Pioneers held their reunion at the Atlantis Beach Lodge. I was not there, but I have heard the Pioneers talk, and they speak in melancholy voices, hardly distinguishable from the tones of those last, leftover colonialists who and down the west coast of Africa. They recall past physical distresses with evident pleasure. The mosquitoes. The rattlesnakes that would be lured to the sun-warmed concrete of a pad until, perhaps, roasted by a blasting-off Redstone. They were indeed pioneers, ignored by the world outside. "The tactical pads for the Matador were built from an old Indian midden," Engle said, "to save cash on the concrete."

Before Sputnik, the media were




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ot made welcome in Outer Space. They wouldn't let us on the Cape those days," says Mary Bubb. She is a leathery, no-nonsense lady who can swap stress equations with an astrophysicist. Her walls are hung with signed photographs of astronauts and the space-oriented covers of *Life*. She is one of the pros of the Space Coast, and in her house I met Harrison Schmitt, Ron Evans, and Gene Cernan, the astronauts who went up in that last Apollo flight. But it was not always so for Mary Bubb. She shows me a beach with a distant but reasonable view of the rocket ranges over the water. "This is where the press came for the first launch. It was thick with growth, and there were rattlesnakes all over. It was two or three hours to the grocery store, and we would literally sleep out here. We used to watch with binoculars, and they used to come over with choppers. The security people..."

Those skirmishes are recollected with delight. Howard Benedick of KSC still keeps the radio set with which he broke the Cape's coded launching plans. "After Sputnik, everything was different." The media trust, public relations for Camelot. "They needed us," one old space worker says glumly. "I know *everyone* at the Cape. I've been covering space from the beginning. What do I do now? I'll tell you. I go on welfare."

**A LATER TOUR.** Down to the harbor, where the nuclear subs come in. A half-billion-dollar boat is at anchor. There were two of these, designed as mobile space-tracking stations, but their functions were instantly assumed by planes, and they were never used. Moving on, we pass the Polaris launch complexes. It was the Polaris that was stationed in Holy Loch, Scotland, where it was the occasion of many of those nuclear-disarmament marches of the later Fifties. "Polaris" is still an emotive word in Britain, so it seems odd to find the site nonoperational. I tug at the steel fittings embedded in concrete, and some rings break away in my hand, the white paint crumbling and the rust underneath sifting through my fingers in a peppery powder.

The seaboard of the Cape has a higher concentration of salt than anywhere else on the Eastern shore of the United States. Salt clogs the air,

nibbles and corrodes. This and the high, squealing gales that afflict the Coast (135 miles of steel piping has been plugged into bedrock to prevent the VAB itself from sailing away, as one NASA man puts it, "like a giant box kite") together contribute to a freakish acceleration of the normal processes of decay.

Not that nature has to work unaided. Consider Launch Complexes 34 and 37. Twin sites, the venue for fifteen Saturn blast-offs. We see cranes, predatory and delicate, picking at the hulk of 34. NASA has sold off both gantries to salvage firms for what they will fetch. What is left of 34 is a gray concrete armature—copper and other components of any value have gone—red girders, white piping, bright blue swabbing of insulation material, and a mound of rubble, larded with high-technology junk. I pick up a plastic panel: "Water Glycol and Freon Service." Mission control, or something to do with the drains? Ruined papers flap at my feet. That translucent stock with baby-blue computer lettering. Page after page of binary notations. "Prepared by KSC Computation Branch. This is Quick Look Data and

consequently has not been edited." A daily equipment check or the nanosecond-by-nanosecond record of a long-gone launch? I let the papers drift back with the rest of the detritus. The salvage contractors are wearing white-plastic hardhats and drinking midmorning Cokes. They sit at ease in chairs lettered "VIP CONFERENCE ROOM," or, "COMPLEX 37 FIRING ROOM DO NOT REMOVE."

The sun burns down on the plastic. The more fatly poignant of nineteenth-century verses trundle through my mind. Fitzgerald's dying falls. "They say the Lion and the Lizard keep/The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep." Or, more to the point, Shelley:

*My name is Ozymandias,  
king of kings  
Look on my works, ye Mighty,  
and despair!*

Back now, down ICBM Road, to Launch Complex 19. Further back in time. Nineteen had been in use since February 2, 1960, and was the site for the Gemini launches. It was from here that John Glenn took off, becoming our first Space Hero. Also Ed White, who, on June 3, 1965, became

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You can see the ocean from Complex 19. The salt-heavy air blurs the vision, tangibly, and rust has so fretted the metal platforms that you have to walk with extreme caution. As with derelict buildings anywhere, I suppose. Some of the struts give easily, with just the smack of a hand. On the platform from which Colonel Glenn entered the module we find a small skeleton. Probably a rabbit. It is picked entirely clean.

One complex remains more or less intact. Ready for the tourist traffic. This is Launch Complex 26, which includes Complex 5/6, from which the first two American suborbital flights originated, and Pad 26B, from which was launched Explorer I. Alan Shepard was the first astronaut (as opposed to cosmonaut) to Go Up, and his craft still rests on its pad, surrounded by an effective *tableau morte* of the trucks and backup equipment of that time. A school tour, nine- and ten-year-olds, racketing everywhere, pulling at levers, wrestling with knobs and dials.

Behind us one building has been preserved. The computer consoles are less than a decade old, but have already acquired an elegant quaintness, like the bodywork of vintage automobiles. Also on view are space utensils, and silver suits, while the main hardware is standing outside. The rocketry. The Origin of the Species. The minuscule German buzz bomb, the Snark. Mace, Bomarc, the air-breathing Bull Moose, the lumpy Navaho, nicknamed for obvious reasons the Never-Go Navaho. Redstone, Thor, Jupiter, and, lastly, those evocative names, suggesting news flashes, headlines, earnest TV explanations, all that wondrous material that became decreasingly marveled at: Gemini and Titan. Atlas. Atlas-Centaur. Apollo. and Mariner. The great spaceships.

Another tourist busload arrives, an older one. Cape Canaveral tours started in 1966, but the business has swollen since Disney World opened fifty miles up the road in Orlando. Not that the Cape ranks particularly high as an attraction. Local guidebooks and brochures assess its value below that of Disney World or even Johnny Weissmuller's Jungle Land. At the level, perhaps, of the aquatic spectacles in the Cypress Gardens. Even so, it isn't a bad business. Five million visitors had struggled around

the hardware by the end of last year. This group seems pretty characteristic. They stare at the materiel with the furtively resentful indifference provoked in tourists by packaged historic exhibits anywhere. They are middle aged; their caps, shirts, and souvenir bags are lettered "Miami" and "Disney World." The bags will themselves probably contain a few souvenirs. The Gemini Capsule clip-on earrings, maybe, at \$2.65. The Kennedy Space Center key chain or the Lunar Module rhodium-plated tie-bar, both at \$1.85. The Moon Plaque lighter, the Anti-Gravity pen, the Apollo 11 playing cards, the inflatable Plastic Astronaut. The spacemen had needed the public and the media. The media and the public acquired them.

**G**UMMAN IS LEAVING. Grumman is one of the aerospace firms contracted for work on the Program Corporation's squabble over the diminishing pickings (the Cape Canaveral tours, for example, are operated by TWA, an airline. Boeing, an aircraft manufacturer, is, even more oddly, responsible for security). Grumman, a capable firm, is awash with sentiment. "This May Be Our Last," read a sign on that last lunar module. "But It Will Be Our Best."

The Grumman effort here was run by Chuck Kroupa. He sits in his office, fondling one of the white-plastic hardhats worn in the vehicle assembly areas. "It's a shame that this has to happen. I guess it's just the lack of understanding or general education on the part of the American public. Because if you look at the whole Apollo program from beginning to end, the figures are someplace between twenty-five and thirty million dollars a year for a program which provided employment for, I'd say, close to half a million people.

"As we all know, programs begin, programs end. But this was an extra-special program. And my own opinion is that we'll never see the likes of the Apollo program again."

The authentic tones of dwindling Empire.

"What is going to happen now," a scientist tells me. "is a slow declination." Declination. Painful abstraction. "But then, ultimately, we think you'll have growth again. The joint program with the Soviets. And the shuttle..."

There are plans, he tells me, to use Complex 39, Pads A and B. This is the home of the waning Skylab program. All the Apollo moonshots left from Complex 39. "Contractors and personnel will start coming in the scientist says joyously. "Facilities will have to be rebuilt. Modifications will be necessary. Studies and plans will have to be done."

But even NASA men admit, without much prompting, that the American-Soviet space linkup is a political venture of minimal scientific worth. A big-screen kiss. The shuttle is widely perceived as a device for keeping a moribund culture alive—barely alive at that. The cadre of devoted scientists and engineers is dispersed and relocated. Aging. It will be incalculably difficult to duplicate the effort. The immediate future will be concerned with Earth Resources satellites. Improved communication. Functional programs, sensibly practical. And this—as a vocal minority has always said—is, perhaps, where we should have been all the time. At that money gone—where? The Moon Program was a PR man's vision, embellished with adman's poetry. It should never have happened, and won't again. *Star Trek* is over. The dream of a generation: the savior thrust into Deep Space.

**T**HERE WASN'T MUCH here before the rocketeers came and built the tall birds. Just the scrub, thorn, sand, and swamp. But the rocketeers came, and the publicists, and motels burgeoned with splendid names: the Sea Missile Motel, the Polaris, the Moon Hut. But there is nothing romantic about motel owners and real estate men. Minuteman Causeway still slides alongside the ocean, but the Vanguard Motel has already changed its name to the Beach Park and nobody has ordered an Astronaut cocktail for as long as the boom man can remember.

Ironically, the Space Age has done more to preserve an older ecology than its own abstruse technology. Effectively protected by ten years of maximum security, the wildlife of Merritt Island—in many respects the most various in the United States—swarm with alligators, varieties of snakes, and 250 species of birds. It must be something like the Florida that Ponce de León found, hoping for the Fountain of Youth.



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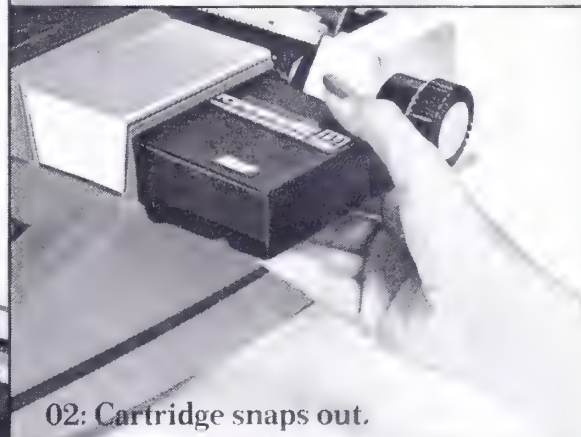
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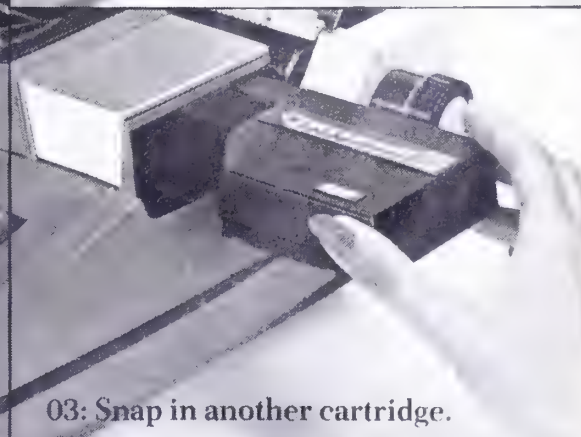
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Joe Smith

**I** KNOW THERE'S A GOD. An old man who sits in heaven and judges. I don't mean the God who throws lightning bolts into crap games or flies around balling wood nymphs who give birth to four-headed frogs. No, the God I believe in doesn't give in to fits of rage, or indulge in whimsy. Maybe in the old days but not now. Centuries of massacres and not being able to find a parking place have worn down His passion for life. He is becoming a God of little faith, and when I tell Him my tale of woe, as I have done each night for the past two years, He shrugs His shoulders, nods, and says, "So?" Not the "So?" He uttered after a cop broke my nose in six places when he caught me separating a bus from its engine during a demonstration. Nor the "So?" I got when I confessed to Him that I lost on the Super Bowl last year because I had assumed Nixon would fix it for the Redskins. But the eternal "So?" that can come only from having observed the human condition since time immemorial. The one Dostoevsky's Christ-returned laid on the Grand Inquisitor when he kissed his tormentor on the forehead.

My tale of unrequired martyrdom begins in Chicago, that wonderful town. After the Great Trial, I was besieged with all sorts of not-to-be-believed offers. There were half a dozen movie deals, including one for \$50,000 and a percentage of the prof-

its for allowing some filmmakers to follow me around for two weeks. There were offers of up to \$10,000 for Dear Abbie letters received during the trial, of \$15,000 for my trial testimony, which was public record anyway. A doll designer asked for permission to market a set of dolls, one a policeman and the other a caricature of me (the Abbie doll always gets busted).

However, there was no way I felt I could live with the inevitable accusations that I was being co-opted by Madison Avenue and Hollywood, to say nothing of having to live with myself. But what was a good Commie to do? Big political trials cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. You get the money either by robbing the ruling class or conning it. The bulk of your finances does not come from comrades who march in the streets. And so, determined to effect great social change, fight injustice wherever it reared its ugly head, forge the great proletarian revolution, and be "one of the people," I decided to tell all.

**W**HEN JASON EPSTEIN, my mentor at Random House and kingpin of the East Coast literati, leaned over his bow tie and asked, "What book are you going to do next?" I

couldn't help but snap back, "Jason, I'm going to write a book no one will publish." Jason roared with laughter. He had studied society. He knew my fame was bottled and that information was even more salable in the faithful world of pop politics. He was a complete cynic. The suicidal intention of *La Dolce Vita* plus a few pounds. A man who offered living proof that intelligence is a curse. "I'm going to call it *Steal This Book*," I said, "and it'll be a handbook on living free, stealing, and making violent revolution. I'm going to pick on the entire publishing industry. I want to test the limits of free speech." "You'll lose, Abbie; everybody dies in the end," replied the cynic. "Well, see," said my favorite hero.

Now, no writer actually sits down to write a book that no one would publish, but I felt a compulsion to reject the sensible course and plug my hand into the cookie-jar world of publishing censorship. Perhaps I got it back intact, perhaps not. After all, there were plenty of how-to-crime books available. Some were the "How To Prevent Burglary" type or sociological treatises. In addition, there was a host of books with exotic titles as *Snipers and Silence*, *Viet-Cong Booby Traps*, and *How to Make Explosives*; some of the best of these were Army training manuals straight from the government itself. But even though there was re-

*Abbie Hoffman is the author of Woodstock Nation and Revolution for the Hell of It.*



nothing illegal or unusual about seeing this information in print, such a book created especially for the youth of America would be something different. And it was that difference I wanted to test.

Books as theatrical props have always interested me. In *Woodstock Nation*, for example, there were three little tricks on the back cover that are relevant to this tale. First, there is a long quotation from the book which doesn't appear in the book at all. Second, if you look carefully at the silhouetted photograph of the author you can discern a dirty word on the forehead, something the Random House censors would clearly never have allowed had they detected it. Third, in the upper left corner appeared the legend "Steal This Book." That legend, and not the sophisticated bomb diagrams copied from government manuals, proved to be the most controversial item about the book. Distributors and stores flew into fits of rage, forcing Random House to remove the legend on the second printing. Although I had it restored on the third printing, the fracas had convinced me that it was the perfect title for a book, especially a book designed as a theater prop.

**I** ZAK HABER HAD written me a letter offering his services as bodyguard and legman for a book project. I wrote him he would be welcome and he came. It was a wild time, the spring of 1970—Kent State, Cambodia, riots, bombings. Haber was with me throughout this period, sleeping in the next room with his girlfriend and shotgun, often doing research for the book. I was his hero—he said he would take the first bullet. I had the feeling I was one of the few folks who would ever like him. Haber wrote a draft under my direction. At least I *assumed* he wrote something. "Here it is, Abbie. I've written 300 pages." "Terrific!" I replied. Later I saw that young Mr. Haber had borrowed word-for-word from existing texts. Here were thirty pages direct from a West Coast medical manual, all of "Fuck the System" (a pamphlet I had written), the complete manual of guerrilla warfare by the Brazilian revolutionary Carlos Marighela. About the only thing original was the typing. I confronted Haber. "Nobody will know. Who reads that stuff?" was his reply. My opinion of



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STEAL THIS AUTHOR

the gentleman was rapidly deflating. I had him label the pages. Across each and every section he penned, "Taken word for word from ILS handbook," "The complete manual by Marighela." In the end about twenty pages were vaguely original. Lawyers were summoned, and the text was examined. It was agreed Haber would get 22 percent of any future royalties as a researcher and that I would continue the research and write the book. Contract signed. Exit Mr. Haber.

I traveled cross country interviewing doctors, fugitives, dope dealers, draft dodgers, private detectives, country communalists, veterans, organizers, and shoplifters. Every time I met an interesting person I asked if he knew a good rip-off or survival scheme. People loved telling how they screwed the Establishment. One night a pale shadow of a fellow found me on the streets. He whispered into his cuff that he had something to show. In a nearby movie theater, he produced from his pocket a two-inch plastic cube with four prongs sticking out one side. "So?" "It's a device." "A device for what?" "When you put it on your phone all incoming calls are free." It was a gift to try. "What's your name?" I asked. "Just call me Bell, Dave Bell. I'll be in touch." Sure enough, it worked, everywhere but California. Well, for a while anyway. It wasn't perfect. Finally, his hands trembling, Bell gave me the wiring diagrams, and I put them in the book.

To supplement the notes from other researchers, the interviews, and my own reading in the various areas, I would just get stoned and fantasize a lot of twists and turns on tried and proven methods, many of which I put to the test. The book was rewritten a dozen times. I had never worked like that. Each time I would try for more simplicity, more clarity. Each time I would make calls to check addresses, phone numbers, techniques. I spent \$6,000 researching the book, almost \$1,000 in phone calls alone. Finally it was done. I loved it. It was one of a kind. Christopher Cerf was my editor at Random House. He championed the book to the top of the house. House said nyet. Chris quit. Damn it.

The book then went to thirty other publishers. Change this, change that, they said. Mostly change the title. One offered \$40,000 up front if

all the proper changes were made. You had to be crazy to refuse. I was definitely crazy.

ENTER THE REVEREND Thomas King Forcade. I approached Forcade in December 1970, just before I entered jail in Chicago for a short spell. Forcade had had some experience as the founder of an underground news service, and he agreed to publish and distribute the book. In addition he would do some editing. I spent two weeks in jail finishing the book and returned to find alternative publishing and distribution impossible according to the Reverend Thomas King Forcade. In addition I learned that Forcade requested \$8,000 and a percentage of the profits. "#\$\$%+" replied. "I'll sue," said he, rejecting a take-it-or-leave-it offer of \$1,500. Exit Mr. Forcade. Temporarily.

Enter Grove Press. If I could raise all the money to publish the book, bring them 100,000 finished copies, and bear all legal risk, they would serve as distributor. Agreed. Contract. Pirate Editions founded. \$15,000 borrowed from friends. Layouts, designs, more loans, typesetting, paste-ups, advertising budget. Rush, rush. Finally 100,000 books packed in cartons labeled STEAL THIS BOOK began making their way around the country. As head of the publicity department, I sent copies to reviewers. Zero reviews. As head of public relations I gave away 2,000 books to movement groups and radio stations. Every underground newspaper was given authorization to reprint the entire book and sell it locally. No takers. British rights given free to front for the IRA. "No go," said Scotland Yard. There were pirate Spanish and French-Canadian editions. The Japanese bought rights. Sold 50,000 books, I'm told. I ended up with 100 big Yankee dollars from the Japanese.

Back in the U.S. half the distributors were refusing to carry the book. Cartons were being shipped back a fourth. Many were disappearing. The Benjamin News Company in Montreal was raided by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police with a search and seizure warrant. Four thousand copies of STB were confiscated. For the first time Canada had banned the importation of a book that was not pornographic. The Mounties always



# Should parents be licensed?

**PARENTAL LICENSE APPLICATION**

NAME ROBERT SMYTH AGE 32 SEX M ☐ F

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER 440-18-9609

NUMBER OF CHILDREN PLANNED Three OVER HOW MANY YEARS? Four

OWN EDUCATION: ☒ H.S. ☐ COLLEGE ☐ GRAD ☐ CHILD CARE

SPOUSE'S EDUCATION: ☒ H.S. ☐ COLLEGE ☐ GRAD ☐ CHILD CARE

DATE OF LAST PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAM 1991 NAME OF EXAMINER Dr. R. Bly

**PERSONS TO BE LICENSED**

NAME R. Smyth ADDRESS 425 Elm CITY & STATE Bufford, N.Y.

NAME F. Rota ADDRESS 1650 Adams Blvd CITY & STATE Queens, N.Y.

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Maybe you think the proposal sounds pretty far-fetched—that a couple be made to get a license from the government before conceiving a child.

Maybe you think it sounds pretty outrageous, too—that such a thing would be a frightening government invasion of individual rights, and a door-opener to “master-race” kind of thinking.

Outrageous the proposal may be. But far-fetched it's not. Some pretty important people are advocating it right now.

One of them is Dr. Roger W. McIntire, Professor of Psychology at the University of Maryland. In a recent article, he notes that “we do have, or soon will have, the technology to control individual procreation.” And he suggests that would-be parents could be compelled to submit to semi-permanent contraceptive measures unless and until they could pass a licensing test proving their fitness for parenthood.

The forum chosen by Dr. McIntire for his controversial suggestions? Psychology Today, the pioneering monthly magazine that brings you the latest discoveries and theories about the complexities of our human nature...

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out censorship to some of the most imaginative researchers and unfettered social thinkers of the day—you can bet that the results are sometimes going to shock or outrage you.

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- The Menstrual Blues — Largely in the Mind?
- The Hidden Juvenile Delinquents in White, Middle-Class Society
- How Teachers' Prejudices “Load the Dice” on Student Performance
- How Man Faces Danger: Is “Cowardice” Natural?
- Why Do Fat People Get That Way?
- How Growing A Beard May Help You Win Friends and Influence People
- Why Bottling Up Your Rage May Actually Be Healthy
- Why Black Women Have A Better Chance Than White Women to Get Professional Jobs
- Could Richard Nixon's “Psychohistory” Have Predicted Watergate?

- How the English Language Encourages Racism
- Why Soap Operas Foster Female Subservience
- How Acupuncture Really Works
- Does Busing for Integration Hinder Black Students?
- How Jogging Changes a Middle-Aged Man's Personality
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get their book. Campuses were a wasteland—Yale, Michigan, the University of California, even my alma mater, Brandeis, refused to carry the book. The Harvard Co-op refused. *The Harvard Crimson* scolded it. The store revised its policy and agreed to carry the book if it was kept in the manager's safe and brought out on request only. Libraries across the country banned it. In Coldwater, Michigan, Richard Rosichan put it in the stacks. He was summarily fired. In Rochester, New York, the library battle raged for months. Angry meetings were held. The libertarians won. The book stayed. Battles were fought in Indiana, Connecticut, and Iowa. In Lansing, Michigan, the police caught two men running from a vacant building whose door had just blown off. A copy of STB was found on them. For a while, the police were trying to indict me on a conspiracy rap.

In Oklahoma some watchdog of the faith filed a class-action suit for four million simoleons against me for corrupting the youth. Hemlock cocktails were offered free. I. F. Doherty, director of corporate security for AT&T, was pushing a policy of having all "fraud perpetrators" confess to having come under the influence of STB. He blamed the book and underground papers for a \$10 million increase in the number of phony credit card calls. Jarvis Tyner, head of the Communist Party Youth Division, and Frank D. Register (sic), executive director of the National Association of Retail Grocers, and *The National Review* all accused me of contributing to the rise in food prices because I gave shoplifting advice. How's that for consensus! The Department of the Interior called a press conference and denounced the book, saying they no longer give away any free buffalo. They had received over 3,000 requests. The R. T. French Company announced they no longer lent out a film on parakeets, saying they had had to hire a full-time secretary to answer letters. Henry Kissinger's phone number was typeset inaccurately. Some poor bloke was getting weird calls from aspiring Jill St. Johns. He sued. We settled. Mr. Bloke is two grand richer. I got letters that began, "Well, I followed your advice and got busted. Please send bail money." Peter Bogdanovich used four of the rip-off schemes in *What's Up, Doc?*

Grove estimated half the book

sales were made in New York City. In Pittsburgh no stores carried the book. In Philadelphia only one store did, and it charged a dollar more than the cover price. No books could be found in Boston when I took reporters on a tour. None in the San Francisco Bay area either. The entire Doubleday chain of bookstores was boycotting the book. Vice-president George Hecht stated, "We don't want to tell people to steal. We object only to the title. If it was called *How To Live for Free*, we'd sell it." Grove reported that nearly 40 percent of their outlets refused to carry the book.

**T**HEN WE GOT A BREAK. Dotson Rader wrote a review of the book in the *New York Times Book Review* in which he attacked the *Times* itself for refusing an ad. John Leonard, editor of the *Book Review*, exhibited great courage in publishing the piece. I clipped the review, wrote a check, and sent the *Times* its own review as an ad. Reject. The Rader review shamed a few wholesalers, and some stores buckled under customer pressure. People actually started boycotting places for not carrying the book. As head of the promotion department, I criss-crossed the country appearing on talk shows and giving interviews. On radio shows I began by giving the credit card number for the station. That usually ended the show. A Judge Liebowitz tried to pressure a New York television show into canceling me. He failed. In Baltimore I did a great show with two professional shoplifters (shot from the back, natch). The station refused to air it. People are always saying they've seen me on TV. It's strange, because I've almost always been censored or boycotted.

After the Rader review there was a backlash of bad rapping. Some folks charged I was giving out trade secrets. Forcade wrote that I was making \$500,000 profit. Columnists charged I was dressing in \$400 suits. I was categorically refused any sort of credit. The local supermarket assigned a special salesclerk to check me out. Airline officials took me into little booths for examination. *The Village Voice*, in a sophisticated display of hairsplitting, charged that I was writing to titillate the *New York* magazine crowd. I had foolishly stated in the book that I knew two fool-proof ways to fly for free but couldn't

mention them. I got about two hundred letters that began, "You can trust me never to tell anyone." In all I got about fifteen thousand Dear Abbie letters, most of which said it was their favorite book or asked how they could get a copy.

At about this time, Haber returned from Europe, all smiles and embraces. "Abbie, you're terrific, great book you wrote. Let's do another." He had a good idea. We went up to the Doubleday bookstore and began selling the books out of a carton, noting the boycott and the fact that a writer selling his book on the street was a sign that the Depression was back home again. Haber left and a few days later I'm reading an article about how he claims I've stolen his book. It appeared in *Oz*, a British publication; I'm told the piece will be in *Rolling Stone* the following week. I call *Rolling Stone*. They've decided not to run the piece. Five days later it appears on the newsstands. I write a twenty-page defense. *Rolling Stone* said I could have equal space, which meant I could drop a note to the Letters column. You know, the part of the paper that's in microprint. I wrote a defense to *Oz*. How could they do this without asking for a comment? "You're famous, therefore fair game," was their answer. Having been slaughtered in the media massacre, I retreated to lick my wounds. Naturally, all the talk of law suits was ridiculous. Haber and I never spent a moment in court. He went back to Europe. Reenter Forcade.

Well, Forcade's threat to sue was carried out. More press. Everyone thinks I'm being sued by a dozen different people. All I've learned about the media is coming back to haunt me. There is no news, there is only gossip. I grow to hate the book. I hire a lawyer to duel with Forcade's lawyers. He takes \$1,500 and wants \$3,500 more. Case moves to American Arbitration Association. I am broke and have to act as my own attorney. My client is a fool. He sits curled in the chair counting the glass marbles rolling around in his head. The sessions drag on. Forcade's lawyers request \$25,000. After two months, he is awarded \$3,000. His lawyers probably got most. I had already given him \$1,000 and agreed to pay the rest later. Exit Forcade. Enter Barney Rosset.

Barney Rosset is the head of Grove Press. According to its sales figure



Grove has sold 350,000 copies. According to Grove payment figures, I have received \$41,000, roughly \$35,000 of which went into the publishing of the book. Not bad, huh? Six thousand bucks profit, all of which I owe to my lawyer, Forcade, and Haber. Under a standard writer-publisher contract, I would receive \$70,000 on that many sales but, remember, I *published* the book. According to my reading of our contract, Grove sells the book for 97.5 cents, pays roughly 20 cents for printing, 2 cents for shipping, keeps 39 cents or more profit, and returns the rest to me, minus, say, another 2.5 cents for miscellaneous expenses. That's 35 cents left times 350,000 equals \$122,500 or roughly \$82,000 Grove Press owes me. That's a lot of scratch. Grove says I'm reading the contract wrong. I go to court with new lawyers.

AT THE TIME I was forced to stop printing the book, it was selling a respectable 6,000 copies a month. Lancer Books knew this and asked me if I would be interested in writing an updated version of the book for them. They said I could have complete editorial control, they would advance me a royalty of \$6,500 (in any other situation this would be considered an insult to a writer whose books have sold more than a million copies), and give me a sizable 10 percent royalty. I agreed. Instead of simply updating, I again plunged into six months of extensive research and writing, which ate up much of the advance. I met counterfeiters, bank robbers, all the great phone phreaks in the country, professional shoplifters, jewel smugglers, and lock pickers. In the two and a half years since STB had appeared, a steady stream of outlaws had been using me as a sort of Father Confessor. They seemed more than willing to discuss each and every detail of their scam. Many gave me their code names and wanted to be mentioned in any future book. I paid each one for any ideas that I used.

In the end I produced a 400-page work on how-to-do-it crime in America. Similar to *Steal This Book*, this new work was far more extensive. I called it *The Book-of-the-Month Club Selection* because of course it never could be. During the research on the book, I ended up in a room it would

have been best not to enter. As a result I was framed on a narcotics sale charge and now face a mandatory life sentence in a New York penal colony. Shipped off to the Tombs for a month, I persisted in finishing the book only to discover on reentry that Lancer Books had dropped the deal. So, once again a strange manuscript goes out to New York publishers. Once again I hear praise for the book and projected sales of a million copies. However, the next sentence is always, "It's not our type of book," or, "There will be hundreds of lawsuits," (there is nothing illegal about publishing the book) or, "Why don't you settle down, Abbie, and write a nice book about sex or something?" So *The Book-of-the-Month Club Selection*, my fifth book as theatrical prop, fails to find an angel willing to back its Broadway opening, and the New York judicial system is preparing to store its author in the human library up at Attica for the rest of his natural life, or until age sixty-two, whichever comes first.

I'm convinced I've journeyed through this purgatory of publishing trials and tribulations to learn some greater truth about life. Forcade,

Haber, Rosset, Frank Register, New York narcotics, bankrupt book companies, courts, arbitrations, throwing away a million bucks just to write books telling people how to steal, censorship conspiracies—all this happened for some reason. Methinks I flew too close to the sun. The M & Ms in my mind have turned to a sea of chocolate mush.

God sits in the easy chair in the corner of the room. His pudgy hands are folded across His girth and He is dozing. At the reading table by His side lies a copy of Franz Kafka's short stories. The book is opened to the tale of "A Hunger Artist." It's one of my favorite stories. A hunger artist travels in the sideshow of a German circus. People come from miles around just to watch this guy go without eating. He sets all sorts of records until finally there is no one to beat but himself. So he just keeps going and going until one day there is nothing left but some bones lying unnoticed in the straw at the bottom of a cage. Thus is the circus of life. God stirs and knocks the book to the floor. Gee, He looks a lot like Jason Epstein. And me? Well, I'm looking pretty skinny these days. □

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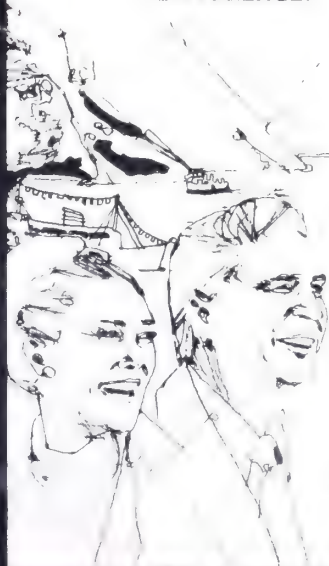
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# WHAT'S WRONG WITH POLITICS

**A**T A LOSS TO EXPLAIN the Watergate foul-ups, Gen. Alexander Haig conjured up a "sinister force" at work in the White House. The General was closer to the truth than even he suspected. There is a sinister force at work, not only in the White House but throughout the American political community. And it is nothing less than a fundamental change in the way many of us—particularly the educated and those they recruit to political leadership—think about government. It is a shift in attitudes that underlies the flowering of the New Politics as much as the criminality of Watergate, the voters' celebrated independence of mind at the polls as much as their alarming contempt for politicians.

The change consists in a movement away from a *representative* ideal and toward a *strategic* ideal of politics.

At the heart of constitutional government is a spirit of representation. This spirit ties the politician to his constituency. Whether he interprets their interests broadly or narrowly, he conceives of his relationship to the voters as a personal one. He is loyal to them: he delivers, he seeks to further their goals. They reciprocate: they support and reelect him. He deals with them intuitively. He learns the value of compromise, of persuasion, of being civil to an opponent, of keeping his promises. The representative ideal discourages him from seeking power directly, for the most direct road to power has always been that of bribery, assassination, force, and fraud. Instead he must channel his ambition to the tamer goal of winning elective office, an office charged with well-defined duties, checked by other offices, regulated by procedure, and dependent on a sense of public trust. The whole system is designed not to eliminate the baser passions but to harness them and set them against each other in a way that advances the public good, disciplines the behavior of the politician, and ensures a regime of liberty and moderation.

In recent years, however, there has emerged a class of politicians who disdain these conventional practices. When they attend a funeral, it is not to fulfill debts of friendship or loyalty but to get media coverage. When they hold hearings on a bill, it is not to draft legislation but to "make news." Even when they appeal to con-

science and principle, their real goal is to win the moral upper hand.

These new politicians are fascinated with the logic of conflict and the tools of strategic wargaming: the heady concepts of deterrence, contingency planning, outcome analysis, and minimax decision-making. They eschew the representative ideal in favor of a seemingly more rigorous strategic one.

Under the strategic ideal, considerations of procedure, duty, trust, and purpose give way to short-term ploys to yank public opinion in whatever direction seems profitable at the moment. The representative ideal focuses on service and performance, the strategic ideal focuses on power plays and office-hopping. The representative politician uses words to inform or lead a constituency, the strategic politician uses words to manipulate or generate one. The representative politician understands strategic calculation as a necessary expedient in politics, the strategic politician treats it as the essence of politics. For him winning is the name of the game. And when the game is merely winning, the result is a political community composed not of participants or worthy opponents, but of winners and losers in the abstract pursuit of power.

Pitting the two ideals against each other in this way makes the strategic politician seem less than an idealist. But for those who believe in it—and they include a large portion of the Washington political community—strategic politics is an ideal. It seems tough, vigorous, and unsentimental. It transcends the plodding pettiness of building roads for people, cleaning their air, and fixing their teeth. It possesses an intellectual purity absent from the smoke-filled minds of practical politicians. It excites and enthalls.

"Power," as Henry Kissinger once put it, "is the greatest aphrodisiac." "The more determinedly a President seeks power," writes Harvard political scientist Richard Neustadt, "the more he will be likely to bring vigor to his clerkship." And Theodore H. White has been inspired by "the romantic glow . . . of men who are transfixed by their participation in the thrill of power." It's an easy step from these breathless incantations, by thoughtful men who have written better, to the immortal words of Vince Lombardi on a poster at the headquarters of the

Manipulating the voters may win elections, but it loses the electorate

*Josiah Lee Auspitz is completing a doctoral dissertation at Harvard on concepts of practical reasoning in politics. He prepared this essay to expand on the main themes of Jaws of Victory, by the Ripon Society and Clifford W. Brown, Jr. (Little, Brown; June). Mr. Brown teaches political science at the State University of New York at Albany, and has worked in many political campaigns.*

J. L. Auspitz  
and  
C.W. Brown, Jr.  
WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
POLITICS

Committee to Re-Elect the President: "Winning isn't everything; it is the only thing."

Today every Presidential contender's staff is dominated by strategists of one sort or another—in fund-raising, media, advertising, direct mail, turnout, organization, and electioneering. To be sure, they often express lofty goals, but these are not so much commitments to policy as chants to excite those citizens, especially the college educated, whose minds are most easily swayed by liturgical formulas. Such words without deeds lead to deceit, just as deeds without words lead to violence. At bottom, the new strategists are simply the obverse of a group of Latin-American army officers plotting to seize first the Presidential palace and then the radio station. In the U.S., the radio station comes first.

### Two uses of strategy

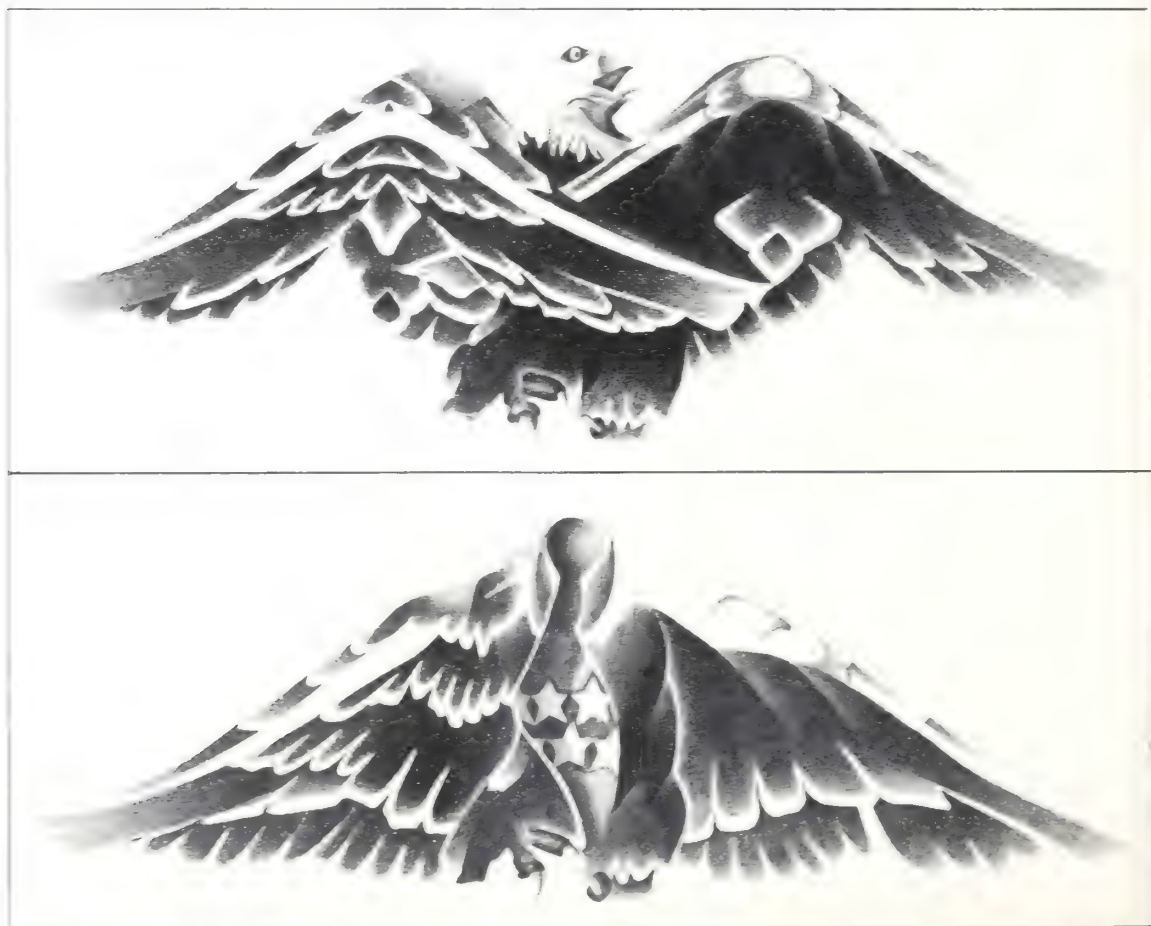
**A**S EMPLOYED IN POLITICS, strategic thinking is not very difficult to master. It makes precise our everyday ideas of prudence. Do you look at the world around you as a series of decisions, options, and probable outcomes? Do you view your role in the world as making choices based exclusively on assessment of possible scenarios? Do you seek to maximize gain, minimize loss, and avoid what is counterproductive?

If so, you have gone a long way toward becoming a strategic thinker. There is a strategic voice in each of us; it is part of our common sense. But it is not the sum total of common sense. For it is not possible or desirable to base all decisions on projected outcomes.

If, for example, you had been silly enough to offer a bribe to former Sen. John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, a very successful politician—and no mean strategist—he would have thrown you out, not because he would calculate the possible costs and benefits of accepting or refusing a bribe but because Senator Cooper did not accept bribes at all. It was not even a matter of policy for Senator Cooper to refuse bribes—it was a matter of principle.

There are, after all, two basic dimensions to the use of strategic thinking in politics. The first is the use of strategy within a framework of morals and tradition to *attain* objectives; this is strategy as used under the representative ideal. The second is the use of strategy outside such a framework to *prescribe* objectives, notably winning as an end in itself.

Though this use of strategy prides itself on its icy realism, in politics it results in a crackpot naiveté. For strategic thinking can be effective only when objectives are provided from the outside. When it is allowed to dominate political activity whose whole purpose is to define ol



Mark Strode



jectives, it subverts the entire basis of lasting political power. It poses, moreover, a direct threat to the Constitution and to any authority based on the rule of law. The politician who wrestles with his conscience about how best to uphold the Constitution and to serve his constituency is very different from the strategist who sees the legal system as just another object of manipulation. When political leaders, in full public view, start calculating the pros and cons of breaking the law, it becomes difficult for the rest of us to respect it.<sup>3</sup>

### A new set of rules

**A**S THE COLLAPSE of the McGovern candidacy, the Nixon Presidency, and the national political morale suggest, the strategist can scarcely claim to hold the keys to enduring success in democratic politics. He can offer only a few pieces of advice, which, if followed rigorously, will destroy his authority even though they may temporarily advance his fortunes. These can be summarized in a new set of rules of prudence for winning office and climbing the ladder of power.

*Focus on fluidity, wherever you find it.* The logical target of a strategic campaign is the unstable voter, the ticket-splitter, the "swing voter." After all, it makes little tactical sense to pay attention to those who are solidly with you or against you. In the campaign, therefore, you should ignore party loyalists just up to the point where they will dump you, and concentrate on potential swing voters. "Ignore anybody who has no place else to go" is a good strategic maxim.

This practice is not new, but the preponderant emphasis on it is. In traditional politics the focus was on turning out the faithful rather than on influencing the fluid voter. Ignoring anybody was considered bad policy, since the candidate's intention was not merely to maximize votes but to create a climate of accommodation in which no major interest would feel hopelessly left out.

*If you cannot find fluidity, use pseudo-issues to create it.* Because a minority candidate or party cannot rely entirely on independent voters, the strategists in both major parties do their best to annihilate loyalties in the other party.

There are always issues that will pry voters loose from the opposing camp. Occasionally these involve real changes in policy; more often they are pseudo-issues. President Nixon's use of the busing controversy after the Florida primary in 1972 was a case in point. He had no intention of challenging the Supreme Court guidelines on

this question, as a close reading of his statements revealed, and as his subsequent dropping of the issue also showed. Kennedy's 1960 alarms about a missile gap were a similar fraud, designed to win Cold Warriors and defense-oriented interests in the South and Southwest from Nixon. The gap was forgotten after the election until Nixon revived it in the 1968 campaign. Is it any wonder that politicians lack credibility?

*Keep your options open.* One never knows a year or even six months before an election what pseudo-issue may be useful. Hence the best strategic counsel to a candidate is to keep his options open so that he can move in any direction.

A policy of open options, of course, is the exact antithesis of a commitment. Whenever commitments are made, the result is a closing of some options and a loss of some bargaining power. Every commitment requires the generosity to see others succeed at their own commitments. The strategic politician's whole being, however, is devoted to beating others. His maxims are those of preemption, escalation, and deterrence: get him before he can get you. All this distracts him from true achievements, such as drafting a good law or serving his constituents, to say nothing of the nation.

*Ignore your own party's organization.* In 1972 both Nixon and McGovern set up campaign organizations entirely separate from the party structure. Collections of freelance experts are the current substitutes for the traditional coalition-building of a national campaign. And when tension arises between the strategic specialist and the party loyalist, as it inevitably does, the strategist wins. His skills are considered more important to victory.

But the retribution comes later. If the party is ignored, it won't back up a leader when he is in trouble. If loyalists are shunted aside, where does the candidate get cadres for governing once his consultants go off to other lucrative clients? And if there are loyalists who remain, despite all the evidence that staying on is foolish, they are driven to ever more frenzied ideological phantasms, like the political groupies who hailed Agnew in California just before he resigned. Thus, within the party the strategist clears the field for the ideologue, and the two of them march side by side combining the cold pursuit of success with manic self-righteousness.

*Govern as if you were still campaigning.* Government by Gallup poll is a logical result of game plan thinking. Having made few commitments to attain victory, the strategic politician has generated support that is broad but not deep. He has won the marginal preference of the fluid voter and weakened the devotion of the loyal party voter. Hence, he has no solid base of support to tide him over short-term reverses in public opinion. His aim, then, will logically be to avoid such reverses, and he can do this most

"One never knows a year before an election what pseudo-issue may be useful. Hence the strategist keeps his options open so that he can move in any direction."

<sup>3</sup> The most public example we have is a recent press conference in which the President unabashedly said that he had, of course, discussed all his "options" with respect to paying hush money to the Watergate defenders.



efficiently by the same manipulation of appearances and verbal formulas that served him so well in his campaign. He concentrates not on performance but on taking credit for the things that go well and shifting blame for those that don't. The massive media exposure available to the Presidency makes this type of governing possible; but the reason it is *plausible* is that it seems to put the politician outside party and politics. He seems to be governing as an independent leader responsive only to the people, not the captive of partisan interests. This pleases the same fluid voter who holds the balance of power in elections. But without allies and coalitions, a leader cannot control the legislature or the bureaucracy. An isolated executive cannot perform effectively.

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### The hyperstrategic personality

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**T**HE DOMINANCE OF THESE RULES in our politics evokes a peculiar temper in public men. As the White House enemies list reminds us, the strategic politician becomes paranoid as a result of perceiving all competitors as potential foes. He also lacks tenacity in fighting for any objective that does not directly involve his power and survival. Consider Nixon's lack of support of his own Family Assistance Plan and by contrast (in an area where he is more than a mere strategist) the steadfast dedication to his course in Vietnam as part of a coherent approach to foreign policy. Without the long-range perspectives of men committed to causes, constituencies, and stable objectives, the strategic politician is convulsed in extremes of bullishness or bearishness. His commitment to issues and people is fickle. But he will do anything to stay in the game.

Furthermore, there is a certain juvenility about the hyperstrategist. His abstract view of conflict, his depersonalization of opponents, the paramilitary aspects of his trade, the defiantly unsentimental view of custom, law, and tradition—all these appeal to boys who have not yet grown up. To the strategic politician loyalty and friendship, for example, do not mean what they usually mean to adults, but are very similar to the restless and insecure liaisons of troubled adolescents. Shifting alliances replace friendships. Loyalty is replaced by orthodoxy. There can be no such thing as loyal opposition or friendly criticism, since any movement from the party line of the moment may be a sign of apostasy. To the paranoiac hyperstrategist, any member of the crew who is too critical may seem about to jump ship (and if he, too, is a game planner, this is probably an accurate assessment).

But the voter, too, can become a strategic politician. He also can begin to bargain and to focus on the fluid. He, too, can keep his options open and withhold his loyalties. If the politician

does not deliver to him, why should he remain loyal to the politician?

This backlash is already well advanced. The electorate is fast learning that if the fluid gets the spoils then it makes sense to be fluid. Black and Chicano leaders have publicly adopted this line in many regions of the country. George Wallace has used it extensively in the South. The suburbanite, the working-class Democrat, and the Jew are all beginning to behave much more independently in the voting booth. For strategic politics makes political alignment irrational, counterproductive, and ultimately impossible. Ticket-splitting is a logical response to the situation of candidates and parties becoming more manipulative.

The voters' policy of open options has also begun to produce an extreme volatility in "trial heat" polls of the electorate. Ticket-splitting may change their minds several times during a campaign, so that in many areas of the country polls are almost worthless. As this trend continues, Presidential and state elections are beginning to look like nonpartisan mayoralty contests. And under these conditions the whole idea of a lasting coalition or an electoral mandate begins to fade, especially when shifts in approval occur after the election as well.

Strategic politics inevitably produces a mutual contempt between political leaders and their constituencies. The strategic politician views the voters cynically because, according to decision theory, they are objects to be manipulated. The electorate also views the politician cynically since he seems to be playing games with the voters and with other politicians. The two attitudes feed upon each other. As the voter looks on the politician with contempt, his voting behavior becomes more erratic. As this happens, the politician's strategies become more short term, thus incurring more contempt. Both responses are understandable, yet they reinforce each other in a pattern that leads to a degeneration of representative politics. For as the process continues, it sets up impossible counterdemands for a pure ideal of virtue that is as empty as the strategists' pure ideal of power.

**T**HE SEEDS OF THIS DEGENERACY in our thinking about politics have been widely sown. Almost everyone who rises to the commanding heights of American law, business, advertising, publishing, foundations, and universities has been reinforced in the habits of strategic thinking, by both formal training and informal practice. Men of the generation that came out of World War II, including Richard Nixon and John Kennedy, were educated by concrete experience to view strategy as synonymous with tough-mindedness. They were reacting against the excessive moralism of the American intel-



lectual tradition as well as countering hyperstrategic thinking by the disciples of Hitler, Lenin, and Mao Tse-tung.

More importantly, however, strategic specialties met a sociological need. A major, unremarked achievement of the postwar era has been the broadening of the national elite. Instead of a relatively small, white, Eastern-oriented, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant leadership class, a much larger, multiregional and multitribal meritocracy now rules America.

In the formation of this new class, strategic specialties have been an indispensable recruiting device. They can be taught rather easily in universities, and they are rooted in a mathematical and anticipatory logic that can be tested with far more precision than literary or moral judgment. Since they borrow terms and methods from the natural sciences they seem to be objective. They seem to separate the hard facts of the "real" world from the soft and shifting values of any given moral or political tradition. This apparent value-neutrality has been crucial to their role as a melting pot for the new elite. The doctrine of value-neutrality, though now recognized to be untenable even within the exact sciences, has a moral force that has made it impervious to mere philosophical refutation. For it has given Americans the excuse the country badly needed to ignore the social background of aspiring decision-makers, to ignore everything from the color of their skins to the color of their accents. This left the society with an obvious problem: a man's meritocratic rating gives no indication of his character or judgment. To deal with this problem, large organizations have developed a jerry-built system of spot interviews, security checks, psychological testing, telephone tapping, and file raiding.

The laudable attempt to open positions of power to everybody helps explain why strategic thinking now permeates America's vocabulary of leadership. And it accounts, too, for the confidence many of us put in strategic concepts, while we dismiss as naive, archaic, or fuzzy-minded objections to them in the name of trust, loyalty, restraint, integrity, or moral judgment. Yet these concepts are not only more humane, they are also more workable, for they alone provide a language in which the new meritocracy can speak to the American people.

So long as political and moral reasoning are seen as less cogent than the logic of conflict, we shall get increasingly strategized perceptions not only of politics but of marriage, education, and all human relationships. The only alternatives our culture seems to offer to this demoralization are the solace of orthodox religion, the embracing of new cults, the escape into drugs and drink, or an ill-defined yet passionate reaction against intellect, expertise, and logical thought per se. Most policy professionals are unable to deal

with the rhythms and moral aspirations of everyday life, save as abstract values to be plugged in after a strategic calculus is completed. This is a serious cultural failing that will be difficult to correct, without a reappraisal of the role of the new sciences of decision-making.

It does, however, explain two intellectual habits of the American professionals and managers: their vacillation between extremes of moralism and expertise, and their contempt for party politics. They draw such a rigid distinction between facts and values that they are unable to accept the integrity of an activity in which facts and values interpenetrate. But politics exists in a sphere where values create facts and these facts are then the basis of further values. For example, generations of preaching and reform by those who believed in certain transcendent values have created the fact that Americans will not elect as President an overtly racist demagogue. The very existence of the United States as a nation derives not so much from natural facts of race, migrations, and geography as from shared values and a political tradition forged from them.

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### The gray area

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**T**HE POLITICIAN, THEN, OPERATES almost entirely in the gray area between the neat categories of the moralist and technocrat. His concern is not to impose values upon objective facts but to decide what shall be taken as the relevant fact or value. Those with a specifically political sensibility (and they are by no means confined to elected officials) acquire a habit of seeing things the other person's way, even when they reject it. They see that a value that is very important from one point of view may be trivial from another. They are thus able to occasionally mediate conflict by finding rewards suited to the different parties. The "loser" in a decision may be satisfied with compensation that seems meaningless to the "winner." At his best, the politician acquires a sense of trade-offs between interests that cannot be measured on the same scale, a knack of persuading people to take other perspectives into account. That is why even when he is free of pride and venality, he will always have to descend to the use of flattery and pork-barreling and to judge which will suit whom. Also, there may be occasions when civic accommodation is impossible and force must be used. The political life amply teaches the uses of coercion.

Political sensibility does not come merely from dealing with many different kinds of people—a physician or accountant does this—but from having no specialist's expertise to impose on them. By contrast, the college-educated professional or business executive is trained to

"The strategic politician concentrates not on performance but on taking credit for the things that go well and shifting blame for those that don't."



make disinterested decisions in accordance with "objective" criteria. He is trained to look at the "cold facts" and is happiest when he can find a single scale or a general principle against which to judge them. Hence he is comfortable with quantitative standards in matters of expertise (profit, GNP, crime rates, income levels, kill ratios) or, alternatively, transcendent principles in the world of values (justice, equality, peace). He is repelled by the use of flexible political standards, and he is contemptuous of the politician's invocation of the lowest common denominator as the best guideline for decision. Furthermore, his entire training as a professional reinforces a mugwump disdain for political parties, whose main function is to reconcile diverse interests. He views party loyalty as mindless, which in a literal sense it is, since, like loyalty to friends or family, it requires obligations to those who may hotly disagree with him. Therefore he votes for the man rather than the party and prefers ideological movements to avowedly partisan ones.

In sum, he puts impossible and inconsistent demands on the political system. He insists on moral leadership, yet is revolted by the very reconciling of interests that is the basis of politics. He demands of the politician the very highest talent, yet wants to deprive the political sector of the resources that attract such talent to profit-making and tax-exempt activities.\* He laments that "better people" do not hold office, yet insists on a recruiting system so stringent that no one but a sharp lawyer would dare jump in, for fear that a trivial infraction of some campaign-contribution law will land him in court. He wants special interests to take a lesser role in politics, yet multiplies the regulatory policies that make their heavy investment in influencing government officials inevitable. He deplores the red tape and impersonality of bureaucracy, yet holds himself aloof from the face-to-face politics that is the major alternative to bureaucracy. By polarizing all questions as those of objective facts or transcendent values, he is often unable to see the contingent facts and to mediate values the balancing of which is the very rationale of the political process.

None of these well-meaning but misguided attitudes is new, but until recently people of such views remained on the periphery of politics, or entered the arena slowly, usually to become the "ideological" wing of their party. The main political force of our time, however, is the movement into politics of an energetic class of young professional and business people in a massive way that does not permit a gradual initiation into traditional political processes. The

\* No proposed reform for honesty in politics would have a better effect than discarding the generally spurious tax collector's distinction between partisan and nonpartisan political activity.

new rules of strategic politics have arisen to manipulate this elite class, and at the same time to create niches for its members by cowering and dislodging party loyalists.

It is wrong to blame the news media for the success of strategic techniques. Rather, game-plan manipulations with respect to partisan politics feed on the gullibility of most educated Americans. Nevertheless, the dominant ethos of American journalism does tend to exacerbate matters. The literary training of many journalists makes them alert to drama, and what could be more dramatic than the striving for power, the intrigues of courtiers, and the birth and death of kings? And, by contrast, what could be more excruciatingly dull than the representative politician on his lowly rounds, wheedling in the public-works department or being buddy-buddy with the Rotarians? Struggle makes good copy. And the strategist gratifies this appetite of popular journalism by fabricating conflicts, such as Muskie's flawed performance in front of the *Manchester Union-Leader* in the 1972 New Hampshire primary, or Nixon's trumped-up confrontation with antiwar activists in San Jose in 1970. The journalist who sees politics through the prism of *West Side Story*, or his philosophical cousin, the literary intellectual, who sees it through Shakespeare's *Richard II*, is as much the enemy of representative politics as the hyperstrategist and the ideologue. To all these bedfellows, political parties are irrelevant and representation is defined out of existence.

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### The need for parties

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SOME WILL ARGUE THAT the political parties deserve their demise and that our representative politics was never very representative to begin with. But consider the alternatives. If parties cannot survive, what institutions can be held accountable for the governance of the country? The only real alternatives to parties are bureaucracies, police forces, and courts. All are "above politics." But for this very reason they are unsuited to the mediation of conflict. Courts work best in win-or-lose situations between adversaries. Bureaucracies can arbitrate among many parties but they lack legitimacy and are notoriously apt to lose touch with public opinion. Police forces currently rate higher in public opinion than our political institutions but countries where the police or the military rule are much admired in America.

Some put great hope in public-interest groups like Common Cause or the tax-exempt network of Nader organizations. But these lobby groups have sprung up only because the parties are stagnant and the press unenterprising. They cannot replace face-to-face politics, nor can they recruit and support legitimate leaders.



Some are impatient with a partisan system because it is too crude and banal. Partisan rhetoric does not make the fine distinctions of academia or adhere to the hard quantitative standards of business. But the fact is that the most basic questions of democracy will always be crude and qualitative. They boil down to simple questions of the speed of change, the degree of centralization, the distribution of the tax burden, and the priority of broad national purposes. These questions can be subjected to very sophisticated analyses but ultimately they involve brute choices of a kind that a party system can make. And when things go wrong, isn't it better to throw out one partisan team and replace it with another than to throw out one constitution and replace it with another?

However anomalous it may sound, the proper response to the abuses revealed by Watergate is not less politics but more: spending more money, not less, on recruiting and supporting aspirants for elective office; expanding, not limiting, the already small number of political appointees to bureaucratic posts; not overregulating election campaigns but making entry into them as simple as possible; encouraging journalists not to pant over the war games of a few national figures but to pay more attention to the performance of government; not bewailing the corruption of the state legislatures but investing in them the attention and resources that will attract better people; not assuming that politics involves inferior mental processes but making mastery of these processes a condition for entry into positions of authority.

The full agenda of political reeducation cannot be complete without attention to small details of institutional design. The parties, which reflect most purely the political aspect of our political life, are most in need of renewal. The existing two-party system, which developed under Jackson as a response to mass suffrage, has served to mediate regional conflict and to assimilate several generations of new and undereducated participants into the political process. When it has failed, America has resorted to repression of workers, Southerners, immigrants, and blacks. The new task of the parties is, without forfeiting their old role, to initiate a vigorous class of overeducated participants into the realities of representative politics. The new class is mobile, and its political interests cannot always be served by geographically defined units. In accordance with a classical patrician notion of politics, it sees its interests as fulfilled through principles and programs rather than direct patronage. Its demands on politics will require a reconstitution of the representative ideal, both within the established parties and in new kinds of partisan organization.

If there is any comfort in our current situation, it is that the country has recovered from

similar problems before.\* The representative ideal must, it appears, be rescued periodically from some new power cult. Moreover, the Watergate trials provide a natural pause in which to think about the direction of American politics. But the initial reaction has been an armchair outrage that will only make matters worse. The current troubles have produced cynicism rather than activism, a hankering for an independent and forceful leader—a demagogue—rather than a commitment to the concerted action that alone can make such a leader accountable to a constituency. Among the strategic politicians themselves the lesson of Watergate has been not to rededicate themselves to constitutional principles but to be more long-range in their calculations and to avoid the “counterproductive.” The fluid voters typically congratulate themselves on their disdain for politics. Their view of themselves as the passive victims of the “politicians” is itself a sign that they don't believe in self-government.

The remedy to all this will not be found in any new law or new institution or new candidate. Nor will nostalgia for Mayor Daley do the trick. Nor will the impeachment of the President provide an answer if it is just another Washington power play, voted along partisan lines. The remedy will come, if it comes, only from a deep recognition of the true basis of America's greatness. America has no thousand-year-old cathedrals, no foreign conquests of which we are proud, no poetic consciousness of a common blood. Even the continent on which we live has been exploited as a commercial resource rather than loved as a natural home.

The greatness of America lies in its spirit, and its spirit is expressed in a unique form of politics. It settles in a public way questions that are locked in file cabinets in most countries that call themselves free. Its newspapers are able to publish material that would be cause for government seizure in Britain or France. It carries out elections and due process not only in every state and county but in every high school and garden club. These civic practices are not quaint throwbacks to the eighteenth century. They are the tacit basis of our written Constitution. They are the acting out of the deepest ideals of the West.

If we are now betraying those ideals, the responsibility does not lie with a few sinister White House staffers, or even with politicians as a group. It lies with our activist intellectuals, our journalists, our managers, our businessmen, our philanthropists—and it lies with you.

\* For evidence we need only reread Washington's Farewell Address. Its warnings against factional excess, its insistence on constitutional restraint, its appreciation of the importance to politics of religion and education, and its warnings against inflationary debt, foreign intrigue, and large standing military establishments speak directly to us.

“Struggle makes good copy. The strategist gratifies this appetite of popular journalism by fabricating conflicts.”

# VERSE

## THE STATE LIONS' CONVENTION DULUTH, MINNESOTA

by Lance Morrow

The winter lay hereon, such cold  
that metal when you touched it  
held the flesh, a kind of burn.  
You rang doorbells with gloves on.  
All died in the great drifts:  
freeze-dried. The Ice Age. No survivors.  
Milk iced in the udder. Whiskey  
smashed the bottle from within,  
burst amber-ice; Dad's lips stuck  
to the shot glass, inhaled Arctic fires  
to his chillybones that he banged  
upon the bar to break there  
like an engine block. Mother,  
a Siberian *baba*, hair turned blue,  
died just after Christmas  
on the county road, mid-stride:  
ice sculpture. The school bus swerved  
to miss her; the children's gasps  
hung white in the air like cartoons.

So now, in spring, all live, all Lions,  
wild with resurrection. The whiskey flows  
like trout. Up and down Hotel Duluth's  
elevators they ride, drunk, reborn;  
"If we make it to Sunday church,  
we'll need it then." Death gusts  
from their mouths, the stink of thaw.  
They bare their teeth, flesh ashen,  
hungry for beef, for Seagram's.  
They wear convention medals like  
Latin-American generals on their orange  
vests. *That many seasons I've survived.*

And mother, lately ice, melts down  
such unaccustomed whiskey that she holds  
her plastic boater to be sick.  
They laugh, high, hard,  
like the crack of wild ice, the scream  
of live lakes breaking in the sun,  
releasing all the Yetis  
from cold storage. They come down  
in the morning shaking,  
chagrined by their debris,  
Vikings, the morning after,  
dumb, blunt, persuaded now  
they are alive. Survivors,  
thawed, hung over, warm as toast.

## CONEY ISLAND, LATE MARCH

by Lance Morrow

If earthquakes take this Thera down  
mid-pause this afternoon—old  
women in their beach chairs, Fleischman's  
Bathhouse burned for the insurance,  
Nathan's Famous, roller coasters limbering  
up for spring, wood trestles white  
as nursing-home flesh and ground pop bottles  
in the sand like diamonds—all turned coral,  
all would swim, half-lit, half-mile down  
in some aquarium in the Coney Island Trench.

The first sun of spring now touches flesh  
in goyish, garish, aged honky tonk,  
the bones in blankets basking. The Dodgems  
squeal grandchildren on the electric floor,  
laughing, anarchic. Technology's joke.  
Still, the margins are there. The boardwalk,  
the sea. 1933 can't walk on water.  
The mind, sunbathing, is glaucous, undersea,  
dozing in time-winds. Awakes to neighbors,  
70, as you left them. Sleeps again.  
Spray-painted with their codes, graffiti,  
the railroad cars roll along the El again.  
Far Rockaway. Treblinka. How old we have become  
The Ferris wheel man keeps German shepherds  
at his fence.

The warm breath of *chozzera* gusts  
from the stands: hot dogs, clams, heroes.  
Spring; even the sea looks warmer.  
Greek tankers bearing Jacqueline Onassis  
work up the horizon to Wall Street.

Go home in groups. Clumsy with beach chairs,  
thermoses, quilts, dark overcoats: refugees.  
At dusk, the *schwartzes* dance up Neptune Avenue,  
bright as knives.



# FOR A MAGICIAN

by William Pitt Root

Out of his black hat  
He pulls  
The rabbit after rabbit  
And out  
Of the clear air  
Breath after breath.

It takes him years  
To learn  
Perfectly the poise  
With which to reach  
Into his own sleeve,  
Withdrawing  
The blaze of silk  
That took generations  
Of mulberry leaves  
And worms to spin  
And the fingers  
Of strangers  
To weave.

For this magician  
About to astound  
His audience.

For this lady  
About to betray  
Her lover.

For this matador  
Into whose unborn wounds  
First the horns  
And scarlet scarf,  
When the faithful worm  
Must pass.

Applause.

He bows.

Applause.

She cries out  
To the dark.

Applause.

His eyes widen  
As the horn  
Sinks in and in.

3.  
Who brushes  
The magician's favorite hat?

The rabbit and the dove.

While he tends  
To the hutch and scattered nest.

4.  
His best makeup  
Is in our minds,  
The hunger  
Of old locks,  
Rusted and lost,  
To be opened.

Even skepticism  
Is a prayer  
To him,  
For whom fire obeys  
The moon,  
For whom water burns.

Imagine  
The key of ice  
Designed to shatter stone,  
The lock made of mercury  
Which is its own pure key.

Then look  
Into the clarified eyes  
Of just this one  
Who performs dreams,  
Who never sleeps.

5.  
He brushes his teeth,  
Blows his nose,  
Eats with his mouth,  
Has but one suit of clothes.

He is very much like us  
It would seem,  
To us.

6.  
After each performance  
He disappears.

Outside the stars brighten,  
Inside  
The lights go on.

On the other side of the earth  
It is morning  
Where he shares breakfast  
With the chimpanzee,  
Who asks him if it all went well.

They laugh as they eat.

7.  
The last achievement  
Of an ultimate  
Magician is the proper  
Care and treatment  
Of all beings  
Who fill the emptiness  
Of the hat  
With which he lives.

# CALIFORNIA INQUEST

A search for the heart of Evil along the golden shore

AS I EXAMINED THE DOCUMENT under high-intensity light through the lens of my Agfa 8X magnifier, I began to form certain doubts that its author was Charles Manson. The two-page letter had been discovered in a large cache of mail sent to the Los Angeles County Jail in the spring of 1969—four months before the murders that made Manson famous—and although I had long heard rumors of its existence, it was not until a few weeks ago that a copy came into my hands, the gift of a friend who confessed he feared the worst of it.

Looked upon as a handwriting specimen, the letter could not have been more enticing. Between salutation and pseudonymous signature were 101 words employing all the letters of the alphabet except *q*, *x*, and *z*; in the date and the zip code on the envelope, the numbers 2, 3, 6, 8, and 9 appeared. Since I happened to be in possession of a number of Manson documents whose authenticity I had no reason to question, I was able to spend several hours at my desk, absorbed in the fascinations of graphology.

The basic flow of the writing looked much the same in each of the scrawled pages before me. An eccentric use of capital letters, an irregular spacing of words and lines, and the diminished size of the capital *I* (thought to betray a menaced ego) were only a few beguiling points of similarity. The stroke and design of the letters *h* and *r*, however, seemed much too far

from the Manson hand to be explained by his possible use of drugs or drink or by other factors that might have altered his script on the "beautiful day" in Beaumont referred to in the letter. Nor was there any accounting for the middle initial *A* in the return address: C.A.M. General Delivery, Beaumont, Calif. 92223. I was aware that Manson was a man of many identities who, even now, in the sanctuary of his gang-locked cell at Folsom, was calling himself "Sunstone" and signing his letters with a mystical seal. But nowhere on my copy of his five-page rap sheet was there any indication that he had ever used a middle name other than Miles, Milles, Mills, Millis, William, or Willis at any point in his eighteen-year criminal career.

The letter was postmarked April 28 P.M. While my chronology of Manson's movements around that time was by no means exhaustive, I knew it to have been a period during which he made several fast runs between his outpost in the Goler Wash region of Death Valley and his base camp at the Spahn Movie Ranch, a few miles outside L.A. Given Manson's weakness for taking back roads and assassins' routes on his flights across the desert, he could easily have shown up in Beaumont, a roadside town of 6,000 in the ridge lands west of Palm Springs. Still, it seemed most unlikely that he would have stopped there long or often enough to bother with the zip code.

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Yet if by the remotest chance the letter were to prove genuine, its disturbing implications would demand to be explored. And I could not deny that there was something about its benevolent tone that carried a distinct "family" flavor. This is what the letter said:

Dear Sirhan:—

*Just these few lines this Morning. Its a beautiful day up here in Beaumont. Do you know that many of us wish that you were free to enjoy it. But who knows perhaps that day is not too far off. Things that are worth striving for is worth haveing. Now here is a sample of a written letter as addressed to one of that Jury. It is the very substance as to that given verdict to you by many. So will close for to-day. From your Sincere friend*

—Beaumont

*P.S. Be sure Sirhan to look for that Rain bow in the Sky.*

## California Evil

THE ATTEMPT TO FIND political links or spiritual affinities between Manson, Sirhan, Juan Corona, the Zodiac killer, and the rest of the ranking heavyweights of homicide who animate, as well as extinguish, life in California was an old obsession of mine, one I thought had been cured by years of persistent failure. But California was still a place where the ancient quest for the origins of Evil could be undertaken with an almost medieval intensity, so strong was the temptation to believe that a single hidden answer would explain the state's peculiar ability to provide the setting for the country's most enthralling murders. The police, who alone were disposed to deal strictly in the random facts of violence, would joke about the Curse of the Donter Party and go on about their work. But long after they had closed and filed their casebooks, the unifying monster called California Evil was

still being sought by a posse of writers, psychiatrists, private detectives, and anti-occult divines, along with a variety of slandered Satanists eager to clear their names. I had ridden long and hard with this bunch and looked back upon the experience through a haze of remembered hysteria. Yet now, holding the letter in my hands, I became aware of how thirsty I was for the bogus thrill that enslaves so many investigators, the feeling that you and you alone are on to something.

The letter's strange allusion to jury tampering and the reference to the guilty verdict that had been handed down to Sirhan eleven days earlier were not at all uncharacteristic of Manson's way with the language. Nor did the writer's failure to grasp the seriousness of Sirhan's situation differ in the slightest nuance from the family's glad manner two years later when their own murder trials were drawing to a close. Nothing could ever make them take their eye off the Rain bow. These insubstantial parallels in literacy and style would mean very little to the police, but they were certain to intrigue the posse. It was only a matter of time before other copies of the Beaumont letter would reach this watchful crew, and many among them, overcome by a morbid wishfulness or by dread of the absurd, would see it as a documentation of devils marching arm in arm.

A number of "investigations" had already found their way into print, and, with credulity running high in the population, the most outlandish among them tended to be most widely believed. The most recent had "positively tied" Manson to Naval Intelligence—Oswald's old outfit!—and arrived at a "matrix" of matching admissions and curious facts that showed how all major recent Western murders were part of a scenario planned and executed by a secret organization of military intelligence officers and right-wing police. The Corona operation two years ago, in which twenty-four itinerant farm

"California was still a place where the ancient quest for the origins of Evil could be undertaken with an almost medieval intensity."



Robert DeCario

workers were slashed to death and buried in a peach orchard, was just the government's way of talking to Cesar Chavez. And, for the first time, the Tate-LaBianca murders could be said to make some kind of sense: Manson was a government fall guy, set up to discredit hippie lifestyles and LSD.

The daily press never took any interest in conspiracy theories or other political explanations of the horrors it reported, but the best and biggest papers in the state were colossal suckers for any invocation of Satan's name that was uttered by someone in handcuffs. Police and prosecutors, who saw an insanity defense in the making whenever persons charged with murder spoke of infernal commands, were always incensed to see such headlines as

ORANGE COUNTY  
DEVIL KILLER  
ADMITS "SACRIFICES"

when, they felt, something more on the order of

TWERP WHO KILLED TWO  
SAYS DEVIL  
MADE HIM DO IT

would have been more reasonable and accurate. But the allure of anything witchy, when trumped with a bloody death, made the willing suspension of disbelief almost automatic at the soberest city desks. At times, the press appeared to be a claque for all the state's worst actors. At other times, its cynical zeal led to acts which were themselves little murders—as when the Manson women were conned out of the curlicued letters and diaries that held the last threads of their illusions.

Repelled as I was by these unhealthy proceedings, I could not deny having taken a certain hand in them. And although I had retired from the hunt convinced that there was no way to clarify the carnage, I did not feel ill disposed toward those who remained in the field. The quest for coherent Evil, no matter how lurid or paranoid, is a drive fueled by religious yearning and should therefore enjoy immunity from ridicule, if not from exasperation. But I confess that I did feel some impatience with the Evil-obsessed sleuths I had come to think of as the Gothic posse, and it was forcing me to consider my obligations to my own grim ideas, which a highly suspicious string of pleasant events in my private life had allowed me to forget. After a day's hesitation, I did the only right thing. Picking up the telephone, I dialed Sheriff's Robbery & Homicide.

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### A marketplace for fantasies

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SHERIFF'S ROBBERY & HOMICIDE was my favorite haunt when I moved to Los Angeles three years ago. It was not so much the dank

and sinister premises in the old Hall of Justice that attracted me (although I did like the dank and sinister premises). What kept me going back there on increasingly trivial errands was the chance to listen to the talk of the best detectives and bask in its wonderful calm. The calm of these detectives went deeper than the calm that obtains when nothing surprises anymore. Everything surprised these detectives, but always to the same mild degree. Insanity, depravity, absurdity, disgrace—they were glad to listen to any raving, so long as it had to do with an unsolved homicide in the unincorporated portions of the county. For this reason, they were much preferred by the posse to their colleagues down the hill at Parker Center, the *Dragnet*-depicted detectives of the LAPD. At the LAPD, a military rectitude tended to inhibit conversation between officer of the law and psychoneurotic volunteer crime analyst; Sheriff's Robbery & Homicide, on the other hand, was a marketplace where fantasies and delusion and arcane readings in the lore of the occult could sometimes be swapped for suspect names and addresses.

Since the Manson trial was nearly half over by the time I arrived to cover it, I was at some disadvantage when it came to the search for that larger moral pathology of which the inscrutable defendants were thought to be only the most obvious carriers. I was hundreds of hours away from acquiring even the minimal proficiency in local crime mores that is available only in newspaper morgues. I had the whole Black Dahlia tradition to absorb. After the day in court, I would make it my business to attend Happy Hour at Li Po's, the Chinatown bar favored by Sheriff's Robbery & Homicide. Then I would set out on my motorized rounds, and if midnight didn't find me touring the city with maps in lap, searching out murder sites and murderers' old milieus, it was only because I had chosen to pass the evening in the greener basement quarters of a young assistant coroner who had taken me under his wing. It wasn't long before I was acknowledged by all as a working member of the posse, and when a homicide detective would toot his horn and wave as our cars passed in some uncertain district, I would feel braced for all forthcoming horrors, a definite beneficiary of the buddy system.

But much as I was concerned about my lack of a master plan in case persistence or luck should direct me to the monster, there was no use pretending that my calm accomplices in their blatantly inconspicuous county cars knew much more than I did about what it was we were after. All that was agreed upon was that the state was experiencing an unnaturally high number of savage murders, murders no one quite understood, and the likes of which few had seen before. Poor shards of bodies would wash





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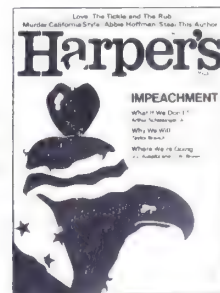
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up on beaches around Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, or be discovered by hikers in the Santa Cruz Mountains, or be found stuffed in car trunks or bureau drawers or castaway suitcases. Some bodies bore more than 250 stab wounds, and while there was seldom any sign of robbery or sexual attack, there were decapitations, dismemberments, eviscerations, and, occasionally, instances of cannibalism. In a single year, medical examiners around the state noted at least two dozen murders in which there had been an exceedingly rare concentration of knife wounds in the throat and upper chest—rare because a single puncture of the trachea or the carotid artery produces a result that will almost always cause a killer to bolt.

The police spoke of these murders as “overkills” and could be counted on to shake their heads or whistle through their teeth when describing them: a guy’s got to be nuts to do something like this, they would say. But because the police were concerned with specific cases inside their own jurisdictions, they were not quick to perceive how many killers in nearby places were going nuts in remarkably similar ways. When the hunt for the Tate-LaBianca killers led state authorities to draw up a list of recent unsolved murders in which bondage, mutilation, or excessive stabbing had occurred, there was general amazement that there had been thirty such crimes in just two years. Only then did police around the state begin wondering if something might not be in the air, and when they did, many started calling these killings “LSD murders.”

It was true that many young killers were projecting acid-casualty images, sometimes discernible under psychiatric examination, but more often apparent only in their clothes and haircuts, in the way they flashed peace signs at photographers and rambled on about astrology in their murder confessions. The police were inclined by their hatred of drugs to take psychedelic confabulations somewhat too literally, or so it seemed from the matter-of-fact tone they adopted when discussing the visions reported to them by killers they had caught.

Few psychiatrists could be found who claimed to have observed predictable effects arising from the use of LSD, and even when defense attorneys had the wit to elicit the best clinical testimony, it always seemed to have a tentative, inchoate quality completely dwarfed by the ghastly facts at hand. The normal psychiatric practice was to look first for organic brain disorders in killers charged with acts of “inappropriate” brutality; failing to find demonstrable morbidity, or evidence of a psychosis deep enough to permit fugues of unrestrained violence, the psychiatrist in the courtroom was left to rely on hypothetical estimates as to how much of which drug would have to be ingested in order to

achieve the cascading loss of impulse control such an act required. It was never a good show and the juries didn’t like it.

The posse didn’t like it either, conceivably because not a few of its members dropped the odd tab themselves from time to time, but also because the LSD analysis failed to come to grips with the localization of these crimes in California and the West. Or did it? Could it have been that some miserable lab in Long Beach was cooking up just enough murder acid to circulate home? The police did not ignore this possibility and could often be induced to tell of green speckled sunshine pills, little blue-and-black mini-bennies, caps of fake mescaline that looked like brown sugar, and other underground pharmaceuticals that kept turning up in all the wrong pockets. But there was never anything conclusive in these findings, and a good many detectives shared the posse’s belief that there had to be some further explanation, something culturally over the heads of the police and removed from the psychiatric imagination, something that pertained most acutely to life as it is lived at the Western extreme. For most of the posse and even for a few detectives, this line of reasoning led directly to the cults.

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### Ritual murders

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THE ROUTINE DISCOVERY around the state of beheaded goats, skinned dogs, and other magic animal remains lent an undeniable credence to the idea that there were Satanists about whose services did not stop short of bloodletting. And if these same groups were bent on attaining the highest magic powers that come only with the ultimate offering, then the “overkills” could be “ritual murders” in which the element of excessive stabbing resulted from many hands taking their turn at “unleashing the fiend.” Rumors abounded of screams heard near beach fires where charred human bones were found the next morning, of Wednesday-night ceremonies in a Brentwood home where corpses were provided by the wealthy host. The fact that a band of necrophiles or occultists had ever been caught in flagrante delicto did nothing to discourage the posse. On the contrary, it only went to show how clever the Satanists could be.

But apart from Sirhan’s Rosicrucianism and the eclectic Manson’s borrowings from Scientology and the London-based Process Church of the Final Judgment, the state’s leading killers were not known for their affiliations. Death Row had housed members of the Satan Slaves, the Straight Satans, the Jokers Out of Hell, and the San Jose chapter of the Gypsy Jokers, but there were bike gangs whose manly ethics forbade any truck with the kind of pale-lipped Luciferians who would murder a dog or goat. Even k-



ers who had claimed devil-worship as their trial defense were unable to show past involvements with any traceable group, and the two "devil killers" I was able to speak with at San Quentin and Atascadero State Hospital both fared less than well when subjected to an occult IQ test I had devised. What is the name of the magical language used in satanic rituals? Who represents the powers of darkness? What are some of the infernal names? They did not know.

Since so many "overkills" were unsolved, however, the fact that no one in custody for similar crimes seemed to be a certifiable Satanist did not mean all that much. There were just enough claims and confessions and uncanny little facts to keep interest alive, and it took me almost a year to tire of talking to persons who wished to be addressed as "Caliph" or "Exemplar," stubborn as I was in the belief that if I steeped my brain long enough in their lingo I might eventually recognize secret dialects in the conversation of killers, captured and at large. It was not always easy to explain to my editors why the long-simmering California murder story required another trip to Boston for further consultations with the adepts of the inner plane, nor to explain to myself what I was doing spending so much time with people I couldn't stand. One couldn't help but pick up a lot of new information in the course of talking to occultists, but most of it had a way of lying dead in the mind the moment it was learned.

**T**HE THIRD MAJOR THEORY to preoccupy police, press, and posse was the notion that the impulse to murder without motive was governed by the landscape. Murder maps were compiled that seemed to indicate that zones of special danger existed in the state, but even with these maps observations on the geography of homicide often took the form of bromides on the importance of seclusion. That deserts, canyons, and ocean afforded matchless impromptu graveyard facilities was clearly not to be argued; but whether or not the absence of a close horizon, the Santa Ana winds, certain phases of the Western moon, or the uncertainty of life along the San Andreas Fault might account for many "overkills" was never much more than a guess. Those who did believe that some antimagnetic effect of topography or climate was deranging to the murder-prone had no trouble at all locating ground zero. Ground zero was at Santa Cruz, sixty miles south of San Francisco.

Once they were solved, the Santa Cruz murders did a great deal to demythify Manson. While they were in progress, however, the killings caused a dense fog of dread to descend upon the pretty town and the wooded hills around it. Between the fall of 1970 and March of 1973, twenty-six persons died there in "over-

kill" murders, some as horrible as any reported before. An almost equal number were killed in similar fashion in the neighboring counties. Two teen-age girls on a picnic, stabbed 300 times. A priest slashed to death in his confessional. Hands and legs found by the roadside. A doctor, his wife, two sons, and secretary, bound, gagged, executed by pistol shot, floating facedown in the swimming pool alongside their burning house.

But as the killers were caught and photographed and interviewed and brought to trial and sent to prison and asked if they felt like writing books, a kind of normalcy born of nausea returned to town and county, allowing the murder rate to settle back to the basic seven-to-ten a year. Many felt that the Santa Cruz killers would have achieved greater fame if the public hadn't been so weary of Manson at the time they came to trial, and it was true that they were not entirely an unprepossessing lot, as murderers go. John Linley Frazier, who killed the doctor and his family, was an ecology guerrilla who left behind a murder note saying "Today World War III will begin as brought to you by the free universe," signed with the names of tarot cards. Herbert Mullin, who killed thirteen people including the priest, said he was trying to save California from an earthquake by making sacrifices to "the voices." Edmund E. Kemper III, a six-foot nine-inch 280-pound giant, feared the police were closing in on him for the six murders he had committed since his release from the state hospital, where he'd been held since the age of fifteen for the murder of his grandparents; finally, turning to his mother, he had chosen to "bear the burden of killing her as well, to avoid her suffering any embarrassment."

Contemplating the depths of these delusions was an experience of such intense bewilderment that it would finally be impossible not to embrace whatever barren landfall was suggested by the few facts at hand. So it would begin to seem important that Mullin and Frazier (both users of psychedelic drugs who also dabbled in the occult) had probably drifted into Santa Cruz and stayed there because of its physical setting. There were little dairy sheds all over the county, abandoned years ago when the pastures were taken, and there were also many dilapidated auto courts built in the Thirties and Forties, run-down old resorts left over from the time when Santa Cruz was famous only for its boardwalk. Frazier had lived in a shed for \$5 a month. Mullin was paying \$24 for a one-room place by the beach. No one could deny it: here was a common denominator.

**T**ALKING TO THE KILLERS themselves was always more rewarding than seeking to understand them through the records of their lives and crimes and trials. But this was only because

"Rumors abounded of ceremonies in Brentwood homes where corpses were provided by the wealthy host."

talking to them served to diffuse any impression one might have had that they belonged to a single caste. If they shared anything beyond the bars of their pathetic dwelling places, it was only a kind of passivity, a tone of voice, a tendency to speak of their crimes as acts of capitulation. Many were practiced in the popular shell games of self-analysis and could be maddeningly philosophical about the act of murder, particularly after Manson started the tautology craze that swept the cellblocks during his trial. The karma's coming down, man. Your thought is your karma. And if death is your thought, man, death is gonna be your karma. It sometimes would occur to me that one obvious thing these celebrated killers had in common was the spell-bound attention of many persons like myself, and when I saw a couple of familiar faces in the flush light of a TV special devoted to the murdering mind, I realized that I had come to think of murderers as cruel and frail young men who had succumbed to the most abject of American desires, the wish to be introduced on television as Truman Capote's friend.

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### The homicide prize

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THE IDEA THAT SOME coffin-oriented aspect of the culture was imploring the weak to murder returned my thoughts to the Beaumont letter. For if the morbid obsessions of the death-dealing society had made the heavyweight championship of homicide indeed a prize to be won and worn, what better way for Manson to touch gloves with the reigning Sirhan than with this jive fan letter? I could picture him skidding up to that cinderblock post office in Beaumont, then loping back out to the girls in the dune buggy with no less a trophy than Sirhan's friendly reply. I had this tableau in mind when (having finally gotten through to Sheriff's Robbery & Homicide) Sgt. Paul Whiteley came on the line. Whiteley and his partner, Charles Guenther, had been the first detectives in town to start thinking about Manson for the Tate-LaBianca killings, and both were respected mentors at Li Po's, the calmest of the calm. I may have been a little guarded about stating my hunch that the Beaumont letter was genuine, but Whiteley spared me the need to explain myself and told me to send it right down.

The police always took their time performing any task that required expert analysis, so I knew that for a week, or even longer, I could consider myself on quasi-official standby to Sheriff's Robbery & Homicide. I had a strong urge to make the most of it immediately, to put on a suit and go downtown and drink with the detectives. But the thought of walking into Li Po's almost two years rusty was all it took to restrain me. The detectives I knew did not exactly con-

verse, they trafficked in conversation, and unless you had something for openers, something you read in an autopsy report or been told by someone in jail, you couldn't even ante. So before putting the Beaumont letter back into the mail and thereby rejoining the posse, I called around and made a few appointments.

It had been a while—a month or more—since the papers had carried any news of dismemberments or multiple stabbings, and thinking that the pace might have slackened, I visited the state's leading authority on such matters, the Los Angeles County coroner, Dr. Thomas Noguchi. Dr. Noguchi was known to shoulder his responsibilities with an enthusiasm some people found unnerving, especially upon hearing him testify in court, where his painstaking reports were delivered in a thick Japanese accent whose macabre associations caused even judges to smile. He was, it was said, a specialist in the unspeakable. Handless and decapitated homicide victims who arrived at his door tagged Jane or John Doe held a special attraction for him, calling upon the most refined techniques his office had developed for making identifications. Once he had succeeded in giving a name and address and thus a fate-sealing death certificate, to a leg clavicle found in some pulverized remains in a canyon north of the city.

On the day I saw Dr. Noguchi, he was distracted by the presence in his office of some officials from Hawaii who had just flown in with a decomposed body they wanted him to see. I was distracted by the presence of a twenty-four-inch closed-circuit television monitor that flashed an endless chain of two-second snapshots of corridors and loading bays deep in the morgue. Even so, he did manage to say, and I to comprehend, that the trend toward gratuitous violence in the act of murder was still plainly visible in the cadavers coming through; that the mutilation of bodies was now "quite common," though perhaps more vividly sexual than in Manson's day; and that torture-murders (as opposed to postmortem desecrations) appeared to be subtly on the increase. The trend-setting nature of these murders continued to puzzle him, Dr. Noguchi said, but there was no question that homicide styles were born in California and then repeated across the nation.

A few days later, I penetrated the elaborate screening apparatus at the LAPD and made my way up to the big and noisy offices of Robbery & Homicide, where the mention of Noguchi's name brought a current case to the mind of Lt. Robert Helder, the chief of the detail. It appeared that a gang of hard-leather sadists was presently at large in the city, a gang that had left the scattered remains of at least six young homosexuals on local beaches and parkways in the space of the past twelve months. These murders had been marked with an espe-



ally grotesque turn or two, such as hiding a vered head in a place where some poor devil as sure to come upon it jack-in-the-box style.

But Lieutenant Helder was as calm a detective as any in town, and he cautioned me against reading any cultural imperatives into these crimes. They were novelties, rough-trade pranks completely outside normal homicide patterns. So, your classic L.A. murder was still bangbang across the living room, with the ricochets busting the bottle of muscatel. "Almost 80 percent of our cases are what we call the mom-and-pop type of homicide, basic self-solvers on the surface," Lieutenant Helder said. "Unless you count the Tate-LaBianca, which was seven in two days, L.A. has never had a mass murder."

The bleak facts of homicide could never be made to square with its vicarious appeal, nor could the country's unblinking attention to it be explained by the cold actuarial fact that homicide ranks almost even with congenital anomalies as a cause of death. It could also be said that Detroit, Dallas, and Washington, D.C., had murder rates almost twice that of San Francisco or Los Angeles, and that right through the worst of the Manson era, California's murder rate was never more than half that of South Carolina. The police took great solace in these figures, as though the burden upon them was lightened by the statistical relentlessness of life and death.

But homicide prevention was not the business of the police; catching killers was, and no numerical breakdown could disguise the fact that their luck wasn't improving. Self-solvers were one thing, but when it came to the kind of random, brutal murders that terrorized and titillated, they trusted more than they knew to the killers' compulsion to confess. Of the thirty murders on the list that started everyone talking about "overkills" in 1969, twenty-six were still unsolved more than four years later.

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### Murder upon murder

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**D**URING MY WAIT for Whiteley's call, the Zodiac killer broke a silence of thirty-four months with a new letter to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, this time claiming credit for thirty-seven deaths. The police had conceded him no more than seven in the course of their eight-year manhunt, but in one of his last communiqués before dropping out of touch three years ago, he had announced his intention to adopt a new style of killing even harder to detect: "I've grown rather angry with the police that are telling lies about me. So I shall change my way of collecting slaves. I shall no longer announce to anybody when I commit my murders. They shall look like routine robberies, killings of anger, and a few fake accidents."

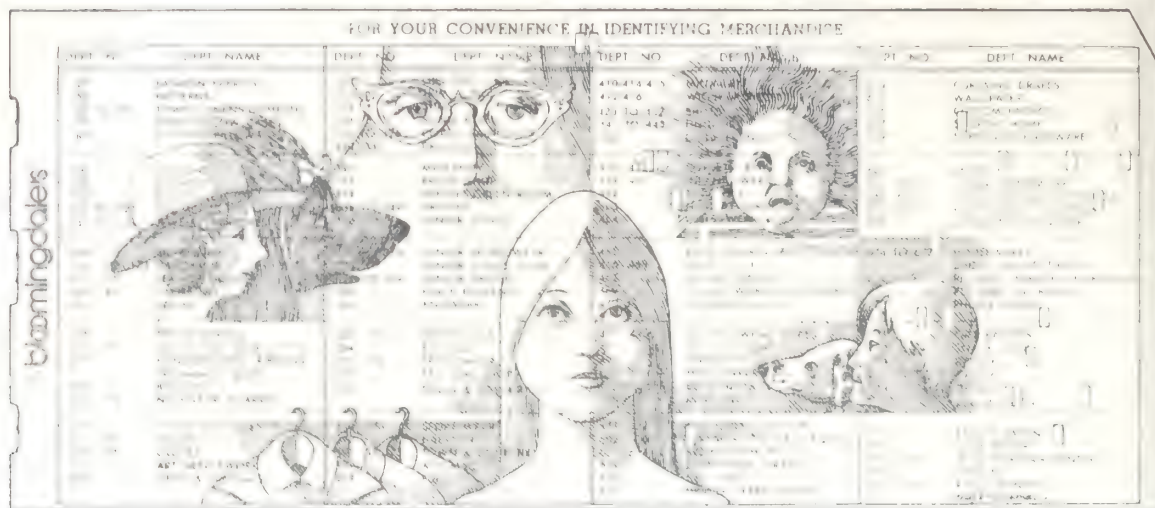
The Zodiac had established his bona fides with the police by mailing in such relics as a bloody scrap torn from a victim's shirt, so they did not take his letters lightly. The search for him had continued throughout the long silence, aided only slightly by the use of computers to crack his double codes and by the publication of a uniform "Zodiac Manual" for the use of police in all the Western states. If they were alert, the police paid special attention to all suspicious persons who fit the Zodiac's general description: male Caucasian, thirty-five to forty-five, five-ten, 190 pounds, crewcut reddish-brown hair, plastic-frame eyeglasses, paunchy stomach. If such a person said anything funny, the police would make sure he wasn't wearing size-11½ shoes. And if he was, the search would begin immediately for his Marine combat boots, his 9 mm Browning, his machete. None of this had worked.

It did not escape my attention that the Zodiac had written his new letter on a day when every newspaper in the state had banner headlines telling of the point-blank sidewalk executions of five people on a single night in San Francisco. Nor that the next night, with the Zodiac back in the headlines, three were slashed to death in an Oakland mortuary. The streakiness of murder was the one thing about it that expressed its emptiness of meaning, and a dozen apparent coincidences immediately came to mind. Corona's vast graves were discovered just as the Manson trial was coming to its end. Frazier had appeared within days of the Zodiac's farewell. Kemper started his string of killings as soon as Frazier was sentenced to death, only to be knocked off page one in the climactic days of his trial by the mass murder of nine in Lodi. It was as though the end of one misadventure was the provocation that led on to the next, with each new killer driven on to new extremes in order to surpass the great feats of homicide already accomplished.

In some excitement, I compiled a calendar of celebrated killings and murder trials, a chronology of California deaths. My data was too scant to be conclusive, but the patterns were unmistakable. The moment one top killer was ushered out of the limelight, unseen forces would summon another to take his place. Murder inspired murder, and if the nature of that inspiration could be understood and anticipated, a kind of seismology might come into being sensitive enough to monitor murderous pressures on a doped-out drifter in a dairy shed. When Whiteley called to say that there was no way Manson could have written the Beaumont letter, I felt the tingle of exhilaration that comes when you have important new information to pass on to a detective. I asked him if he'd be dropping in at Li Po's soon, but Whiteley said no, he'd cut that out some time ago. □

"Dr. Noguchi said that mutilation of bodies was now 'quite common' and that torture-murders appeared to be on the increase."

# DEPARTMENT STORE



MY INTENTION WAS to walk over to Bloomingdale's and browse. It was a Saturday afternoon and the Lexington Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street intersection was thronged with Bloomingdale's customers, some leaving and some about to enter. As I approached the store, I noticed an elderly man in short sleeves standing behind a card table hawking raffle tickets. "Would you like to help our little babies?" he cried. "Please help the little babies of the New York Foundling." Our eyes met and he beckoned to me and said, "You wouldn't let down the little babies, right, girlie?"

"Wrong," I said and walked on.

A few seconds later a spastic selling comic books lurched toward me waving a sample of his wares. An orange badge with a smiling face on it was pinned to his collar but his own face, bobbing up and down, was so sad and imploring that I might have been the last Captain Marvel fan on earth. I looked away and proceeded through the revolving doors. Just inside sat a nun collecting alms for the poor. She was as motionless as Whistler's mother, and her face, framed by a wimple, was composed. I dropped a quarter into her black change purse.

Then I worked my way up the stairs to the main floor and joined the line waiting to get on the escalator. Ahead of me were two long-haired figures in pea jackets. As they stepped onto the escalator, the figure on the left said, "I should have known that my feeling for Ray wouldn't last. How could I lie on my deathbed and look back and think to myself, I lived my entire life with someone whose name was Ray?"

"Ray's the sort of name gas-station attendants have," said the right-hand figure. "What about Bruce? Could you ever fall in love with anybody named Bruce?"

The first one considered a moment. "Bruce isn't as horrible as Ray." We reached the second floor and transferred to the next escalator.

"How about Lloyd?"

"Lloyd is what they always call llamas."

"How about Hank?"

"How about Lew?"

"How about Fred?"

At the third floor I detached myself and meandered over to where they were selling casual clothes. I began to sift through a circular rack of shirts. "I always take the first item I come across," a voice said. "Fashion isn't what matters. Style isn't what matters. All that matter are beauty and truth."

I turned to see a stout woman with an argumentative face. The stripes on her dress were going in one direction, and the stripes on her sweater were going in another. Even her hair went in zigzags, though she'd fastened some of it down with a silver barrette in the shape of a harp.

"Take my advice, young lady, and don't meditate over clothes when you could be meditating over works of art. Go home and read Flaubert. You can read *Madame Bovary* in a bathrobe or a ballgown; it's as good either way."

"I've already read it."

She stiffened. "I guess there will always be some who would rather stand in front of a clothes rack than in front of a Rembrandt."

Ann Bayer has contributed to *Granta*, *Esquire*, and *Playboy*. She is now in residence at the MacDowell Colony, where she is writing on a novel.



WE WERE JOINED by an elegant middle-aged woman wearing a pants suit and a wide-brimmed hat. She was accompanied by a large black poodle with a frayed topknot. I put out my hand and the dog licked it.

"Lulu thinks you're a plate of chopped liver," said the elegant woman. She lifted out several shirts and frowned at them.

"Go by the price tag," said the stout woman. "Who cares how they look?"

The elegant woman peered out from under her hat. "I care, that's who." She held a shirt at arm's length; it was covered with polka dots and had a removable bow. "I wonder if they have this in a size twelve."

"So what if it's a little tight, a little loose. Why aren't you in Carnegie Hall listening to Brahms?"

"Because I'm in Bloomingdale's looking for something to wear."

The stout woman rolled her eyes heavenward and then turned and walked away. Her heels click-clacked on the floor as if she had swallowed a metronome.

After a few moments a young man with an excited Dalmatian came by. Trailing its leash, the Dalmatian made a beeline for the poodle and sniffed her hindquarters. The poodle wheeled around and glowered.

"Careful, Plato," said the man. "Don't try to shake friends when the tail's not wagging." The tail in question had shifted to a down position. The Dalmatian, oblivious, circled back behind the poodle, who responded by curling her upper lip and rumbling. When these measures failed to deter her suitor, the poodle hurled herself at his spotted throat. Both leashes were yanked back simultaneously, and the dogs were left standing on their hind legs, paws churning the air.

"I'm glad that happened, Plato," said the man. "Now you'll remember to always check first and make sure the tail waggles." He pulled the spurned animal away toward the raincoat department.

The elegant woman watched them go with narrowed eyes. "Lulu takes after me. She absolutely refuses to be treated as a sex object."

"Males are all alike," I said. "They're always poking their noses where they don't belong."

She gave me an approving look. "I take it you're in the movement."

"I've been fighting sexism since I was five. I'm the only person I know who ever named her teddy bear Theodora."

"What men do to us," she said. "I've had two husbands. They were both named Leonard and they were both impossible. The moment I married Leonard One, he forgot his table manners. I'd say to him, 'What do you suppose that fork is sitting there for?' And he'd say, 'If I want to eat with my hands, I'll eat with my hands. Who's around to impress?' I'd say, 'I'm around. Why

not impress *me* for a change?' 'You?' he'd say. 'You're only my wife.'"

"Is that ever typical," I said.

"Wait. Then I married Leonard Two. By this time I was nearly forty and all I wanted was to have a baby. I begged and pleaded with that man to give me a baby. So one day he came home with a live lobster on a leash and led it around the apartment. 'What's that?' I said. 'It's Ursula,' he said. 'It's our little adopted daughter Ursula.' Then he put a pot of water on the stove and when it was boiling he said, 'Now I'm going to lower Ursula into her bassinet.'"

"That's sick," I said. "Sick but fascinating."

"I've had it with husbands. Since my second divorce I've taken lovers and it's worked out very well."

"The only man I ever wanted to marry," I said, "is John Kenneth Galbraith."

"I'm telling you, the solution is lovers."

"I keep thinking what it must feel like to open your eyes in the morning and there lying beside you on the same sheet is *John Kenneth Galbraith*."

"Buy a dog. Dogs make the best husbands. Believe me, I know. *Lulu* never wakes up with a hangover. She never leaves cigarette burns on the bedspread. She never threatens to walk out or gets surly or throws things. Why, she's so sweet and feminine that sometimes I think if I could just unzip her, a little pink girl would jump out."

For a second or two we bowed our heads and contemplated this paragon, who had lowered herself on to her side and was closely inspecting her private parts.

"Of course," the woman continued, "I doubt if I'll ever give men up entirely. No matter how old one becomes, the heart beats as violently in the breast; the flesh is as demanding. To me even now the best part of clothes is taking them off." She looked at her watch and gave a cry. "It's after four already. Time for *Lulu's* dinner. It's *Lulu's* dinner time. Oh, lucky, lucky *Lulu*!" The poodle gathered herself from the floor, and they headed for home.

BY NOW I HAD SELECTED two shirts that I wanted to try on and I went off to locate a saleslady. After circling the area three times, I eventually found one standing behind a row of marked-down blazers. Her head was tilted back, and she was putting eyedrops into her eyes. She had on a black dress and black stockings and shiny yellow shoes, as if she had just come from a funeral but her feet had danced on the grave.

"I want to see if these fit me," I said.

The saleslady lowered her head so that the drops spilled down her cheeks and she blotted them with the inside of her wrist. Then she led me along a row of dressing rooms to an empty

cubicle. "When you are ready, I am Miss Dexter," she said and drew the curtain.

I had tried on both shirts and was getting dressed again when I heard a noise on the other side of the partition. It sounded like a metal wastebasket clanking against a mirror. This was followed by a rhythmic thudding on the floorboards. Then a female voice said, "I've done it with one person, two people, three people, and a whole bedful of people. I've done it backwards and sideways and upside down." Her voice was so dispassionate she could have been reciting the closing averages of the day's most active stocks. I stood still, one arm partway into a sleeve. "I've done it with vibrators," the voice went on. "I've done it with feathers. I've done it smeared with whipped cream." My reflection gave me a scandalized look. "I've done it in rowboats. I've done it in trailers." Suddenly there was a frenzied rattling of clothes hangers followed by silence and then more thudding. After a minute the voice resumed. "I've done it under a piano. I've done it in a baptistery. I've done it in a Holiday Inn. But this is the first time I've ever done it in a fitting room."

I was still eavesdropping when the curtain was pushed aside and the saleslady appeared. I pointed in the direction of the voice. "Somebody's having an affair in there," I whispered.

"That compartment belongs to Miss Henderson's customers," said the saleslady. "I am Miss Dexter. Do the shirts fit or don't they?"

"They fit but I can't decide which makes me look thinner." I held them up; one was cut like a cowboy shirt, and the other was printed with swirls of orange. "What do you think?"

"I've given up thinking," replied Miss Dexter.

"In that case," I said, "I better take both." She put the shirts under her arm, and I gave her my charge plate and followed her to where she wrote up her bills.

Another saleslady came over and rested her elbow wearily on top of a display case. "Today I feel one hundred years old," she said.

"That makes two of us," said Miss Dexter, ripping off the ends of the price tags.

"I have angina," said the other saleslady. "I've already had two attacks. Angina's brutal. If I have another attack, I'm through."

"When your number's up, your number's up, period. That's my philosophy."

The other saleslady sighed. "My daughter tells me, 'Ma, you've got fifteen more good years. Have a ball.' Daughter or no daughter, she doesn't care."

Miss Dexter held out a pencil and I signed the sales slip. "Look," she said. "I want to tell you something. Nobody cares."

She thrust the merchandise into a shopping bag and handed it to me.

"Thank you," I said.

"If I die, I'm ready," said Miss Dexter.

It wasn't until I was halfway past budget sportswear that I noticed the commotion. A bottleneck had formed by the escalators; customers descending from the fourth floor were converging with customers ascending from the second. Their attention was focused on a woman standing on a chair strategically placed between the up and down escalators. Even from far away I recognized all those stripes. I moved close enough to hear.

"Go home, everybody!" the woman was shouting, holding her hands to her mouth like a megaphone. "The hour for buying adornment is past."

"But it isn't even five o'clock," someone said.

"What are you people doing in a department store?" the woman demanded. "Don't you know there are books to be read? That there is music to be heard? All that counts are the things of the spirit. Who here has read Aeschylus?"

There was no show of hands.

"It must be some sort of a prophet," said an onlooker.

A few minutes went by while the woman continued to exhort her audience to go off and improve their minds. Then I noticed two men in brown suits filing through the crowd. They positioned themselves on either side of her. "Okay out," said one. "You can practice your public speaking somewhere else."

The woman glared down at him. "Mister when was the last time you read Chekhov?"

Her question went unanswered. The man grasped her arm and toppled her from the chair and after that I lost sight of her.

The customers slowly sorted themselves out. It took me a long time to reach the Lexington Avenue doorway and when I did I found that it was raining. Some shoppers were huddled under the marquee waiting for the downpour to let up and I joined them. I was considering whether to go back inside and buy an umbrella when I heard someone talking loudly behind me.

"The first thing I did when I got home yesterday," the voice said, "was rinse out my stockings. Then I went to the kitchen and heated up the chicken that was left over from Tuesday."

I turned around. The speaker was a prim woman in her late forties. Her face was carefully made up, but one eye had blue mascara and the other eye had brown. She was standing all by herself. Her head was turned to the left, and she seemed to be addressing an imaginary friend.

"On Wednesday I opened a can of chicken noodle soup. Thursday night I had dinner in Schrafft's. I ordered their chicken pie."

I looked up at the sky but rain was all I could see.

"What worries me," said the woman, "is what to do about tonight. There's still a breast and a wing in the icebox, but if I eat them now that will make five days of chicken in a row." □





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# IBM ON TRIAL

Monopoly tends to corrupt

IN THE CONSTELLATION of multinational corporations, one illuminates the economic firmament more than any other. It is International Business Machines, whose 575,000 stockholders early this year owned 146,061,750 shares with a sale value even in a depressed market of \$36.5 billion. Their company, the undisputed colossus of the computer industry, has made many of them millionaires. It has enriched to the level of affluence anyone able to acquire and retain two or three hundred shares since the computer market developed in the 1950s. Its products and services are sold in four out of every five nations on earth. Last year, on revenues of \$11 billion, it earned \$1.58 billion, up 23 percent from 1972. Its reserves and marketable securities are so extensive that income from interest alone could put IBM on any select roster of American corporations. Measured by its revenues, IBM ranks sixth in the United States. No one knows for sure—only IBM itself has the confirming or refuting data—but the company probably commands 75 to 80 percent of the computer business in the United States and more than half of the world market. IBM concedes that it gets perhaps 35 percent of the industry revenues, but the courts and its competitors scorn that unsupported estimate as nonsense.

Whatever the extent of its monopoly, IBM has reaped well over 90 percent of profits generated in the computer industry in this country. All the other companies, including some of substantial size—Honeywell, Burroughs, Control Data, Univac, National Cash Register—crounge with varying degrees of success for what's left. IBM could probably obliterate any or all of them if it chose, or if it dared provoke further antitrust litigation of the sort in which it already is expensively involved. Computer divisions of Philco, RCA, and General Electric have been demolished over the years in unequal combat with IBM. But IBM now *needs* competition and tolerates it for appearance's sake, suffering meager growth among its harmless foes as evidence of pluralism in the computer world.

## The kingdom of IBM

IN ITS SIXTY-YEAR history, IBM has accumulated, besides its dominance over a highly profitable and expanding industry, a remarkable reputation among multinational corporations. It is a reputation that devolved from the personal style and perseverance of Thomas J. Watson, Sr., who ran the company as a family fief from 1914 until shortly before his death in 1956. Watson was a benevolent tyrant who, as an associate of the legendary John Henry Patterson of the National Cash Register empire in Dayton, Ohio, had been fined and sentenced to a year in prison on a conviction of antitrust violation before Patterson fired him in 1913. When he was exempted from serving the sentence after the court ordered a second trial, which never occurred, Watson was hired to run a small, newly formed company making tabulating devices, grocery-store scales, cheese slicers, and other "business machines." The company was christened IBM in 1924.

Watson had a fierce temper, a pietistic affinity for the eternal verities, an evangelist's fervor for business, and an unswerving compulsion to work. He developed his own version of reinforcement psychology before the world had heard of B. F. Skinner. In the kingdom of IBM, men were alike in style and manners—well groomed, well barbered, courteous and attentive, dressed in dark suits, polished shoes, and mandatory white shirts that identified them as members of the Watson-IBM family. They lived and worked and generally prospered according to a paternalistic, autocratic code that guided their conduct, aspirations, and progress upward in—or out of—the company. On this Victorian principle of "doing right," and on the principles of meeting ever larger sales quotas, of total subordination to one's job, of clean living and clean thinking, IBM was built. Its reputation for probity, strict attention to business, and concern for its customers extended around the world.

*William Rodgers is the author of Think: A Biography of the Watsons and IBM and Brown-Out: The Power Crisis in America. Think is being reissued in paperback this spring by New American Library.*

William  
Rodgers  
IBM ON  
TRIAL

Concurrent with developing its benevolent image across the continents and the decades, IBM established one of the finest sales and customer-service organizations in all industry. Although a little late moving into the computer business after World War II, IBM took virtual possession of the business by recruiting scientists and technicians and by retraining its army of salesmen and engineers.

Locking in customers and freezing out competition, without notably impinging on its reputation for wholesomeness and fair play, characterized IBM marketing operations as far back as the 1930s. The Justice Department in the Roosevelt administration brought an antitrust action against IBM and Remington Rand, which in the precomputer era shared the lucrative tabulating-machine-and-card business.

In 1935 a federal court found that IBM had under lease 85.7 percent of all tabulating machines, 86.1 percent of all sorting machines, and 82 percent of all the punch-card installations then used by American business and the government itself. Remington Rand had all the rest of the business under an agreement with IBM. This "mutual sufferance" arrangement was dissolved in 1936, in a ruling upheld by the Supreme Court.

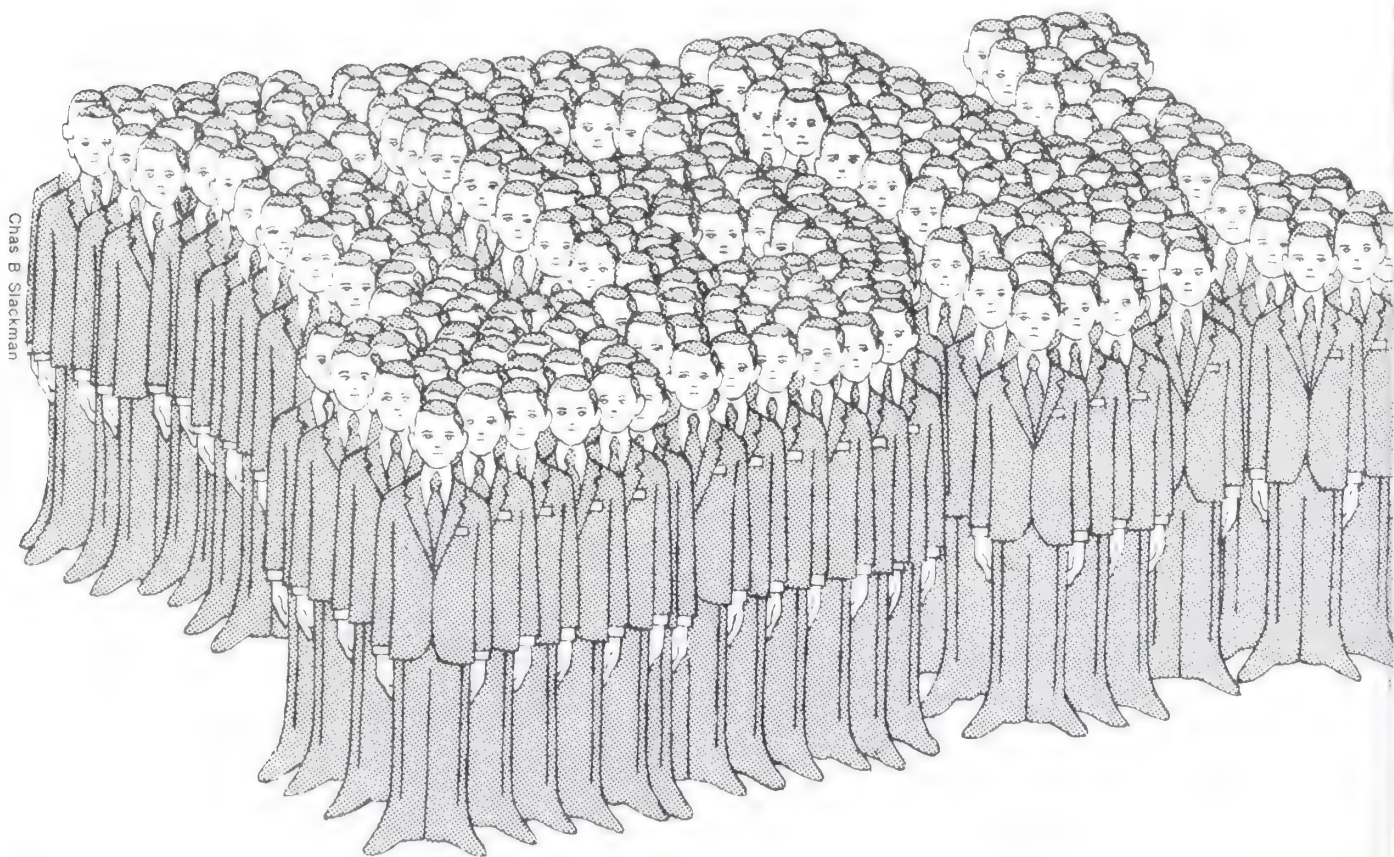
Twenty years later, the government, in an antitrust case that terminated with a consent decree, tried to compel IBM to make way for com-

petitors, and to curtail the company's power to sustain its monopoly. By then the computer had revolutionized the data processing business and the decree scarcely gave the company pause.

**T**HE GOVERNMENT STRUCK AGAIN in 1969 with the largest antitrust case ever launched against any company, a case scheduled to go to trial late in 1974. In the five-year period between the initiation of the litigation and the beginning of the trial, IBM will have grown by more than \$1 billion in sales each year.

This latest antitrust action was, in part, the government's acknowledgement of complaints and protests from competitors charging that IBM had not allowed entry and growth, beyond a token level, to other companies in the industry. The complaints further alleged that IBM had devised a sophisticated system of predatory practices with which to destroy competitors attempting to gain a foothold in the business. The IBM empire, said its surviving competitor, had become too immune to the restraints of power, too dangerous and ruthless to be tolerated in the social and industrial community.

Today the company's competitors and the government are up in arms against it both in the marketplace and in the courts. Besides the federal government's suit, which wasn't pressed for four years because of a lack of prosecutorial in-



Chas. B. Stackman



est on the part of the Nixon Justice Department, there are presently pending against IBM eleven punitive and treble-damage suits initiated by companies and individuals seeking \$4.3 billion collectively. In one suit last fall, a U.S. District Court in Tulsa, Oklahoma, awarded \$9.5 million to the Telex Corporation. Earlier this year, IBM settled, prior to trial for \$110 million, a damage suit filed in December 1968 by Control Data Corporation. The disclosures made in both cases tended to cast some doubt on IBM's image of self-righteous probity.

## The end of the monopoly?

QUESTIONS OF IMMEASURABLE significance, questions raised in Congress a century ago when debate raged over the issue of regulating corporate power, have been brought into focus with such clarity that their resolution can no longer be indefinitely delayed. The escape of multinational corporations from the bonds of foreign authority, the anxiety and runaway prices provoked by the world energy crisis, the incestuous affinity between company directors and ministries of the state all arouse political agitation for more supervision over worldwide industrial empires. IBM is by no means alone in provoking cries for restraint. It is, however, a corporation distinguished by the extent of its monopoly over what has become a basic industry. It is uniquely alone in its need to defend itself against the Justice Department, which wants to break it up into a number of separate entities, and against private and corporate damage claims for more than four, possibly seven, billion dollars.

How could the monarch among multinationals, its logotype known across the world, with its hallowed reputation, stumble into obvious falls and expose the dingy underside of its carefully polished image?

And what are the economic, moral, and social implications of a national resource company like IBM being brought before several courts, perhaps for years? How can a nation punish or restrain an industrial resource of such magnitude without inflicting punishment or crippling restrictions on the economic system with which it is inextricably entwined?

It is IBM's position that none of these supposed evils can or should befall it. But the Justice Department argues that law and order must restore competition and a free market, and it goes to apply an old measuring rule, which holds that competition is stifled when three or more companies carry off 50 percent or more of a category of business. IBM is prepared to admit that it is being discriminated against, that the old measuring rule is invalid, dishonored by numerous exceptions. The argument has com-

prising substance. Companies like Kodak, Xerox, and Western Electric, among others, mock almost any definition of monopoly. Four automobile manufacturers don't possess just 50 percent of the business; they have all of it, excluding imports.

What is worrying IBM, aside from the possibility of fifteen damage suits relieving the company of perhaps billions of dollars, is the prospect of a new and galling relationship with the federal government. For the Justice Department's suit covers many of the issues of the Telex case, in which IBM was found guilty. The verdict is under appeal, but the evidence supporting it, evidence from IBM's own internal records, has entered the public domain and is available to all litigants, including the government. The evidence appears to be impressive—so much so that last fall Thomas D. Barr, partner in the Manhattan law firm Cravath, Swaine & Moore, which is defending IBM in the government suit, redefined the case. In a dialogue with Chief Judge David N. Edelstein of the U.S. District Court of Southern New York, Mr. Barr saw the issue to be decided as one beyond the evidence. Barr said:

"I think we have, in a sense, your Honor, almost a classic confrontation between two different concepts of what the antitrust laws are all about and what our system is all about."

Whether or not his defense strategy is successful, Mr. Barr was probably right about the implications of the case determining for years the relationship of the antitrust laws to "our system." By going to trial in the Telex case, IBM lost the secrecy of its internal documents, and what emerged from these documents was a blueprint inadvertently proving, at least to the court, that IBM was a predatory monopoly. Having sacrificed in all likelihood its capability of proving it is neither a predator nor a monopoly, it is obliged in the government suit to satisfy the courts that its monopoly status is a good thing, an extension of the public interest.

In other suits, where litigants have assembled to seek redress, IBM must wear them down by delay and attrition, seeking individual settlements before trial in amounts less than claimed by its adversaries. With more money and staying power than all its opposing litigants put together, the company might prevail.

## A blow to Control Data

THE PENDING CONFRONTATION between IBM as defendant and the government and companies as prosecutor and plaintiffs had its genesis in the '60s and in the character and temperament of corporation management. In 1965 Control Data Corporation was the only computer company in the country besides IBM to show a

"IBM's share of the market is not decreasing. By a stroke of the pen, almost any company can be put out of business."

profit. William C. Norris, president of Control Data, led a group of gifted scientists in demonstrating a remarkable ability to raise capital on Wall Street. It was a time of easy money, to be sure, but Norris raised a lot of it. New advances in miniaturization of components, circuits, and systems persuaded investors that golden times were ahead even for upstart companies daring to compete with IBM. Because growth possibilities seemed so vast, they were persuaded, too, that IBM, under restraints imposed in the 1956 antitrust consent decree, would tolerate competitors. On that point they were woefully wrong.

Norris entered the market with his famed Model 6600, the largest computer in the world, a multimillion-dollar system designed for aircraft production, government, and heavy industry. The promise of its arrival sent Control Data stock soaring from 32 to 161 in a matter of months. Coincidentally, IBM announced that it intended to market an improved version of the Control Data machine. The news discouraged prospective CDC customers. IBM never manufactured its version of the Model 6600, but its presumed imminence caused CDC stock to plummet. Outraged, Norris complained to the Justice Department. He denounced the management hierarchy of IBM, then ruled by Thomas J. Watson, Jr.; his younger brother, Arthur, who became Ambassador to France during Nixon's first term; and T. Vincent Learson, who succeeded to, and is now retired from, the office of chief executive. The government procrastinated, and in December of 1968 Norris filed a treble-damage suit against IBM. A year later, on the last day of the Johnson administration, the Justice Department filed its own action charging the company with a wide range of monopolistic practices.

Four years later, early in 1973, IBM settled out of court by giving Norris one of its subsidiary companies and cash amounting to \$110 million. In a prelude to the settlement, IBM surrendered to CDC lawyers millions of pages of previously classified in-house data. Norris spent \$3 million for a computerized index of these files, which Telex and other litigants studied and researched. It was said to be a compendium of evidence highly useful to the forthcoming government antitrust trial. But immediately upon reaching an accommodation with Norris, IBM got back the voluminous index of microfilm, papers, and tapes and, as *Fortune* magazine reported, destroyed them by erasure, acid bath, and mulching vats.

Irrked by IBM's destruction of the CDC file and index, Judge Edelstein imposed a fine of \$150,000 a day on IBM for failure to purge itself of contempt by yielding up some twelve hundred documents that he had asked for and IBM had failed to produce. In what sounded like a reprise of a theme by Mr. Nixon, then in

retreat from a summer of Watergate hearings and disclosures of "lost" and withheld documents, IBM pleaded its version of executive privilege and confidentiality between law and client.

Judge Edelstein retorted that since CDC counsel had looked at the material for months, he wanted to see it, too, on the ground that it was doubtless germane to the government's case against IBM. Before one day of the unprecedented fine had passed, the company persuaded other federal court in Connecticut to grant a stay, and the \$150,000-a-day contempt sentence went to appeal. Even while cadres of lawyers sparred with the Justice Department—coach company managers in pretrial depositions negotiating a settlement with Norris—special task forces at IBM's world headquarters in Armonk, New York, analyzed certain information that distressed the Watson brothers, Vincent Learson, and other high-ranking executives: antiseptic color-coded rooms, to which sales, manufacturing, and financial data were channeled from points of origin across the country; management detected signs of growth developing among small companies specializing in products and systems "plug compatible" with IBM mainframe units—or, as they are called, central processing computers.

**P**LUG COMPATIBLE, or peripheral, equipment is a large part of the computer industry. In fact, it is all of the equipment served by the central processing unit, which may be seen as a powerhouse supplying all sorts of attachments that make up computer submarkets—control drives, magnetic-tape drives, impact printers, memory systems, communications controllers, direct-access data storage products, and so on.

In 1970 IBM took in more than \$1.1 billion in revenues from peripheral products that were plug compatible with its mainframe units. Other manufacturers of plug compatible equipment combined took in a little more than \$500 million on products designed for IBM computers. Thus the competition's share amounted to a comparatively little. But it was growing. Although IBM's volume was increasing by more than \$1 billion a year, other companies were making their way into fringe markets where they provided very substantial revenues indeed. It was also clear that other companies were making products superior to those made by IBM.

A task-force analysis, produced in secret by Armonk, disclosed in documents that reached the court in the Telex trial that IBM did not shrink from turning up unpleasant intelligence about itself. The company assessed the quality of its own products and compared it to the competition's. Of twenty-six pieces of equipment evaluated, sixteen produced by IBM were found



be "deficient," four were superior, and six equal to those of competitors. Thus it was that the company confessed to itself, and by extension to the court, that it took in hundreds of millions of dollars in sales on products that were inferior to those manufactured by its hard-pressed competitors.

The better equipment cost customers a good deal less than IBM sold theirs for—and still made Memorex, Telex, California Computer, Transamerica, Marshall Industries, and a couple of others some money. This was IBM's own fault, since the company had been allowing itself as much as 50 percent profit on these items. Even after improving the quality, the competitors sold the equipment at a profit.

Yet to IBM these companies were parasites duplicating highly profitable attachments that couldn't have had any market at all without its computers. By IBM's own reckoning and projections, these companies could expect continued success and growth by marketing superior products at less cost. With uninterrupted success, they could be expected to capture a 13 percent share of the market in these lines by the late 1970s. (It was, even in projection, a comparative pittance to a company with \$11 billion in revenues in 1973, up from \$7.5 billion in 1970 and \$8.3 billion in 1971.)

Cooley's Task Force, so called because it was directed by IBM executive Henry E. Cooley, was advised that the examination of the competitive market in peripherals was of the most vital importance. It was designated as the "key corporate strategic issue." The Cooley team, complemented by a Blue Ribbon Task Force, was spurred along by Tom Watson himself in its work to eliminate the upstarts. In 1971, as chief executive, Watson wanted it understood that "irrespective of financial considerations of one or two years," the future had to be made ready for unbroken growth. IBM had "to make very hard decisions today so that the same problems don't have to be faced again."

### Price war

ACCORDING TO FEDERAL JUDGE A. Sherman Christensen in his decision in the Telex case, it cost IBM \$75 million to carry out its price-cutting campaign. This was the amount "lost" in long-term leasing plans and predatory price cuts established in 1971 and 1972—prices which IBM, with considerable accuracy, predicted would convert competitors into "dying" companies.

The specifics of the plan devised by IBM, the techniques by which customers were brought back into its fold and kept there, the design changes of products—mid-life enhancement, it was called—by which competitors' inventories

were made obsolete, the calculated losses IBM took on competitive equipment and recouped in part by price increases on noncompetitive lines are too complex for description in a brief article. It is clear that they served their purpose.

The business that had ebbed away from IBM to small companies drifted back with the tide. With two to three billion dollars in cash reserves on hand, IBM adapted the old gasoline price war technique, in which the chain with the most money could sell at a low price until competing stations were wiped out, then restore or rearrange prices to a nicely profitable level and go on as a growth company.

By the end of 1971, pretty much as projected, the Commercial Analysis Section, a kind of special intelligence and think tank unit of IBM's, cheerfully informed the management that independent companies were under control. Competing sales in two major lines of tape and disk equipment, for example, which had sustained Telex, Memorex, and a couple of others, had fallen off by 48 to 62 percent.

In and out of court, IBM has said it did nothing to any company that the same company wouldn't have done if it had had the resources, which is doubtless true. But unchecked by the power of government, which offered them only litigative, not immediate, redress, the companies could do nothing against the price war strategy of IBM. The court rejected out of hand IBM's testimony that the strategy was an experiment in marketing. It was "unadulterated predatory action . . . willful conduct with predatory intent . . . expressly formulated, analyzed, planned and aimed by IBM specifically at its plug compatible competition."

Memorex, which showed a net profit of \$3.2 million in 1970, lost \$13.4 million in 1971. Its subsequent losses were catastrophic. Its primary hope for a future, if any, rests on a \$3.1 billion antitrust suit filed against IBM last December.

The other suits moving to trial or settlement seek divestiture, injunctions, and treble damages.\* All of these raise the same questions. Why would IBM management, with the federal government belatedly aroused to the point of antitrust action against the company in 1969, resort to a costly strategy of overkill in order to wreak havoc upon companies so economically far beneath them? Beyond contending that all the litigation in process is without merit, or at best is a conceptual difference of law, high company offi-

\* An action different from all the others was filed last September by eighty-year-old Vernon M. Bugg, Sr., an engineer and inventor who was Watson's assistant forty years ago. Mr. Bugg, who seeks \$120 million in damages, charged that IBM confiscated prototypes of teletype machines he had invented and conspired with American Telephone and Telegraph Corporation to keep them off the market, thus preserving for AT&T its monopoly over the teletype business through all the intervening years.

"The IBM empire, say its competitors, has become too ruthless to be tolerated in the social and industrial community."

cial make neither excuse nor explanation. But former IBM managers, some of them migrants from lofty levels of management hierarchy, are convinced that the overkill response was inevitable in the light of the mentality and character of IBM executives. It is simply not rational, they say, to expect the company to exercise restraints of its own volition. What failed was the power of government and law, the only countervailing force capable of imposing restraints on a corporation of enormous wealth and power. Justice too long deferred invites the acceptance of risk to circumvent law. The experienced, sophisticated management of IBM was aware of the risks; it was explicitly advised of them by executives within the inner circle. The stakes—control of the market—were too tempting.

THIS PAGE, WHO QUIT IBM after eighteen years and went to Memorex in 1971, was a member of the task force at Armonk that helped plan the debacle. Before he left, he also helped prepare IBM's defense against the government antitrust suit.

He is no apologist for the management of Memorex, which he also has left: "These companies should know their business better. Memorex attracted capital on the assumption that IBM wouldn't do anything. Yet IBM does have awesome power. It is like the federal government, but on any order of magnitude its conduct hasn't been as bad, nothing to compare with Watergate. There is no question that IBM was wrong and did some bad things. Learson, Watson, the rest of them couldn't just sit there on all that strength."

Gary Friedman, a founder of ITEL, with years of management experience at IBM, is reputed to possess acute perceptions about the company's style. Friedman remembered "some guys going down to Wall Street to meet with securities analysts" during the price war. When they grasped the implications of it, one of the analysts asked:

"What's going to happen to Memorex?"

"Probably kill them," was the response.

One of the architects of the price-cutting structure was Berton Hochfeld, now a computer-industry analyst with Eberstadt & Company, a Wall Street firm. Even when he designed the price cuts, he counseled against them.

"I was worried about the law," he said. "The company's own counsel advised them about antitrust implications, too. I asked them what contingency fee I should budget for treble-damage suits. They didn't want to hear about it. Legal counsel was ignored."

Hochfeld is as bright and unsentimental about the contradictions of big-business policy as anyone in the computer industry. Having accomplished for IBM the job he was required to do,

he is nevertheless conscious of the need for restraining monopolies.

"The principles of antitrust, as conceived in law, are more important than efficiency and growth of corporations," he said. "The courts cannot survive if we cannot have honest competition. This industry needs to be restructured with divorcement according to product function; with divestment of peripherals, central processing, programming, plug compatibility financing from each other. The users of computers and related equipment have the right to move from one vendor to another."

It is the courts, Hochfeld feels, that offer the best hope of fundamental reform. "Let the courts become a mechanism of social activity as a way of preventing the conscious parallelism that has perverted competition among large companies." Relying on consent decrees, limiting IBM's share of the market to some fixed measure—50 percent, for example; even breaking the company up, as the oil trust was broken up at the turn of the century, will not make competition flourish. History, says Hochfeld, will repeat itself unless the judiciary sustains diversity and pluralism in American industry.

A goading force for pluralism and competition and a new voice in the dialogue within the computer world is the Computer Industry Association, organized in 1972. Its members the year did a gross business of \$800 million, mom-and-pop-store volume by comparison with IBM but an emergent factor nonetheless. The CIA president is Dan L. McGurk, a former Rhodes scholar and former president of Xerox Data Systems, and, with Jack Biddle, its executive director, an articulate spokesman for both independent companies and computer users.

McGurk sees IBM as hard to reform. "Even when its price fell more than \$38 a share after the Telex decision," he said, "IBM stock had a market value greater than any two companies in the world. Competitors can handle only small isolated markets. Sooner or later they run into IBM or it runs into them. Its share of the market is not decreasing. By a stroke of the pen almost any company can be put out of business."

"We are not anti-IBM. It is a very great company and a national resource. But it is the goal of every great company to become a monopoly. Even if you become a monopoly legally and morally, a paragon of ethical virtue, when you become an economic and monopolistic power, that power should be broken. There are laws against it. This industry needs relief from monopoly now. Without it, the monopoly can thrive but the industry cannot."

There is, indeed, a conceptual difference in law to be resolved. In one view, monopoly exercises its power to prevail. In another, government and law exercise sufficient power so that competitors can prevail, too.



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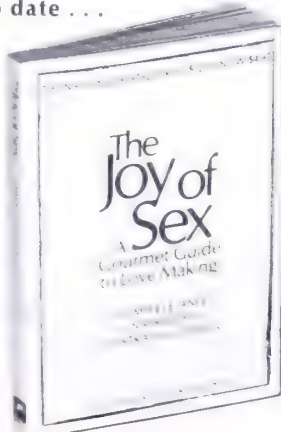
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# COMMENTARY

## BEASTLY INVENTIONS

As children we were told to look things up in the dictionary; as adults we tell our children the same. It doesn't always work. We're given either

too much information or too little, so in either case the imagination is left to its own devices.

—Robert Powell, Pound Ridge, N.Y.



**dodo:** A large, heavy, flightless bird, now extinct, related to the pigeons but larger than a turkey; formerly present on the island of Mauritius



**elephant:** Any of certain thickset, mostly huge, nearly hairless four-footed mammals having a prolonged muscular proboscis, or trunk, and two incisors in the upper jaw developed esp. in the male



**zebu:** An Asiatic ox widely domesticated in India, China, the East Indies and East Africa. It usually has a large hump over the shoulders, loose skin prolonged into a dewlap and folds under the belly, large pendulous ears, and a marked resistance to the injurious effects of the sun

## LIBERATION—IN WHOSE TERMS?

Last summer, a friend in the women's movement told me that the movement "has many contradictions that are going to have to be settled." Most pressingly on her mind was the previous evening's NOW meeting, where a hot-up abortionist once again urged strong opposition to the Right to Life organization's actions against permissive abortion.

My acquaintance, who has espoused various progressivist viewpoints such as opposition to the Indochina war and to capital punishment, is also a veteran Right to Life work-

er. She believes that bearing children is a valuable affirmation of women's uniqueness and special strengths. But NOW's members who qualify as female jocks, rather than welcoming a

*Robert Powell, the father of six children, is art director and designer for a New York advertising agency. Dexter Duggan is a young reporter with experience at Time, the Arizona Republic, and, currently, The National Right to Life News.*

*Harper's welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

quite natural fulfillment of biological and appreciating feminine attributes that men would do well to respect more deeply (sensitivity, intuition, compassion), seem determined to spread-eagled for child destruction, thus paying homage to horrifying historical precedents. The Marquis de Sade is said to have derived much delight in ending the defenseless new life in the womb by driving a sharp object through the mother's belly rather like a forerunner of saline abortion. The record of the German concentration camps shows that a wo-



n's life was speedily terminated if he was discovered to be pregnant—making pregnancy a horror to be avoided at all costs. So my friend, aware of such hatreds held by many barbarians, thinks women's liberationists have sadly slipped in copying the attitude of various aggressors. Were those without mercy for the "inferior" and their unborn children really just ahead of their time?

Women need not be "baby machines." But certainly they (and men as well) must be baby lovers rather than people who consider prenatal lives "burglars stealing my life-style," "useless inchworms," and other hastily descriptions that are approvingly alphabetized in the blacklist of criminal elements.

It's amazing that the ultrafeminists seem unaware of (or unconcerned by) the point my friend has realized, that the "liberated" female in favor of abortion on demand is the first cousin of the male chauvinist.

For instance, I think of an issue of *Time* last summer that illustrated the lesson (heaven knows, *Time* wasn't trying to) in two stories. In one, Colonel Qaddafi of Libya (who is hardly known for fostering tenderness and respect for the weak) was castigating women as being second-class citizens because of their biological defects, particularly pregnancy, which obviously prevents expectant mothers from being good parachute jumpers. At least some of the women in his audience were sufficiently outraged to object strenuously. (Indeed, when Qaddafi frowns on abortion and the "defects" producing babies, there seems no way women can win his best of species" award.) Several pages later appeared a story of three Portuguese feminists. One of them, with deep disdain, described the role of mother as the worst social institution. A most terrible defect, this childbearing and nurturing. Perhaps she, too, thinks that parachute jumping is the highest flight of female achievement.

The real male chauvinist is pleased by nothing so much as an easy sexual partner who, like himself, hates the idea of responsibility to babies. Yes, the extreme liberationists want to be "liberated" into the realms of callousness, thoughtlessness, and aggression (to use Eunice Kennedy Shriver's phrase) "the hard society."

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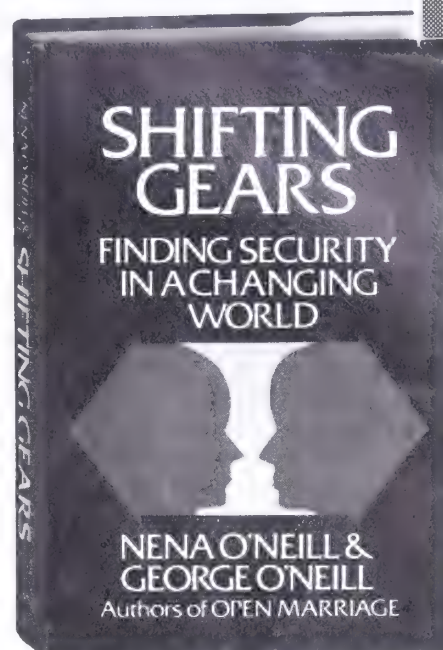
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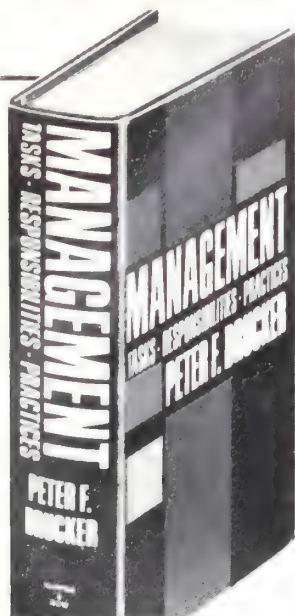
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### COMMENTARY

Robin Reissig in *The Village Voice* last summer recalled her reaction upon discovering that many of her college classmates had become business professionals rather than "happy housewives":

*At first I exulted in this. Then I looked again at what they were doing. They were striving, yes, but striving to keep their niche in the hard complex that is well off ruling in this country. They were everything I despised in men, but I was pleased with them at first because they were women, and at least they were doing something . . . Some might even consider themselves "liberated" women—"successful" in men's terms, the best hopes of the women's liberation movement all ashes.*

If women's liberation can mean equal chance at men's executive and professional jobs, it means more well. In Communist countries the number of female physicians is considerably greater than it is here. Nevertheless, Leopold Tyrmand, an intellectual refugee from Poland, has warned, in *The Rosa Luxemburg Contraceptives Cooperative*: "Exaggerated egalitarianism always leads to unforeseen tyrannies." Successful female professionals have seen their sisters freed to do the same lift and totin', "even the most physically exhausting" work as their male "equals." They are merely economic units whose "femininity does not relate to any sexual concept, homo or hetero," Tyrmand says.

Obviously we don't need any sort of Communist dictatorship to bring about the debasement of humans.

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In response to the overwhelming number of requests we've had for reprints of Marion K. Sanders' article "Enemies of Abortion" from the March issue of *Harper's Magazine*, we are offering them at a cost of \$.20 each, \$15 per hundred. Write to: Reprint Dept., Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.



onomic units. Apparently all that's required to worsen our marketplace freedom is a vocal coterie of rote-minded "liberationists" plus male chauvinists actually quite willing to give them (impose upon them) what they want (or what they have been told to want).

But if "liberation" means a chance for men's sins and, through aggressive abortion, to kill more innocents than most generals dream of doing, what is *liberation*? One answer may be provided, one option may be suggested, in Malcolm Muggeridge's *Something Beautiful for God*. Muggeridge recalls life in Calcutta in the 1930s, when the jute barons built their wealth on human wreckage:

*It was too much; I made off, back to my comfortable flat and a stiff whisky and soda, to expatriate through the years to come on Bengal's wretched social conditions . . . I ran away and stayed away; Mother Teresa moved in and stayed. That was the difference.*

That is the difference between most of us, unliberated male and female (those who take whisky and soda, and also those who copulate in a druggy fog and then scream because some government office hasn't made the world a better place), and Mother Teresa, a nun who crawls on her knees to no man, except the dying man in the Calcutta gutter; a woman who worships no man, unless you figure that God is male; who responds to human misery "in the cry of every abandoned child, even in the tiny squeak of the discarded foetus."

Muggeridge goes on to relate that the idea of "useful" or "worthwhile" people deserving existence—an increasingly familiar concept in our production-line, "problem-solving" Western world—is foreign to Mother Teresa, and that even the stirring of a tiny baby girl in her hands, "so minute that her very existence seemed like a miracle," moves her to claim triumphantly, "See! There's life in her!"

Is there, though, life in a society that places the premium on "getting ahead" at the expense of others, especially, now, those very vulnerable others whose conception, gestation, and infancy are "dysfunctions" to the efficiency of the technocracy?

—Dexter Duggan  
Phoenix, Ariz.



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# BOOKS



## A WIND FROM THE WEST

by Russell Lynes

*The Uneasy Chair: A Biography of Bernard DeVoto*, by Wallace Stegner. Doubleday, \$12.50.

ABOUT ONCE A MONTH, Bernard DeVoto, down from Cambridge, blew into *Harper's* offices on the sixth floor of 49 East 33 Street in New York like a disorderly western twist-up. The elevator door banged, a voice bellowed in the reception room, a heavy tread pounded the fake Oriental carpet, and a figure like a middle-weighter appeared in the editor's office. In a burst of amiable profanity, Benny announced that he had arrived to ruin and delight the day. Frederick Lewis Allen got up from his work table and clasped Benny's hand. Then

Benny spread himself in a red leather chair and said, "How are you lazy sonsabitches getting along with this goddamn magazine?" When Benny laughed, it carried, something between a wheeze and a howl; editors would collect from their pens (they were scarcely offices in the Forties and early Fifties), and in a few minutes the editorial process had collapsed into a bull session with Benny the chief bull.

People who knew DeVoto and worked with him felt, as Wallace Stegner remarks in this rich new biography, that they had proprietary rights to him. They each owned a piece of him because he wanted them to. He was a man who "loved gossip and off-color stories, who would go to any length to help a friend in trouble," a man who "laughed his head off," and who "loved a drink and a gathering of friends at the 'violet hour' after five or six o'clock." But if he was filled with the milk of human kindness, he often spiked it with arsenic. This amiable man was a scrapper with a highly refined sense of indignation and the sharpness of wit to

turn his disapproval into a horned nest of invective. On paper he was a man against—against literary pretension, political utopianisms, academic historians, and any vestige of censorship; he was against the despoilers of the national forests and grazing lands, against self-righteousness, professionalism, and most literary criticism. His pose was aggressive and his manner often destructive, but his intention was invariably protective. From the battlements of his hideout he was forever saving some virtuous maiden from the venal, the do-gooders, the bigots, and especially from his fellow intellectuals.

DeVoto was born in Ogden, Utah, in 1897, an occurrence for which Utah never forgave him. His father was a lapsed Catholic and his mother an indifferent Mormon. "By adolescence," Stegner writes, "he was confirmed agnostic. . . . precociously alert, intelligent, brash, challenging, irreverent, literary, self-conscious,

*Russell Lynes, managing editor of Harper's, is the author of *Good Old Man: An Intimate Portrait of the Museum of Modern Art* (Athenum).*



cure, often ostentatiously crude, sometimes insufferable." He never lost any of these qualities, and they made him many enemies as well as devoted friends and followers. He was as conspicuous in Ogden as a boy; he was conspicuous wherever he went, not only because he was uncommonly homely with a round, pushed-out face, but because he made his presence felt, perhaps most ardently when he felt least confident of it. He escaped from Utah to Harvard after a year in college in Salt Lake City and became, as he claimed he still was many years later, "an apprentice New Englander." He could never turn his back on the West, and it was the West that afforded him lasting fame, though it was a fame that Utah grudged him. His feeling for the West, as Stegner points out, was a love-hate relationship, and his fellow Utahans saw only the hate.

When DeVoto said of himself that he was a "literary department store," he spoke with the assurance of a writer who could, and did, beat from his typewriter short stories, literary criticism, novels, polemics, political tributes, detective stories, reportage, comic essays, and scrupulous and gorgeous volumes of history. *Mark Twain's America*, *The Year of Decision: 1846*, *Across the Wide Missouri*, and *The Course of Empire* were enough to earn him a Pulitzer Prize, a National Book Award, and membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He was a man of prodigious energy and productivity, and he employed a number of ruses to conceal a portion of his identity. He was a novelist and serial writer called John August, who did much to earn the DeVotos' livelihood; he was a writer for *Woman's Day*, the A&P magazine, who sometimes called himself Cady Hewes; and he was several other chaps besides. He was a teacher who couldn't help teaching even when he had no academic post, though he was briefly at the faculties at Northwestern and Harvard and a mainstay of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. He was also an editor. He presided over *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for several years, and in the late 1930s spent a couple of successful, but to him distasteful, years as editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. More importantly, he "came close," as Stegner says, "to being what Senator Huber of Oregon called him, the

greatest (if by great we mean 'most effective') conservationist of the twentieth century."

MUCH OF WHAT qualified DeVoto for this superlative appeared in his columns in this magazine. In 1935 he became the occupant of "The Easy Chair," founded in 1851, the longest-lived column of social and literary comment in America, and he occupied it until he died in 1955. He was as regular as clockwork in meeting his monthly deadline; his copy arrived tailored to precisely the length assigned him, and it was so meticulous that it could have gone straight to the printer without a single editorial blue mark. These were the only attributes of DeVoto's "Easy Chairs" that were predictable. Their range was from angry diatribe to comic parody, from playfulness to scalpel-like literary or political analysis, though he liked the bludgeon as much as the scalpel and used it more often. When he wasn't saving the national resources from the depredations of the cattlemen, he was saving souls from lukewarm martinis.\*

DeVoto was a man of great cour-

age ("The bravest damn man I ever knew," his wife Avis said of him), and he did not hesitate to speak out loud and clear in the McCarthy era, when so many of his peers were pussyfooting. Stegner recalls those days of shame and timidity with great vividness. One "Easy Chair" column caused more clamor than any other DeVoto wrote. It was called "Due Notice to the FBI," and it threw the gauntlet squarely in the face of J. Edgar Hoover and what DeVoto called his "college-trained flatfeet." He announced: "From now on any representative of the government, properly identified, can count on a drink and perhaps informed talk about the Red (but non-Communist) Sox at my house. But if he wants information from me about anyone whomsoever, no soap. If it is my duty as citizen to tell what I know about someone, I will perform that duty under subpoena, in open court, be-

\* In the recent *Six in the Easy Chair* (University of Illinois Press), edited by John Fischer, the current occupant of the chair, there are eight of DeVoto's most memorable columns, and they give the flavor and much of the range of this extraordinary man's interest and the impact of his vitality.

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fore that person and his attorney. This notice is posted in the courthouse square: I will not discuss anyone in private with any government investigator." Such was the temper of the times that this defiant statement made banner headlines in major newspapers across the nation.

Stegner, who knew DeVoto well, has put together a thoroughly convincing and delightfully readable portrait of this contradictory and cussed spirit who was a sponge of self-doubts and a rock of convictions. He wanted to be a first-rate novelist and well knew he wasn't. He wanted to be a professor at Harvard, but Harvard let him out and down. He was, however, the kind of teacher who taught and encouraged those whom he might have looked on as potential rivals because he believed in his profession more than he believed in his position of eminence. He was a historian who instructed the academic historians in energy, thoroughness, and readability—qualities too few took to heart. Stegner understood him, liked him, was not taken in by him, and, with the skill of the novelist he is, has written a life of this intricate character that has

the ring of truth and the range and richness of a truly civilized mind. □

## IMPRISONED BY MEN

by Albert F. Nussbaum

**Criminal Sentences: Law Without Order**, by Marvin E. Frankel. Hill and Wang, \$5.95; paper, \$2.25.

**I**FIRST HEARD OF Marvin E. Frankel, a distinguished federal trial judge in New York City, when I read a *Harper's* article ("No Exit," by Willard Gaylin, November 1971). It mentioned one of Frankel's precedent-setting decisions against one of my least favorite institutions, the U.S. Board of Parole. Judge Frankel, judged by his decisions, was de-

*Albert F. Nussbaum, once one of the FBI's ten most wanted men, is serving a forty-year sentence at the U.S. Penitentiary, Marion, Illinois, for multiple bank robberies. His book reviews, short stories, and articles have appeared in a wide range of periodicals, including Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine and The American Scholar.*

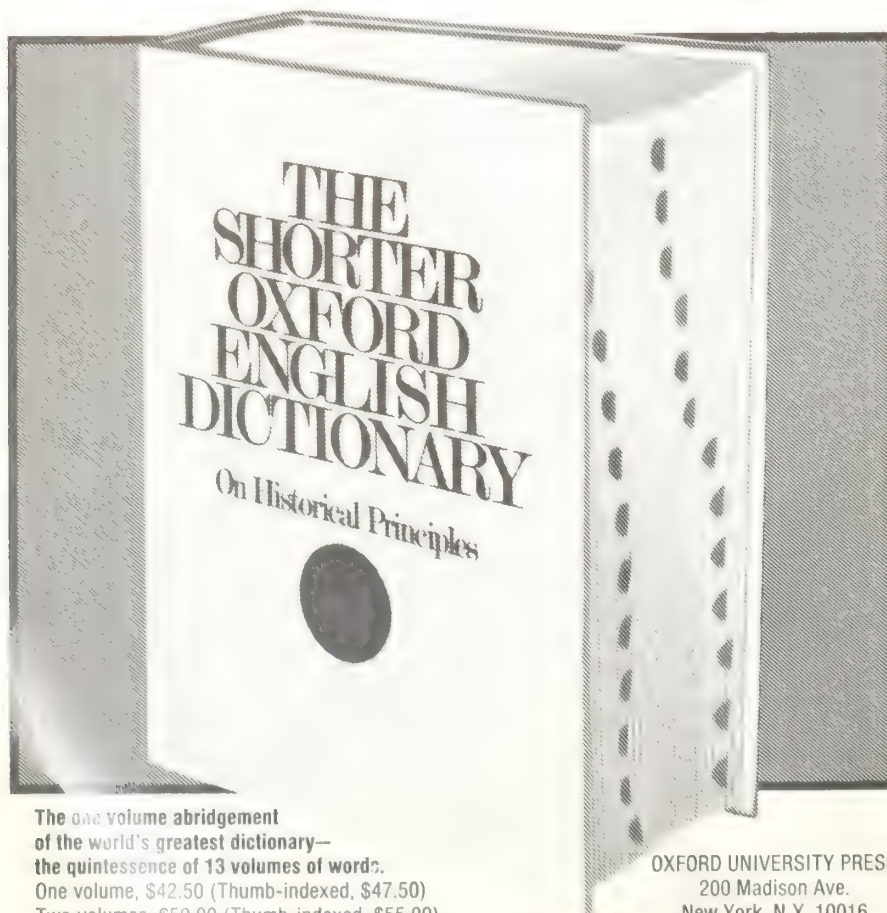
scribed as intelligent, careful, open-minded, and having a refined rationality. Reading that, I felt he should write a book. His opinions and reasoning could then reach a wider audience and, one would hope, exert greater influence.

*Criminal Sentences* is that book. Judge Frankel has divided his slim volume into two main parts: "The Problem" and "Palliatives, Remedies, and Directions of Hope." In the first section he laments the huge sentencing range judges are often allowed, points out that judges are sometimes ill-equipped for the position, questions the procedures (lack of them) on which sentences are based, and identifies the judges' and parole boards' broad discretion as a major evil. In the last half of the book, Judge Frankel describes some procedures that have been used to make criminal sentences more logical and just, and suggests other alternatives that are well worth exploring.

Unfortunately, I felt much of the writing was the flat, uninspired prose one associates with a "publish or perish" academic potboiler. And, though I agree with most of what Judge Frankel has to say, and am overjoyed to find his words coming from a judge, I wish he had been able to control his anger when writing about this insanity: the subject of criminal sentences has already had its share of restrained writers.

Judge Frankel believes that "while there is ample blame to share among judges, lawyers, legislators, and even of us, the fundamental problem, usual, is in the system, or lack of it. Where injustice and chaos are apparent, he points at one or two weaknesses of law and virtually ignores faulty human administration. For instance, on the subject of parole he writes: "It would be unfair and inaccurate to conclude that the major problem in this quarter is the inferiority of the bad disposition of parole officials. Taken all together, they are—judges and others—merely human."

Judge Frankel appears to think that the law transcends human nature rather than being one of its tools. Much of the trouble with criminal sentences, however, is the fact that the law seems to have forgotten that judges, parole officials, and especially convicts are *indeed* human, "merely human." Laws are made for people, for people; administrative, governmental and institutional,



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**Harper's Magazine Press**  
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New York, New York 10016

# THE KENYA PLATE

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*A salute to those noble beasts that have survived and a tribute to all people dedicated to saving endangered species and wildlife habitat throughout the world.*

---

Like the noble beasts themselves, the art of glassmaking has not changed noticeably since the blowing iron was invented in Babylon 2000 years ago. Potash, sand and lime are heated until molten, then gathered and blown, and worked into a finished form. Some 300 years ago, in England, it was discovered that the addition of lead oxide yielded a very clear and brilliant glass that could be engraved with a copper wheel. It was called crystal, and from it emerged a new art form.

A handful of skilled artisans work as a team, each member carrying out his traditional assignment using tools and methods unchanged in centuries. And although the rest of the team may perform to perfection, one slip at the engraver's wheel dooms an otherwise flawless piece to the melting pot.

The process is so demanding that perfection is rarely attained. While several thousand plates of fine lead crystal may be attempted, only 2500 will meet the standard of perfection deemed necessary to qualify for a serial number in The Kenya Plate edition.

The first two plates have been presented to H.R.H. Prince of the Netherlands and Jomo Kenyatta, President of Kenya. The last is reserved for the permanent archives of the World Wildlife Fund. Orders for the remaining 2,497 will be filled sequentially as received. Because the exacting hand production is limited to 100 plates per month, only one plate will be permitted each individual subscriber.

## The Struggle To Survive

The survival of animals, birds, and their supporting habitat is no longer a fair contest with the traditional forces of nature. "Few literate people can be unaware today of the galloping destruction, degradation, and pollution of the natural environment which are proceeding apace all around us." This view of Prince Bernhard, who is also

President of the World Wildlife Fund, is shared by the entire organization and, as a result, it is imbued with a sense of quiet urgency.

Time is running out.

Survival is becoming more and more the hard-won result of prompt, deliberate action—even in the lush vastness of Kenya, home of many of the great and noble beasts of Africa. There, the World Wildlife Fund is supporting the country's own conservation efforts within the Nairobi National Park, Motomo Plant Sanctuary, Lake Nakuru, the Baharini Sanctuary, and marine parks on Kenya's coast.

## Gone Forever

In the United States alone there are currently 97 species the Congressional Record lists as "endangered," while 47 others are entirely extinct. Among them are:

Plains wolf	Labrador duck
Sea mink	Great auk
Eastern cougar	Passenger pigeon
Badlands bighorn	Carolina parakeet
Eastern elk	San Geronio trout

## Kenya As An Example

Kenya is but one of 80 countries in which the World Wildlife Fund is making significant headway against life-destroying forces. In its 12 years of existence, the Fund has channeled \$9 million into 762 key conservation projects. Among them are the international program for conservation of marine turtles through the safeguarding of breeding beaches; protection and habitat management for the Javan rhinoceros; the rescue of the endangered Arabian oryx; strong action to reduce pressure on the tiger, leopard, cheetah and other spotted cats threatened with extinction by fashion trends.

## The Web Of Life

If the world becomes unsuitable for animals, mankind may follow them into extinction. Such is the texture of life on our blue planet. Every living thing depends on every other living thing. The problem of conservation of wildlife frequently becomes a question of saving their habitat. Our habitat.

Thus, the World Wildlife Fund has helped establish the Guadamar and

the Coto Donana reserves in Southern Spain, which offer some of the finest spectacles of wild nature in Europe; the Marchauxen/Marchegg Reserve in Austria with the only remnants of galler forest in western Europe; sanctuaries in Pakistan, Jordan, Australia, Peru, Tanganyika; and the New Jersey wetlands in the United States, breeding and feeding grounds for fish, shellfish, land and shore birds.

## An Investment In One's Self

When you purchase the magnificent Kenya Plate, you automatically become an Associate of the World Wildlife Fund, a non-profit, tax-exempt organization. A cash contribution to the Fund will be made in your name, and your name will be inscribed in a specially bound volume, to be placed in the permanent archives of the World Wildlife Fund. You will receive semi-annual progress reports on how contributions are being spent and what the results are. Please note: there are no frills in the World Wildlife Fund. You will not receive expensive magazines or elaborate publications. Instead, your contribution goes into priority action programs "to re-establish an unbroken link with nature and with life." Your life.

The price of The Kenya Plate is \$250. Of course, if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase, you may return it within 30 days for a full and unquestioned refund.

## Prospect Of Appreciation

While the purpose in creating The Kenya Plate as an art object is to contribute to the extraordinary work and results of the World Wildlife Fund, there are those who will recognize it as an investment as well. There is, of course, no guarantee of appreciation, but it is interesting to note that certain other limited editions of true art merit have substantially increased in value in a short time. A Gunther Grainger edition of porcelain "Dolphins" closed in 1970 at \$750 each. The current price is \$2,000. Boehm's "The Tern," first issued in 1968 for \$1,400 is now quoted at \$6,000. And the famous Dorothy Doughty "Bobta Quails" brought out in 1940 at \$27 the pair, recently brought \$22,000 at auction.





THE KENYA PLATE is Bavarian lead crystal, mouth-blown and hand-engraved, 11 1/4" in diameter. The animals depicted are: sable antelope, African elephant, giraffe, African buffalo, black rhinoceros, African lion. Limited to 2500 of which 100 will be produced each month.

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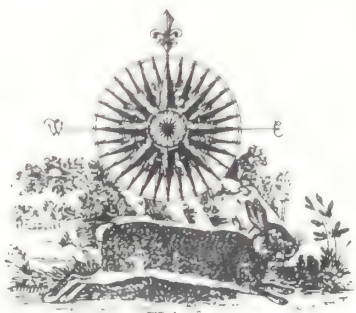
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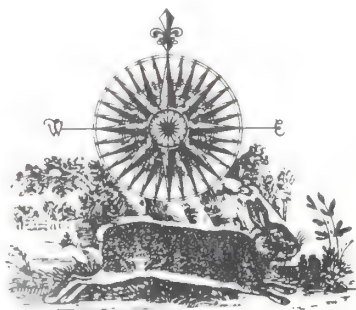
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made up of people; prisoners *are* people. Only if this people factor is recognized and accepted as part of the solution as well as part of the problem will truly workable alternatives be found. As the late Roscoe Pound, dean of the Harvard Law School, once wrote: "Justice is an alloy of men and mechanisms in which men count more than machinery."

Judge Frankel doesn't give the people factor the weight it deserves. Instead, he makes a few wildly chauvinistic and inaccurate statements: "It is widely agreed (and it would be silly to affect modesty about this) that federal practices in sentencing and corrections equal or excel the best of those in the states"; "The United States Board of Parole is probably among the best organizations of its kind"; and he identifies James V. Bennett as "the enlightened former Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons" and later describes him as "humane and sensitive."

It could be that Judge Frankel made these inserts to keep this from being a completely biting-the-hand-that-feeds-him book. Or perhaps he has simply made the common mistake of judging penologists by what they say and write, instead of examining their deeds. Whatever the case, these statements conflict with my view and don't even agree with other things he says.

Take federal sentences, for example. They are wildly erratic. Judge Frankel himself gives examples of sentence disparity and writes: "Measured by the time devoted to it, by the amount of deliberation and study before each decision, and by the attention to the subject as a field of intellectual concern in general, the judges' effective expenditures of themselves in worries over sentencing do not reflect a profound sense of mission."

As for the role of the federal government as a leader in corrections, such innovative practices as work-and school-release (whereby prisoners hold jobs or attend classes, but return to their cells at night) and prisoner furloughs were pioneered by states. Some state institutions allow married couples to have conjugal visits, thereby keeping family ties strong, but no federal prison does. The states, probably for economic rather than humanistic reasons in most cases, have shown far more initiative than the federal government.

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THE UNITED STATES Board of Parole is a largely unexplored tributary of the penal cesspool. (This statement may be colored ever so slightly by my recent unexplained role denial.) Though it is certain laws are needed to control abuses, care must also be taken to attract better people. It may be remembered that it was Walter Dunbar, a former chairman of the U.S. Board of Parole, who repeatedly lied to the press after the Attica massacre, telling stories of murdered and castrated hostages. Perhaps he would have taken more care to be truthful if he hadn't become accustomed to having his statements accepted without question.

That brings us to Judge Frankel's example of an enlightened, humane, and sensitive penologist. I have been a federal prisoner longer than Judge Frankel has been a federal judge. And I had a taste of prison under James V. Bennett's "enlightened" administration: correspondence was limited to members of a man's immediate family and "approved" outsiders. No one connected with the media was ever approved. All mail was censored, and *Playboy* and numerous other totally innocuous periodicals were declared contraband.

So was coffee. For some reason known only to God and James V. Bennett, instant coffee was not sold in the prison commissary and the crew served in the prison mess hall didn't resemble coffee or anything I'd ever tasted. Prisoners were forbidden to walk on the red tiles of the main corridor; they were forced to shuffle along next to the walls where their feet wore a groove in the marble. Military-like discipline was enforced even though the goals of the military and the professed goals of the prison were quite different.

Anyone caught with a lawbook or legal papers in his possession (his own material or anyone else's) was thrown into solitary confinement. To this day federal prisoners are not allowed to have their own typewriters (although most state prisoners may). Anyone wishing to prepare papers for submission to the courts must stand in line to use one of the ancient machines set aside for legal typing. There is usually about one machine for every two or three hundred men. Several rationales are given for the restriction on owning typewriters, but since men may own expensive musical instruments and other per-

sonal property, it is obviously an attempt carried over from James V. Bennett's day to limit legal activity.

If I've made it sound as though *Criminal Sentences* is a worthless book, that wasn't my intention. The few things I've found to criticize, though they deserve mention, are hardly more than nit-picks, and Judge Frankel does a good job of defining the problems and suggesting solutions. Vagueness and uncertainty in the law can surely be corrected, as he suggests, by more specific procedures; the principle justifying imprisonment and other sanctions—be it punishment, rehabilitation, deterrence, or whatever—should be decided upon once and for all so that sentences can be weighed against it; and if both judges and parole boards were forced by law to give reasons for their decisions, they would certainly be less likely to abuse their discretion and be more likely to make carefully reasoned determinations.

I wish Judge Frankel didn't lean so heavily upon the proposition that ours is a government of laws, not men. If you overlook or underrate the importance that people should have, you can't do your best to improve even that small part of "people" that is yourself. Although it is a worthy goal, I don't think anyone will devise a system of laws in which abuse is impossible. A man's basic values and beliefs (or their absence) will always show in his actions. Therefore, even the best system won't work if poorly motivated, mediocre people are put in positions of power. If Watergate has taught us nothing else, it should have taught us that. □

## LIAISONS DANGEREUSES

by Nicola Freud

**A Guard Within**, by Sarah Ferguson. Pantheon, \$6.95.

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self-imposed therapy and presented in diary form—though undated—*A Guard Within* is a one-sided and inevitably subjective account of the author's response to the doctor's death; the "true" story of her love for this unnamed man and of her engulfing dependence on his advice and friendship.

Regardless of whether the circumstances of her life and background deserve compassion—for she will undoubtedly be classified and condemned by many as just another wealthy neurotic bitch—Sarah Ferguson's autobiographical lament demands the attention of anyone who has ever felt curiosity about the relationship between male psychiatrist and female patient. The fact that the doctor in her case died while his patient was still under treatment (he died, incidentally, before she started her book) feeds this curiosity without satisfying it, for Ms. Ferguson, faithful to the protective title she has chosen, keeps too much back.

We get glimpses—all too brief and insubstantial in most instances, though cumulatively significant—of her purposeless and self-engrossed wanderings through her materially

comfortable life, of the widowed and preoccupied father of her youth; her nanny, a much-loved surrogate mother; a former husband whose concern for his ex-wife outlasts their divorce; an adopted and subsequently abandoned daughter; and an abortion that starts a deep fear of barrenness.

Not once does the writer question the causes of her unhappiness, although these are all too clearly set forth: her problem is that she is riddled with guilt, soaked in the stuff, and understandably so, for she has spent her life in headlong retreat from its realities, leaping from one inconsequential fantasy to another in pursuit of fulfillment and an undefined vocation. One acknowledges that this quest, the author's aimless wandering between her houses in London and Scotland and the Swiss clinic from which she writes, is fraught with agony; but one cannot help noticing that wherever Ms. Ferguson goes on her travels, she goes first class—self-engrossed, willfully irresponsible, and mindless throughout. The dead doctor, in whom, we must assume, she had invested a last desperate hope for sanity and security, is not entirely blameless for her

plight, having controlled and manipulated her actions to an extent that can hardly be justified. But he could not have predicted that he would die prematurely, leaving her rudderless and lost once again, and the fact that she was able to write this book instead of killing herself proves that her treatment was not entirely unsuccessful. More important, the book demonstrates in the strength and clarity of certain memorable passages that Sarah Ferguson, whether she knows it or not, has at last found a vocation.

Juliet Mitchell would doubtless have advice for the Sarah Ferguson of this world—and one suspects would be impatient and not overly sympathetic. A British Marxist and feminist who believes that the ultimate goal of the women's movement is the overthrow of patriarchy could, after all, hardly be expected to console the bourgeoisie for its neuroses.

Her book, *Psychoanalysis and Feminism*, is an encyclopedic work devoted to the relationship between these two abused and misunderstood concepts. Ms. Mitchell examines this connection minutely; another subjectivist, she warns her readers in an introduction that she occupies a controversial position in the psychiatry wing (so to speak) of that confused and chaotic institution known as the feminist movement.

She does not agree that Freud—discredited by most women's liberationists because of his later sexist writings—should be regarded as the enemy; indeed, to hold this view, she maintains, could be fatal for feminism, as it fails to acknowledge Freud's irrefutable insights into the female psyche. The real enemy, it seems, is elsewhere: lurking in the writings of Reich and Laing, whose influence on and significance to the movement has been immeasurable but who, Ms. Mitchell believes, are not to be trusted.

The evangelist in Juliet Mitchell hopes to provide women with a greater understanding of their conscious and unconscious selves, thereby enabling them to create more options within the family and other institutions. It will be remembered that Sarah Ferguson's analyst was, presumably, inspired by the same hope for his patient.

*Nicola Freud, a writer and critic, is the great granddaughter of Sigmund Freud.*

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# LETTERS

## Smack City: love it or leave it

Thanks for your article on Las Vegas, New Mexico, which appeared in your February issue ["Smack City," Jack Shepherd].

Unfortunately, there aren't enough citizens here who love the town enough to change it. So after living here twenty-five years, my choice is to leave it. I have been robbed four times in fourteen months—and find I can no longer afford to live in such a community. At least Mr. Shepherd's article helps explain to friends and relatives why I'm leaving.

JO ROPER  
Montezuma, N. Mex.

The power of the press was graphically illustrated after publication of our February issue containing an article portraying our city as "Smack City."

We shall assume initially that the "sensationalist" tendency of the article was allowed with the purpose of emphasizing the seriousness of the problem and in an effort to mobilize resources toward a solution. We commend your magazine for a job well done in this respect.

While it is true that many negative reactions to the article have been noted, we cannot really believe that a magazine of the stature of *Harper's* would ever want to profit from anyone's misfortune. We choose to believe instead that your personal and professional commitment to fight unhealthy conditions such as drug abuse is what led you to dramatize certain national trends by focusing on a specific representative locale.

Programs such as our own La Salida are immediately and invariably suspect because of our extra-Establishment motivation. La Salida is a methadone-maintenance program that is concerned with effecting a total withdrawal from drugs but recognizes

that, with all its shortcomings, methadone is socially preferable to heroin in that it isn't necessary to steal in order to obtain methadone, whereas stealing is the only way to maintain the heroin habit.

Unfortunately, whatever successes have been or can be achieved are jeopardized by well-intentioned comment that tends to arouse antagonism by its very "objectivity." Combined with restrictive administrative controls, the La Salida program, to date the only semblance of mobilization of resources against drug addiction in Las Vegas, is in imminent danger of losing its funding.

How much more meaningful the article in your magazine would be if, instead of helping to destroy the program, it helped to save it. Three thousand dollars must be raised soon if our funding is to be continued. La Salida is sponsored by the Las Vegas Campus-Community Ministry, Inc., P.O. Box 597, Las Vegas, New Mexico 87701. Contributions are tax exempt.

RAYMUNDO VIGIL  
Las Vegas, N. Mex.

## The death of Allende

In your introduction to Gabriel García Márquez's "The Death of Salvador Allende" [March], you have given us the key to his article when you refer to his outstanding quality: imagination. Sr. García, as you say, is a novelist, and in your magazine he has given us an interesting short story composed of fact and fiction. Fact: Chileans are, indeed, pleasant people; there was a Project Camelot; income is not evenly distributed; there are devastating earthquakes.

As for the fiction: a few silver foxes may still exist in Chile (in attic storerooms), but flowered hats disappeared in the 1950s; the Popular Unity party's 44 percent vote in the parliamentary elections of 1973

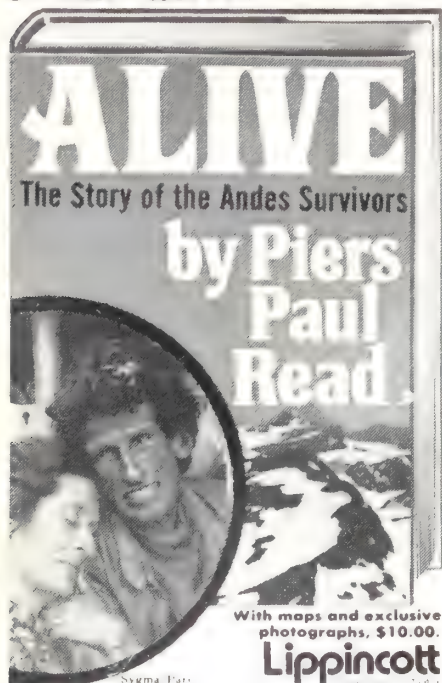
(which responsible sources claim was padded with 300,000 fraudulent votes) may indeed have prompted Allende to dance a *cueca* but can hardly be characterized as "a spectacular and decisive victory" over the opposition, which received 56 percent; General Pinochet took command of the army eighteen days, not forty-eight hours, before September 11; Fernando Cuevas Bindi and Jorge Trizzotti, both Chilean, and not a team of American acrobats, were responsible for the pinpoint bombing of the Moneda; Allende, who for three years had been comparing himself to the nineteenth-century President Balmaceda, followed his predecessor's example and shot himself.

Then there is a third category, covering interpretation rather than facts, which prompts a series of questions: What is so "dangerous" about the skepticism and intellectual speculation to which Sr. García refers? At what moment did Eduardo Frei attempt "to unhinge the government and plunge the country into the abyss of demoralization and economic disaster"? As for the quotation on the CIA from Pablo Neruda, is the esteemed poet any more reliable a source than the esteemed novelist?

Unlike Mr. Kissinger, who is alleged to have pleaded ignorance as to what is going on "from the Pyrenees on down" (a plea which cannot be taken seriously), I claim some knowledge of what has been going on south of the Cuesta Chacabuco, where I lived for nineteen years and where our five children were born. In all those years, the American influence was only of secondary importance and then mostly as an artificially built-up political issue. Chileans pride themselves on their capacity to do things "the Chilean way." It is only a delusion of grandeur, a reverse form of paranoia, which leads so many Americans to exaggerate the



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LETTERS

American presence in other parts of the world. Let us give the Chileans their due, as did Prof. Paul E. Sigmond of Princeton, who pointed out in "The 'Invisible Blockade' and the Overthrow of Allende" (*Foreign Affairs*, January 1974) that the Allende experiment in nondemocratic socialism fell of its own weight.

Sr. García Márquez sees the world through his imaginative prism; I see it through mine. In the interests of political science and journalism, could we not obtain the services of a team of truly objective investigators with no ax to grind (have I eliminated everyone?) to send another report on what has happened and what is happening in a small corner south of the Pyrenees?

DAVID MARSHALL BILLIKOPF  
New Canaan, Conn.

### THE EDITORS REPLY:

We appreciate the concessive parenthesis in Mr. Billikopf's last sentence. The category, observers of Chilean politics "with no ax to grind," is indeed an empty one because so very little is known about the circumstances surrounding Allende's fall. As a result, interpretations flourish. The question, for example, of Allende's suicide or murder will never be answered irrefutably: those who were in the palace to destroy his regime have too great an investment in the suicide interpretation; those who were there to defend it have an equal investment in the opposite interpretation. Much the same can be said as to whether Sr. Allende had a factual justification or a moral right to dance a *cueca* after his 44 percent victory in the elections of 1973. What is the "responsible" source that says that 300,000 votes were fraudulent? Does any neutral observer attest to their fraudulence? And though a victory of 44 percent may not sound "spectacular and decisive" when compared to 56 percent for the opposition, Mr. Billikopf fails to note that the opposition was divided into two parties almost as hostile to each other as both were to Allende's party.

We agree that Sr. García's article provides little relief to those who need their history sealed with the approval of "a team of truly objective" observers. The vision of the historian—and, yes, his imagination—quite properly counts for too much in the search for truth to make that need either realistic or desirable.

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## The Last of the Southern Girls

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If you would like to receive a copy of the Skills Service directory, please send 50 cents (20 cents for first-class postage; 30 cents to help defray duplication expenses) to SKILLS, *Harper's Magazine*, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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# DUNIDWRAPAROUND

## Getting Back on the Tracks

Therapy and counseling for marriages in trouble have been around a long time but there's no promise of fun in them, at least there was none until Dr. Robert Ravich, a psychiatrist at the Cornell University School of Medicine, developed the train game (or Impersonal Game Test) six years ago.\* He has found that putting his patients to play with electric trains is an effective way of revealing the unconscious behavior patterns that govern their relationships.

The husband and wife play the train game each get a set of electric trains and a system of trackage. A low divider running between the husband's tracks and the wife's prevents the players from seeing each other's trains. Each player is told, essentially, to get his or her own train from its starting point to its finish line in the shortest possible time, but the system is designed so that if both players travel the quickest route at once the trains will collide. When the trains are collided, the matter of who backs up—who waits for whom, who takes an alternative route must be negotiated. A timer ticks off 30 seconds. A tape recorder serves all conversation. The therapist, having given the initial instructions, merely sits behind the screen and announces final results for each trip.

Dr. Ravich bases his preliminary diagnosis on a session which lasts about three hours and includes a series of twenty-eight train trips. The decisions the players make about direction of motion, route selection, and the placing of barriers on their spouse's tracks are entered into a computer and evaluated. Ravich's basic assumption is that the couple playing the train game will play by the same rules they follow in their day-to-day relationship and that, once they are made aware of their behavior patterns, they may see how to change them. Generally, couples seem to fall into three broad categories: (1) the dominant-submissive pattern, in which both partners attempt to take the fastest route to the dominant partner al-

ways gets to the finish line first because of unconscious cooperation on the part of his submissive mate; couples who follow this pattern usually live in a state of constant emotional crisis; (2) the alternating pattern, in which players take turns at the direct route; such couples may be afraid of expressing competitiveness or normal hostility; and (3) the openly competitive and hostile pattern, characteristic of couples who are most amenable to change. (Couples least amenable to change and most likely to divorce are those who always choose opposite routes, arranging never to be in the same place at once. They have probably already separated emotionally.)

To appreciate the mechanics, seriousness, and irony of the train game, one has to see it in action. I went to Dr. Ravich's office with married friends, all three of us buoyed at the prospect of adventure. Dr. Ravich's assistant explained the system. We entered the train room. The assistant retired behind a screen. My friends took their places at opposite ends of the green board. The trains were tiny, silver. A computer stood sullenly in the corner.

Go. And off went the trains. But his didn't start. She laughed. Racetrack tension filled the room. Lights flashed. He took the direct route, she took another, but only on the first trip. Thereafter they both went direct. "What's going on?" he asked as she smugly sat back, her train having finished its journey. She said, "I've been here for hours!" From him: "Jesus, you're really wiping me out." By trip four, I was the only one smiling. "You are up to your little tricks," she said as he quietly raised the barrier, and then, sarcastically, "Darling, you are so sweet."

It was just for fun, of course, a sample six trips, no significance. Except he wanted the computer data so he could show his analyst what his wife was really like and she said how good it was that, through her analysis, she had learned to fight back. But they did have their arms around each other and we were all laughing.

—Valerie Brooks

Valerie Brooks works for a New York publishing firm.

According to a survey conducted by the Axiom Market Research Bureau, women tend to think of themselves as most affectionate when they are engaged; men, after the birth of the first child.

## The Right Person

Sometimes I feel envious of people who have been married ten to fifteen years and have three children. I'm thirty-five and I find the "couple question" the toughest of all in my life. Relationships are a bitch. The moment you think one is working, you lose it. I lived five years with one woman in what I thought was a perfect relationship bound to last forever, and it ended suddenly in a day.

There are many *mes* living inside of me and struggling for supremacy. There is the Jewish family Jerry looking for permanent security. There is the existential Jerry tightrope-walking between adventure and loneliness. My fame messes up relationships because it compounds the male chauvinism of a society that reduces the woman to an appendage of the male. At the moment I am somewhat involved with a powerful, strong woman, but at times even she feels forced—by other people—to live in my shadow.

Who knows what's real? Maybe the whole idea of "couples" is a cultural fiction haunting us and destroying our ability to live in the ever-changing now. Maybe, as Yoko Ono once wrote, we should kiss and relate to everyone we meet. Whenever I get couple-oriented, I find the "bad Jerry" becoming possessive and jealous and the "good Jerry" trying to live out all the wisdom about love and sharing and to remember the ancient truth: you lose whatever you become overattached to.

As a child I was propagandized with the devilish idea that marriages are made in heaven, and I grew up resisting the idea of settling down in a family, which I equated with suffocation and oppression. Since you usually become what you resist, I ended up wanting what I did my best to avoid. My generation in general rebels against its parents by being against commitment. Experimentation with

relationships, couples, families, raising children is the life-style of the 1960s and '70s. Who knows of a lasting relationship based on love? In fact, the ones that seem to work are the ones in which the partners accept deep friendship at the expense of lost passion.

What this all adds up to is my current realization: The first relationship is with yourself. *Love is not finding the right person; love is being the right person.* If I am in tune with myself, I will be in tune with the world. If I am in touch with my body, my feelings, and my soul, I will be in touch with the world. Everything begins with me. To love another, you must first be madly in love with yourself.

When that five-year relationship ended, I thought my love life had ended forever. There would never be another Nancy. My life looked dismal. Two years later I met another woman who touched me on a different level. Life moves on, as long as we do not allow ourselves to get stuck.

As much as I love and dig Fritz Perls, I do not agree with the Fritz Perls Gestalt therapy prayer: I do my thing, and you do your thing. . . . And if, by chance, we find each other, it's beautiful. If not, it can't be helped. I hold on to the idea that doing things with another person—building a family, creating a home, living—is the most far-out experience of all. It gives me a chance to be connected. The best mate is a mirror where you see yourself. I live in the now and I dream of the perfect relationship. And I am also aware that the dream often prevents me from accepting the reality of the moment.

Life is tough, and it is going to get tougher. The forces of power and evil are growing. We in the humanist tradition need each other.

Sometimes I feel that if I just avoid closeness and commitment, I won't get hurt. If I don't need anyone, I will be safe. But fuck that. As the corporation thieves and the wire-tappers grow, the lambs and the innocents need to stick together in trust and togetherness. I'm willing to be hurt and cry. Love is a great risk. The pleasure is worth the pain. —Jerry Rubin  
Jerry Rubin is the author of *Do It! and We Are Everywhere*.

*Predictable Pairing, by Robert Ravich, will be published by Peter H. Allen in June.*



# WRAP AROUND WRAP

## How Do I Love Thee? Let Me Put It on a Nine-Point Scale

For the past ten years, psychologists and sociologists have been wielding scientific tools on the hitherto ineffable thing called love. Their findings, couched in nonpoetic terms, fill dozens of research papers and include the following:

□ Love, one of the most positive of psychological states, may often be heightened by negative experiences, such as fear and frustration. Ovid's *Ars Amatoria* (*The Art of Love*), written in first-century Rome, notes that an excellent time for a man to arouse passion in a woman is while watching gladiators disembowel one another in the arena. Although Ovid himself did not conduct any controlled experiments to check the validity of his advice, Dr. Jack Brehm, a social psychologist at Duke University, and his students did so. Some of the male subjects in Brehm's experiment were told that they would receive painful electric shocks, while others were not given such an expectation. The subjects were then introduced to an attractive young woman and asked to rate their liking for her. As Dr. Brehm had predicted, the fearful subjects were more attracted to the girl than the calm subjects were. Like other love researchers, Brehm is reluctant to draw firm conclusions from a single experiment. Nevertheless, his findings—and Ovid's recommendation as well—can now be accounted for in terms of a general psychological theory of emotion.

□ Experiments conducted by Columbia University psychologist Stanley Schachter have suggested that the experience of emotion has two necessary elements. The first is physiological arousal—a racing heart, heightened breathing, sweating, and the like. These symptoms tend to be more or less identical for any intense emotion, whether it be anger, fear, or love. The second necessary element, therefore, is the person's subjective labeling of his arousal. In order to determine which emotion he is experiencing, the person must look around and determine what external stimulus is causing the inner upheaval.

Social psychologists Elaine

Of the 48,125,000 married women in America in 1971, 15,900,000 had already celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and 1,200,000 their fiftieth.

Walster of the University of Wisconsin and Ellen Berscheid of the University of Minnesota have extended Schachter's analysis to the case of romantic love. Thus, love may result from the labeling as such of sexual arousal, the warm glow of companionship, or other pleasant experiences. Walster and Berscheid also suggest that people may sometimes mislabel as love the hopped-up state that results from events that might more properly be considered frightening.

□ The Americanized version of the romantic ideal does not encourage young people to fall in love with and marry the first mysterious stranger who happens to be nearby when the heart starts pounding. Instead, we learn to label as "real" love our feelings for the person who does more than turn us on. As part of a larger survey, sociologist William M. Kephart of the University of Pennsylvania asked a sample of over a thousand college students the following question: "If a boy (girl) had all the other qualities you desired, would you marry this person even if you were not in love with him (her)?" Very few of the respondents (4 percent of the women and 12 percent of the men) were so unromantic as to say yes. But a large number of them (including 24 percent of the men and fully 72 percent of the women) were too practical to answer with a flat no, and instead pleaded uncertainty. One of Dr. Kephart's female respondents wrote in on her questionnaire, "If a boy had all the other qualities I desired, and I was not in love with him—well, I think I could talk myself into falling in love."

□ There is a well-documented tendency for people who fall in love and eventually marry to have similar attitudes and values. A study of over two hundred dating couples that I am doing with Dr. Anne Peplau and Charles T. Hill reveals a surprisingly large degree of agreement between boyfriends and girlfriends in their attitudes about men's and women's social roles. Many of the students in my sample identified agree-

ment about values and life-styles as one of the best things about their relationship.

These findings may seem obvious to some readers and profane to others. I have already been the fortunate recipient of one of *Esquire's* Dubious Achievement Awards for my discovery that "two people in love spend more time gazing into each other's eyes than two people not in love." (I had clocked eye contact in the laboratory as a means of obtaining a behavioral validation of a love scale I had devised; with it, students ranked their feelings on a nine-point scale.)

But the point is that understanding love should not be the exclusive province of philosophers and poets. Behavioral scientists, too, have a contribution to make.

As Dr. Abraham Maslow once wrote, "We must understand love; we must be able to teach it, to create it, to predict it, or else the world is lost to hostility and to suspicion."

—Zick Rubin

*Zick Rubin teaches at Harvard and is the author of Living and Loving: An Invitation to Social Psychology.*

## CASE WANTS YOUR CONTRACT

The Case Western Reserve University Institute on the Family and the Bureaucratic Society is studying marriage contracts made by individuals either before or after establishing a household. Readers are invited to provide the Institute with copies of such contracts, anonymously or otherwise, and with ideas on the subject. Write to: M. B. Sussman, Director, IFBS, Hayden Hall, Case Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio 44106.

## Letting It All Hang Out

I've known John and Mimi Lobell only since last summer. Both are architectural designers; they live in a modest duplex in the Gramercy Park area of Manhattan and are the sort of folks who've got Saturday night's TV schedule memorized. They were college sweethearts; soon they'll celebrate their ninth wedding anniversary. John keeps phoning me with seduction in his voice. Mimi doesn't mind.

We met at *Screw* magazine during a panel discussion on monogamy. I'm a sex educator and the Lobells—who run sexuality workshops—are the authors of *John and Mimi: A F Marriage*, a treatise on play around.

They've had about two lovers each these past four years—if you count one-night stands and orgy-mates. They seem to have licked the jealousy stuff.

I asked John what he felt the first time Mimi too loved. "I didn't feel much of anything," said John, who looks like a hip Mr. Peepers. "I was distracted by what I was doing. I was on a date with someone else at the time."

John's first fling (it came earlier) was sort of a do-over. "I was there," said Mimi. "I was included and it alleviated all fears. I found myself becoming a good hostess," she added, laughing heartily.

Mimi's choice, a good friend of John's, was a careful one. John's choice, a student, was careless, or so he decided later. "Students can get this fantastic romantic image about how life is going to change their lives. Instead of just having fun and liking both of us, she was just interested in me."

Falling in love—the point of jealousy's ominous sting. Mimi has been there once or twice, John never.

Mimi: "I don't think John falls in love. I think he lets me in a kind of nice..."

John: "...obtuse way."

Mimi: "In a kind of nice way. I think I've become a habit to him. He needs me and likes me and feels comfortable with me and he's at home with me. Maybe that's love."

Extramarital love created many conflicts of time and energy, Mimi found. "It was really a struggle and now I don't think I would get into that kind of thing," she says with a trace of regret.

For the Lobells, whose search for liberation has involved I Ching, yoga, T'ai Chi-ch'uan, LSD, one lesson emerges:

Open marriage seems to work best when you don't fall in love with other people. I'll have to ask John precisely how you manage that trick the next time he calls me.

—Miki Raver

*Miki Raver, a sex educator, teaches in high schools and colleges and human sexuality workshops.*



# DUNDWRAPAROUND

## Love Maple Walnut"

Ejler Edgar Aylmer (nobody's a name like Ejler Edgar Aylmer, not any more) once showed me a computerized butler he had invented. I'd visited his basement workshop while he was having his lunch, and he said, "I want some mustard." Before I could finish saying, sure, where... the far wall made a noise like hawking in the antrooms, and a great long photograph sort of thing came zizzing across the room and racked a jug of chilled Dijon to his open palm, retracting to the wall with a crisp ptui.

"What was that, Ejler Edgar?" "Butler," said the inventor. Of course, that's an understatement. I'm not about to tell

you its real name. I told somebody else the other day, and the consequences were not—ah... "You can tell me."

"Well then, just between you and me and the far wall, I call Cupid."

"An acronym."

"Not an acronym. Cupid isupid because nobody really understands how he works. Also,upid always did have a way of giving people what they deserved when what they asked for was their heart's desire. Also, there is always something cold-blooded about Cupid with his blindfold and his random shots.upid—this one here—is after a computer, recording all available data, sieving it through the command, and dropping the result out of the chute—in this case, fulfilling the demand." "It can give you anything?"

"Certainly. Doesn't everybody believe that of Cupid? You get what you want, based on every scrap of data that Cupid can discover about you. No matter what." And he made a peculiar laugh.

"Ejler Edgar, you better tell me why you made that peculiar laugh. I won't tell as long as we both shall live."

And I think all along he really wanted to tell me. "It was at other idiot" (I think that is how he phrased it) "who tried to come barging in here at lunch time. Dendum, his name was, Potiphar Ungwall Dendum, a lubricious type with a pornographic wink and a chuck-out of his right molars. Used to gobble his lunch at Greasy's and get his dessert to go—goosey

puddings and sloppy sundaes, leave the empty containers around the basement for me to clean up. Wormed the name Cupid out of me, found out Cupid could deliver anything—anything. Challenged me to prove it. So I said, 'Go ahead, ask.' So he said, 'You know what I want, Cupid, and I want it at home in bed waiting for me.' He launched one of those winks, and I swear the man's eyelashes smelled of musk.

"Back he comes the next day, early, doesn't begin to be lunch time, screaming at me. Called me a dammit. 'Dammit,' he screams, 'frigidity I can deal with, but this is ridiculous. You and your dammit dammit butler...'"

"Dammit?"

"You are very young," said Ejler Edgar gently. "I am substituting. 'Your dammit butler put me to bed with an ice-cream cone!' Then he called me a dammit and stormed out."

"But why? I mean, why?"

"Because Cupid can act only on the data he gets. Maybe that's what the blindfold means. And because the word love is so rich in meanings and so poor in distinctions between those meanings, Cupid gave him love as he himself defined it, one of the times he was here."

"Defined it how?"

"I won't tell you," said Ejler Edgar. I guess I looked pretty stricken because he said, "but I'll write it."

"Write it where?"

"Why, up there at the top of your story," said Ejler Edgar Aylmer, may he rest easy wherever he may be.

—Theodore Sturgeon

*Theodore Sturgeon, author of Sturgeon's West, is science-fiction editor of The New York Times Book Review.*

## SOURCES

*Becoming Partners: Marriage and Its Alternatives*, by Carl R. Rogers (Dell, \$2.65).

Using taped interviews, this book presents partnerships—including the seventy-year-old author's own marriage—as perceived from the inside. Rogers brings a trained critical intelligence, an inspiring open-mindedness, and a contagious sense of sympathy to the narratives recorded here. He also provides a useful, annotated list of relevant books, cassettes, and films.

*No-Fault Divorce*, by Michael Wheeler (Beacon Press, \$7.50).

This sensitive and intelligent book will help anyone contemplating—or in the process of—divorce. For everyone else, it stands as a fascinating social commentary. Wheeler, a young professor at the New England School of Law in Boston, presents a carefully researched study concluding that "fault" divorce fails to respect the realities of marriage and that "no-fault" divorce eliminates perjury and hostility. He believes that "no-fault" divorce can be dignified and successful and suggests ways in which the unavoidable problems of alimony and child custody can be equitably resolved.

*Group Marriage*, by Larry L. and Joan M. Constantine (Macmillan, \$8.95).

The Constantines have made a determined effort to explore and generalize about the phenomenon of group marriage, and they've come up with a readable and reasonably enlightening report. They are candid about their own limitations as scientists and careful to set their findings in perspective.

## READERS

Perhaps my experience will be of value:

At one time I was married to a wife who I thought was very bad.

I am now married to a wife who I think is very good.

It is interesting that they are very much alike.

I hope some reader will think it through sooner than I did.

—Name Withheld

Fairbanks, Alaska

In response to your request for descriptions of marriage and alternatives, here is mine:

The first state lasted for twelve years, four children; it broke up amicably, and friendly relations still exist (this was twelve years ago). I started a relationship (the surface cause of the split) with F, who was married and not eager either to divorce or to remarry (ill wife). I eventually adjusted to this and began to see the benefits in our

state—prolonged romantic feelings and heightened sexual experience, possibly because of the separation involved. After ten years of this, F's wife divorced him (amicably, also—therapy helped us all). F and I now live in separate apartments and "cohabit" about four days a week.

We still have separate, independent lives some of the time but are dependent and involved most of the time. We always spend vacations and weekends together, and share all expenses except for a few things he pays for because he earns more. (He is fifty-eight years old, a research chemist; I am forty-three, a second-grade teacher.)

The benefits, I feel, are these: the highs seem to be highs because of the nature of our living arrangement, and the separate/together quality gives us both freedom and support. He satisfies a need I've always felt for a "boyfriend"—and I satisfy the "girlfriend" need in him. I feel that if I were married—even to him—I would be out looking for a boyfriend again.

—Name Withheld

Yes, I've been married. So has she. Neither marriage worked.

So now she has her place, with her two teen-age daughters, who care for me inordinately. And I have my place, where we stay when she wants to be away from the phone. My four children (twelve, fifteen, seventeen, nineteen) accept us as a married couple.

The essence of the relationship: (1) total acceptance of the other as he or she is; (2) having had, with each other, infatuation and needful love, we now take calm and easy pleasure in our unashamed, strong, healthy, sensitive, and shnoogling bodies; (3) no sharing of money sweats: she pays her rent, I pay mine; (4) unspoken moving easily together—or, as necessary, simple, clear, statements of difference; (5) separate residences as an extension of identity—albeit one is vacant each night.

Yes, instances of others, but progressively more rarely.

No, it's sure as hell not Norman Rockwell. But we are each stronger and more at ease in this life with each other, and thus better for those about us.

—Henry Stern

San Francisco, Calif.



# WRAP AROUND WRAP

## The Secret of Success

What is the most important ingredient for a successful relationship between lovers? I asked various couples in varied situations. Some were flippant, some thoughtful, some ill at ease with the question. Here is a sampling of their answers:

*A political activist living off and on with a woman who has four children:* The other person should be neither a Stalinist nor a liberal, but somewhere in between. And she shouldn't have skin blemishes.

*A gay woman:* Trust. Trust is more important in gay relationships than in straight ones because the roles aren't clearly defined; because they're up for grabs, the power struggle is more obvious. It's harder to read your feelings when you don't know what the rules are, so you have to trust the other person not to take advantage of the vulnerability you permit yourself with a lover.

*A man married to the same woman for twenty years:* A sense of cosmic perspective. If I'd ever thought that my happiness was important, I'd have gotten a divorce fifteen years ago. But I didn't, so we worked things out. I think we have a better marriage than most people.

*A doctor prone to colds who recently began sharing an apartment with the woman he'd dated for seven years:* She's the only one I know who can tolerate my

illnesses. The choice was living with her or with my mother.

*An anthropologist, girlfriend of the above:* It's not one thing, it's a Gestalt. Gestalts don't have ingredients.

*A white dance instructor living with a black actor:* Being able to be unrealistic. Once you admit to the problems that really exist, you're finished. But if you can hold on to romance and fantasy long enough, you might beat the system.

*A woman married to a man ten years younger than herself:* Being secure enough to allow the other person the freedom he wants. I'm not that secure. Sometimes I feel I'm being blackmailed.

*A bartender on his third marriage:* You have to vibrate to the same chords—you know, be on the same wavelength. Don't ask me what that means. Those are words you don't have to go beyond. Also people shouldn't be too independent. I had a dog once that was too independent; he ran away.

—*Timothy Gallagher*  
*Honorary contributor to the Washington writer*

### Add to the list . . .

We hereby invite readers to supply their own answers to the question above. Please send a brief description of your situation along with your suggestion for Most Important Ingredient.

break off with this woman as I still didn't feel anything but comfortable affection and knew she wasn't the type I would ever get tied to seriously. Well, she said she had decided to come back to Cambridge with me. She said I was being unreal about wanting to leave her. She had made most of the decisions while we were traveling and I liked that security because I was floating. She was really strong about it. To make a long story short, we came back to Cambridge together. She found a great place and pointed out all the practical reasons why living together would be healthy for both of us.

I broke up with her twice, once to go off with a woman I'd been attracted to in the past, but in the end I went back. She tolerated me more than anyone else ever had and kept telling me how neurotic this runaway behavior was. I had to see a shrink, et cetera. The shrink reinforced many of the things she said: I was escapist; wanting to fall in love with someone was immature. We also did encounter together and Gestalt therapy, and a lot of feelings came out on both sides and we got close in new ways. In being fair I have to say that she has a good heart, and affection is there. But in the back of my mind a little voice kept saying, where's the turn-on? Where's the magic? Every time I said magic, somebody said neurotic, unreal.

She was fairly happy but she was making the decisions. She wanted to get married and settle down. She thought I was being unreal about not wanting that. I said we should wait and see. She kept saying I wouldn't feel good about myself until I made a serious commitment to another person, she had put in three years helping me get myself together, etc. I was very frightened of losing her on the one hand, but on the other I couldn't stop thinking about many women I met. I slept with them sometimes and got a very good idea of what I was missing but I felt guilty about my hidden desire for the big turn-on. By that I mean when two people flow along together making love, talking on an exciting level (doesn't have to be like that every moment but at least once in a while), thinking together.

To make a long story short we got married because I wanted to, although I rationalized at the time that I could too. I am thirty and don't know what I want out of life. But I feel now I've made a very big mistake in letting things happen the way they have. I feel more isolated than ever and regret having been talked into something my heart wasn't in. I stopped hoping that any magic could ever happen in this marriage. She says that I won't myself feel it until I get over being neurotic and stop looking for the missing dimension, but it seems to me that magic, whatever that indefinable something is, falling in love, even though that eventually might change to another level—that has to be there if you are going to spend your whole life with another person or even a dog.

Now she is pregnant. I have the idea again but also my fault for going along with it. That's the last step in her plan for a while. It all seems so clearly hopeless. I tried to put all my will power into the relationship, deal with it realistically, convince myself it was mature and healthy. Frankly, all that it has done is make me into a kind of broken machine with no feelings at all. I have lost interest in doing anything. I take full responsibility for my weakness, let her do all the decision-making and taking care of me and planning, but it doesn't help me find a solution.

So I would say that if you are getting into a relationship, watch out for the psychiatric bullshit reality routine. With the magic it isn't real. If it doesn't start with that, forget it.

—Name Withheld  
Boston, MA

## READERS

I got married the first time when I was twenty. I had to get married because the lady was pregnant but I really did love her (or at least however you can love at that age). Then after five years she told me it was over, and she and the kid moved in with a man she had been really seeing. I married myself for being too involved with graduate school.

I did nothing for a while, quit school, then hung out in Guadalajara. That was the first time I ever freed myself up, as I had always been the responsible, hard-working kind of person. Did a lot of peyote, mushrooms, weed, sex. Every time I thought of my wife and kid it wiped me out; I didn't want to have anything to do in a serious way with a woman ever again. But

I knew I couldn't stay on the beach forever. Just about the time I was about to travel to Yucatan, this good-citizen, rather ordinary American woman visited some friends of mine. I wasn't drawn to her too much, not the type I'd ever pick, not sexy at all but a good person you want for a friend. We tripped together, which means you form a bond.

I explained about how I didn't want to get involved, the pain with my wife, et cetera. She said okay. I understand. She had lost a boyfriend in a similar manner. But her mind was made up to travel with me and we had a good time. Then I ran out of money and wanted to go back to the States. I was ready to lay off doping, get a job, go back to grad school. It seemed like a good way also to

## MATING CALL

Mature Professional, tall, handsome and virile man in ties creative in art and science is looking for deep one to involvement with young woman including marriage and a child if it's right. She must be strong sensual show her interest on her face, shouldn't answer this ad unless sensitive humorous able to give and expect a lot, snapshots exchanged or turned.

—New York Review of Books  
classified ad,



# TOOLSROUNDINFOR

## WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate true items of value—those that do what they promise for a use-period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available about those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, as everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: we can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

To order these items from us, send a letter to Tools for Living, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Specify the item, quantity of each item, and color (if needed). The price is that indicated in the description below. Add up the total for all items you order (N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax). Enclose a check for the total amount payable to Harper's Magazine. If you prefer to charge your BankAmericard or Master Charge on orders over \$15, indicate your card number and its expiration date. You may also order Sources by following these instructions.

## N OF SUPERLOCK

Remember the Kryptonite Bicycle Lock featured in our September 1973 issue? That was the lock that makes a bicycle virtually theftproof. It kept a bicycle locked to a post in Manhattan's Village for two weeks, even though frustrated bike-nappers tried to cut it with their tools.

KBL has now been joined by another excellent Kryptonite lock, the KBL 3, which is lighter weight and seems to be even stronger.

While the original Kryptonite lock incorporated a removable lock into the frame, the KBL 3 is made in one piece, so nothing can drop out of your hands when you are riding your bike. The lock mechanism employs a cylindrical key, the kind most often found in sophisticated security systems. To further protect your bicycle, the Kryptonite people require a registration/replacement program for the locks. After registering your new KBL 3, you

fill in the registration card and return it to the factory, where it's kept on file. If you lose your key, the Kryptonite factory will replace it for \$1, if you're the person who sent in the original registration for the lock. This arrangement thwarts thieves who steal bikes and locks with the idea of ordering duplicate keys.

The new feature of the KBL 3 that we especially like is that it comes with its own carrying bracket. While you're riding the bicycle, the lock stays snapped into a bracket mounted beneath the seat. Thus it's out of the way, and its 1 3/4 lbs. of weight are centered on the bike.

The KBL 3 is available in bicycle shops or may be obtained from us for \$20 postpaid.

## WORD SALAD

You toss and serve, reading in any order; if you don't like that serving, simply throw it back in, and stir well for a new plate of poem. How about a three-dimensional poem? Jonathan Price's Word Salad displays words about salad on one-inch clear-plastic cubes in a clear-plastic individual salad bowls, and serving fork, and no rules. Children seem to like stacking the cubes in different orders, making up new sentences. The sturdy cardboard box includes a photo of Mr. Price and copies of an attack Hilton Kramer wrote in the *New York Times* when the work was unveiled in a show called "The Word as Image" at the

Jewish Museum in the spring of 1970 ("Works such as John Cage's *Not Wanting to Say Anything about Marcel* or Jonathan Price's *Word Salad* would look perfectly at home in a department store display advertising a new product"). *New York* magazine called the Word Salad bizarre and a Best Bet; *Arts Magazine* concluded that Word Salad was "the most poetic item in the show." Our sample dish read "leek, taste, delight, touch, radish, diced carrot, good luck."

The Word Salad is available through us for \$35 postpaid.



## Rx FOR SOAKED CYCLISTS

Until recently there was no effective way to ride your bicycle in the rain without getting soaking wet. Howard Sutherland, a professional bicycle engineer, has designed the first efficient foul-weather gear for cyclists. Pictured here is one of his rain capes, made by Bellwether of strong, coated nylon oxford in safety yellow. The cape is waterproof and very visible. Its loops slip over the rider's thumbs so the cape envelops the lowest drop bars. A waist strap secures the back of the cape, preventing it from billowing up behind as you ride. Because the zipper zips from the inside, you can take the cape off without drenching yourself. Vents across its back, coupled with its overall design, make air flow over your body for a cool ride, not a steambath.

Sutherland suggests wearing a Sou'wester, too. His design ties on under the chin and has gale-proof earflaps.

The cape and the Sou'wester hat are available in most cycling shops or by mail from us. When ordering capes and hats, please specify whether you need large (for riders six feet or taller) or small (under six feet). The cape is \$20 and the hat \$5 postpaid.

We hope Sutherland will design bicycle capes for children.

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# NETWORKSWRA

## Links for Learning

I can remember when you could give a simple idea to someone and if they liked it they'd use it. Not anymore. So many good ideas down the bureaucratic drain.

I gave this one to a few people and right away it started to get complicated. When I gave it to Rick Wurman, though, he gave me some good advice—Richard Saul Wurman, architect, town planner, thinker, friend. That's a terrific Simple Idea, said Rick, but very radical, so if I were you I'd present it in a nonthreatening fashion. I said I would try.

Then I gave it to John Holt. I like your Simple Idea, he said, but who gets to decide what are legitimate areas of interest or who is expert in them and who picks the students and how does one qualify and who will control the program and will it cost money and where will that come from and will the teachers stand for more paraprofessionals and what will the parents who are worried about the kid making it to college have to say? Then John ran out of room on the postcard.

*The motto over the school entrance reads:*

*Enter To Learn  
Go Forth To Serve*

*Enter To Serve  
Go Forth To Learn*

The columnist Nat Hentoff liked it so much he gave me six other people to give it to. I sent

it to Albert Shanker, president of the United Federation of Teachers, but he didn't respond.

*If we believe that the good life is a productive life, why do we tell old people that their reward for a productive life is nonproductivity?*

I gave it to a group of high-school seniors who had a lot of questions. Would it be open to all students or just a select group? Would it be accredited? Would the curriculum be changed? Would it need support from the community, facilities from local business and industry? Can that be obtained? Why didn't you have this idea four years ago?

And I gave it to a group of high-school teachers who had a lot of answers. Transportation will be a problem. Money will be a problem. Resource people will be a problem. Facilities will be a problem. Unions will be a problem. Coordination will be a problem. Parents will be a problem. A math teacher thought it would be good for English, an English teacher thought it would be good for History, a History teacher thought it would be good for Crafts. A Crafts teacher thought it would be good for everybody.

*Long before there was an Educational System, there was a Master-Apprentice System. If you wanted to learn, you went to somebody who knew, and you became an apprentice. Of course our system is much more efficient now. Isn't it?*

I gave it to Maggie Kuhn,

who is the guiding energy of the Gray Panthers, a working coalition of old and young people. She had no questions and no answers. "Just count us in and tell us what to do." And I gave it to Jim Sullivan, who is assistant director of the combined American Association of Retired Persons-National Retired Teachers Association—6 million members in 3,500 chapters. He had no questions either. The Board would have to approve, but it's the kind of thing they've been looking for. Count them in too.

*There are about twenty million people in this country who are sixty-five or older. They know a lot, but they don't have much to do. There are about fifteen million high-school students in this country. They don't know much, but they're going to have a lot to do soon.*

And now I'm giving it to you. If you like it, use it. Only don't let it get complicated. There are millions of older people who have spent the better part of their lives learning a trade, craft, business, or profession. Now they are retired, and we do nothing with their knowledge. There are millions of high-school students who will eventually move into the same trades, crafts, businesses, and professions. They could use that knowledge.

Link them up as part of the curriculum in tutorials and seminars held in facilities made available by former employers. Think what this would accomplish. We could:

1. Utilize a vast resource of experiential knowledge now lying fallow.
2. Incorporate master-apprentice learning into our educational system.
3. Give old people a purpose.
4. Help students select a career.
5. Assist the trades, crafts, businesses, and professions in recruiting for the future.
6. Expand educational opportunities beyond our currently restrictive school walls.
7. Unite the two least corrupt segments of society.

But most of all, it could improve our public educational system (which could stand a lot of improving) without threatening anyone.

John Fanning, Deputy Super-

intendent of the Lower Merion School District of Pennsylvania (2,500 high-school students) and Leonard Finklestein, Director of the Alternative Project Office of the Philadelphia School District (52,000 high-school students), have signified their interest in the possibility of setting up pilot programs in districts. I'll give you their addresses so you can check to see if they follow up. In fact, I'll give you everybody's address. If you are a high-school student with interest in a particular area, write to Maggie Kuhn, Jim Sullivan and ask them to link you up with an older person near you. If you are an older person with knowledge and experience in a particular area and would like to share that knowledge on to a high-school student, write to Maggie Kuhn or Jim Sullivan and ask them to link you up with a younger person near you. Look, what we don't need is another fancy-name, big-budget national program that does nothing. Get your school district to set up its own unit with its own coordinator—maybe a retired teacher in the district. Larger districts, more units. Keep it small, keep it cheap, keep it efficient.

Well, that's my Simple Idea. Now it's your Simple Idea. Don't let it get complicated.

Richard Saul Wurman, C  
1214 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19107

John Holt, 308 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116

Nat Hentoff, 25 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001

Albert Shanker, UFT, Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010

Margaret Kuhn, Gray Panthers, 6342 Greene Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19144

Jim Sullivan, AARP-NR, 1909 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

John Fanning, Lower Merion Township School District, Montgomery Avenue, Ardmore, Pa. 19003

Leonard Finklestein, Office of Alternative Projects, Philadelphia School District, 21st and Benjamin Franklin Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

*My is the author of a one-man, one-year, Observations from the Tread.*

## SOURCES: THE "VIABLE" CITY

"What do you do?"

"I'm a city planner."

"Oh. But what do you do?"

In a sense only children are supposed to be mystified by the workings of the modern world—what goes on, when, and how. I, as an adult, find it frustrating that this world operates according to its own mundane—and inconspicuous—ways and that there is no one who thinks to teach you about them. In the city, where everyone is programmed and rushed, there is no time for anyone with questions; pretty women, cute children, and finaglers are exceptions. If you happen not to be one of these, take a look at the *Yellow Pages of Learning Resources* (yellow 8½-by-11-inch pages, alphabetized listings).

It has entries whose purpose is to make the city itself a learning tool, and it's filled with ideas—where to go, whom to talk with, what kinds of questions to ask. The book is meant primarily, though certainly not only, for school-age children.

*Yellow Pages of Learning Resources*, edited by Richard Saul Wurman (The MIT Press, \$1.95).

—Suzanne Mantell



# GAME

## PERTINENT POETRY by Joseph Godfrey, New York, N. Y.

ne of Milton's most beautiful odes is "On His Blind-  
" Pope and Dryden satirized London politics and  
ners in their heroic couplets. Jonathan Swift's mod-  
proposal to solve overpopulation and famine by breed-  
babies for human consumption showed England the  
state of the Irish economy. Instead of languishing in  
towers, great poets often seize their raw material  
the hurly-burly passions and problems of contem-  
ry life.

s a besieged New Yorker, I've wondered how various  
s of the New World would react to the dangers and  
ghts of Big Apple living. If Joyce Kilmer had lived in  
East Sixties and had had to ride the Lexington Ave-  
subway to his office, "Trees" might have turned out  
this:

I think that I shall never see  
a subway like the IRT,

A train whose doors gape open wide  
then crush me as I push inside,

A train whose splendor day and night  
is filth, graffiti, urban blight.

nners of "Classical Classifieds,"  
March game that asked readers to  
ate a lively ad on behalf of some  
orical figure, are:

st Prize  
Casaplanta greenhouse:

r sale: Due to energy shortage must  
er thunder (without lightning) at  
gain rates for rest of month. Jupiter.  
—Alan T. Moffet  
Pasadena, Calif.

nners-up  
e *Complete Encyclopedia of French*  
ese by Pierre Androuet (Harper's  
gazine Press):

urmets: With each order of our  
packaged "Paradise Picnic for Two"  
nes a complimentary Book of Verse  
in Omar's Jug and Loaf Shop.  
—Mary Minor Aderholdt  
High Point, N.C.

r sale: Adorable puppy crying for  
ome. Write: Sir Charles Baskerville,  
skerville Hall.  
—Sallie and James Clotfelter  
Lubbock, Texas

e. e. cummings's "Buffalo Bill's" could have treated  
another exciting and glamorous figure:

John Lindsay's  
defunct  
who used to  
walk the watersmooth-silver  
sidewalks  
and fight onetwothreefourfive unionsjustlikethat  
Jesus  
he was a handsome man  
and what i want to know is  
how do you like your blueeyed boy  
Mister Beame

This month we invite readers to create their own up-  
dated poetry about New York and other cities. Send your  
entry (in fifty words or less) to "Pertinent Poetry,"  
Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.  
10016, no later than May 8. Entries become the property  
of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be published  
in the July issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: A director's chair

Runners-up: A *Harper's* denim tote bag.

Personals: Will the soothsayer who  
tried to speak to me yesterday see me  
immediately after the Senate meeting  
in the Capitol on March 15. J. Caesar.  
—Bro. Franklin Cullen  
Hayward, Calif.

For sale: 342 slightly damaged crates  
of tea. Contact East India Company,  
Boston.

—Harry G. Fuller  
Rolla, Mo.

Business opportunity: He who strike  
while iron is hot may cause blister of  
great wealth—prominent philosopher  
wishes to be in touch with manufac-  
turer of rice cookies. Object: world-  
wide dissemination of wry, witty, and  
profound thoughts. Write Confucius,  
Box Wun Tu Wun.

—Henry C. Jaffa  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

For sale: Large wooden horse, hand-  
somerly carved by skilled Greek crafts-  
man; "Old World" charm, ideal for  
playground, restaurant, unique shop.  
Spacious interior. Very reasonable.  
Contact Trojans.

—Patricia Likos  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Lost and found: Paradise lost. Con-  
tact John Milton. Heavenly reward of-  
fered if regained.

Mike May  
Butler, Pa.

Personals: Mom hysterical; Ophelia  
out of her mind; Rosencrantz and  
Guildenstern are dead; Claudius prays  
a lot. Need further instructions. Hamlet.  
—Ann Shoben  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Attention Brobdingnagians: Sorry.  
Will be delayed; am all tied up; have  
a lot of little things on my mind. Will  
be in touch when the lines are clear.  
Gulliver.

—Gabriel R. Ricci  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Urgent need: One cork, two inches  
diameter. See Fred by the dyke.

—Scott W. Tilden  
Wilmington, Del.

Situations wanted: Painter, no job  
too big or small. Expert at those hard  
to reach places; ceilings. Reasonable  
rates. Contact Michelangelo Buonar-  
roti, Rome, Italy.

Barbara Warren  
Camden, Maine

URE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games.  
e who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.

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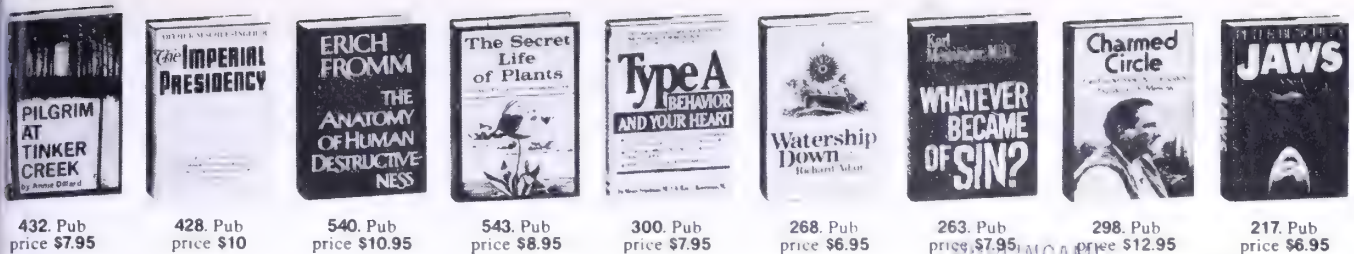
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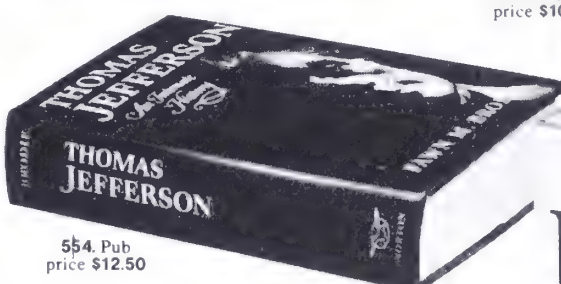
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Cover photograph by Jerry Sarapoichiello

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**HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS** **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich


Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert Shnayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: \$1 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.

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**POSTMASTER:** Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302. Reprints and Permissions: Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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# WRAPAROUND

## SOLAR ENERGY— Bringing the sun down to earth

Guest Editor:  
**Barry Commoner**

It's time to get acquainted with the sun. Despite its familiarity surrounding us daily with its warmth and light—the sun's full impact on our lives is yet to be felt. Its energy is the richest resource on the Earth. Figured at current prices, the solar energy charging the Earth's surface each day, converted to electricity at present-day technological efficiency, would be worth about \$60 billion. Yet we actually use only a few hundredths of 1 percent of the sun's energy that reaches the earth, chiefly to produce food and fiber. The problem, of course, is to capture this energy and make it available in useful forms. Some of the ways in which this can be done are described in the following pages, together with other facts, ideas, and observations that may help make a start toward a new relationship with the sun. Why do we need to learn more about the sun? Because the continued availability of energy will soon become the most pervasive, difficult, and dangerous issue of our time, and the use of solar energy is a major option among the rather narrow choices that we have for solving this issue.

Here are some of the basic facts as they relate to the United States. At the present time nearly all (about 97 percent) of the energy used to run the nation's industry, agriculture, and means of transportation; to heat, cool, and illuminate homes and places of work; and to cook, clean, and communicate is obtained by burning coal, petroleum, or natural gas. These are fossil fuels, produced in only one period of the earth's history by long-dead plants. These fuels are nonre-

newable; once used, they will be gone forever. Roughly speaking, we can expect resources of petroleum and natural gas, at the present rate of consumption, to be used up in twenty-five to fifty years; coal reserves might last perhaps several hundred years, but to get them out of the ground would mean digging up some 10,000 square miles of the U.S. Add to that the already unbearable burden of pollution produced by the burning of petroleum (including smog from automobiles) and coal (especially sulfur dioxide, the air pollutant that worsens the effects of all others by hindering the self-protective mechanism of the lungs) and it becomes clear that we cannot for long rely on these fuels for the needed energy.

According to conventional wisdom (for example, as manifested by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and other government agencies), we will be saved by the same force that has already saved us from a new world war—nuclear energy. If we are guided by such wisdom, however, the nation's future supply of energy will be as uncertain as a peace that can be converted into a global nuclear holocaust by the throw of a switch. The peaceful uses of nuclear energy are just as risky and unreliable as the military uses. The present types of nuclear reactors will run out of usable fuel in twenty-five to thirty years, leaving behind, when they are closed down, a huge mass of long-lived radioactive waste, for which no acceptable means of disposal has yet been worked out. The AEC's answer is the breeder reactor, which will extend the useful life

of nuclear fuel resources about thirtyfold—if it works. And there is considerable question about that: the AEC has yet to build its first working breeder (the first nonworking one is a vast, dead hulk on the outskirts of Detroit); earlier this year, the first operating breeder reactor in the U.S.S.R. was shut down by an accidental explosion. The one certainty about the breeder reactor is that it will confront us with the task of avoiding harmful contact with huge amounts of plutonium—the most dangerous radioactive material known to man.

**T**his, then, is what is meant by the energy crisis. By the end of the next generation we will need to be well embarked on one of several possible plans for supplying the nation's need for energy. We will tear up huge sections of the Western states to mine coal that will pollute the air when it is burned and that in any case will in due time run out; or we will build hundreds of breeder reactors that could turn out to be unworkable, or, if they do work, are bound to spread dangerous radioactivity into the environment, and will require for their cooling (essential in fossil-fueled power plants as well) enough water to turn most of the nation's rivers lukewarm; or we will use energy derived from the sun. The sun represents the only renewable energy resource. It can drive electric power plants that are smokeless and silent; it produces neither chemical nor radioactive pollutants.

Thus far the corporations that control our supplies of fossil

fuels, and their friends in Washington, have managed to hide the solar option behind a few as yet unexamined claims about high costs and "technical problems." Yet, as Farrington Daniels—who in time will come to be known as the father of solar energy in the U.S.—has noted:

*There is no gamble in solar energy use; it is sure to work. It has been demonstrated that solar energy will heat, cool, convert salt water into fresh water, and generate power and electricity. The problem is to do these things cheaply enough to compete with present methods.*

In the ten years since these words were written, no one has attempted to challenge them. Meanwhile, the economic barrier is vanishing before improvements in solar technology, the rising cost of fuel, and the recognition that fossil and nuclear fuels exact a much larger cost in the form of environmental degradation than their market price indicates.

In sum, what we are now being told about the energy problem—or rather what we are not being told about—is evidence of an attempt to cover up the sun. As the truth becomes known—that solar power is among the few options for the nation's future supply of energy—we will all need to participate in the choice. Most of us know a fair amount about the uses and abuses of fossil and nuclear fuels. It is time to learn as much about the sun. This issue of **WRAPAROUND** is a place to start. —Barry Commoner

*Barry Commoner is the well-known environmentalist and director of the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems at Washington University.*



# WRAP AROUND WRAP

## SUNRISE

Heaven, earth, and its water yet lay enfolded in the ghostly, glassy pallor of dawn; one paling star still swam in the shadowy vast. But there came a breath, a winged word from far and inaccessible abodes, that Eos was rising from the side of her spouse; and there was that first sweet reddening of the farthest strip of sea and sky that manifests creation to man's sense. She neared, the goddess, ravisher of youth, who stole away Cleitos and Cephalus and, defying all the envious Olympians, tasted beautiful Orion's love. At the world's edge began a strewing of roses, a shining and a blooming ineffably pure; baby cloudlets hung illumined, like attendant amorette, in the blue and blushful haze; purple effulgence fell upon the sea, that seemed to heave it forward on its welling waves; from horizon to zenith went great quivering thrusts like golden lances, the gleam became a glare; without a sound, with godlike violence, glow and glare and rolling flames streamed upwards, and with flying hoof-beats the steeds of the sun-god mounted the sky.

—Thomas Mann  
*Death in Venice, 1925*

**"The Sun is never the worse for shining on a Dunghill."**

—Thomas Fuller  
*Gnomologia, No. 4776, 1732*

## Indiana Blazes a Trail

Okay, the solar house is a superior environmental conception. And sure, solar heating and cooling systems save fuel, and, therefore, money, in the long run. But right now, any pioneer who dares to install solar-energy equipment incurs a double penalty:

(1) The initial cost of such equipment can be more than twice the cost of conventional heating and cooling systems.

(2) These higher costs raise the tax assessment of the house, penalizing the owner for years to come.

For homeowners, developers, and architects, these penalties are major factors in discouraging the construction of solar homes and the fitting of older homes with new solar-energy systems. If this basic economic quandary could be resolved, the resulting solar-home demand might remove other barriers—labor union regulations, archaic building codes, zoning rules—that now block solar construction and renovation in many places.

"There oughta be a law," you say.

Well, in fact there is—in the state of Indiana. Thanks to their state legislators, all Hoosiers are now legally entitled to deduct as much as \$2,000 a year from the assessed value of their real estate to compensate them for the value of solar heating and cooling systems.

The Indiana law was not a reluctant action of cynical state legislators: the measure passed the State Senate by the amazing margin of 40 to 7, and the House of Representatives by 75 to 12; it was signed with alacrity by Gov. Otis R. Bowen on February 18, 1974.

"I think the reason the bill passed was that here, at last, was something that state legislators could do about the energy crisis," said State Sen. Robert Garton of Columbus, who authored and successfully championed State Enrolled Act No. 223.

Senator Garton got the idea for the bill from a constituent who read a newspaper article

about solar energy and asked "Why can't you do something to encourage solar technology at the state level?"

The new law does so, in this way: the owner of a building estimates the value added to his property by the addition of solar heating or cooling equipment, and files that estimate with any one of the ninety-two local county auditors on forms provided by the State Board of Tax Commissioners. He then has the claim verified by the local township assessor, and subtracts the value of that verified claim (up to \$2,000) from the assessed value of his property.

"Now they're saying the bill is something of a landmark," Senator Garton said. "But, of course, I didn't know that when I proposed it."

The only comparable legislation on the federal level is a bill pending in the House of Representatives that would enable homeowners to take a tax credit for installing solar-energy systems. The primary Congressional emphasis, however, is still on research and development. The House has passed, and the Senate is studying, legislation that would authorize a \$10 million solar-house demonstration project under the auspices of the Department of Housing and Urban Development and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

NASA may have beaten the Russians to the moon, but the sun sweepstakes it will have to take on Indiana.

—Glenn Collins

*Glenn Collins, an editor of The New York Times Magazine, frequently writes about the environment.*



*Solar designs from The English Sunrise. Copyright © 1972 by Tony Evans and Brian Rice.*

## HELPING

We are a people who live on the roof of the world; we are the sons of Father Sun, and with our religion we daily help our father to go across the sky. We do this not only for ourselves, but for the whole world. If we were to cease practicing our religion, in ten years the sun would no longer rise. Then it would be night forever.

—Mountain Lake, a Taos Pueblo Indian

"Heat an ordinary six-inch cannon-ball up to 50 million degrees, the temperature of the centre of the sun, and the radiation it emits would suffice to mow down—by its mere impact, like the jet of water from a fire-hose—anyone who approached within 50 miles of it."

—Sir James Jeans

*The Mysterious Universe, 1930*

## THE SUNSTONE

It is now conceded that the who worshiped at Stonehenge adored the sun. The stone stands sixteen feet high, and about two hundred yards from the temple called "the Friar's Heel"—a stone thrown at the devil, according to the legend—is not only set exactly at that point toward the northeast where the sun rises at the summer solstice exactly over its top, but has been set in a place where the ground has been scooped so as to bring its top, as seen from the altar, precisely against the horizon. It is thus plainly an astronomical stone. —Harper's, January 18



# DUNIDWRAPAROUND

## ot Check

The trouble with weather forecasting is that it's right too often for us to ignore it and wrong too often for us to rely on it. Atmospheric scientists say they could do a better job of predicting weather if they had a better understanding of the complex, dynamic forces at play in the atmosphere. And a few of them think sunspots may hold the key to a utopian era of foolproof, seven-day forecasts, a view that sets their more conservative colleagues to mumbling "witchcraft" and "black magic." Sunspots, which are areas where the sun's magnetic fields break through to the surface, increase and decrease over an eleven-year cycle. They are quiet themselves, but explosive eruptions called flares occur near them, and these flares throw off charged particles toward the earth. Back in 1801, the English astronomer William Herschel announced that sunspots influenced air temperatures, and people have been trying ever since to figure out if the sun really does affect the Earth's day-to-day weather.

It's a fertile field for those who love statistical correlations. You have so many going you don't know what to do with them," says Alexander J. Dessler of Rice University. Examples: Hobart, Australia, gets more rain when the maximum number of sunspots occurs. Cairns, Australia, gets less. Scotland's growing season is longest when the sunspot cycle peaks. And the Russians report that the number of thunderstorms increases worldwide three to four years after a solar flare. Walter Orr Roberts of the National Center for Atmospheric Research and Roger H. Olson of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration have found an intriguing statistical relationship between solar flares and winter storms born in the Gulf of Alaska. There the charged particles expelled by solar flares cause geomagnetic storms that produce the brilliant displays known as the northern lights. A few days after such storms, low-pressure troughs often form. These troughs carry colder weather farther south into the central United States than troughs that form without being preceded by geomagnetic storms.

Unfortunately, these and other statistically beautiful correlations are unaccompanied by any theory that would explain how solar activity can directly affect the Earth's weather. After all, the Earth is bathed continually by solar radiation and charged particles, and a solar flare increases the sun's vast total energy discharge by no more than one one-thousandth. "It is very difficult to see this tiny tail wagging such a large dog," acknowledges Roberts.

If the extra energy from a solar flare isn't enough to influence the Earth's weather directly, then scientists must find some way to explain how it can cause changes in the Earth's energetic lower atmosphere. "We are looking for a trigger, some subtle little thing that changes and affects the weather," says Dessler. So far, no plausible theory of what this trigger might be has been produced. And, says Dessler, "Without a theory, I'm afraid research is going to go slowly."

—Patrick Young

Patrick Young is the science writer for The National Observer.

"We must not say, because the earth is smaller than the sun and is under its influence, that it is for that reason more vile."

—Nicolaus of Cusa, 1440

## THE \$730 MILLION CARROT

Each year the General Services Administration spends over \$280 million to lease space for governmental agencies. It is now spending \$450 million to construct 37 new buildings. (In all, 67 new buildings have been authorized by Congress.)

Suppose GSA were instructed by Congress to build and lease space in buildings that were heated and cooled where possible by solar energy. In effect, such a program would turn the government's building and leasing program into a national competition through which architects, engineers, and building suppliers would work to develop and incorporate new energy sources in office and residential construction.

—James Ridgeway

"Soaking Up the Sun"  
Working Papers, Winter 1974

## Nova Versus Snuff-Out: The Facts

When we contemplate the sun, we find that one burning question eclipses all others: *how long have we got?* Even lay readers untrained in scientific method will appreciate that when a fire has consumed all its fuel, it goes out. As the eminent synergist Buckminster Fuller has cogently observed, reliance on atomic reactions (the sun's energy source) is like fueling an automobile "by consumption of the atoms with which the automobile is constructed." The sun is literally destroying its own atoms, turning them into energy, and decades ago scientist James Jeans demonstrated that the resultant weight loss is two billion tons per second!

If we are to believe the evolutionists, the sun has been burning itself up like this for at least three billion years. Orthodox science claims the massive weight loss is insignificant because the sun itself is so big—864,000 miles in diameter. But others, branded "cranks" for their deviation from the scientific establishment party line, believe the sun may be much smaller—as little as thirty-two miles in diameter, suggested Wilbur Glenn Voliva of Zion, Illinois, writing in the April 1939 *American Mercury*. Thus scientific assurances that our sun has a lot of life left begin to look as dubious as similar recent predictions about Comet Kohoutek, and we must face the prospect of imminent solar snuff-out.

Typically, the government intends to keep the public in the dark, leaving everyone assuming that because the sun always has risen every day, it always will. Such blind-faith mentality has precipitated history's worst crises of unpreparedness: the Irish potato famine, the plague of locusts, and the missile gap, to name but three. Only an enlightened populace can prepare to meet snuff-out—by stockpiling firewood, woolen clothing, blankets, and such foods as mushrooms.

Snuff-out is a minor threat, however, compared to the possibility of our sun exploding into a nova. The sun is a vast atomic reactor. Unimaginable energies equivalent to entire

nuclear arsenals detonated every second exist up there in delicate equilibrium. Astronomers have observed other stars in our galaxy exploding into novas when they have exhausted their supply of hydrogen, or when their delicate balance is upset. Should this happen to our sun, Spaceship Earth will be engulfed in a cosmic sheet of flame, against which suntan oil, air conditioning, or migration to the poles will be futile.

The only answer will be to leave Earth altogether for a more distant planet, such as Pluto. We don't know Pluto's exact constitution, but it probably possesses much frozen methane and ammonia, which would unfreeze in the nova heat, providing plentiful supplies of natural gas and (less usefully) smelling salts. Hydrogen is probably present as well, and could be the basis of a thriving dirigible industry. The addition of oxygen from greenhouse plants imported from Earth could lead to formation of water—lakes, seas, a whole terrestrial climate allowing egress from the airtight domes in which colonists would be forced to dwell initially.

A prudent, responsible government would have long since implemented a nova contingency plan, whose cornerstone would be civilian evacuation by rocket ships. And yet our space program is being phased out. Ah, but *is it?* Our leaders know the facts, and are not fools where self-interest is concerned. In particular they realize we have resources to evacuate only a *small number* of survivors. Naturally the rich ruling elite see themselves as this small number, and in addition to suppressing the truth about the real dangers of our sun blowing up, they have decided to divert public interest away from space flight, now that the test missions have proven its feasibility. I am convinced that the space program, far from being axed, has gone underground, and even now vast rocket ships with opulently appointed staterooms are ready in their silos to be used as lifeboats by the industrial-political leaders, to escape if and when the sun explodes, abandoning the proletariat to perish in a cataclysm unprecedented in the whole of human history.

—Charles Platt

Charles Platt is a former member of the British Astronomical Society.



# WRAP AROUND WRAP

## CAPTURING THE SUN

### A Far-Reaching Proposal

We already know that solar energy can be collected and converted directly to electricity in space; Skylab demonstrated this dramatically. We also know that collection here on the Earth is limited by the day-and-night cycle and the weather, and that we can avoid these restrictions by collecting the sun's rays in space. Out there we can deploy very large areas of lightweight solar-collector structures which could not be installed on the Earth because of gravitational forces and the active environmental influences. Solar energy is continuously available in synchronous orbit, so only one-tenth the area of solar cells required to achieve the equivalent power output on the Earth would be used. Energy storage would not be required. A satellite in synchronous orbit will remain stationary with respect to any location on the Earth.

But before we can use the electricity generated in space, we must make it suitable for transmission to the Earth. This we can do by converting it to microwave energy, beaming the microwaves to the Earth and then reconverting them directly to electricity.

The procedure would be as follows: satellites, each carrying large solar collector arrays, would be placed in synchronous

orbit around the Earth; from their fixed positions relative to the Earth, they would beam microwave energy to stationary receiving antennas on the ground. The received energy would be converted at efficiencies of about 90 percent and injected into conventional electric power transmission grids.

Technologically, the concept of a satellite solar power station requires an extension of the current state of the art for its component parts, i.e., it calls for greater efficiencies and lower weight. Furthermore, components must be produced at lower costs than are now possible. These requirements present great challenges, but they can be overcome reasonably soon if the effort is made.

The major challenge in realizing the potential of solar satellites lies in putting large payloads into the Earth's orbit. Over the next few decades we should be able to develop a space transportation system which can take the satellite from the Earth and place it in a low orbit, where we can assemble its various components and then move it into synchronous orbit. The present space shuttle program is a substantial step toward this goal. It represents a unique opportunity for the United States to make a major contribution to mankind.

Of course, questions of economics, environmental impacts, social desirability, political implications, and public acceptance must be dealt with. Once they are handled satisfactorily, each satellite could deliver up to 15,000 megawatts of power, enough energy to satisfy the needs of a city the size of New York in the year 2000.

—Peter E. Glaser

*Dr. Glaser is vice-president of Arthur D. Little, Inc.*

absorbed by the bottom of the pond raises the temperature of the brine toward the boiling point of water and in the absence of thermal stirring the heat is largely retained. Some heat is conducted into the earth below the pond but here much of it is also stored for later use. Coils of water pipes at the bottom of the pond become heated and give low-pressure steam for operating a turbine. Thus the solar radiation can be used for producing power day and night.

—Farrington Daniels

*Direct Use of the Sun's Energy*

19

### The Briny Shallows

Large shallow ponds of water with black bottoms can be used for storing heat from solar radiation for long periods of time. Small ponds are not effective because of large heat losses at the edge, but in very large ponds these losses become relatively less important, and the heat absorbed by the underlying ground is not lost because dry earth is a poor conductor of heat and the heat passing into the ground can be recovered when the temperature of the water in the pond decreases. Several days of heating are required to bring the pond up to temperature.

Evaporation of water at the surface of an ordinary pond prevents high temperatures. A film of oil on the surface of the water reduces the rate of evaporation and increases the temperature. Large covers of transparent plastic may also be used as barriers to vaporization and wind losses and for reducing the loss of heat through infrared radiation.

Harry Tabor has built heat-storage ponds 3.3 ft (1 m) deep in which the black bottom of the pond is filled with a concentrated brine solution obtained as a by-product from the recovery of salt from the Dead Sea. Over this brine solution is flowed a layer of ordinary water, and the great difference in density between the lower brine and the upper water prevents the brine from rising to the surface when it is heated by the sun. In this way it is possible to maintain a pond of water in which the bottom is hot and the upper surface is cooler, thus greatly reducing the vaporization of water at the surface and the consequent heat loss. After several days the solar radiation

### A Solar Still

One remarkable result of solar still research is the "earth water" still, invented by a Japanese named Kobyashi during World War II for producing water on the dry islands of the Pacific. . . .

Two Department of Agriculture scientists, Ray Jackson and Cornelius van Bavel, independently developed a similar though much simpler survival still for use in the desert. A cone-shaped hole is dug in the ground and a container placed at the center of the depression. Next a sheet of clear plastic is laid over the hole and the edges covered with earth. The plastic is pushed down in the center and weighted with a rock, forming a crude plastic still with sloping sides terminating just above the collector. Heat generated under the plastic evaporates moisture in the earth, and this condenses on the underside of the plastic and runs down to drip in the collector. More moisture is drawn from deeper in the soil by capillary action. Properly set up, the earth-water still will produce as much as a quart of water a day from about a square yard of earth.

—D. S. Halacy, Jr.  
*The Coming Age of Solar Energy*, 19



### The Western Collection

Thermal conversion of solar energy has not been particularly successful, and it is clear that the resultant low efficiencies, less than 2 per cent, are due to low operating temperatures. T



# OUNDWRAPAROUND

imum extractable energy in a source of heat depends on the maximum and minimum temperatures (degrees Fahrenheit) of the thermodynamic process, so one avenue for increasing efficiencies is to increase the input temperature of the thermal conversion cycle. Following conversations with one of our friends in the power-utility business, we decided to seek a solution that would interface with the operating conditions used by most of the power industry, namely, 1,000°F (540°C) steam at 1,200 pounds per square inch (84 kg/cm<sup>2</sup>). The conversion efficiency of such steam-generating plants is about 40 percent of the energy content of the input fuel, including stack losses. If we can devise a way to meet these temperatures, we can expect similar efficiencies, which, when the losses at collection and extraction are taken into account, still leaves us with the prospect of converting solar energy into electrical power at about 30 percent efficiency.

Thermal conversion of solar energy at temperatures of 540°C is another advantage: We can store the energy until used, in the form of heat. . . .

We propose that a solar power-generating system providing the equivalent of a conventional 1,000 megawatts (electrical) generator is quite possible. Such a system would entail a peak power input at noon of 13,000 megawatts (thermal). At the efficiencies projected for this system of 30 percent, the size of such a collector would be 14 million square meters, or equal to a square 3.8 kilometers on a side. Since solar collectors could not be densely packed if they shadow each other for early and late sun or when the winter sun is low in the sky, the land area required is about 100 times the collector area. Nevertheless, the total collection area needed per 1,000,000 megawatts (electrical) would be equal to a square 118 kilometers, or 74 miles, on a side. We feel this area is a practical goal to be developed.

—Aden Baker Meinel and Marjorie Pettit Meinel  
*Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*  
October 1971

While the sunne shineth—make hay.” —John Heywood, 1546

## Plant Power

Solar energy can be utilized through its conversion into combustible fuels by photosynthesis in trees, plants, and algae. Conversion efficiencies have been estimated to be in the range of 0.3 to 3 percent depending on the vegetation used. It is possible to imagine an energy system built on this conversion: plants grown with sunshine used to fuel furnaces or boilers, for example. Because of the low collection efficiencies, rather large land areas are required to supply significant amounts of energy. To supply the total current U.S. energy needs at 3 percent efficiency would require a land area of about 350,000 square kilometers, about 3 percent of the total U.S. land area. Soil depletion and the handling of waste products from the combustion of such fuels are likely to be significant problems for large-scale energy systems which may be conceived to utilize solar energy in this way. However, an interesting variation of this plan is that of utilizing waste from forestry operations and municipal trash collections as a fuel to produce power and/or a synthetic fuel.

—Walter E. Morrow, Jr.  
*Technology Review*  
December 1973

## Confessions of a Solar Energy Addict

One beautiful sunny day about twenty years ago, when I was visiting my wife's parents' farm, it suddenly began to pour. For reasons that escape me now, I happened to put my hand in the path of the water running off the rusty barn roof. The discovery that it was warm led me to build my first solar collector—a small experimental thing that cost \$121. Ever since, I've been hooked on finding and promoting ways to use solar energy and I've co-opted my wife, my son, and my daughter for work on the cause.

To date I've created more inventions in the field of solar energy than anyone else in the world, and I've made the sun provide 95 percent of the heat for our three-bedroom home, although we live in the cold, half-cloudy climate of Washington, D.C. For a full winter, our fuel bill was \$4.65 back when oil was 15 cents a gallon.

How did we do it? With a simple heat trap and simple heat storage. We use low-cost barn roofing, stones from the field, and rain from the sky. Our "Solaris" heat collector has an inexpensive Fiberglas insulation base covered by a black corrugated-metal sheet. Simple window glass on the top allows sunshine to heat the metal. Water, pumped from a tank in the basement to the top of the collector on the roof, is heated as it flows down. From the bottom of the collector it flows back to the tank.

That tank, in a small heat-storage bin, is surrounded by a truckload of stones. The solar-warmed tank of water warms the stones; a thermostat turns on a blower to get heat out of the stones and the tank of water as needed. (The heat-storage bin takes up less than 12 percent of the basement, leaving more than 88 percent for normal use.)

For summer cooling, the stones are chilled by an air-conditioning compressor. The cold, dry stones soak up the heat and high humidity during the hot muggy day. They are dried out at night so that we avoid using substantial amounts of energy during the brownout and blackout periods of hot afternoons.

Invent a better solar heat trap and the world will beat a path to your door. People have come to us from India, Japan, Russia, Germany, Spain, Iran; in fact, they've come from virtually every country and every state.

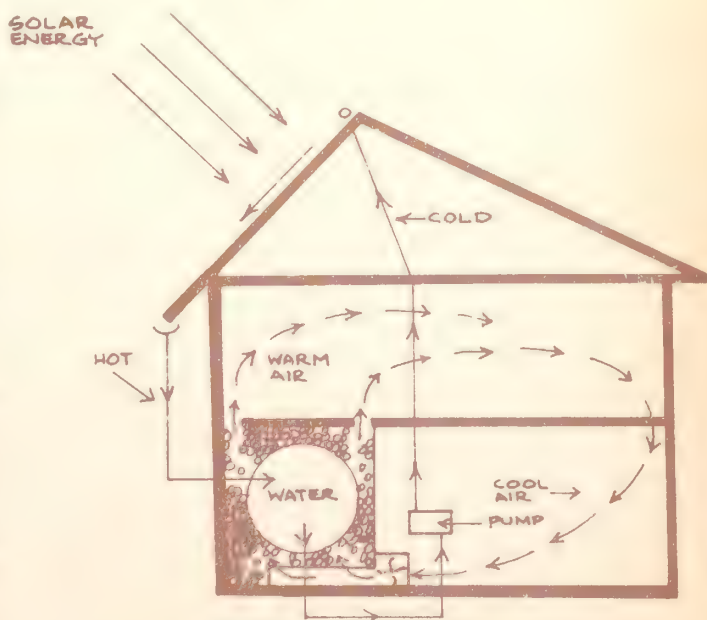
All the major television networks in the U.S. and many from abroad have filmed our solar homes (we've had three). Dozens of people have obtained licenses for our inventions; thousands have ordered plans. We've had to add two more telephones and buy an answering device, and things have got to the point where even being hospitalized doesn't slow us down very much.

Somewhere along the line, we've completed four books: *Solar House Plans* (\$10), *Solar Houses and Solar House Models* (\$1), *Solar House Heating and Air Conditioning Systems* (\$5), and *Solar Heated Greenhouse (Pool) and A-frame* (\$5). All of them are available from Edmund Scientific Company, Barrington, New Jersey 08007, which also sells kits for those who want to build models of our Solaris heating systems.

Recently, we've taken up teaching. Our educational programs include a five-day course, "Solar Heating and Air Conditioning," given at the George Washington University School of Continuing Engineering Education in Washington, D.C., from May 20 to 24, 1974 (\$425); we hold monthly two-day seminars at Thomason Solar Homes, Inc., 6802 Walker Mill Road, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20027 (\$200).

—Harry E. Thomason

*Harry E. Thomason is a builder and a refrigeration engineer with a bachelor's degree in physics from Catawba College.*





# WRAP AROUND WRAP

## Design for Climate

The places where we live and work are about to change drastically because architecture is getting back on an important track. After a couple of decades of increasingly trouble-filled dependence on mechanical systems to provide heat and light, we are once again trying to shape and position buildings to fit local climates and to take advantage of natural sources of energy.

The world is full of good examples. In Mediterranean countries, buildings traditionally have heavy masonry walls that store the sun's heat during the day and release it during the night. On Cape Cod, the largest facades of older houses face the south to maximize the winter sun's heat; on the sides facing north, roofs slope close to the ground to minimize exposure to cold winter winds. In the early design decisions of New England, survival in winter clearly took precedence over comfort in summer. In the American Southwest, adobe houses were built for hot days and cool nights, and, centuries before the Spaniards came, the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico completed the huge Pueblo Bonito apartment complex, in which each room gets sun in winter and shade in summer. In West Pakistan, where comfort lies in capturing prevailing winds, build-

ings have been equipped for hundreds of years with rooftop wind scoops.

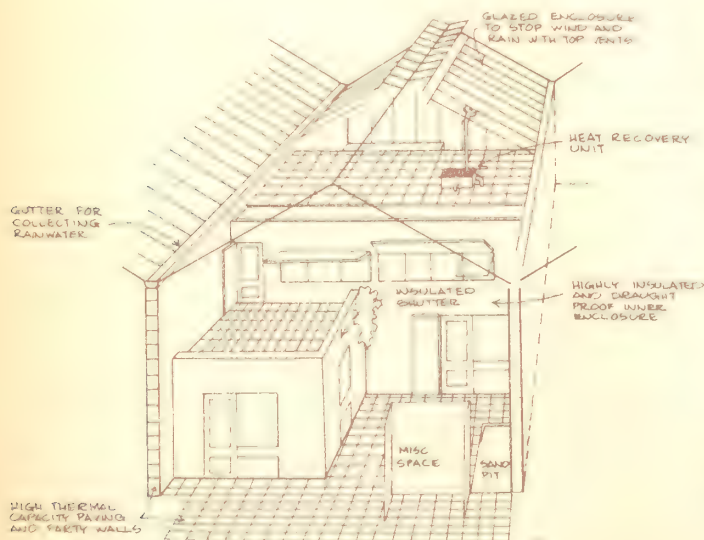
Today we are actively investigating new methods for collecting and using the sun's energy as well as reviving old ones. Research and development have shifted from the counterculture to some of our larger corporations, and an array of factory-produced components should be available in the near future.

However fascinating this new hardware proves to be, we should remember that it is important to introduce solar heat selectively, to let it in only when we want it and to keep it out when we don't, by means of the shape, orientation, and openings of the buildings we put up. The current practice is to place solar collectors on the roof—in many cases they can actually be the roof—and to protect openings on the facade with overhangs or other shielding devices. Windows can be selectively placed to respond to the separate and differing demands of exposure and view.

Together, old and new devices geared to using the sun should suffice to change the look and feel of our buildings, and to reintroduce us to the great natural world outside them.

—Richard G. Stein

*Richard G. Stein, a practicing architect, teaches at Cooper Union in New York City.*



A glass house designed in England. Fuel bills are cut by 75 percent through use of a special ventilation system that keeps the house cool in summer and warm in winter. The external glass shell can be erected in about two months and the rest at your leisure. If you are worried about flying stones, you can use strong plastic instead of glass.

## HOLDING ACTION

A steel cable having the diameter of the earth would not be strong enough to hold the earth in its orbit around the sun. Yet the gravitational force that holds the earth in its orbit is transmitted across 93,000,000 miles of space without any traces of a material medium in which these forces might be carried.

—David Bohm

*Causality and Chance in Modern Physics, 1957*

## Culture Flowers in a Moderate Sun

The idea is a familiar one, common to the geography textbooks of a generation ago: that the great civilizations took root in the temperate zone, chiefly in the Northern Hemisphere, and seldom if ever in jungles, deserts, tundras, or other extremes of climate. The theory goes back at least as far as Aristotle, who felt that the sun, like everything else, must be taken in moderation.

Yesterday's textbooks took the idea from an early twentieth-century geographer named Ellsworth Huntington, whose work has fallen out of fashion. He argued that in the temperate zone it is the more temperate climates that produce cultural progress. As befits a man who traced his Puritan ancestry back to 1633, Huntington contended that a "stimulating" climate requires variety: ups and downs, wet spells, storms, and occasional chilblain weather. He cited evidence (now discredited, I suppose) that mental efficiency is optimal when the outside temperature is between 32 and 50 degrees Fahrenheit. The climate of England is ideal; Huntington found California's climate monotonous and ill-conducive to exertion.

If a map of the continental United States is zoned according to a combination of mean temperatures and temperature fluctuations, it turns out that most of the land falls within Huntington's ideal realm of in-temperate temperateness. Three exceptions are zones of true temperateness: the Southeast, ranging from the Chesapeake to Florida and across to Texas; the Pacific coast; and a swath in the Southwest extending into northern Mexico. Impressionistic evidence lends credence to Huntington's theory. The first region

Mencken dismissed as "the Sahara of the bozart"; the Pacific coast has given us Ronald Reagan, Disneyland, and the Academy Awards; the Southwest has produced—well, Taos? Of course these are slighting characterizations, but a good argument can be made that whatever cultural excellence has taken root in these regions owes much to post-World War II industrialization and the influx of management-class carpetbaggers from the temperate climes of the North and the East.

Technology has played havoc with Huntington's thesis. Irrigation and artificially nourished soils make deserts arable, and the power lines that bring air conditioning make them habitable, even alluring. At the same time, however, technology has mitigated the debilitating extremes in the "better" climate. The steamy summers of a New York or Washington, for example, used to bring productivity to an ebb; now they are an inducement for staying in air-conditioned offices and, presumably, getting some work done.

There may always be those who need the chilly mists of Cambridge or a New Haven. Keep them deskbound and productive. About ten years ago on the Stanford campus, I re-

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Before the last few decades of large exploitation of fossil fuels, our food system was based on solar energy, not oil energy. Currently, our supply of food is precarious because the agricultural system is heavily dependent on oil. It takes, for example, about ten calories of oil to give us one calorie of food. Huge amounts of oil are not just for the planting and harvesting machines, but oil is also used to make the synthetic fertilizers and pesticides. It need not be this way. On the farm rather than making our synthetic chemicals from oil, we should be letting solar energy trigger the production of chemical nutrients in the agricultural system. Right now, we dismiss organic farmers as health food nuts, but we forget that their farming methods use only a fraction of the energy used in the centralized farming practice of agribusiness.

—Wilson Claiborne

*Energy For Survival, 1971*



# DOWNWARD AROUND

ss Princeton historian Eric dman, like myself a visitor e. A colleague of his had joined the Stanford faculty, Goldman was dismayed—at Princeton's loss, but at a eer he felt would languish er the seductive sunshine of o Alto. "I could never work here," Goldman said.

On the other hand, if the itan ethic is losing its grip America, the Great Mind as gellant may be a dying spee. Not long ago I encountd on the Johns Hopkins apus one of the more emnt biologists there. He had returned from sunny Calnia, and he told me he would dily accept an invitation to a the faculty of a place like University of California at Diego (really at La Jolla), ere his former colleague, Wiln D. McElroy, is chancellor. was two o'clock in the afteron, and he had a tennis racket in his hand.

—Anthony E. Neville  
Anthony E. Neville is a free-lance er based in Baltimore.

## DOWN IN SUMMER

winter I get up at night d dress by yellow candlelight. summer, quite the other way, ave to go to bed by day.

ave to go to bed and see e birds still hopping in the tree.

hear the grown-up people's eet  
ll going past me in the street.

d does it not seem hard to ou.

en all the sky is clear and blue,  
d I should like so much to play,

have to go to bed by day?  
—Robert Louis Stevenson  
(1850-1894)

## Rightness Drowned

All over the city and over much of India the same retreat on e part of humanity was beginning, into cellars, up hills, under es. April, herald of horrors, is at hand. The sun was returning his kingdom with power but without beauty—that was the ister feature. If only there had been beauty! His cruelty would ve been tolerable then. Through excess of light, he failed to triuph, he also; in his yellowy-white overflow not only matter, but ightness itself lay drowned. He was not the unattainable friend, her of men or birds or other suns, he was not the eternal prome; the never-withdrawn suggestion that haunts our consciousness; was merely a creature, like the rest, and so debarred from ry.

## Some Good Reasons to Be Afraid of the Dark

Above the Arctic Circle daylight varies dramatically with the changing seasons. In late June the sun never sets but moves 360 degrees around the horizon. In late December the sun never comes above the horizon and offers only a deep red glow to the sky for several hours. During autumn and spring the transition of sunlight is rapid. In temperate zones of the world, man is able to synchronize his activity and sleep cycles with the daily cycle of light-dark. Human physiology has in many respects become dependent on consistent, external synchronizers such as light-dark diurnal rhythms for maintaining stable internal biological rhythms. In the Arctic, diurnal light-dark cycles vary rapidly and dramatically throughout the year. Arctic man is thus subjected to inconsistent light-dark cycles in the spring and fall, and no cycling at all in midsummer and midwinter. Recent investigations among the Eskimos of North Alaska have revealed that these light-dark inconsistencies cause serious disturbances in certain diurnal physiological rhythms. And these disturbances, in turn, may be the critical factor in what is known as arctic hysteria, a syndrome in which a short period of brooding is followed by the sudden onset of speaking in tongues and ritual movements of the body. The culmination is generalized seizure, followed by amnesia for the event.

Many physiological functions of man vary cyclically according to the twenty-four-hour solar day. Body temperature, blood pressure, pulse, respiration, blood sugar, hemoglobin levels, and amino acid levels

The astronauts are the only people ever to have looked down at the sun.

change in circadian rhythm. The so-called stress or adrenal hormones, concentrations of essential biochemicals, and ions essential to central nervous system functioning follow a daily pattern. Man also excretes urine according to a daily rhythm, and there are rhythmic fluctuations in the urinary contents, among which is found calcium.

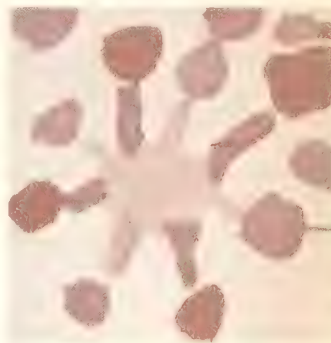
Man maintains physiological stability when his various biological rhythms are in synchrony. Normal functioning seems to depend on the integration of the rhythms into harmonies which enable man to most adaptively rest at certain hours of the cycle, and face stress and high activity at other hours. Maintenance of harmonious biological rhythms depends on several factors. The first includes intrinsic regulatory mechanisms within the physiological system itself which undoubtedly were developed in response to the twenty-four-hour fluctuations of light in equatorial temperate zones of the world. The remaining factors include external synchronizers, most important of which are light-dark cycles, and social patterns. Under normal circumstances, these external synchronizers also pursue a twenty-four-hour cycle. Socially, people follow a daily round of activities, and in most regions of the world these activities are geared to daylight and nighttime.

In the Arctic, where light-dark external synchronization from the sun is not possible in summer or winter, social activity follows ill-defined patterns. In summer it becomes difficult to sleep for long periods. Children are seen playing out of doors at 2:00 and 3:00 A.M. Naps are taken sporadically. In contrast, the dark winter months are hallmarked by long periods of sleeping.

Several authorities who have studied psychosomatic disorders and periodic diseases in man have recently suggested that symptoms of illness occur when certain rhythms begin to "free-run" out of phase with the twenty-four-hour sleep-activity cycle. When Joseph Bohlen investigated several biological rhythms in North Alaskan Eskimos, he found that urinary excretion of calcium became free-running

during the winter months in all Eskimo subjects. Bohlen associated this desynchronization with the increase in apathy, depression, and irritability generally observed among the Eskimo in winter. Perhaps desynchronization of calcium rhythms potentially imposes even more severe alterations on central nervous system functioning of individuals who already possess some brain pathology, such as epileptic foci. If so, arctic hysterias and epilepsy can be regarded as the consequences of desynchronization of the calcium cycle during the dark periods of the year.

—Edward Francis Foulks  
Dr. Foulks worked among the Eskimos in 1969 and 1970. He is now director of psychiatric training at Hahnemann Medical College.



Between the ages of three and five, children everywhere begin to draw pictures of the sun—circles surrounded by radiating lines. Later on, these sun symbols become more elaborate and turn into pictures of people, trees, or animals.

## NO COMPETITION

A thing beautiful indoors is entirely different outdoors. The big point is that you notice and set down decidedly on your canvas what all your light makes in relation to all your shadow—the sun does the same thing to a face as to a pole. Get the shock as shadow comes against light.

Make your canvas drip with sunlight. You cannot reproduce nature out of doors for it is impossible to do what you see; you have to approximate by a convention, to invent one. Exaggerate to give the impression inside that you feel outside. Key your work higher than nature really seems to be, and when you take it indoors and hang it upon the wall, it will come nearer to the truth.

—Charles Webster Hawthorne  
Hawthorne on Painting, 1938

—E. M. Forster  
A Passage to India, 1924



## Heliophobia

When well-meaning friends drag me to the beach every year ("You mustn't stay that pale in the summer. It really looks unhealthy"), I invariably disgust them by planting myself firmly under an umbrella. From that vantage point, I look out with dismay on a sea of apparently normal humans basting themselves with cocoa butter and turning over at regular intervals, like spitted meat.

It is not merely that lying in the sun looks dumb—it is a scientific fact that thought is impossible at temperatures above 80 degrees Fahrenheit, at least out of doors. Max Beerbohm wrote this about going for a walk, but the same principle applies: "The brain then wraps itself up in its own convolutions, and falls into a dreamless slumber from which nothing can rouse it till the body has been safely deposited indoors again."

The times were not always so hostile to us heliophobes. We did rather well in the Romantic era, with poets waiting for the twilight so they could bat out "To Darkness," or "When Evening Comes," and fashionable people strolling in the moonlight through ruins they had set up in the garden the week before. But, as is so often the case, the boys went in for too much of a good thing; they would go hanging about caves and graveyards, acting dark and brooding and letting on that they were mad, bad, and dangerous to know.

It was probably fellows like Byron who gave the nervous Victorians and too many others the idea of exhorting one to get up to see the sunrise, somehow associating the dawn with simple faith and clean living. There is no profit in arguing with these people that a sunset contains the same basic pictorial elements; heliophiles are impervious to logic. Setting and rising suns went out of vogue at the turn of the century, when the public, with the help of Whistler and others, discovered the beauty of fog. But fog had only a brief moment in the sun, as it were, before the balance again tipped the other way.

I find some solace in thinking of the elegant people who shared my point of view. There was Robert Benchley, who, when asked by a friend why he

would not sit on the lawn on a bright, sunny day, replied, "What? And get hit by a meteor?" There was the play I saw in which a man got up at dawn to go fishing, and his sleepy wife, on being told it was five o'clock, leapt out of bed exclaiming, "Ah! The cocktail hour!" And best of all, there was the character to whom Cole Porter gave the lines: "The breeze may die./But what care I./I've got a big electric fan./If passing by./Come in and try./Biting your initial on my artificial tan."\*

Top that, all you heliotropes and shrieking violets.

—Rhoda Koenig

*Rhoda Koenig is the copy editor of Harper's.*

\*"The Great Indoors." Copyright © 1930, Harms, Inc.

## ON SHINING WINGS

The Arctic bird makes a sudden appearance from the south and flies due north towards the Pole. . . . This strange bird always flies entirely alone, never in flocks. It flies very high and makes no noise and the sun shines on it, although we down below still have no sun. And so we always see the first rays of the springtime sun on the wings of this bird, which shines clearly into our twilight. The natives behave like mad when this shining bird appears from below the dark horizon. They regard it as the greatest of the gods which is [sic] in the North, because it brings the sun with it.

—Jan Welz

*Thirty Years in the Golden North, 1932*

## Playing the Angles

(Found among the ruins of the old town of Syracuse.)

212 B.C.

Dear Diary,

Today I got up early. My wife sat up in bed. "Hey," she said. "What gives? The Roman fleet is right outside our harbor, and you're polishing your shield. Are you a soldier or some kind of fancy pants?" "Today the Syracusan army is going to destroy the Roman ships with its shields," I informed her, giving the bronze a spit shine. "Using the heat of the sun," I added. "Ha ha," my wife said. "I suppose I might as well die laughing because in a couple of hours I'm going to be dead anyway."

"The whole thing is Archimedes' idea," I told her. "I bet it is," she sneered. Like many of our friends, my wife can't stand anyone who's ever cracked a book. She claims they get fool notions and want to tamper with things. If it weren't for them, she's often asserted, life would run smoothly and she wouldn't get sick headaches.

"So you're going to listen to that cockamammy pedant?" she said. "We're taking a gamble," I admitted. I thought of the day Archimedes had come to us with his plan to harness the heat of the sun and use it as a weapon against the enemy. Our officers seemed interested but we men just hooted, and when things finally quieted down Archimedes was hopping mad. "Didn't I show you how to move a heavy object with a small force?" he shouted. Yes, we conceded, he had. "And didn't I show you how to bring water up from the ground with my water screw?" "But what have you done for us lately?" cried one outspoken fellow. Archimedes walked away, muttering and scribbling things in the sand.

The next day at high noon he burned up a small fishing boat with the assistance of fifty runny-nosed urchins angling bronze mirrors to reflect the sun. Our brains were addled from so many Roman sieges, and no one could think of a better idea, so we decided to give Archimedes' scheme a try.

I can tell you I was pretty nervous standing on the sea wall in the midday heat with the Romans bearing down on us through the water. But everything went beautifully. There were about a hundred of us assigned to each galley, and when we reflected the sun off our gleaming shields in unison and directed it toward the vessels offshore, the heat was so intense that the cedarwood hulls covered with tar-based paint started smoldering right away. In a few minutes the entire fleet was in flames. What a sight!

When I got home, my wife, who had seen the burning ships and was rejoicing in our victory, still didn't believe we had done it with the sun. "Aah, come on," she kept saying, elbowing me in the ribs and chuckling. I wonder, dear Diary, what they will think in ages to come.

—Susan Witty

*Susan Witty is a free-lance writer.*

## The Body's Not for Burning

Getting a sunburn is easy previously unexposed who skinned person lying under a tropical sun at noontime start doing it in about two minutes.\* Explaining a sunburn however, is hard. What happens physiologically involves exceedingly complex interactions, many of which must be described in highly technical terms. There are some fairly simple truths about sunburn, though:

□ Sunburn is not a mild burn. The reaction is a photochemical one: photons (or light quanta) from the ultraviolet portion of the spectrum are absorbed by molecules in the skin which are consequently raised to excited states. Excited molecules are much more reactive than molecules in their ground states, and the reaction products they engender in the skin can be dangerous.

□ Sunburn is not the transient phenomenon it seems to be. Studies using sensitive measuring techniques indicate that the vascular effects of a single moderately severe sunburn last from four to fifteen months. Cosmetic effects, such as wrinkling, yellowing, spotty freckling, and a general coarsening of the skin, last far longer.

□ Though the sunburn sufferer is often a figure of fun, sunburn is no laughing matter. Skin cancers of various types may arise following excessive sunbathing. DNA, the molecular carrier of genetic information, is damaged in human skin upon exposure to ultraviolet radiation (repaired, however, are apparently rapidly). Lipid protein membranes, which are responsible for dividing functions in individual cells, seem highly vulnerable to injury by ultraviolet rays. Partly because the sun's deleterious effects have received far more attention than any benefits it offers, the catalogue of sun-related ills is extensive. The few examples should suffice to make you try to protect yourself against sunburn.

—Farrington Daniels, Jr.

*Dr. Daniels is head of the Dermatology Division of the Department of Medicine of the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center.*

\*When supersonic air transport flies in the stratosphere and their engines' combustion products combine with the ozone, the minimal time for the onset of sunburn may be reduced to two or three minutes.





## The Bullfrog.

(The greening of a drink.)

When this drink originally occurred to us, we had some misgivings. It was so simple and obvious we were afraid of appearing unsophisticated by suggesting it.

We tried it out on a few friends who convinced us it was too good to keep under wraps. So now that we've found the courage to suggest the idea, you might want to try a Bullfrog. It tastes as fresh-faced as summer itself.



To make a Bullfrog, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a tall glass with ice. Fill with 4 oz. of limeade and stir.

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"Of course, we get some relaxation. We have TV, films, magazines, cards, and the fishing is pretty good.

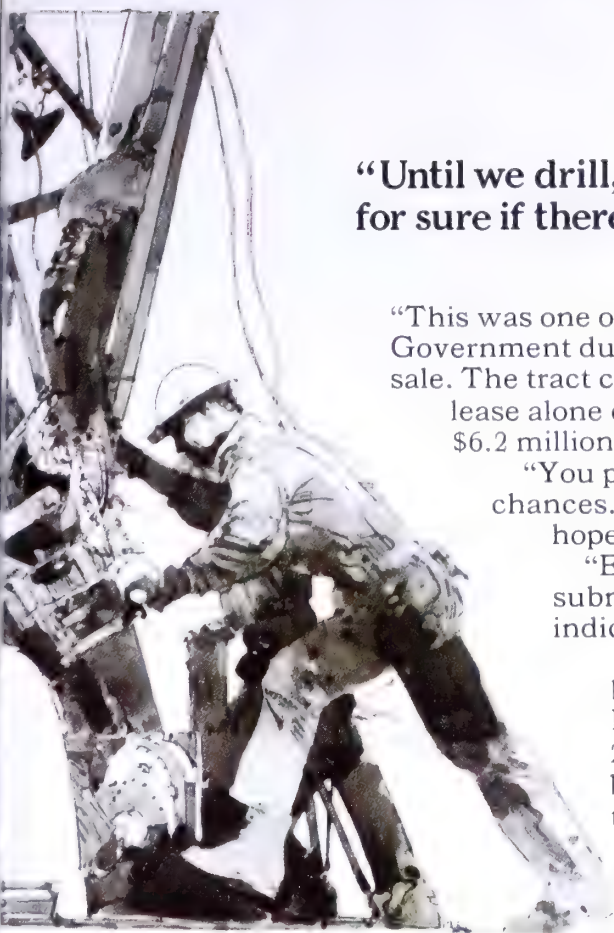
"But after a 12-hour shift, you usually have about enough zip left to grab a bowl of Shorty's gumbo (which we think stacks up to anything you'll find in New Orleans), watch a little TV — then get some sack time.

"It's hard work. But we think it's important work. It's also satisfying to be with a leader. Shell is the largest oil producer in the Gulf of Mexico."

— Al Rivet  
Rotary Engineman, Shell Rig 11







**“Until we drill, we don’t know  
for sure if there’s oil, gas or ‘nothing’ down there.”**

—Chester Robinson  
Drilling Foreman, Shell Rig 11

“This was one of 78 tracts offered by the Federal Government during the September, 1972 lease sale. The tract covers about 5,000 acres and the lease alone cost Shell and its partners \$6.2 million.

“You pay your money and you take your chances. We did all right here. As we had hoped, we did find natural gas.

“Exploratory drilling, using the semi-submersible rig, *Ocean Explorer*, indicated a discovery.

“But the platform still had to be built. The wells had to be drilled. In all, Shell estimates it’ll take about 2½ years and over \$17 million spent before we sell a penny’s worth from this platform.”

**“How’s the fishing?”**

—Eugene A. Shinn  
Shell Marine Specialist,  
Environmental Affairs Dept.

“Off the rig, it’s good.

“However, you can drop bales of old rubber tires in the Gulf and get the same effect — an artificial reef.

“Artificial reefs almost invariably improve fishing — in their immediate area.

“The first well off the coast of Louisiana was drilled in 1937. Since that time the fish catch has shown a significant upward trend.

“We don’t claim any credit for that, but it’s nice to see the Gulf’s fishing industry doing so well.

“And our production people tell me that starting around January, 1975, this one platform should start producing enough natural gas every day to heat about 40,000 homes in the northern part of the country — on one of their colder days.”



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Ann Leidner on the Leidners' fourth visit to Bermuda.



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# THE SCOURGE OF FAMINE

## DEATH TRAPPED IN A TREE

Timothy Dickinson

WE ARE WITNESSING the beginning of what may be the worst famine in the history of mankind. Its manifestations have struck southern Asia and the African countries below the southern rim of the Sahara Desert and as far as Kenya. Of all the greatest catastrophes, it is a partnership between nature and man: a failure of rains (seemingly compounded by an actual change of climate in Africa) ravages a population that has grown beyond its resources. Although the victim nations cannot furnish reliable statistics, it is fair to estimate that somewhere between 30 million and 100 million people are now slowly starving to death, and at least 5 million of them are likely to die this year.

The prosperous societies of the northern Hemisphere have all but dismissed not merely the fear but also the knowledge of hunger. In the essay below, Dr. Richard Selzer seeks to describe the experience of starvation. He brings to his task the habit of close medical observation and the storyteller's gift for narrative detail. His combination of skills may enable the well-fed to grasp the elusive quality of hunger, a kind of strangulation in the open air.

Of all mankind's recurring miseries—war, drought, pestilence—the scourge of famine and its related disorders threaten to become the most constant and the most familiar during the latter decades of the century. This is so because it has been much easier to apply medicine and thus enlarge population than to apply agronomy and feed it. For over a decade the signs have been unmistakable, yet the rich countries have done little, and most of that to slight purpose. We may now begin to count the cost, not only in lives extravagant-ly saved at birth to be meanly lost later, but also in the exhaustion of resources and the undermining of political institutions. Where the aid offered to underdeveloped countries has not been consumed by projects that further the self-interest of the



Käthe Kollwitz

richest citizens of those states, it has all too often been an exercise in technological virtuosity, a temptation for remote scientists and administrators. Anyone who has passed through the slum districts of Washington must entertain fears for the effectiveness of those officials a few miles away who prescribe for the infinitely greater urban ills of Bogotá or Calcutta.

**T**HE IMPULSE TO HELP the poor world has not been fraudulent, although frauds have preyed upon it, but it has rested on a terrible optimism. The sense of economic possibility has been conditioned by the incredible transformations of the north-temperate nations from the United States to Japan. But the developing countries, with their histories, resources, and, above all, their demographics could not copy the progress of the industrialized countries.

It is not only technically easier to keep people from dying than from breeding; it is also morally satisfying to prove life's dominion over death. But especially in poor countries, where children are considered one's *only* security, the effects are catastrophic. As more children sur-

*Timothy Dickinson is a contributing editor of Harper's.*

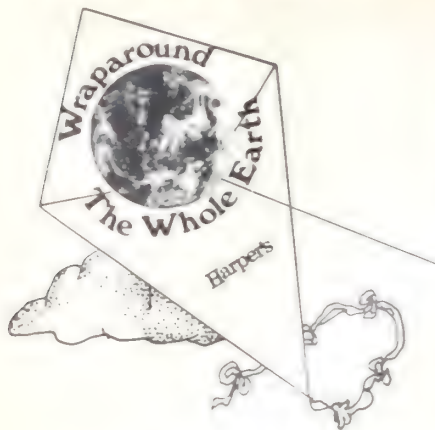
vive, they beget more children—and a child is created more easily than a field. New strains of corn and rice, effective insecticides, great feats of engineering might alleviate particular shortages, but they often mortgage the future. The Aswān High Dam deprives the Nile valley of silt and nurtures the snail population, which carries the debilitating schistosomiasis.

Human beings are amazingly tough organisms, infinitely more adaptable than the specialized strains of food grown in response to their numbers. In most places where people scratch out an existence, the miracles of botany can take root only if the land is heavily fertilized and irrigated; the resources for this are just not there. And humans are not the only forms of life that can adapt; the population of Sri Lanka rose with the virtual elimination of the anopheles mosquito; now the creature has returned, in more resistant strains, undermining the health of many of the new millions and casting them upon the already overlaid economy.

It is not enough merely that people should not die. Ours has become the fate of the village that trapped Death in a tree; one day he would come down. Any attempt to ease the suffering in the stricken countries of Africa would present logistical complexities comparable to those of a small war. How would one find the people? Supply them? Persuade them to do anything? Even more to the point, why should we bother? In return for what political advantage?

**T**HE INEQUITY of a hungry world surrounding a well-fed one does not exercise many of our progressives. People concerned with domestic injustice pay little heed to the irony of their being on the privileged side of the world's most fundamental division—between those who have enough to eat and those who do not. They lack the technical qualifications and interests to discuss the

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THE SCOURGE OF FAMINE

problems, seeming only too glad to leave foreign affairs to the CIA. Last year, at a time when famine was building up to the proportions of a holocaust, they raged that Americans were going short of steak. Reform begins at home, and the 25 percent of the world's food supply produced in this country with 6 percent of the world's people will mostly stay here. Practicality, the admirable doctrine that prevents the application of one's principles to oneself, never had a more convincing tribute.

We are caught. Can we keep food supplies level with the torrent of children? No. How many of those now in immediate danger could we save? A good many more than we will. What have we to fear? Price-gouging by the poor countries that supply our raw materials. Coups, terrorism, perhaps some international military threats. But above all, a loss of nerve.

Will the export of any ideology, Left or Right, have much good

effect? Probably not. The rich of the underdeveloped world may be unappealing, but social revolution is unlikely to do much more than uncover how little wealth is required to appear rich in a poor country, and at the cost of great disorganization and the flight of most of the highly skilled. Conversely, any gain offered by the introduction of the market mechanism into a marginal society is likely to be offset elsewhere by the destruction of the habits of thrift or by the multiplication of social wrong. It is fundamentally light-minded to assume that one society can be easily adapted to another's necessities.

In some cultures, people avoid saving life because they become responsible ever afterward for the person saved. This was not our attitude, and only now are we confronting the costs of benevolence, the high charges that Nature levies on optimism. The branches rustle. Death is beginning to climb down from his tree. □

## STRANGULATION IN THE OPEN AIR

by Richard Selzer

**I**F I AM HUNGRY—truly starving—I can tell you how I feel, but you will never understand. Not unless you are starving, too. Hunger cannot be described by its victims; the feeling is beyond words.

Still, the experience can be dimly grasped by studying the medical effects of starvation on the body. And one begins with this—the human body's remarkable capacity to survive for long periods without food.

Take the case of Terence MacSwiney, the Irish revolutionist and mayor of Cork who undertook a famous hunger strike in 1920 while a prisoner in a British jail. He lived for seventy-four days without so much as a morsel before dying of starvation. Admittedly one must take into account, in the case of MacSwiney, the thickness of an Irishman's skin and his preliminary state of preservation from alcohol, as well as the execrable climate of his island (which induces a kind of cheerful fatalism) and the glorious devotion to his cause. Nonetheless, seventy-four days without food remains a deathless reproach to the gluttony of Georgian England.

The biblical fasting period of forty

days and forty nights is a piece of pie for any truly dedicated anarchist bent on martyrdom. The all-time records, however, seem to have required no zeal or fervor beyond the yearning of the person to melt fat away. There is the authenticated case of a thirty-year-old woman who took no food for 236 days, and thereby reduced her weight from 281 pounds to 184. This intrepid soul was outdone by a fifty-four-year-old lady who fasted for 249 days, falling away from 282 pounds to a cadaverous 208. Neither of these two women suffered any ill effects from their abstinence. This is in no wise to be misconstrued as a carte blanche for unrestricted, self-imposed fasting, which, more often than not, wreaks various forms of havoc upon the body. I would, therefore, leave that sort of self-denial to saints and leaders of lost causes.

The ability of the body to mobilize its inner resources in the absence of food is central to survival.

The source of energy for the body, and its principal fuel, is glucose, a

*Richard Selzer is a surgeon who practices in New Haven, Connecticut. He is the author of Rituals of Surgery (Harper's Magazine Press).*



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Of course, this does not take into account the income tax you would pay on the return from your investments. But sound tax planning can reduce this factor to a minimum.

And if you are older than 30, it is true that you do not have as long a period of time to pyramid your savings, but you probably are earning more than you did at 30 and can afford to save and invest more than \$80 a month.

Then why don't most of us end up with at least a million dollars by the time we're 65?

Sometimes it is due to unavoidable circumstances—unemployment, family illnesses, and so forth. But surely an important factor is simply a lack of knowledgeable planning and sound money management.

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form of sugar ubiquitous in the plant and animal kingdoms. Its biggest consumer is the brain, for which it is as necessary as the oxygen we breathe. Should the blood level of glucose drop with any precipitousness, there follows first a sense of lightheadedness and distraction, as though one were detached from reality. From unremembered time, man as priest has entered this rarefied state of early brain starvation in search of his God and has returned with prophecy and new truth. Therein are visions seen and noises heard, which, carried back to the world, lay the faithless mad and shuddering, render the devout ecstatic. Fasting purifies not so much the body as the mind, heightening our receptivity to such divine messages. Thus it has been part of every religion to which man has paid obeisance.

Should the fasting be prolonged further, there are behavioral changes, wild flights of fantasy, repetitious, automatic acts whose significance is known only to the subject. One chants and writhes. If one is a dervish, one whirls. Less romantically, one faints or convulses.

The more severe the deprivation of glucose, the more violent the reaction. The poetry departs, and what ensues is a progression from mental confusion to coma and at last to the irreversible death of the brain cells. Unlike the liver, or the ray of the gifted starfish, the brain has no power of regeneration. A dead brain cell is as irretrievable as a blasted hope. The flame of the intellect burns fierce and swift as phosphorus. The spendthrift brain uses two-thirds of the total circulating glucose of the bloodstream and 45 percent of its oxygen. The rest goes largely to the muscles and the red blood cells.

The brain demands 100 to 145 grams of glucose a day. Translated into calories, this comes to 400 to 600 per day when one is at rest. Ravenous, the brain calls upon the great bin of the liver where the precursor of glucose, glycogen, is stored. But even this marvel of husbandry contains but 100 grams of glycogen, part of which it, frugal as any farmer's wife, holds back, refuses, keeps to itself for a rainy day. At most, the liver can fuel the brain with glucose for but a few hours. The interval between dinner at night and breakfast in the morning exceeds the abil-

ity of the liver to furnish enough glucose to the brain, and the liver must fire its auxiliary engines. Fortunately, it has the talent to manufacture glucose from other sources, and we do not have to wake up several times each night to feed. Having exhausted its cache of glucose, the liver turns to the tissues of the body, breaking down the protein of muscle and other organs into glucose. Fat is seized from its various depots and changed to fatty acids in the liver, which substances supply energy to the remainder of the body. So it is that like the praying mantis we turn upon our own bodies to feed, eating ourselves with the mindless voracity of insects biting off their own legs.

**T**HE BREAKDOWN of the body does not proceed at the same rate in all stages of starvation. Early in food deprivation, it is largely protein which is consumed. As it leaves the tissues, protein carries out with it minerals such as potassium and calcium. These, of course, are excreted in solution and cause an increase in the loss of water. This water loss is responsible for much of the weight loss in the early stages of starvation, or, for that matter, in dieting.

As starvation proceeds, more and more of the weight loss is due to the consumption by the body of its own fat. Fat provides more energy than protein, gram for gram, and thus the weight loss is slower in the later stages. At last there is no available protein left, and all of the energy is taken from fat. Still, it is not the number of body cells which decreases in starvation, but rather the size of the cells.

One marvels at the tactics of the body to evade its ineluctable destruction. The basal metabolic rate, that is, the speed at which all functions of the body, gross or microscopic, are carried out, slows down. The starving person is less active, requires fewer calories. Speech is reduced to an infrequent mutter that one must strain to hear. Eventually there is no activity that is not directly connected to the gathering and ingestion of food.

To preserve its integrity, the starving body resorts to other, hidden measures to compensate for the dreadful expenditure of protein. The brain must be fed, but with what? With ketones. These are breakdown products of fat that do not appear under

normal circumstances. They are a superb reserve source of energy, and the insatiable brain quickly learns how to use them. Once again it is the liver wherein the fatty acids are oxidized before their discharge to the brain. It is the substitution of ketones for protein as brain food that retards the otherwise precipitous wasting of the muscle mass to the point where the body would no longer be able to locomote in its attempts to find food and eat it.

By these means MacSwiney and the fat ladies were able to survive long periods of starvation. A child would not fare so well. Consider the appearance of the starved child. His head appears huge above the emaciated trunk, from which the shoulder blades protrude like the yoke of oxen or the winglets of a plucked chicken. His arms and legs are mere bones upon which the inelastic wrinkled skin is draped in flaccid folds. The belly swells with fluid. The joints cannot be bent without excruciating pain. Upon the face is a vacant, fixed expression, the *facies dolorosa* of premature senescence. Mercifully, toward the end, there is loss of appetite, and the child could not eat any food even if it were offered to him. The passage from life to death is slow and subtle, much as it is in the very aged. Often it is difficult to recognize when the actual death has occurred.

The child, entering a period of starvation, stops growing, for growth is a luxury, demanding reckless amounts of energy. Nor is this loss of growth retrievable. Even after his nutrition has been restored, the once starved child remains short if not truly stunted, a fact which is immediately apparent when one compares the stature of members of a starved society with that of a sated society such as ours. If the deprivation takes place during the first year of life, the effect is even more terrible, for during that first year the brain is still in a stage of development. Without energy to grow, the brain is dwarfed; experiences fewer cell divisions; forms less mass; there is stunting of the intellect as well. It is easy to see that the underfed pregnant woman carries a baby that is highly likely to have noticeably hampered mental faculties. The significance to the world of this fact is immeasurable. We have not yet reaped the whirlwind of the famines that have pinched the



ains of millions of people on several of our continents in the past ten years. Consider, if you can, the effect society of millions of adults who have undergone such periods of starvation in infancy, and who bear the scars of their cerebral devastation.

Although the sensation of hunger is still not completely understood, it is now known that the stomach has very little to do with it. Even though we feel it in our bellies, the sense of hunger is produced in the hypothalamus, that dark and secret mound at the very base of the brain. If this spot is stimulated electrically, hunger is experienced; if it is removed, there is no appetite; an animal with no hypothalamus could starve to death in the midst of plenty.

Despite the sacrifice of untold millions of laboratory rats so prepared, the origin of hunger remains a mystery. Local factors in the stomach do not explain it. For example, the patient who has undergone total removal of his stomach, for one reason or another, continues to experience the sensation of hunger, and locates it in his upper abdomen. It seems likely that the contractions of the empty stomach are responsible for the pangs we feel, but these are the same contractions which take place in the full organ, and are indistinguishable from them. No one has yet explained why the patient with a malignant tumor loses his appetite, only to have it return should the tumor be removed completely. In the end it must be stated that hunger and appetite are bodily responses modified by learned behavior and culture.

THE SATIATED SOCIETY dotes on such comparatively frivolous subjects as art and philosophy. The starving man does not meditate upon the arts. Of what use Mondrian or Mozart to one who hears symphony only in the sound of suckling, and for whom happiness is the accumulation of food rather than paintings? A study of hunger has not commanded the same amount of print as has, say, the subject of sex. On purely biological grounds this one-sidedness is ill-founded. It is *nutrition* that is the fundament of our lives. Upon sexual behavior depends the preservation of the species; upon eating depends the preservation, not only of the species, but of the individual as well. The starving man does not use his precious last energy for



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sex. He has long since lost all interest in it. He must concentrate all his strength on getting food. Should he fail to obtain it, there are no complex neurotic or psychotic manifestations that can be studied. There is only the sinking of vitality and the lethargy that leads to death. How unlike the sexual instinct, whose frustration finds expression in psychic disturbances or romantic sublimation. At last it must be said that man can live without sex, but must die without food. It is ironic that when the sated society does contemplate hunger it is in the context of our own specialized plague, that of obesity, to which the plethora of diet books published each year bears witness. So dreadful is the thought of famine such as now cinches the waist of Africa that, like Lady Macbeth ignoring the ghost of Banquo, we must adjure each other to "feed, and regard him not." We must not think of it. We cannot.

Consider the pelican, that noble bird who, returning exhausted to his nest from a long and fruitless search for food, sees his chicks crowding toward him to catch the fish he will disgorge. He sees their gaping mouths, hears their frantic gabbling.

There is no food. His craw and belly are empty. For a long moment he stands as though listening to some secret inner command, then suddenly raises his great beak above his young, arching his neck backward for the strike. It is not his babes that he would harm, but himself. He punctures his own breast, ripping away the flesh, until at last he stands astride the nest, offering his entrails as food before he dies.

Hunger is the primary want, the Evil Counselor that Vergil sees standing at the entrance to the underworld. Alongside it run the dogs of Pestilence and War. Thus it determines the nature of our social groupings, the form our activities take. Helen of Troy notwithstanding, famine is the chief cause of war among men. Against the backdrop of man's struggle with hunger, all the art and literature of the world may be considered but a temporary distraction.

Considering the desperation that accompanies famine—whether among the inmates of concentration camps, or victims of cataclysms of nature—it is a matter of wonder that cannibalism is not more common than it is. During the long siege of Lenin-

grad, with the freezing city isolated on all sides by the German army and the sea, the inhabitants ate cloth, leather, mud, wood, and paper, but they did not eat each other. Each morning those who had fallen dead of starvation lay in the streets, and were stacked in barrows and carted away. Protein, fat, and carbohydrate—a king's ransom of each, were interred in the ground or burned in incinerators by the very people who could have saved themselves by their ingenuity—this done in the full knowledge that *they* were to be the corpses of tomorrow. When a rare instance of cannibalism was discovered, the outraged populace, stirred from the misery of its own preoccupation by the violation of this most deeply rooted taboo, mustered the last dregs of its energy, attacked the perpetrators, and slew them. What kept them from their feast? Was it an inherent sense of dignity? A sense that this, at least, they must not do. Or were they helpless in the grip of an age-old disgust that could not be overcome? Still, as we read that the marooned survivors of a soccer team partook of their dead companions—not as furtive individuals, but as the outcome of community decision openly arrived at, we do not hesitate to agree and commiserate, even as we are wracked by shudders of revulsion. It is, in the end, better to live.

Nor is suicide chosen by the starving. It is a matter of record that suicide is far more frequent in the sated than in the starving. This, too, it seems, must not be done.

From the very first day that man opens his eyes, he knows hunger. Will this poor planet, this mote, this speck in the void, be able to sustain him? Or does the dark Saharan spread of famine approach ever and ever closer? There are those who would have us look to the sea, with its untouched bounty of plankton and deep creatures. Others frantically search for edible plants, such as sorghum, that grow in arid stony soil. Still others study the hibernation of beasts and the strange nocturnal torpor of the Andean hummingbird in an effort to learn the secrets of hibernating energy, that life may continue in time of need. As more and more of us dine on thorns, as the specter of famine hovers everywhere on earth, we may, with Falstaff, look to the heavens and cry, "Let the sky rain potatoes." □

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# SOCIAL SECURITY



## THE CRUELEST TAX

by Roger LeRoy Miller

**Y**OUR ACCOUNT NUMBER of your Social Security card identifies your old age and survivors insurance account. Your card is the symbol of your insurance policy under the Federal Social Security law." So reads the Social Security Administration's booklet *Insurance for You and Your Family*. Another booklet put out by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare tells us that "the basic idea of Social Security is a simple one: during working years employees, their employers, and self-employed people pay Social Security contributions which are pooled in special trust funds. When earnings stop or are reduced because the worker retires, dies, or becomes disabled, monthly cash benefits are paid to replace part of the earnings the family has lost."

Social Security, then, would seem to be nothing more than a compulsory insurance scheme for almost all employed and self-employed workers in the United States. Ever since its beginnings thirty-nine years ago, this compulsory "insurance" program has been considered a politically unassailable sacred cow. After all, isn't it right that everyone should provide for his or her old age? And after all, isn't it appropriate that families be protected against unexpected reductions in family income? Most Americans have answered yes to these questions. If the facts about Social Security had been known, however, it is doubtful that it would have continued, much less expanded, during these past four decades. Let the facts be known: Social Security is not an insurance program; contributions do not go into a trust fund that is used to pay you an annuity when you retire; furthermore, you are guaran-

teed nothing by "contributing" your social insurance payments every year. Perhaps the easiest way to uncover what's behind SSA propaganda is to separate the two basic aspects of Social Security: how it is financed, and what the benefits are.

### The poor pay more

**I**N 1935, THE BASIC Social Security payroll tax applied to the first \$3,000 of income earned in a year. At that time, approximately 95 percent of workers were making only this much or less. Today, in 1974, the Social Security payroll tax applies to the first \$13,200 earned, but today more than one in four workers makes more than \$13,200. Hence, more than one in four workers gets a break on Social Security taxes. The rate of "contribution" that the employee pays directly is 5.85 percent on that first \$13,200. If, however, the worker makes, say, \$26,400, the effective payroll tax, as a percentage of total earned income, drops by half. In fact, the higher the earned income goes, the lower the effective percentage payroll tax for Social Security. This particular tax is therefore *regressive*, unlike, for example, the individual income tax for which rates are higher and higher as incomes go higher and higher.

The regressiveness of the Social Security tax is even more than first meets the eye, for it allows no exemptions, as does the individual income tax, and it does not apply to interest, dividends, rent, or capital gains. It

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would be a fair statement, then, to say that the payroll tax for Social Security is perhaps the most regressive tax this nation has.

Moreover, while individual income tax rates have been steadily falling Social Security taxes have been steadily rising, at least since the 1950s. In 1974 total "contributions" may be well over \$60 billion. This sum represents almost one-fourth of all federal revenues. It greatly exceeds revenues from the corporate income tax, and is more than half the yield of the individual income tax. Compare this balance of percentages with the years immediately following World War II, when in 1949, for example, Social Security taxes represented only 4 percent of total federal revenues. The fact is that the Social Security tax has increased faster than any other tax since World War II.

Perhaps one of the reasons that taxpayers have never rebelled is that the myth has been perpetuated that the employer pays an equal tax. For example, today—in principle—the worker pays 5.85 percent on the first \$13,200 he earns, and his employer "contributes" another 5.85 percent. It is naive, however, to assume that in fact the employer acts so benevolently. His contribution constitutes another cost to him, just like the cost of materials or anything else that he must pay for. Consequently, in the long run, workers' salaries are reduced by up to the amount that the employer is obliged to pay into Social Security. Hence, in 1974 Social Security tax on workers is not 5.85 percent, but rather 11.7 percent. (The myth of equally shared cost obviously affects legislators, too. The self-employed pay a rate of only 7.9 percent. Since this rate is prob-



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ably on incomes over the mean, the result is more regressiveness.) A family with one person earning \$13,200 accordingly pays \$1,544 in Social Security payroll taxes. A family with two such income earners pays \$3,088.\* For many Americans, these taxes exceed those paid on personal income. In fact, for the 15 million Americans who pay no personal income taxes at all because their taxable income is not sufficient, the Social Security tax represents a major reduction in their income.

Ignoring for the moment the poverty problem and how it is exacerbated by Social Security, the relatively large payroll taxes might seem appropriate if in fact there were a relationship between what is "contributed" and what is received in return. In other words, if Social Security were truly an insurance program or a pension plan, not unlike those provided in the private sector of the economy, there would be fewer grounds to complain about the particular way the system is financed.

### Who benefits?

THOSE WHO VIEW the payroll tax as a contribution to a trust fund would have trouble understanding how Social Security actually works. The trust fund in 1974 is approximately \$50 billion, enough to cover perhaps one year of benefits. A private insurance program or pension fund must by law have a trust fund which at any moment could finance all of the benefits promised to its members. But, actually, the benefits owed members of Social Security are valued at more than \$500 billion! Those who have suggested that individuals be allowed to voluntarily withdraw from the system have been lambasted by such supporters of Social Security as Nelson Rockefeller and the late President Johnson. Rockefeller predicted that such withdrawal would lead to the collapse of the Social Security system. If this is so, then we must conclude the system is not actuarially sound.

Rockefeller's prediction is unquestionably correct. Note, however, that at the system's inception in 1935 it was hoped that by around 1960 it

would in fact be actuarially sound. The reason this hope was not realized was that the trust fund built up huge surpluses immediately. Thus, although in 1940 the Social Security tax was to go up, it did not. The increase was delayed for a long time. In fact, it was not until 1950 that it did rise to 3 percent (1.5 percent on each party). Additionally, coverage has been greatly expanded.

What is actually taking place is that those who are working today are paying taxes to finance retirement payments to those who are no longer working. Each year there has been a slight surplus, which has been put into the relatively small trust. But what the trust really does with those "surplus" Social Security contributions is purchase U.S. Government bonds, thus helping to finance such things as military expenditures. If you and I were really contributing to a quasiprivate trust fund, such use of our contributions would be deemed inappropriate, to say the least.

If you contribute to a private insurance or pension plan, what you ultimately receive is based on how much you put in. There is, to be sure, a relationship between how much you put into Social Security and how much you get out, but it is a tenuous relationship at best. In 1971 the maximum wage-related benefit was about three times the minimum, whereas the maximum so-called average monthly wage on which benefits were based was eighty times the minimum sufficient to qualify. This is not even the correct range because it does not take account of the total number of years the worker has paid into Social Security. The fact is that the benefits received are much more closely related to a person's marital status or the number of children in the family than to how much money he has paid in.

There are other anomalies in the benefit payment system that could not be justified if Social Security were truly an insurance system. For example, the later you enter the system, the better off you are, because so long as you work the minimum number of quarters, you will receive the same benefits as someone else who has worked many, many more. Who profits by this? Generally, the more wealthy in our society benefit because they start work later. But this is not the only benefit to the high-income class. People with high-

er incomes generally have longer life expectancies and will therefore tend to receive payments for a longer period. Blacks are discriminated against doubly because they go to work sooner and die much earlier. And because of the regressive nature of the tax, the higher your income, the higher is the ratio of benefits received to taxes paid. It is not surprising that Social Security has been labeled the poor man's welfare payment to the middle class.

There are millions and millions of people who pay Social Security taxes and will never receive one penny in Social Security benefits because they do not work the requisite number of quarters or because they will receive payments in their capacity as a spouse. A wife or widow cannot receive Social Security benefit payments based on her earnings as well as on her husband's earnings.

What can be said about the benefits paid to Social Security members is the following: benefits received by individuals who have paid in "contributions" of exactly the same amount can be vastly different; conversely, benefits can be exactly the same for individuals who have paid in vastly different "contributions."

The government has on occasion contradicted itself when referring to the insurance principle of Social Security. More precisely, it has been selective in its invocation of that principle. For example, in a court test of the constitutionality of the rule prohibiting benefit payments to persons deported for subversive activities,\* the Social Security Administration rejected entirely the insurance concept: "The OASI [Old Age Survivors Insurance] is in no sense a federally-administered 'insurance program' under which each worker pays 'premiums' over the years and acquires at retirement an indefeasible right to receive for life a fixed monthly benefit, irrespective of the conditions which Congress has chosen to impose from time to time." There we have it. The insurance principle is officially endorsed in support of all Social Security taxes and rejected when benefits are denied.

To call Social Security an insurance scheme requires a special skill in deforming the meaning of words in the English language.

\* *Flemming v. Nestor*, 363 U.S., 60 (1960).

\* For an empirical verification of this assertion, see chapter three of the massive study done by J. A. Brittain, *The Payroll Tax for Social Security*, The Brookings Institution, Washington, D.C.



## The old stay poor

THE GOVERNMENT has recently raised not only the income on which Social Security taxes are paid but also the benefits to those now receiving retirement income. In addition, the government in all its magnanimity has decided to increase the allowable amount of income a worker between the ages of sixty-five and seventy-two can receive without losing Social Security benefits. Before 1973 the allowable amount was \$1,680. Now it's a whopping \$2,400. But what happens if someone in this age bracket earns \$2,401? He is then subjected to an effective tax of at least 17 percent! Why? Because for every dollar earned over \$2,400, Social Security benefits are reduced by 50 cents. Moreover, Social Security taxes must be paid, even by workers over age sixty-five, on all income up to \$13,200. Add to these taxes whatever local, state, and federal taxes must be paid and people between sixty-five and seventy-two years of age end up with an effective tax burden that is otherwise experienced only by the highest-paid income earners in this nation. If, however, an elderly person is able to obtain so-called unearned income from dividends, interest, or pensions, he may receive millions and millions of dollars and still get his full Social Security benefits.

In a nation devoted for so many generations to the Protestant work ethic, it is odd that gainful employment by the elderly is so discouraged. It is difficult to imagine how it can be necessary to tax workers over sixty-five for the purpose of providing them with benefits later on. We know, however, that the "contribution" is a mere smoke screen for an ill-defined transfer system in which those who work transfer income to those who don't. Presumably the government wishes those fortunate enough to be able to work after age sixty-five to partake in this system. Actually, the government's attitude toward taxing gainfully employed workers over sixty-five is little different from its attitude toward taxing some of the neediest members of society—that is, very low-paid income earners. As I said earlier, the benefit program of Social Security favors higher-income classes. The payment plan, on the other hand, discriminates against low-

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er-income classes, including the working elderly, for in 1971 the median income of those families headed by someone over sixty-five was fully 50 percent less than the median income for all families in the United States. Presumably, since one in every five older persons is officially designated as poor, the work disincentive aspects of Social Security are totally unjustified.

Although these disincentives of the Social Security tax per se on other poor people are certainly not as pronounced, they may be as important in effect. After all, the Social Security tax paid by the working poor in the United States is much greater than any income taxes they pay, and in fact may represent over one-tenth of their earnings. Moreover, the working poor, just as everyone else who works for a living, are given no choice in the matter. They are forced to "contribute" to Social Security. If the system were truly an insurance scheme, it would seem appropriate to allow at least the poorer members of our society the choice between present and future consumption. Once it is realized, however, that the insurance analogy is a total sham, then Congress must be asked why it is forcing the working poor to pay taxes that go to support the nonworking. Since Social Security is basically a transfer between generations it does not require that *every* working member of the younger generation contribute to the retirement of older generations.

### Working for other

**T**HE BENEFIT SYSTEM of Social Security is basically welfare, pure and simple. Those now employed transfer income to those who are unemployed. However, the current recipients of Social Security benefits are getting approximately two to four times what they put into the system. How is that possible? How can each generation receive so many more benefits than it put in? The answer is quite easy to ascertain once we realize that the labor force has been steadily growing, as has total income. Even if the Social Security tax were constant (as it evidently hasn't been), a growing work force and population would guarantee future

\* Or allow them to pick a government-certified plan from the private sector.



generations ever-higher benefits. This something that a private insurance pension plan certainly cannot provide. The government's ability to continually muster increased taxes on the working population is what allows Social Security to yield such high benefits.

However, the benefits paid to you did me depend on what the Congress legislates, and presumably what the Congress legislates depends on the will of the people (at least in the long run). Hence, there is an implicit "compact between generations": each generation will provide for the retirement of each past generation. This is obviously not a trust fund, but rather a trust in our children and our generation to provide for our old age. This is a moral, not a legal, commitment of each generation.

I would predict that future generations, and maybe even those who are now in their thirties, will be in for trouble because this compact may disintegrate as the effective Social Security tax burden on future generations becomes greater. And the burden will become greater because this nation is tending toward (or is already at) zero population growth. Eventually, the work force will no longer be growing. Incomes may continue to grow, but, nonetheless, if Social Security benefit payments are to rise at the same rate at which they have been rising in the past, tax rates will have to rise even faster to make up for the reduction in the growth rate of the labor force. Today's young workers may find that the benefits they receive from Social Security will not be anywhere near two to four times what they put in.

We can safely predict that the public will realize what's happening by the year 2000. After all, what we've been discussing above is a form of chain-letter, or pyramid scheme. The government certainly got upset with Glenn Turner's Dare To Be Great cosmetic franchise empire based on just such a scheme, but when the government has a similar program, we're supposed to accept it. If current increases in Social Security benefits were to continue, they would exceed national income by the year 2000. Obviously, well before this happens there will be rapid rises (perhaps at an even greater rate than in the past) in Social Security payroll taxes coupled with declines in the growth rate of benefits.

IT IS QUITE CLEAR that some drastic changes are called for in the social insurance system as it now stands. The most obvious change is to cut out the rhetorical nonsense and let the American public know the true nature of Social Security. It is not an insurance program; taxes are not contributions to a trust fund in each individual's name; there is little relationship between contributions and benefits; there is no guarantee that benefits will be paid in the future; and the employer does not pay half of the so-called contribution.

Next, the regressive nature of the Social Security tax can be eliminated by eliminating the tax completely and making up for it by increases in the individual income tax. For a nation presumably committed to redistributing income from the nonpoor to the poor, it is certainly inappropriate to allow such a tax to continue.

However, perhaps an even better way to slay the sacred cow called Social Security would be to force it to make itself actuarially sound. The Old Age, Survivors, Disability, and Hospital Insurance fund embodies a huge implicit and largely unrecognized national debt today valued somewhere between \$500 billion and \$1 trillion. We should fully recognize right now the debt implied in the program and issue bonds from the Federal Reserve to the OASDHI fund to cover it. Once this is done, we can allow anyone to opt out of the program when he wants to, as long as he purchases private protection (an annuity and/or survivors' insurance). This will force the Social Security Administration to be on its toes. It will also make Congress act in a responsible manner. Our lawmakers will be able to bring in new groups or increased benefits only by issuing bonds to cover the debt incurred. Nothing is wrong with making our parents and grandparents better off, as long as all of us are aware of the price we are paying.

If the SSA doesn't change its ways, I would want to opt for private, government-certified insurance. The facts speak for themselves. The chain-letter scheme is going to blow up in the face of the system just about the time I want to be able to collect on all my "contributions." If you happen to be middle-aged or younger, your conclusion might be the same. □



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# 20 ways to on your

**1** Avoid paying extra installation charges when you order new phone service. Have all the work done at one time. Changing your mind later will mean extra visits and extra charges. So consider carefully all the different colors and styles, how many phones you want and exactly where you want them installed.

**2** Ask one of our business office Service Representatives to explain the different types of service offered by your local Bell Company. Choose the one which best fits your pattern of calling. If you don't do a lot of calling each month, ask if "budget" or "limited" service is available in your area at a lower rate.

**3** Ask the Service Representative for a rundown on the specific rates and charges you can expect. Find out exactly what the regular monthly charges will be, and what the one-time-only payments are. Find out whether there are options in your area of paying on a monthly basis, or making a single one-time only payment, on certain items.

**4** Are you going to be away from home for any extended period of time? A business office Service Representative can tell you, based on how long you plan to be away, whether you could save money by temporarily suspending your telephone service.

**5** Moving to a new residence? Ask a Service Representative whether you are eligible for a credit on your bill if you take your present phones along with you to your new location.

**6** If you've never had a phone in your name before, or have never established credit, you may be asked to pay a deposit when you order telephone service. But we don't like to keep deposits for long periods of time. In fact, if you establish good credit with us by paying on time, we'll return your deposit to you PLUS interest. Ask a Service Representative to explain the details which apply in your area.

**7** If a coin phone swallows your money but doesn't give you your call, you're entitled to a refund. Find a phone that works, dial "Operator" and explain what happened. You'll get a refund in the mail. P.S. We'd appreciate it if you'd also tell the operator the telephone number and location of the phone that's out of order so we can get it fixed as soon as possible.

**8** Reach a wrong number on a Long Distance call you just dialed? Don't just hang up. Ask for the area code and the number you reached in error. Then dial "Operator" and report what happened. The operator will have the charge removed.

**9** Get a poor connection on a Long Distance call, or get cut off in the middle of your conversation? Don't just hang up and call back. The person who placed the call should report what happened to an operator. The operator will issue a credit for the time your call was interrupted.

**10** Error on your bill, with a charge for a Long Distance call you didn't make? Call the business office. A Service Representative will arrange to get the charge removed.

**11** Save on Long Distance charges by cutting down on person-to-person calls. It's true you may not be able to reach the person you want on your first try with a station-to-station call. But in many instances you can make two (or even three) out-of-state station-to-station calls for what it would cost you to make that one person-to-person call. This is particularly true if you dial your own calls instead of going through an operator.

**12** Dialing your own out-of-state Long Distance calls is the least expensive way of all. If you don't know the number for a call you want to make to a distant city, you can obtain it at no charge to you by dialing the area code (when required) for that city, plus 555-1212, for Directory Assistance. Then dial direct and save. Save time



# save money phone bill.

in the future by recording the number in your personal number book. A listing of all area codes can be found in the information pages at the front of your local telephone directory.

**13** Make sure you know when dial-direct rates apply before you make your call. They apply on all out-of-state calls to anywhere in the United States (excluding Alaska) if they are completed from a residence or business phone without an operator's assistance. They also apply on calls placed with an operator from a residence or business phone when direct dialing facilities are not yet available.

**14** But it's even more important to know the circumstances when direct-dial rates do NOT apply. They do not apply on person-to-person, hotel-guest, credit card or collect calls, or on calls charged to another number, because an operator must assist on such calls. Direct-dial rates do not apply on calls made from coin phones, even those from which you dial the complete number yourself before the operator comes on.

**15** While operator-handled calls cost you more than those you dial yourself, there is one exception. If you run into equipment trouble completing a Long Distance call you're dialing yourself from a home or business phone, you're still eligible for the dial-direct rate even if you require an operator's assistance. Explain your problem to an operator. If you need help in getting the call through, or in making a satisfactory connection, confirm with the operator that it will be charged at the dial-direct rate.

**16** Dial direct, but save even more by making your out-of-state Long Distance calls within the time periods when rates are lowest. The lower rates for out-of-state calls made in the evening, on the weekends or late at night are described for you in the call guide in the front of your local directory.

**17** Don't get caught by surprise, or miss out on the money you can save on Long Distance calls you make within your state. The times when lower rates apply may be different than for your out-of-state calls. Check carefully in the call guide in the front of your local directory for a description of when to save on calls you make within your state.

**18** If you're concerned about avoiding added charges on your Long Distance calls in general, don't guess how long you've been talking. Time yourself, so you can finish your call before overtime rates apply. To save even more time and money, jot down what you want to say before you dial.

**19** Before you go ahead and place a Long Distance call to a business, check first to see if they have a toll-free number. You can recognize it because it has an 800 prefix instead of a regular area code. If they have one, it's usually displayed in their advertising, or you may find it listed in your own local telephone directory. If so, the call's on them, and you save.

**20** The information pages at the front of your local telephone book are a good source for tips on how to place your calls and how to save time and money in using your telephone. Look in the book, and save.

## We hear you.



# AT WOUNDED KNEE

by Terri Schultz



**T**HE BATTLE of Wounded Knee is no longer Indian against white, but Indian against Indian in a civil war of murders and beatings in desolate places. Since last spring, the village of Wounded Knee has been utterly destroyed, several people have been killed under unexplained circumstances, and the violence romanticized by the American Indian Movement has fanned like brush fire across Pine Ridge Reservation, disfiguring the South Dakota landscape with the wreckage of what was once a Cause.

The white-steeped church in Wounded Knee burned to the ground last July 4. When I arrived on the reservation late in January of this year, I found its charred foundation being used as a garbage pit. Down the hill a corroded metal roof lay crumpled on the frozen ground, crushing under its weight what was left of the Wounded Knee Trading Post and Museum. Across the mud street the wind drifted through broken and abandoned houses. I had come to report on the election for the presidency of the Tribal Council, and everywhere I looked I found signs that testified to the bitterness of what had become a military as well as a political campaign. Since the long siege of last spring, the Indians on the reservation had divided into opposing camps, and each faction had suffered heavy casualties on behalf of its beliefs. The conservative, so-called "law and order" faction supported the candidacy of Dick Wilson, the incumbent president and an advocate of the colonial policies of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The revolutionary faction, associated with AIM and the staging of last year's siege, supported Russell Means. On the wall of a back room used as a hospital by AIM, I noticed a sign that read: "The bleeding always stops if you press it hard enough." Next to



this was written a formula for cleaning wounds—one teaspoon salt, one pint water, one pint peroxide—and next to that a diagram of the Eustachian tube, the trachea, and the stomach.

I had arrived in Wounded Knee a week before the election, and I was told by Del Eastman, the BIA special officer on the reservation, that assaults with deadly weapons lately had increased by 200 percent. "And I can tell you why," he said, leaning across a desk on which stood a statue of a man with a pot belly, a gold star, and the words "Our Marshal" printed across the base. "We made more than 2,000 arrests during the siege, and how many people do we have in jail? Zero. Hell, if I were an Indian on this reservation I wouldn't worry about committing a crime." Eastman is an Indian on the reservation, but, like many Oglala Sioux who work for the BIA, he sometimes refers to other, non-BIA Indians, as "them." The term usually refers to AIM sympathizers, whether the radical young seduced by AIM's violent

*Terri Schultz covered last year's siege at Wounded Knee for the Chicago Daily News and Harper's.*

A tribal election overshadowed by internecine murder

rhetoric, or the tribal chiefs and medicine men attracted by AIM's call to the old ways and the old treaty rights. Eastman's conversation made it clear that the election had turned brother against brother, mother against children. In the Crazy Horse Café, across the street from Eastman's office, AIM supporter Louis Bad Wound said, "We've had a killing a week here for the last couple of months. I can't even tell who is shooting who anymore."

**T**HE NIGHT BEFORE the election, in the reservation village of Porcupine, Russell Means sat among his supporters in the village hall, slowly banging a tribal drum. Six men sat around the drum with him, their Stetsons and wool-brimmed hats pulled low, tooled boots with pointed toes tapping the wooden floor. Their chanting began in the backs of their throats, a high keen that traveled up the listener's spine. It plunged into a throbbing moan and rose again, saturating the smoky room. Mellie Red Owl, an old Indian woman, stood up, fringed shawl hugged close, and began to move in place. She beat each foot twice and the movement spread up through her body like a swimmer rising to the surface of a lake. She stepped forward and moved in a wide circle around the room. Others joined her, until the center of the room was filled with the motion of golden bodies swaying like wheat in a wind. The dance was soothing, rocking, hypnotic, and the faces of the dancers were peaceful and proud. When the dance was done, Means stood to speak. He is a tall man—over six feet—with broad shoulders and a sharp profile scarred by knife and bottle fights. He wore a brown leather jacket, ripped under the right arm, and his hair, parted in the mid-



# 10 QUESTIONS THAT WINE EXPERTS ASK EACH OTHER.

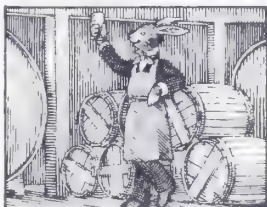
Wine is an endlessly fascinating subject.

And people who really develop an interest in wine can spend hours discussing, debating, and drinking it on into the night.

We've set down 10 of the most interesting questions and answers we've heard in our 94 years of making fine wine. Try them on yourself and your friends and see where you come out.

## 1. WHAT DO RABBITS HAVE TO DO WITH THE MAKING OF SHERRY?

In Spain in the 1800's it was customary to put rabbit carcasses in casks full of sherry in order to enrich the alcohol. Fortunately, for rabbit lovers as well as rabbits, this practice was discontinued around the turn of the 20th Century.



## 2. WHAT IS THE LARGEST WINE BOTTLE COMMERCIALY AVAILABLE?

The Jeroboam, also known as the double magnum, is the largest bottle of wine available for sale to the public. It contains 5 bottles of wine (a bottle being about 1½ pints). There have been larger bottles of wine sold in the past, but they are no longer in general distribution. They are the Rehoboam, 6 bottles; Methuselah, 8 bottles; Salmanazar, 12 bottles; Balthazar, 16 bottles; and last but not least, the Nebuchadnezzar, containing 20 bottles of wine.

## 3. WHAT IS A "FORMAL MESS"?

During the reign of the British Empire, an affair at which military officers gathered together in formal dress for the sole purpose of toasting was called a "formal mess." Each man had a bottle of wine before him. One officer would rise and say, "I propose a toast to the Queen of England. Gentlemen, charge your glasses." Everyone stood up, charged his glass, put away another glass of wine, and sat down. This procedure continued on down through the hierarchy of the entire British Empire. By the time they came to the Governor of Rhodesia the wine was gone.

And so were the officers.

## 4. HOW DID COLORED WINE GLASSES COME INTO USE?

Wine glasses tinted red, blue and green were introduced in the Victorian age in order to mask the large amount of sediment present in wines at that time. Better bottling techniques have been developed since then, and tinted glasses have become a thing of the past.

## 5. WHO INVENTED CHAMPAGNE?

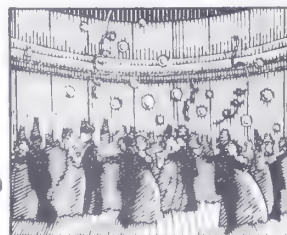
When Dom Perignon first tasted his luscious creation in 1705, he said, "Come quickly, I am drinking stars." He is also credited with the invention of the cork.

## 6. WHAT WAS THE BIGGEST PARTY EVER THROWN IN A WINE VAT?

Back in 1897, Italian Swiss Colony of Asti, California decided they needed a wine vat.

Since they were already a very big winery,

they didn't mess around. They built a vat capable of holding 500,000 gallons of wine, which was at that time the world's largest wine vat, underground or not. In order to celebrate the event, they threw a party in the vat. It was large enough to hold a 15 piece military band, and 100 couples who danced and drank for 2 days and 3 nights.



## 7. IS IT TRUE THAT THE BIGGER THE BOTTLE, THE BETTER THE WINE?

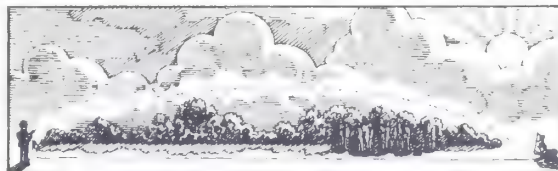
It doesn't make a bit of difference with Champagne. But with a claret, burgundy, or port, the wine will age more slowly in a larger bottle, the end result of which is a fuller-bodied wine.

## 8. WHAT IS THE VALUE OF 1 ACRE OF LAND IN THE NAPA VALLEY?

The Napa Valley is one of the finest wine producing areas in the world, often compared to the Bordeaux region of France. To buy 1 acre of grape producing land there could cost you as much as \$10,000.

## 9. WHAT IS THE WORLD'S DISTANCE RECORD FOR A CHAMPAGNE CORK?

According to the 1973 edition of the Guinness Book of Records, the longest distance for a champagne cork to fly is 73 feet 10½ inches, popped by A. D. Beaty at Hever, Kent, England, on July 20, 1971.



## 10. WHAT WAS THE HIGHEST RECORDED PRICE EVER PAID FOR AN AMERICAN WINE?

The price was \$5,000 and the wine was a 12 bottle mixed case of Inglenook Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Noir produced between 1887 and 1900, and sold at auction in 1971. This should come as no surprise, since this is an ad for Inglenook. What is surprising is that we make these same wines today as if we were still in the 19th Century.

For instance, our wine cellar in the Napa Valley probably could have been replaced long ago with an easier-to-maintain structure. But its 3 foot thick stone walls keep our wine at a perfect 56° year around. And our 200 year old German wine barrels could probably be replaced with more modern steel vats. But the Black Forest oak has a mellowing effect on our wine that we couldn't get any other way.

In addition, we still produce estate bottled wine at Inglenook, which is about as practical as making Tiffany shades these days.

But growing, crushing and fermenting our grapes right there where we can keep our eyes on them, gives us the control necessary to produce a great wine year after year.

That's the way they do it in Europe. And that's the way we do it at Inglenook.

That way, a case of 1968 Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine will be worth a small fortune another hundred years from now.



*Inglenook*



NAPA VALLEY  
GREY RIESLING

*Produced and Bottled in Inglenook Winery, Napa Valley, California. 1972 vintage. Awarded 1st Prize at the 1972 International Wine & Spirit Competition, London.*

# INGLENOOK

In Europe, there are many great wines.  
In America, there is Inglenook.

dle, fell in two pomaded braids that he had worked on carefully that morning, using for a mirror the cracked front-door window of Siebert Young Bear's shack.

Means's speech, read from a worn sheet of yellow paper, changed little from place to place. He promised fifteen minibuses from Detroit to provide free transportation on the reservation; moral, financial, and legal support from foreign countries "that I can't name now"; tribal cattle and a slaughtering plant to make the reservation self-sufficient; cable television; and an effective liquor ban. All this if AIM runs the reservation.

He lifted his arm with the beaded watchband and pointed at his audience: "We drink because the *wacisu* [white man] makes it hard for us. Alcoholism is a protest against white society, and an escape from tyranny and oppression."

In the eleven months since I had seen him last, his speeches had begun to smack of the white man's typewriter. Where he was once mute, sullen, repetitive, he now made tempting promises and grand phrases. His platform had also become schizophrenic—a Third World rhetoric combined with programs, such as the creation of a tribal cabinet, which were embarrassing imitations of white colonial governments. What's more, he planned to fill all the posts himself, and his first appointment, he said, would be his brother, Ted, for the position of public-relations man. But to most Indians who approved of him it didn't matter what Means said or did. To the younger Indians, he was a symbol of change; to the older Indians, he had become a symbol of the old ways. That night in Porcupine, after her dance was done, Mellie Red Owl said: "We full bloods are having a hard time. Once I had a garden with corn, potatoes, wild turnips, cherries, plums, carrots, raspberries, wild tomatoes, and fresh peppermint for tea. Buffalo, moose, prairie dogs were on our land, and we cut our own fence posts and firewood. I'd like to go back to that. AIM made me remember. I miss my house and my land. I don't have to prostitute myself, my dance, my beliefs, my practices, for a few tourists. I am Oglala Sioux." She tapped a finger against her chest. "We judge ourselves by what we give away, not by what we accumulate. But before AIM I almost forgot. I almost gave away my soul."

**T**O ADHERENTS of the opposing faction the dreams of Mellie Red Owl seemed as thin as smoke. The next afternoon, driving on the road to Martin, Dick Wilson phrased the conservative argument with brutal clarity. "The buffalo are gone," he said. "The fifteen yards of calico and seven long dresses are gone, the teepees are gone. I don't want to go back to 1868."

He drove a blue Ford pickup at ninety miles an hour, a cigarette dangling from his right hand, brown Stetson low over his eyes, bulging pink-and-tan shirt hanging over faded blue jeans. The road through the reservation was straight and flat. Wilson sucked on his cigarette.

"If radicals like Means ever got control of this reservation," he said, "the tribal government would fall apart. The reservation would be terminated, and the state would have our land for back taxes in thirty days."

Four impeachment attempts have been made against Dick Wilson by the tribal council, mostly for misuse of funds. But he has survived them all. He has a lot of power on the reservation: there are 700 jobs available to the 11,500 Indians of Pine Ridge, and Dick Wilson created 500 of them. He likes to have his clout compared to that of Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago, whom he describes as "a strong leader who knows what he's doing and holds it all together."

"Now us Indians don't enjoy the system," Wilson said, "but it's the best we got. Face it, we lost the war. It's time we admitted it. How many nations that lose a war are given water rights, land rights?"

Throughout the week, the arguments on both sides of the election were clouded by the uneasiness of recent violence, and each faction could tell its favorite tale of probable murder. Wilson's supporters most frequently mentioned the death of Leo Wilcox, found in his burning car on Highway 40 just beyond the Cheyenne River Bridge. When police arrived at 9:20 P.M., they found the car, its gears in park, the driver's window rolled down, and Leo Wilcox charred beyond recognition in the driver's seat. It was, everyone agreed, a most unusual case.

The day before his death, Wilcox had talked on KOBH radio in Hot Springs, South Dakota. He had accused Russell Means of being a sec-

ond Fidel Castro, and AIM of being "like a bunch of children following someone for an all-day sucker." Wilcox, fifty-one, was an ex-Marine, an Indian, an administrator for the federal government's food program, a member of the tribal council, and a strong supporter of conservative tribal president Dick Wilson.

Arson investigator Joe E. Brown, an Indian, took photographs of the highway area where Wilcox's car was found. Over dinner in his apartment several months later, he explained that by the time he arrived at the scene the Pennington County Sheriff's Department had towed Wilcox's car seventy miles to Rapid City with the body in it, a mistake that has hurt the investigation. "Any evidence of foul play was so disturbed there is no way any of it could be taken into court," says Brown. "But it was a very strange fire. There was a hell of a lot of heat in the driver's seat area—the roof was caved in. Yet the heat wasn't nearly as intense in the back of the car. The spare tire still had some air in it. Now, if you dumped an accelerant like gasoline on the driver, and then lit it, that would create a similar effect."

Leo's widow, Lenora, says the FBI has never questioned her about her husband. But, just in case, she buried him in a waterproof casket. In the living room of her comfortable home she emptied the contents of a small plastic bag onto her lap: out fell a copper key chain, an Accutron watch with the face broken, a gold wedding ring with two heart-shaped leaves, a broken left lens from a pair of sunglasses, and some ashes. They are the debris collected from her husband's car. Of Russell Means she said:

"He's mooched all his life, trying to get something for nothing. The people around him listen blindly like prairie chickens dancing in a ring around a coyote. He is doing something terrible to his people. If I had known how he was going to turn out, I would have choked him to death in his crib."

**T**HE SUPPORTERS of Russell Means preferred to talk about the death of Pedro Bissonette, an AIM sympathizer who was killed last October while resisting arrest. Bissonette grew up in a shack on Cheyenne Creek, and, like many young Indian



...he was often in trouble with law.

In September Bissonette was charged with assault for firing a gun into the bar at Whiteclay, Nebraska. He was president of the Oglala Sioux Civil Rights Organization and one of the leaders of the siege at Wounded Knee. When he was killed, he had been sitting in his car on U.S. Highway 18, four miles west of the village of Pine Ridge. Police say that as they approached he got out of his car, grabbed a rifle with a live round in the chamber, and said, "You can't take me, I'm Indian." BIA policeman Joe Clifford, also an Indian, shot Bissonette once with a shotgun. He was the second AIM sympathizer to be killed within three months by a policeman working for the BIA.

Bissonette became a posthumous hero. AIM wanted him dressed in moccasins and feathers and buried at Wounded Knee. His mother wanted him buried in his suit, quietly and privately in the family plot at Holy Rosary Mission. In the end AIM won most of its demands. There was a pepee funeral service and short mass followed by a car caravan to the edge of the reservation so AIM lead-

Dennis Banks, who had been arrested by a tribal court order from entering Pine Ridge, could say his final good-bye. The *Rapid City Journal* reported the scene: "Banks knelt by the open casket in a windswept pasture and said, 'Pedro is finally free. Pedro fought for what he believed and he paid the supreme price for that fight.'" Then Bissonette was buried at Holy Rosary.

THE NIGHT before the election Wilson provided a traditional Indian "feed"—boiled beef, fried bread, cake, and coffee, the leftovers to be carried away by old women who stuff the food into buckets and plastic bags. The reporters gathered in the street, and the night came down clear and full-mooned, the grasslands dusted with snow. We played out a mock gun battle in the main street. We could not report on progress made or lost, nor to write about the reservation is like describing sand blowing from the dune to dune across a desert that never ends. The edge doesn't hold.

"I'm so bored," a German reporter said. "They have no sense of humor, no energy, no imagination. Everything is so mediocre."



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Just drop Mr. Dusenberry a note here at our distillery and ask him for his little book. Largely, it talks about the people who make Jack Daniel's and some of the whiskey-making skills they use. There's no charge and we think you'll enjoy it.

Of course, you'll enjoy a visit to Jack Daniel's if you're in this area.

Mr. Dusenberry is here most every day. And he's even better at talking than he is at writing.



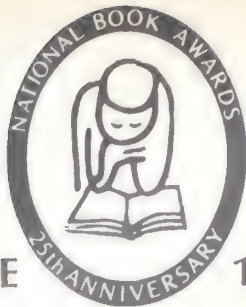
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ADRIENNE RICH  
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Poems, 1971-1972  
*Norton*

## THE SCIENCES

S. E. LURIA  
Life:  
The Unfinished Experiment  
*Scribner's*

## TRANSLATION

KAREN BRAZELL  
The Confessions of Lady Nijō  
*Anchor/Doubleday*

HELEN R. LANE  
Alternating Current by  
Octavio Paz  
*Richard Seaver/Viking*

JACKSON MATHEWS  
Monsieur Teste by  
Paul Valéry  
*Princeton University Press*

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The sky turned deep blue, but the clouds stayed silver. Toward dawn I woke up shivering. Wilson won the election by a vote of 1,709 to 1,530, a margin close enough to guarantee continued bitterness and killing. When the results were announced in Pine Ridge, the largest settlement on the reservation, an Indian drunk with victory and whiskey stood shouting in the street:

"I'm one of Wilson's goons, and I'm proud of it, and you people in the press better write about us for once, instead of about AIM."

A woman crossed the street toward him, shaking her finger and raging at him:

"You told me if Dick Wilson won, you wouldn't drink anymore, and look at you. And you insulted Ruth in front of everyone, just because she voted for Russell. I'm your mother, and I'm telling you, if things ever get cleaned up around here, I'm going to be one of those on the border of the reservation with a gun keeping the whiskey out of here."

In a room filled with television cameras a victorious Dick Wilson spoke to the assembled reporters, one of whom asked him if he felt any differently about Means now that he had defeated him.

"No," Wilson said, "I'd still like to challenge him to a fistfight."

The room fell silent, and when another reporter finally said, "Well, thank you, Mr. President," everybody laughed. Even as we laughed we remembered that in a local hospital a nine-year-old boy was fighting for his life against shotgun wounds he had received election night while sitting in his father's car in Whiteclay.

The morning after the election, I drove over to Porcupine, to the community center where Russell Means had scheduled a press conference in the event of his winning the election. The room was empty except for a coffin. The coffin was gray, resting on a homemade patchwork quilt in front of a stone fireplace, an American flag hanging above it. A dirty mop leaned against a metal bucket in the center of the room. Inside the coffin there was a young girl with long shiny black hair. I asked a woman in the back room who the girl was, and the woman said the girl was fourteen years old and had died of an overdose, probably of TB pills, and that she didn't know the girl's name. □





Martha Tonkin,  
high school junior  
Ms. June '74



Ellie Riger, TV producer  
Ms. September '73



Reverend Willie  
Barrow, organizer  
Ms. January '74



Laurel Adler,  
co-director,  
Mobile Mini  
Classes, Ms.  
January '74



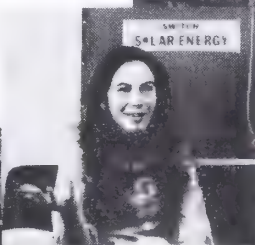
Constance Ann  
McWilliams,  
ad executive  
Ms. January '74



Flora Crater,  
lobbyist, Ms.  
September '73



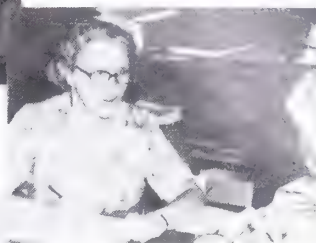
Dede Allen, film editor  
Ms. February '74



Egan O'Connor,  
energy consultant  
Ms. October '73



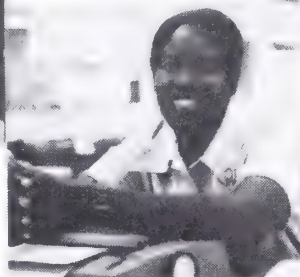
Bella Abzug,  
Congresswoman  
Ms. April '74



Joy Bishop,  
housing consultant  
Ms. October '73



Ivy Bottini, entertainer  
& artist  
Ms. January '74



Bea Hines, journalist  
Ms. January '74



Minnie Evans,  
artist, Ms.  
May '74

# Are you ready to become your self?

If ever there was a climate of change and growth for women, it exists today. Our desire to understand and control our own bodies is beginning to be realized: abortion is now a legal alternative (although there is still some resistance to be conquered) and there is a new insistence that rape laws be revised to offer women more than farcical legal protection. We are finally gaining recognition for talents long repressed and achievements only minimally rewarded, so that most of our ambitions need not die stillborn.

Of course, it all begins with who we are to start with, how much we've changed, what we know, and what we want to do with what we know. So it's vital to keep learning about everything that's happening in the world concerning women. For that you need a magazine for, by, and about women—Ms.

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Ms. January '74



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January '73



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# WHERE DOES IT ALL END?

The debate about the edge of the universe

by Timothy Ferris



*We dance round in a ring and  
suppose,  
But the Secret sits in the middle  
and knows.*

—Robert Frost

ONE OF THE MORE unsettling visions proffered by science lately is that of “an edge of the universe,” as newspapers have headlined it. We are invited to cast off a vague, comfortable picture of the cosmos extending off forever, and to consider instead that it is exhaustible. Not that the universe actually has an “edge”—nobody proposes that it comes to a stop in three-dimensional space—but that it may have been born, may be evolving, and may consist of a finite, though huge, number of objects.

Cosmologists, responsible for concocting such models, today find their imaginative discipline back in fashion after a prolonged absence. Their goal, to discover the shape and nature of the universe as a whole, was

one of the historic aims of science and captivated astronomy for centuries in almost the way the attempt to convert base metals into gold dominated alchemy. With the invention of the telescope, the universe was found to be enormously more complicated than had been thought, and interest in cosmology waned for the perfectly good reason that no tools were available to handle a problem of such magnitude.

Two powerful tools were handed to astronomers early in this century. Einstein’s general theory of relativity, published in 1916, made it possible for theoreticians to go to work on a cosmic scale. And construction of new, large telescopes resulted in Edwin Hubble’s announcement in 1929 that he observed the universe to be expanding. With that, hope was re-

*Timothy Ferris is working on The Red Limit, a book about the search for the ultimate extent of the universe.*

newed that the essential nature of the universe might be discovered; the same hope has remained alive until today; and now some astronomers believe they are very close to unlocking the secret.

They are the advocates of evolutionary cosmology. Their assertion is that everything—all matter, all energy, all space and time—originated in a great blossoming eruption perhaps 10 or 20 billion years ago (an event known as the big bang, a term associated with the joke-cracking physicist George Gamow).

The big-bang theory is often portrayed as pitted in debate against the steady-state theory of Fred Hoyle and his colleagues—they viewed the universe as infinite in space and time—but by now the steady-state theory is virtually a dead issue. The question has become, Will further observations tend to vindicate the big-bang cosmology, or will they weaken it and



# "The last thing our country needs is **dull, unquestioning conformity** on the part of our young people"

"According to what I read there's been a definite change in the attitudes of today's student population. They're more conservative and traditional in their outlook and behavior.

I hope your generation has the common sense and wisdom to adopt the good side of yesterday's attitudes and behavior and reject the bad side. But most of all, I hope that this alleged 'return to conservatism' doesn't mean a return to the apathy and neutralism that characterized past generations of college students and young people generally.

## **Nation hasn't rejected social progress**

Unfortunately, some people see this return to conservatism as proof that our nation has turned its back on social and humanitarian progress. I don't see it that way at all. The majority of people in this nation haven't rejected social progress. To my way of thinking, what they rejected were the revolutionary tactics that endangered the very fabric of our society, extreme and often violent tactics that were seen as doing more harm than good.

And I hope we've learned the lesson that our people are willing to



These excerpts were taken from a talk by Stewart S. Cort, Chairman, Bethlehem Steel, at the Annual Honors Convocation, Oklahoma Christian College, Oklahoma City. If you would like a copy of his entire talk ("*Changing Attitudes*"), write: Bethlehem Steel Corp., Public Affairs Dept., Bethlehem, PA 18016.

change—if and when the proponents of change go about it the right way—by working within the system rather than attacking it from outside.

There are a lot of young people out there, whether or not they think of themselves as 'radicals,' who are still determined to bring about pretty substantial changes. And as long as they stay within the law and carefully observe the rights of others, I wish them the best of luck.

## **Quiet revolution in corporate corridors**

What most of the institutions of society are looking for today, more than anything else, is the kind of

man or woman who wonders, who doubts, who questions, and who tries hard to find new and better answers to the old, nagging problems.

Business firms like mine welcome that kind of person. We not only welcome them, but we do our best to train them, and sharpen their skills, so they can apply their talents and energies more effectively.

Unnoticed in all the confusion on the outside, a quiet revolution has been going on in the corporate corridors. Today the institutions of business and industry are making a determined effort to create a more humane environment for their employees and the communities they work in.

## **'Do your thing' best from the inside**

So I urge you, whatever your ideology, to join the established institutions and 'do your thing.' If you want to promote higher standards of moral conduct, if you want to humanize working conditions, if you want to make institutions more democratic, if you want to make them more responsive to the people they serve—you can do it best from the inside.

In spite of all the jolts and shocks and setbacks, our country is making progress. And we'll keep on making progress if you do your part—and I'm sure you will."

**Bethlehem** 

point to a need for a wholly new model? Cosmologists, ever creative, constantly come up with new models—universes that spin, subdivide, reverse the direction of time, or reshape their own physical laws as they go—but the best expectations still reside with the big bang. One of that theory's predictions is the existence of "an edge of the universe."

**N**O SUCH IDEA could have grown in the soil of Newton. It required Einstein's "four-dimensional" space-time continuum which bends or warps in the presence of matter. If a star alters space, and a galaxy alters it more, the universe of galaxies may have the muscle to wrap itself up in a four-dimensional cloak of space-time. ("I advise the reader not to try to picture this," wrote Bertrand Russell, "because it is impossible.") Such a universe would be finite—it would contain a large, though not infinite, number of galaxies—but unbounded: three-dimensional creatures like us could travel it endlessly and never reach a border, just as a sailboat, which can move in only two dimensions, can sail the oceans of the three-dimensional earth forever.

Einstein made possible a number of fresh cosmologies, derived mathematically from general relativity without basis in observation. The idea was that if a number of model universes were put forward, the real universe might turn out to fit one of them. Einstein himself postulated a model universe that was finite, unbounded, and static. The static provision proved to be in error (it seems that a finite universe must ultimately either expand or contract). And the Dutch cosmologist Willem de Sitter worked out a more sophisticated model to repair the mistake. In the Einstein-de Sitter universe, galaxies rush apart at a speed proportional to their distance. The English astronomer Sir Arthur Eddington used to illustrate this to classes by asking them to imagine their lecture hall doubling in size: each student would see all the other students receding from him, and the farther away each was, the faster he would appear to be moving in order to stay in the same place in the room.

As these theories were developing, a remarkable thing happened: astronomers at their telescopes discovered that the universe really *was* expand-

ing. This insight was purchased with ten years of exhausting work by the legendary astronomer Edwin Hubble and a fascinating man named Milton Humason, a lumber-camp mule driver who started at Mount Wilson observatory as a mechanic and came to be one of the important astronomers of his time.

Since 1888 it had been known that a star moving away from us (or we from it) would reveal its motion in a spectrograph: its light would be shifted toward the red. The red-shift method had been employed successfully on stars in our galaxy and in a preliminary way on other galaxies, nearly all of which seemed to be moving away. In 1919 construction of the 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson in California enabled Hubble and Humason to measure the red shifts of many galaxies previously too dim to observe. Hubble painstakingly worked out ways of establishing their respective distances in order to confirm the red shifts, and in 1929 he was able to announce that the galaxies were indeed receding from one another at velocities proportional to their distances apart—that we live in an expanding universe.

"So the solution to sixty centuries of speculation was found in 1929," said Allan Sandage, formerly a student of Hubble's and now an astronomer at Hale Observatories in Pasadena, headquarters for the giant telescopes at Mount Wilson and Mount Palomar.

We may think of space-time expanding and carrying the galaxies with it, or the reverse, whichever is more comfortable. The numbers in Hubble's original formulation have been revised considerably—the universe is larger and older than he thought—but the fact of expansion is at least as well established today as, say, Darwin's theory of evolution.

**S**O THE QUEST for the secret has been renewed. An infinite, ageless universe is a discouraging place to try to understand; an evolving universe spurs hope. We might, for example, look backward in time and see something interesting. A galaxy 5 billion light years away appears as it was 5 billion years ago (astronomers call this "look-back time"). If things were different then, we ought to be able to find out just by looking far enough. And if the universe is 10 or

20 billion years old, then somewhere in that range space should begin to yield up . . . nothing. There should be a birth horizon, a point before which stars had not begun to shine. The edge.

This idea has been around for some time, but for years it remained speculative because no existing telescope could see galaxies at anything like that distance. The limit an astronomer could reach, sitting cramped and cold at the telescope from dusk till dawn, exposing a single photographic plate, was less than halfway to the hypothetical edge. Viewing the birth horizon seemed possible in theory, but in theory alone.

Then the Sixties brought some unexpected gifts—gifts in the eyes of the evolutionary-universe people.

First, radio telescopes sensitive enough to reach the theoretical edge were developed, and the data they produced suggested that an edge did exist. Sir Martin Ryle counted radio galaxies to determine the distance to the horizon and came out with roughly 10 billion light-years, just as evolutionary cosmologists had predicted.

Second, quasars were discovered. Allan Sandage and Tom Matthews photographed the first of these powerful sources of energy with the 200-inch Palomar telescope in 1960, and a number of others were located during the next two years. All of the quasars' spectra were inexplicable.

The spectroscope, a marvelous instrument, breaks down the light from a star or galaxy into a hierarchy of bright and dark lines which signal the presence of various elements. Hydrogen produces a given set of lines, sodium another, and so forth. From these lines an expert can divine pages of information about the composition, chemistry, size, and age of a star. But when the experts turned their attention to quasars they found the appearance and position of the lines totally unfamiliar. Moreover, no one quasar resembled any other; each presented a baffling spectrum all its own. Complicated theories were advanced to explain this; none could.

Among astronomers gathering for lunch at the California Institute of Technology, quasars came up in conversation frequently through 1961 and 1962. "Someone would come back from an observing run," one astronomer recalled. "We'd ask him what he'd done, and he'd say, 'Well, I got another one of these damned



things and the spectral lines are like nothing I've ever seen before,' and everybody would grin."

One of the dining-room regulars was Maarten Schmidt, a young professor with a diffident manner and a reputation for excellence as an observational astronomer. He was sitting at his desk on a February afternoon in 1963, examining a quasar spectrum on a slip of film about the size of a thumbnail in order to write a note for the British science journal *Nature*, when he solved the riddle.

"I was looking at the spectrum while I was writing," he said. "I had a piece of paper on the right, and in my left hand the spectrum. I put down my pen and took the eyepiece and looked at the thing, and then it struck me that the spectrum could be explained if you took the normal hydrogen lines and shifted them toward the red by 16 percent."

Schmidt's colleagues were startled by the news because it was so simple. They had known for a long time that galaxies receding through space would have their spectral lines displaced toward the red; this had been the basis of Hubble's discovery that the universe was expanding. But quasars were as bright as nearby stars, not distant galaxies. If Schmidt's insight was correct, quasars lay billions of light-years away and were hundreds, even thousands of times brighter than whole galaxies. "It totally changed one's outlook on the future of studying the universe," Schmidt told me with an expression closer to bemusement than pride. "Even though we've been with the red shift of quasars for ten years now, I think that astronomers in general, and that includes me, haven't yet recovered from the surprise. I simply can't believe it."

Schmidt perceived on the day of his discovery that quasars might be powerful enough to be seen anywhere in the universe. For the next two years, riding inside the observer's cage within the Palomar telescope's skeletal tube, stars shining through the dome slit and Bach playing over the observatory sound system, Schmidt hunted remote quasars.

At that time, the record for distance vision was held by Rudolph Linkowski of Cal Tech, who, on his last observing run before retirement, had photographed a cluster of galaxies 6 billion light-years away. Within a year Schmidt surpassed him, and

went on to invent new techniques for deciphering extreme red shifts that enabled him, by 1965, to penetrate more than 8 billion years in space and time.

SINCE 1970 EVEN MORE distant quasars have been recorded by astronomers at Kitt Peak and Steward Observatories in Arizona and at Lick Observatory in California. At this writing the record stands at 12 billion light-years, for a quasar observed by Margaret Burbidge and E. Joseph Wampler with the Lick telescope. If evolutionary cosmology is correct, that means optical astronomers are approaching the birth horizon radio astronomers said they had detected a few years ago. "If the cutoff is indeed real," said the 1971-72 Hale Observatories annual report, "we have seen 'the edge of the world' in space and time."

Schmidt proposed that quasars might represent a typical stage in the evolution of young galaxies; if so, they were much more common early in the history of the universe than they are now. What we see as a quasar may since have evolved into a normal galaxy, the residents of which, turning their telescopes our way across billions of light-years, see the quasar from which our galaxy has come. But this attractive notion has already run into trouble, and Schmidt concedes after ten years of investigating quasars that they seem nearly as mysterious as ever.

Another gift for those who subscribe to the evolutionary-universe theory was as remarkable as the discovery of quasars. Two young Bell Laboratories scientists, Arno Penzias and Bob Wilson, form a classic team: Penzias is endlessly talkative, opinionated, interested in the philosophy of science; Wilson is silent, exacting, attentive to the practical problems of making hardware work. In 1964 the two got the use of a sophisticated horn radio receiver built for the Telstar satellite program and set about modifying it for radio astronomy. (Radio astronomy itself was invented by a young Bell engineer, Karl Jansky, in 1932, and the company continues to work in that field.) The antenna, which looks like an alpenhorn the size of a railroad car, was designed to be the "cleanest"—that is, freest from residual noise—ever built. Penzias and

# WINE TALK

by Austin Nichols

*At Château Bouscaut, they do not believe in putting young wine in old casks.*

Château Bouscaut is one of the few châteaux in its classification that matures each vintage exclusively in new casks of Limousin oak. The Limousin is rare and costly, but it helps impart to the wine an unmistakable flavor and a better balance. Also, Bordeaux lore has it that the wine "falls bright" sooner and "lives" longer when aged in new oak.

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Wilson, testing it before applying it to delicate astronomical work, found to their irritation that the receiver emitted a small but persistent hiss. They went over every detail of its circuitry; the noise was unabated. They found two pigeons nesting inside the horn, ousted them, and examined every plate and rivet, without effect. The steady hiss went on day and night, no matter what direction the antenna pointed. Embarrassed by their inability to clean up the receiver, Penzias and Wilson prepared to bury the news in the middle of a long paper, hoping that if they had overlooked a routine explanation they wouldn't appear too silly.

The Bell antenna sits atop a hill outside Holmdel, New Jersey. While Penzias and Wilson were crawling all over it in mounting frustration, thirty miles away at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study a group of physicists were putting together a new paper on evolutionary cosmology. The paper predicted that the outpouring of light from the big bang could still be abroad in the universe, its wavelength stretched out by expansion to a faint hiss coming from all directions at once. A similar prediction had been made by Gamow years before, but Penzias and Wilson knew nothing of either Gamow's work or the Princeton group's, and the Princeton people knew nothing of Penzias and Wilson.

A chance conversation on an airplane alerted Penzias and Wilson. They telephoned Robert Dicke, a senior physicist at the Institute, and Dicke drove over to Holmdel and took a look at the horn receiver and the "noise" data. The three men stared at one another. By one of the coincidences that punctuate science, they had, it seems, simultaneously predicted and discovered the echo of creation.

Wilson remembers that he couldn't really believe the news until he read about it on the front page of the *New York Times*. "Reading Walter Sullivan's piece brought it home. It seemed more important then."

WITH THESE DEVELOPMENTS, the debate over cosmology, once relatively abstract and cool, heated up. As rapidly as each discovery undermined steady-state theorists, they produced ingenious alternatives: the radio horizon could

be explained by a selection effect; quasar red shifts might be due to a mechanism other than the expansion of the universe (we don't know what mechanism, but neither do we know how, if they are so far away, quasars can shine so brightly); even the background radiation might be accounted for without postulating an explosive creation. Some evolutionary cosmologists found these arguments infuriating. Feeling that after decades of hard work they had nearly got their arms round the universe, they were outraged to be accused of living a fantasy. On their side, the steady-state people saw it as arrogant for astronomers to claim apprehension of a universe the steady-state theory perceived as infinite and eternal. With passions aroused on both sides, the debate took on a moral cast.

The fiercest disputes are those within a family, and the family of astronomers qualified both to work in cosmology and to use the world's great telescopes is small—there are perhaps two dozen of them, about as many as there are Grand Prix drivers. Today two highly respected astronomers who once were close friends, who work in offices a few doors apart, and who are struggling with many of the same brutally difficult problems, refuse to speak to each other because one believes in an evolving universe and the other does not. One speaks of the other with controlled fury, his hands shaking, face red; the other affects icy disdain.

"That's why I don't like cosmology," says Jesse Greenstein, a senior astronomer at Cal Tech. Greenstein is a transplanted New Yorker who customarily speaks in an impatient rasp; and when the conversation turns to cosmology his voice sinks lower, into a sort of sustained growl.

"I think people go into cosmology for vulgar reasons. One is that it's the thing that hits the newspapers and gets into books. You're famous if you're a cosmologist. You may be the best stellar interior theoretician in the world [Greenstein is an expert on stellar interiors] and you'll not be heard of.

"The other reason is theological and psychological. People, it seems to me, who are not terribly close to other human beings find it a refuge that everything is explicable. They're looking back and asking, 'What did

papa do to mama that made m... What did God do to geometry—d... He stick His finger in and make little twist, putting the metric into tizzy, starting the expansion of t universe, creating matter?"

"George Gamow, the great Catholic Russian, and Georges Lemaître, the great Catholic Belgian, we both great big-bangists, because comes from a church position. Th you take the Fred Hoyle typ with his antipapist, lower-class almost Scotch outlook. Hoy just can't accept a big bang. It's u bearable to him.

"Personally I don't understand what causes the universe to expand if it does, or why there is a universe. I don't care, really."

To a cosmologist like Allan Sandage, taking this attitude would be like walking away from a poker game on the last big hand of the night. Sandage, who is forty-eight years old, applies himself to his work with a terrible intensity, and hopes to complete the work Hubble began—to craft and verify a clear model of the universe. He expects this effort to take ten more years, perhaps longer—he has been overoptimistic in the past—but he is convinced success is possible. "What matters is the long pull," he says. "I think the next twenty years will be a most incredibly exciting period."

If cosmology is exciting to some, it is disturbing to others. There is apprehension that, should the universe prove to be finite, it would be diminished in grandeur. This is probably unfounded; the richness of the earth was not diluted by the discovery that it is a small planet on the skirt of an average galaxy. A deep anxiety rests with the old question of how far science should be pushed. To measure the span of the universe would be an audacious act. It could be expected to renew the debate over whether science has gone blundering where it does not belong, reducing the very sky to a set of equations. It is true that many scientists act as if that were their purpose—to explain everything flat and then shut up shop—but the best of them do not. They know that to understand how the universe works is not the same as to understand the universe. "The most beautiful emotion we can experience is the mystical," wrote Einstein. Probing for insights into the greatest things do not dispel our sense of mystery. [



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## **RAND McNALLY**



*and  
you thought  
we just made  
maps*



# REMEMBERING BILLIE AND BIRD

Blue notes and lost chords of the '40s and '50s



Billie Holiday

**T**HE NIGHT I GRADUATED from Polytechnic High School in 1947, I split out the back of the auditorium (thinking, *Damn, I'm free, got my diploma and didn't mess up, can sleep till twelve tomorrow*), threw my cap and gown in the back of the Ford, and made it only fifteen minutes late to The Last Word, where I was working with the Jay McNeely band. A few months later I joined Red Norvo's group at Café Society in San Francisco. I couldn't read chords too well at the time and had to rely on my ear. Whenever I played a wrong chord, Red—he had a big pot belly then—would turn round, bug his eyes, wave his mallets at me, and go, “Accchhh!” I hated that bogeyman stuff, but it's partly the reason I hear so good today.

Billie Holiday was working opposite us, sounding so good, like her heart was breaking on every tune. She was a rowdy, soulful, big-hearted woman; carried around a pair of those little dogs you put sweaters on. At that time she was already famous, and narcotics agents were harassing her. She got so she could spot them at fifty feet through a haze of smoke. “See the little cat drinking

Manhattans, the one in the brown suit? Po-lice,” she'd say.

She could be tender, and she could show a temper that would scorch you. “I'm gonna come down off this stand and kick your ass,” she said to a chick who had been talking non-stop through her opening-night show; and afterward she told the bass player, who liked to stretch out behind singers, “Why you have to play so wild? Cut out that devil music.” That cat took it so to heart he just looked at her and his eyes filled with tears.

Later that night some of the musicians were arguing in the band room when she hollered from her dressing room—banging on the wall separating the two—“Shut up all that noise in there.” They yelled back, “Shut up yourself, broad.” “Come in and make us.” We heard her door slam, and a second later she came barging into our room in her draws. She was big and strong, had some righteous meat on her, and those cats flattened against the wall, grinning, their arms raised. I watched it all from my chair in the corner. She glared a minute, then walked back out, saying to me, “You don't need to flinch, baby, I know it wasn't you.”

From that night on she began dropping by the piano after her show, when I would play intermission music. Would lean over me and say stuff like, “You're about the quietest, sweetest cat I ever seen, you play so pretty. Takin' care of business and not chasin' the scroungy-ass bitches that come in here.” She was always having trouble with men—when she went for someone it was wholehearted, she'd really mix it up with him, and he usually had the bag [narcotics and works]—but I was young, never jived or bothered her, and maybe that was why she liked

*Hampton Hawes was featured last summer at the Montreux (Switzerland) Jazz Festival. Don Asher's latest book is The Eminent Yachtsman and the Whorehouse Piano Player (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan).*

*From the book Raise Up Off Me, to be published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. Copyright © 1974 by Hampton Hawes and Don Asher.*



Charlie “Bird” Parker

to come over and talk. She made her business to see that the chick who hung out in the club didn't hit on me. “You leave him alone, he's nice, keep your funky hands off him.” I had the feeling she hoped I wouldn't have to go through any bad changes, almost like a mother anxious for her son to steer clear of booze and drugs and sin; didn't want any one polluting me. I didn't realize at the time that there was no way of escaping all that, I'd eventually have to go through it; you got to wade through a certain amount of mud to get to the pearls.

One afternoon, toward the end of the gig, some agents broke down the door of her motel room looking for dope. If they'd come an hour earlier or an hour or so later she could've handled it, but at the time they broke in she and her man had their clothes off. They busted her, but a good criminal lawyer up there got her off.

After the San Francisco gig we'd cross paths now and then. If she was working in L.A. and had her own pad she'd invite me and other brothers over for dinner, and she could really cook the shit out of some chicken. Then a couple of years went



# MAY WE PLANT A GIFT IDEA OR TWO?

Springtime thoughts from Parker  
for Weddings, Anniversaries, Graduations, Birthdays, Mother's Day,  
Father's Day and other warm days to celebrate.

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before I saw her again. In the meantime I had got strung pretty bad and was beginning to feel the cold glow of the Man who has your destiny in his hands and the constant dread I would have to keep from getting sick. (I had committed myself voluntarily to the Public Health Service Hospital in Fort Worth but didn't stay long. Didn't take me but a week to see that no white psychiatrist was going to be of much help to me—how could he be, considering my background and mine?—that whatever funny little program he had to work me into, his thinking was going to be all wrong. Deputy medical officer said to me, "You haven't given us a chance. I wish I'd change your mind, but the cards are in your hand." "Right, and I'm gonna turn the motherfucker in the back," I said, and split. Later, taking one of those looks into the future which you try to shut off because it's clouded with pain, I realized I was probably going to have to get locked up and the key stashed out of reach in order to really get it together.)

I had just wandered into the Cleveland Airport cocktail lounge—on my way to Philly with my trio—when I spotted the big lady, familiar heft to her, at the end of the bar. I went over to her, thinking of those early days when she was watching after me, trying to keep me pure and free of sin. "Hey, Billie."

She looked at me a long time before she said, "You too, baby? I didn't think it would ever happen to you." Probably had heard I was strung but didn't believe it, remembering me as a nice, together teenage kid playing pretty tunes at Café Society.

I said something, asked her where she was headed.

"I thought you were going to get away," she said, and the tears came into her eyes.

Still wanting me to escape all that. *But you ought to know, you went through the same garden, went out in the rain and got wet, how was I supposed to stay dry?*

There was nothing I could tell her. A few minutes later she got on a plane to Detroit. It was the last time I ever saw her.

Three years later I was back in Fort Worth—involuntarily: ten years for sticking a needle in my arm, and that's some cold shit. I had just written a letter to the Attorney General

telling him a dime was a long time for what I did, the days were moving slow, and would he send me some information about how I could get out before 1968, when I read in the paper that Billie had died in a New York hospital room guarded by city police. They had hounded her to the end of her days, but despite what the obituaries and the movie said, I know she died because she was too emotional and bighearted, always racing. She lived her life so full it was inevitable she would go down fast.

Not long afterward, the Attorney General's office wrote me a polite letter saying, Man, don't bother us.

**A**S A KID I used to think my father, a righteous faith-dealing Presbyterian minister, might be a spokesman for God, passing the word down that Sundays were sacred and fucked up for humans. But I wasn't to meet God, or a facsimile of Him, till 1947, when I ran into Charlie (Bird) Parker at the Hi-De-Ho Club at 50th and Western in L.A., playing alto sax with the Howard McGhee band.

When I had first heard Bird at Billy Berg's two years earlier I couldn't believe what he was doing, how anyone could so totally block out everything extraneous, light a fire that hot inside him and constantly feed on that fire. Now at the time there were maybe ten people in the neighborhood of 50th and Western who knew there was a genius playing alto in our group. Most people who had heard him thought he was crazy. His playing was too free and blazing and pure: it could be dissonant and harsh on the ears if you weren't accustomed to the sound. Bird had already recorded those early classics with Dizzy, but you couldn't find the records on any jukeboxes. Today the deejays can take a new sound and spread it like flash fire; before you know it you're on television beaming to thirty million people. But this was before TV, and jazz was years away from reaching the concert halls. The only people in the vicinity of 50th and Western who were hip to Bird were a few of the street people, one or two chicks at the house where he was staying—the woman who owned it, a madam with a whorehouse on the East Side, was a good friend of his and put him up whenever he was in town—and, of course, other musicians. When word got around where

he was playing they came to check him out. Motherfuckers peeked and backed right up. Those of us who were affected the strongest felt we'd be willing to do anything to warm ourselves by that fire, get some of that grease pumping through our veins. (Almost everybody I knew was using heroin at that time. Some were turned on by Bird—not by him directly, but reasoning that if they went out and got fucked up like him they might get closer to the source of his fire. Some learned, and others never did, that junk has no more to do with playing good than the make of your car or the shade of your skin. I knew a lot of strung-out dudes who couldn't play shit; they should have just got high and enjoyed themselves and forgot about playing. If you can't swing, you can't swing. You can stuff your stomach with black-eyed peas and chitlins, go out and roll in the mud, and say I'm gonna get down [soulful] but it ain't going to help if you don't pat your feet right, because chitlins have no more to do with soul than mud has to do with music.) Bird was indirectly responsible for all the trips I would eventually go on. He fucked up all our minds. It was where the ultimate truth was.

As with anyone that heavy and different, some people were awed or afraid of him and kept their distance. Others pursued him, would drop by his pad and hang out, figuring if they were around him long enough some of his shit was bound to rub off on them. I watched motherfuckers write down his solos note for note, play them on their own gigs, and then wonder why they didn't sound as good. And if they had to follow Bird's solo with their own stuff, that would really leave them exposed—like standing naked and wet in a cold wind. Bird would take advantage of these dudes, borrow money and burn them in various ways. It wasn't that he was a bad cat, any junkie would do the same thing. It was a matter of dope or no dope; survival. Bird was out and he was strung, and in order to be around him you had to contend with that.

He was a sad driver—when his two-year-old car fell apart he left it in the street; borrowed mine once and tried to shift without using the clutch—so I'd pick him up every night at the madam's house in my '37 Ford, take him to work and bring him back. When I came early one



night he motioned me to follow him to his room. I waded through piles of sandwich wrappers, beer cans, and liquor bottles. Watched him line up and take down eleven shots of whiskey, pop a handful of bennies, then tie up, smoking a joint at the same time. He sweated like a horse for five minutes, got up, put on his suit, and a half hour later was on the stand playing strong and beautiful.

For two weeks he never said a word to me—going to the club, on the stand, or driving home. But it wasn't an uncomfortable silence; he was either stoned, froze, or just off somewhere else, and I respected whatever trip he was on and whatever distant place it carried him to. It was never the kind of ego trip that led many of the East Coast musicians to shoot down anyone new on the scene who was starting to make a reputation, calling far-out tunes in strange keys with the hip changes at tempos so fast you either flew or fell. *Jump, chump, or I'll burn you up, you don't know nothin'.*

It's too bad it had to be that way, ambushing outsiders and cutting them up to make them feel inferior so they could get better. That isn't what music is about. You play for love and for people to enjoy. It's okay to show a few feathers, you got to have pride in yourself, but you shouldn't have to wear boxing gloves and spurs; this ain't no cockfight or main bout at Madison Square Garden. We're all brothers, aren't we? came up the same way, earned our diplomas listening, picking up, hanging out, nervous, some of us getting busted. Yet when I think back, the system did serve a purpose. Blacks in those days had to bear down hard to handle the shadow that was always haunting them, and the constant challenge was the pressure cooker in which you earned recognition and respect. In the process the music grew leaner, tightened up; the ones who didn't have it, who couldn't contribute, fell away. If you don't have credentials, stay off of Fifth Avenue.

If you asked Bird who he liked better on alto, Henry Prior or Sonny Criss—it was the sort of thing a young player starting to come up would ask—he'd shrug and say. Both. They're both cool. Shooting down other players was as foreign to his nature as longing for sharp clothes and a Cadillac or caring whether or not he had a white woman, which were

the badges of black success in those days. He had plenty of white women, but that interfered with his music.

Sometimes I'd pull up in front of the club and he'd be too high to get out of the car. Howard McGhee would ask me where Bird was. I'd say, Sittin' in the car. No point in trying to pull him out, he wouldn't have been able to play anyway. After a while he'd get himself together, walk in, and start blowing—even before he reached the stand, weaving his way through the tables playing in that beautiful, fiery way.

At the end of the second week of the gig, he spoke his first words to me. It was close to three in the morning when I left him off at the madam's house. He got out, started walking toward the house, then stuck his head back in the window and said, "I heard you tonight."

The next day I told the guys in the band I was going to drop by Bird's place and see if he wanted to go to a movie. Everybody said, That's a dumb idea, he isn't going to want to go to any show. That's too square for him, too bourgeois. I dropped by anyway. He came to the door in a T-shirt and the same pin-stripe suit he wore on the stand. Said it was a nice day and a show sounded like a good idea. We went to a newsreel playing nearby. As I was buying my ticket I realized Bird was no longer with me. Looked up and down the street and saw him coming out of an alley halfway down the block. He wandered up to the box office and laid out his money, not saying anything about the little side trip. Afterwards we ate a hot dog and drove around downtown in my Ford, enjoying the spring day. When I dropped him off back at the house he said he'd had a nice time.

That weekend I smoked my first joint, some light green from Chicago Bird pulled out as we were driving down Avalon Boulevard to get a hamburger and Coke. Didn't feel anything till after we ate and I started driving home. I said, "Man, why are all these horns honking at me?" Bird said, "You're driving backwards." I stopped and let him take over the wheel. He made it back to his place, stripping gears all the way. I walked the ten blocks to my house and was weaving up to the door when I saw a tiny old lady from my father's church staring at me. Watched me trying to make it to the door and said, "Young

man, are you behaving yourself?" I made it up the stairs, lay down under the bed, and getting a flash from the old church days asked God aloud to deliver me from the devil. Next day Bird phoned and said, "That was some powerful light green."

IN 1952 I WAS stationed at Fort Ord, winning marksmanship medals. As a kid I had spent a lot of summers at Lake Elsinore hunting jackrabbits and quail with my father. My platoon officer, an old cracker from Texas, said, "Hawes, how come you shoot so straight, you're supposed to play that boogie-woogie? You keep hittin' that bull's eye like you were one of Nimitz's boys at the Mariana Islands turkey shoot." Whenever I had a pass I'd go to L.A. or San Francisco to cop [buy dope] and jam. Bird was working at Jimbo's, an after-hours club in San Francisco, at the time and if he knew I was looking to score he'd say in his stagy, put-on way, "I haven't messed with anything along those lines in a long while but what I can do is make a call for you."

He'd see me at Jimbo's later—from two in the morning on was the heavy time, when the cats would get off their gigs and come to jam and the chicks would show—and say, "The cat's out in the alley, you can cop for 25 cents [\$25]." I'd say I didn't have 25 cents, which may not have been true. Usually I'd already copped, could have used more, but I knew there was a good chance Bird might burn me—knew what I might have done in similar circumstances. If I said, "I only need a dime's worth," he'd say, "Well, I'm low myself, make it two dimes and we'll cow [pool resources to buy dope]." Of course if I went for that it was unlikely I'd ever see that second dime. It was survival of the fittest, and you had to know where people were coming from. (We hustled and schemed like a motherfucker in those days, and I think that if we could have directed all that drive and con into legitimate channels those of us who survived might be worth a cool million today.)

In March of 1955 I was in the California Club on Santa Barbara Avenue, where my friend Wardell Gray had the band, when the news broke. Wardell was called to the phone and when he came back a few minutes later he was blinking and fussing with



buttons on his coat. Bird had died in Baroness Pannonica Rothschild's hotel apartment in New York. Well, I thought of a lot of things. I thought of the fire that burned inside him that wouldn't let him sleep—racing around town in those early years waking people up to jam. I thought of the brothers going down so fast. I thought of my first taste of light green from Chicago and driving back—down Avalon Boulevard and a sunny day in Watts—fifteen years before the brothers were to burn it down—Bird and Miles [Davis] and me sitting on the hood of Chuck Thompson's old Duesenberg while Chuck squatted in the street shooting pictures of us eating watermelon, and trying to look funny. Thirty-four years, barely into the springtime of his life. Went too far out on the limb, and it broke.

Well, shit, we ain't no super race, none of us going to be here more than twenty minutes. A dog, birds, leaves, meat going to spoil and get stur. He was the first out on the frontier and gave birth to all of us. There could be a monument to him in Washington, D.C.; instead the New York police refused him a cabaret card, denied him his livelihood. He hated the black-white split and what was happening to his people—couldn't come up with an answer so he stayed high. Played, fucked, drank, and got high. The way he lived his life he was telling everyone, you don't dig me, you don't dig my people, you don't dig my music, so dig this shit. Didn't answer to nobody but himself, which is the way it should be, 'cause when you go you go down alone, ain't going to be any friendly dogs and little kids walking along that barbed-wire fence with you.

In the window of the Flash Record Shop on Western Avenue a few days later there was a black wreath around his last album, and we heard from cats returning from the coast that BIRD LIVES slogans were appearing on the subway walls of New York.

His uncle was Bishop Peter E. Parker, so maybe he was close to God. I know he was damn near like a prophet in his music. He scared a lot of people over the years and died of pneumonia (so they say) in a baroness's Fifth Avenue living room. But as long as I knew Bird I was never awed or afraid of him. I loved him. And how can you be afraid of somebody you love? ☐

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# PARANOIA

by Hendrik Hertzberg and David C. K. McClelland

An idée fixe whose time has come

THREE PEOPLE, Phil and Sam and Lucy, are at a party. They share enough common experiences, beliefs, and preconceptions to be having a chat. Each contributes, by his talk or his attentiveness, about as much as the others contribute. Everyone is having a good time. Everyone *seems* to be having a good time.

But suppose Phil is really having a bad time. Perhaps he feels ugly or stupid or out of it; perhaps he is merely depressed. He might excuse himself and go home, but he is afraid of being thought unsociable, so he stays and lets his mind fasten on some premise that seems to explain why he is not enjoying himself. His thoughts begin to congeal around the explanatory premise, which is probably something like, *I'm bad and unhappy and they know it or I'm bad and unhappy and they don't know it.*

The conversation goes on:

LUCY: Did you see that new Altman movie—what's it called?

SAM: *Thieves Like Us.*

PHIL: Yeah, I saw that.

SAM: Me too.

LUCY: What did you think of it?

SAM: I think it's overrated.

Meanwhile, Phil struggles to establish a connection between the conversation and his premise. He may be thinking, *Why are they talking about movies? They must notice that I'm horrible and miserable, but they know there's no way they can help, so they're trying to take my mind off it.*

Or he may be thinking, *Why are they talking about movies? It must be because they don't notice I'm horrible and miserable. They couldn't care less how I feel.*

Phil fails to notice, among other things, that he, too, is talking about movies. His mind is so full of his own wretchedness that he assumes Sam and Lucy are also preoccupied with it. (The only alternative is that Sam and Lucy are callous and unfeeling.) In fact, Sam and Lucy may simply think they are at a party talking about movies.

Phil, so far, is suffering from little more than a lousy mood. But suppose that Phil's condition is more serious. Suppose that he is paranoid. In that event, the premise dominating his mind will be far from simple, and it will explain far more than why he is unhappy. The premise might be, for example, that an elaborate Mafia conspiracy is trying to control his life. Now Phil will have to work harder to interpret the conversation in a way that "proves" his premise.

LUCY: Did you see that new Altman movie—what's it called? (Phil thinks, *You know damn well what it's called.*)

SAM: *Thieves Like Us.* (Phil thinks, *Thieves indeed. What could be more obvious? You can't fool me.*)

PHIL: Yeah, I saw that. (Phil thinks, *Don't kid yourselves that I don't know what you're really talking about.*)

SAM: Me too. (Phil thinks, *So you know I know—is that what you're saying?*)

LUCY: What did you think of it? (Phil thinks, *You're trying to invade my thoughts.*)

SAM: I think it's overrated. (Phil thinks, *Of course you do—those thieves only steal money, you steal minds.*)

Phil is clearly in a bad way.

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## A little semantics

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PARANOIA IS A WORD on everyone's lips, but only among mental-health professionals has it acquired a tolerably specific meaning. It refers to a psychosis based on a delusionary premise of self-referred persecution or grandeur (e.g., "The Knights of Columbus control the world and are out to get me," "I am Norman Mailer"), and supported by a complex, rigorously logical system that interprets all or nearly all sense impressions as evidence for that premise. The traditional psychiatric view is that paranoia is an extreme measure for the defense of the integrity of the personality against annihilating guilt. The paranoid (so goes the the-

*Hendrik Hertzberg is a staff writer for The New Yorker. David C. K. McClelland is a writer, cartoonist, and calligrapher.*

ory) thrusts his guilt outside himself by denying his hostile or erotic impulses and projecting them onto other people or onto the whole universe. Disintegration is avoided, but at high cost: the paranoid view of reality can make everyday life terrifying and social intercourse problematical. And paranoia is tiring. It requires exhausting mental effort to construct trains of thought demonstrating that random events or details "prove" a wholly unconnected premise. Some paranoids hallucinate, but hallucination is by no means obligatory; paranoia is an interpretive, not a perceptual, dysfunction.

Paranoia is a recent cultural disorder. It follows the adoption of rationalism as the quasi-official religion of Western man and the collapse of certain communitarian bonds (the extended family, belief in God, the harmony of the spheres) which once made sense of the universe in all its parts. Paranoia substitutes a rigorous (though false) order for chaos, and at the same time dispels the sense of individual insignificance by making the paranoid the focus of all he sees going on around him—a natural response to the confusion of modern life.

Strictly speaking, there was no such thing as paranoia before the mid-nineteenth century, when the word (from the Greek for "beside" and "mind") first surfaced as one of several medical-sounding euphemisms for madness. In an earlier age, the states of mind now explained

as paranoia were accounted for differently. The vastness of the difference is suggested if one reflects on the likelihood of a president of France placing the command of his country's armed forces in the hands of a teen-age peasant girl who hears voices from God.

Even more recent is the wholesale adoption of the terms "paranoia" and "paranoid" into everyday speech as metaphors for a bewildering variety of experiences. Hippies could no more communicate their thoughts without using "paranoia" and "paranoid" than they could eschew "like," "y'know," and "I mean." In this context the meanings of the terms are blurry but readily comprehensible. "Man, are you ever paranoid." This is not meant as a compliment. The implication is that the accused is imagining a threat where none exists. "I mean, she really makes me paranoid." The speaker feels that "she" is more powerful than he is, making him uncomfortable. "There was a lot of paranoia at that concert." One gathers that the security precautions were excessive. "No thanks, man, I get really paranoid when I smoke dope." Here paranoia is merely a euphemism for fear. "I'm paranoid" is less disturbing, for both speaker and listener, than "I'm frightened." (Psychiatric terminology is central to contemporary etiquette. One says, "I'm having trouble relating to you." One does not say, "I hate your guts.")

In politics, paranoia is a logical consequence of the wrenching loose of power from the rigid social arrangements that once conditioned its exercise, and the resulting preoccupation with questions of "dominate or be dominated." Political and quasipolitical notions, such as the conviction that the telephone company is manipulating reality in order to control one's mind, appear routinely in the delusions of persons suffering from paranoid psychosis. In American public life, as Richard Hofstadter showed in *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*, persecutory themes have cropped up periodically from the beginning. Groups widely believed to have been at the center of the shifting conspiracy against the common weal have at various times included the Masons, the Papists, the Illuminati, Wall Street, the gold hoarders, the outside agitators, the Communists, and—bringing us up to the present—the pointy-headed bureaucrats, the Establishment, the system, the straights, the New Left nihilists, the Mafia, the oil companies, the media, and the CIA.\* As

\* The CIA turns up in paranoid delusions perhaps more than any other single organization. Its name is extremely suggestive—"central," "intelligence," and "agency" are all words rich in multiple meanings—and, since the CIA does in fact engage in conspiratorial activities, it can easily be adapted for any scheme involving domination and control by unseen forces. Freud always maintained that every paranoid delusion contains a nugget of truth.





Lincoln said, you can fool some of the people all of the time.

The Nixon years have been something of a Golden Age of political paranoia. The paranoid strategies of projection, denial, and the use of code language with private meanings ("law and order," "peace with honor," "executive privilege")\* have been played out on a national scale. The Nixon Administration saw politics as an array of reified conspiracies against it ("the criminal forces as against the peace forces," the Chicago defendants, Ellsberg, the campus bums, the radclibs, the media) and behaved accordingly. The unprecedented security arrangements at the Washington headquarters of the Committee to Re-Elect the President, designed to counter an imaginary threat of political burglary and wiretapping, were entrusted to precisely the people who carried out the political burglary and wiretapping of the Democratic National Committee. When the crimes and conspiracies known as Watergate began to come to light, the Administration's two basic responses were denial ("I am not a crook") and projection ("everybody does it"). During the fuss over Pentagon thievery of documents belonging to Henry Kissinger, one "White House source" described his colleagues as "a bunch of paranoids spying on each other."

### Double space

**Z**ERO IS AN EXTREMELY bright, self-taught, experimental electronics engineer who was the central figure in a small cult in Pontiac, Michigan, one of thousands of local paranoid cults produced by the late counterculture. Zero and his friends made pilgrimages to hear Pink Floyd, a rock group to whose music and lyrics they attached great importance. They occasionally ingested psychedelic drugs and made midnight visits to the main office building of Pontiac Motors, where they intoned mock prayers at the chain-link fence protecting the "temple," a white office monolith lit by floodlights.

Zero lived in a house which would take as long to describe as it would to explicate *Finnegans Wake*. He had used an old chicken coop, later a lampshade factory, as the shell. Inside, he had created an environment from electronic and other debris. The house was too disorienting to be merely a straightforward collection of symbolic junk. No object's use was related to its name. Something that looked and worked like a floor lamp turned out to be a fence post, a telescope, and a plastic cake stand, wired to produce light. Aggregates of machines played the radioactive emissions from one's body back

through guitar amplifiers hung from the ceiling. Visual punning marked nearly every object in the house. Overall, it had the impact of a brilliant work of art. But Zero did not consider himself an artist; he regarded his house as a means of self-protection, not of self-expression.

Zero's speech, like his house, was disorienting. In the monologue below, reconstructed by John Farrah, a writer and friend of Zero's, Zero discourses on the great conspiracy he devoted so much energy to protecting himself from.

*This isn't something I usually run down. People don't want to hear about it. They figure that if this is true then what's the use. Even if somebody brave like the National Enquirer ran it down, which I suppose is impossible, nobody could handle it.*

*Here's the deal. There's this thing, you know, that would like us all to be very nice polite robots. First, they planned to build androids to replace us. It would either be when you're sleeping or at work or in jail. I used to think that this was unbelievable, but I got busted once, and they really dug on beating me up. I'm sure they get off on offending people, too. You've heard about how every couple of hundred years there's a bunch of people who disappear? Well, they're being offed by GM and getting recycled into new cars. There's a computer under Rochester, Michigan. It completely ran the Vietnam war. That's right, and what's happening now is that the computers of GM have figured out*

"Paranoia provides the comfort of a universe ordered about oneself, a comfort that many people are willing to pay for in the currency of anguish."



Jerry Sarapochiello

\* "I don't have to spell it out," the President told a group of milk producers during a tape-recorded meeting.

*a master scheme to turn us into androids via the food we eat. And McDonald's is the front for the whole thing, and the president of GM is actually Ronald McDonald, who's a front in a scheme to rip off our minds and souls. They're planting electrodes and embalming fluid and synthetic God-knows-what in our food. Did you know that the most widely used preservative in white bread is embalming fluid? We're being turned into robots without a hand being laid on us! Maybe those satellites up there are programmed to control us, and it's some kind of worldwide monitoring system. And with all this shit inside us from eating Quarter Pounders that undoubtedly strangle up our minds, who even thinks about all of this?*

*I worked for Pontiac Motors for a while before I went into the Army, and I used to think that maybe the assembly line was once used to turn out robots. Anyway, there was this food company there that filled all the vending machines and ran the plant cafeterias. It was called Prophet Food. Can you dig that? I mean, it's like saying, "Fuck you, we're going to turn you into androids," you know? Oh, man, I ate one of their hamburgers by mistake once. I got sick and couldn't think straight for a few days. Anyway, every day the workers came in like perfect robots and made the cars that were probably melted down years later and made into bombs or something. Hardly anybody picks up on it—you just had a Big Mac or some other kind of poison and you're driving around trying to relate to the cops. Who's going to be able to think about Pontiac Motors? I mean, you gotta get up tomorrow and be there at 6:28 anyway. So pick up a six-pack and forget about it. It's the whole system. It's its own preservative. And it doesn't matter where you work, man, 'cause it's all GM. Generous Motors. What else is there to say? No one believes it. No one dares even think about it. But it's not their fault. We're all just calcium propionate on this bus.*

**L**IKE HIS HOUSE, Zero's monologue makes one think of art. The hamburger conspiracy is a striking metaphor for the life Zero sees around him. But Zero is innocent of satiric purpose. He has turned the metaphor on its head. It is not a metaphor to him; it is reality, and he lives inside it.

It is a commonplace of both art and psychology that the line between madness and genius is sometimes difficult to draw. But Zero would seem to fall on one side of it, and a self-aware artist like Thomas Pynchon on the other. In his novel *The Crying of Lot 49*, Pynchon presents a massive conspiracy discovered by a young Southern California housewife, Oedipa Maas. As she begins to find connections between Tupperware, her psychiatrist, a giant corporation called Yoyodyne, perpetual-motion machines, an underground postal system called WASTE, the

Mafia, a Jacobean tragedy, the German noble family of Thurn und Taxis, and so on, Oedipa begins to doubt her sanity.

*Change your name to Miles, Dean, Serge and/or Leonard, baby, she advised her reflection in the half-light of that afternoon's vanity mirror. Either way, they'll call it paranoia. They. Either you have stumbled indeed, without the aid of LSD or other indole alkaloids, onto a secret richness and concealed density of dream; onto a network by which X number of Americans are truly communicating whilst reserving their lies, recitations of routine, arid betrayals of spiritual poverty, for the official government delivery system; maybe even onto a real alternative to the existlessness, to the absence of surprise to life, that harrows the head of everybody American you know, and you too, sweetie. Or you are hallucinating it. Or a plot has been mounted against you, so expensive and elaborate, involving items like the forging of stamps and ancient books, constant surveillance of your movements, planting of post horn images all over San Francisco, bribing of librarians, hiring of professional actors and Pierce Inverarity only knows what-all besides, all financed out of the estate in a way either too secret or too involved for your nonlegal mind to know about even though you are co-executor, so labyrinthine that it must have meaning beyond just a practical joke. Or you are fantasizing some such plot, in which case you are a nut, Oedipa, out of your skull.*

*The Crying of Lot 49*, like Pynchon's latest book, *Gravity's Rainbow*, is a story whose plot is a plot—a fiction with the structure of a paranoid delusion. Pynchon verbally (like Zero visually) uses puns, metaphors, and layers of symbols so intricately that he ends by making one doubt one's own sanity—which is his purpose. The codes are never explicit, and therein lies the hostility of the arts of paranoia. The reader (or house guest) must work terribly hard to feel even minimally oriented. Neither in art nor in life is paranoia a generous state of mind.

### A useful disorder

**O**NE OF PHILIP K. DICK's most delightful science-fiction novels, *Clans of the Alphane Moon*, is full of paranoids. The story unfolds on an obscure moon that colonists from Earth had used as a mental hospital and then abandoned. Left to their own devices, the former mental patients have organized a workable society, dividing themselves into "clans" according to diagnosis. A psychiatrist from Earth rockets in for a visit, looks around, and speculates on the sociology of the moon. "The paranoids—actually paranoid schizophrenics—would func-



tion as the statesman class," she says. "They'd be in charge of developing political ideology and social programs—they'd have the overall world view." And, she concludes, "Leadership in this society would naturally fall to the paranoids, they'd be superior individuals in terms of initiative, intelligence and just plain innate ability. Of course, they'd have trouble keeping the manics from staging a coup."

No doubt Dick exaggerates. But the fact remains that paranoia (unlike, for example, catatonia) is not necessarily a bar to many kinds of success, including success at leading people. Paranoids, in the course of maintaining and defending their delusionary premises, often develop aptitudes for reasoning, for organization, for argument and persuasion. Paranoids are fond of patterns, and they abhor confusion and uncertainty. For them there are no accidents, and nothing is coincidental. Their dogged tenacity and the supreme confidence with which some of them are able to elucidate their all-embracing theories and nostrums can result in their accession to positions of power. "Though a great many patients with paranoia have to be hospitalized," notes Norman A. Cameron of the Yale School of Medicine, "some do not, and among these an occasional one succeeds in building up a following of persons who believe him to be a genius or inspired."

Paranoids live in a state of perpetual crisis. They are always ready for catastrophe. A psychiatrist has recalled an incident that occurred when he was attached to the staff of a large mental hospital. A gas main had broken, and the poisonous fumes were seeping into the wards. It was vital that the hospital be evacuated, and the staff was undermanned. The expected chaos and panic did not materialize, however, because a group of paranoid schizophrenics, once released from their cells, immediately took charge of the evacuation, organized it, and carried it out quickly and efficiently. These paranoids saw nothing unusual in the fact that the hospital was about to be engulfed by an invisible, deadly, malevolent force.

The average person has many worries, but there is one thing he does not generally worry about. He does not worry that somewhere, without his knowledge, a secret tribunal is about to order him seized, drugged, and imprisoned without the right of appeal. Indeed, anyone who worries overmuch about such a thing, and expresses that worry repeatedly and forcefully enough, would probably be classified as a paranoid schizophrenic.

And, once he is so classified, the probable next step is for a secret tribunal to convene, and, without his knowledge, order him to be seized, drugged, and imprisoned without the right of appeal. Such, at any rate, is the situation in many states of the Union, where com-

mitment laws empower official boards to hospitalize involuntarily a "mentally ill" person whose "illness" renders him unable to appreciate his need for treatment. Whatever else this may prove, it does suggest the power of paranoia to refashion the objective world, as well as the subjective universe, in its own image.

These talents for crisis management and self-fulfilling prophecy are not limited to hospitalized paranoids. Persons who see life as a series of "crises," and who pride themselves on being "the coolest man in the room" when a crisis actually develops, sometimes rise to positions of the highest responsibility. The same is true of people who believe themselves persecuted and harassed by "enemies" who are out to "get" them—and who, as a sort of "protective-reaction strike," persecute and harass these same "enemies." The danger such a person incurs is that with the powers of his high position at his disposal, he may force reality into a conformity with his delusions. He will then find himself besieged by *real* enemies, who will indeed do their best to "get" him. But since such a person has been preparing for precisely this all his life, he will be well equipped to "fight like hell" when his back is against the wall.

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### Making enemies real

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**A**N INDIVIDUAL PARANOID may (as one authority puts it) join "some fanatical movement in current vogue, in this way succeeding sometimes in sublimating his excessive zeal and saving himself from further illness." The paranoid tendencies of social groups sublimate themselves in another fashion. Supermarkets have their security guards; cities have their police forces, states have their state troopers. And nations—which conduct their relations with one another according to rules that are even less binding and explicit than those governing individual behavior—have their armies.

In any large country, it is the solemn duty of the military establishment to be paranoid on behalf of the nation as a whole. Here in the United States, the Department of Defense employs hundreds of superb logicians—"contingency planners"—to imagine the most appalling, most devious, most diabolical horrors that could possibly be perpetrated by other nations against our own. And, so as to be able to deal with any and all such hypothetical nightmares, it employs and equips millions of soldiers, sailors, and airmen at a cost of scores of billions of dollars each year. Although there has not been a large-scale war in nearly thirty years, the Department of Defense maintains at all times what it calls the "capability" of fighting two-and-a-half wars the size of World War II.

The Department of Defense also maintains,

"The Nixon years have been a Golden Age of political paranoia. The Administration saw politics as an array of reified conspiracies against it and behaved accordingly."

at hair-trigger readiness, an arsenal of nuclear weapons which, if used, would destroy all the major cities of the Soviet Union and China and kill nearly all the people in them. The rationale behind this arsenal is that if we in the United States lacked these weapons, other countries that do possess them would use them against us. Or, to put the rationale more precisely, it is thought to be *more likely* that other countries would attack a disarmed United States than it is thought that the United States and other countries will destroy each other (through inadvertence, miscalculation, or a suicidal-homicidal paroxysm) under the existing "balance of terror" arrangement.

Some people believe that this logic is faulty, that the possibility of an unprovoked nuclear attack on a disarmed United States would be remote—more remote, at least, than the possibility of mutual destruction is now. Some people believe that to maintain an enormously expensive and dangerous "deterrent" against the possibility of such a monstrous, hypothetical crime is to enshrine paranoid delusion as the governing principle of international affairs. The people who believe these things are very few. Most of their fellow citizens regard them as hopelessly naive and unrealistic.

American society at large believes in the usefulness of maintaining an army, but it also recognizes that the military perception of reality is inevitably a distorted one. For this reason, among others, the military has been kept subservient to the civilian authority, even in specifically military matters. The wisdom of this arrangement is apparent when one examines a country like Chile, where the military forces have overthrown the civilian authorities and have begun the task of restructuring society in their own image. When a military government as serious as Chile's goes to work, the result is a terrifying, bloody purge—a kind of political psychotic episode—followed by an attempt to construct a society as rationalized, as well organized, and as free of uncertainty as the most highly articulated paranoid delusion.

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### Positive paranoia

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**P**ARANOIA IS CUSTOMARILY thought of as a distressing experience. It is terrible to be persecuted, even if the perceived mode of persecution happens to be imaginary. Delusions of grandeur, pleasant in themselves, can turn into nightmares when others disbelieve in them. And the shared paranoia of belief in malevolent conspiracies arises from a conviction that something is very wrong with the way things are.

In his book *The Natural Mind*, Andrew Weil describes an anomaly that turned up in psychological testing administered by the Haight-

Ashbury Research Project of the Department of Psychiatry of Mount Zion Hospital, in San Francisco. Weil calls this anomaly "positive paranoia." On the Rorschach test, a number of subjects showed a marked "W-tendency." The Rorschach test is a series of ten increasingly fragmented inkblots. Someone who tries to account for every drib and drab of ink is said to have a strong "W-tendency," or "Whole-tendency," which correlates well to paranoia. Yet these particular subjects were unmistakably happy people. The tests said they were paranoid, and in a way they were—each of them thought the universe was a sort of conspiracy organized for his or her own benefit. Such beliefs may be no more realistic than the delusions of "normal" paranoia, but they undoubtedly make for a jollier type of paranoid.

Weil defines paranoia as "the tendency to see external events and things forming patterns that appear to be inimical." (Pattern-seeing, by itself, Weil views as neutral.) Positive paranoia would therefore be the tendency to see events and things forming patterns that appear to be beneficent. By these definitions, however, mere pessimism would qualify as (negative) paranoia, and any religion that posits a benevolent Providence would be a species of positive paranoia. So, for that matter, would any system of social analysis (such as Marxism or classical economics) that finds in the workings of history a progression toward a desirable goal.

Weil's definition seems to us to leave out one element of paranoia. Accordingly, we would amend it to say that paranoia is the tendency to see external events and things forming patterns that appear to be harmful (negative paranoia) or beneficent (positive paranoia), which patterns appear to center upon the person seeing. Now it is not pessimism *per se* that is paranoid, but rather belief in a hostile universe focusing its enmity on oneself. And it is not religion *per se* that is an instance of positive paranoia, but rather a particular kind of religious experience: in Weil's phrase, the perception of the universe as "a radially symmetrical pattern, its center coinciding with the center of focused consciousness." Such experiences are a goal of many kinds of religious and spiritual disciplines. The mandalas of Tibetan Buddhism are, in a sense, maps of precisely this variety of experience.

The concept of positive paranoia is a useful one because it sheds light on the connection between madness and transcendental experience and also because it illuminates what is so seductive about paranoia in general: the comfort of a universe ordered about oneself, a comfort that many people are willing to pay for in the currency of anguish. Paranoia is the very opposite of meaninglessness; indeed, paranoia drenches every detail of the world in meaning. □



# VERSE: TALES TOLD OF THE FATHERS

by John Hollander

## THE MOMENT

In a cold glade sacred to nothing  
He stood waiting, withholding his gaze  
From unquestioned sky, unanswering  
Grass, he later supposed, all the while  
Growing unfelt beneath his bared soles.  
The sky was not green although the grass  
Was gray, and he felt the moment pass,  
With no breath, when some ten of them might  
Have come whispering through the dark brush,  
Past spaces of water and beyond  
Regions of erased shapes in the air,  
To conduct him far away on foot  
To a place not of earth, but only  
Of abominations: dirt and soil,  
Shit and mud mingling in wet trenches,  
Where he would have stood bound and retching.  
Aghast, but of course unsurprised as  
Soundlessly the things were done, as then  
The trembling foal dropped into a vat  
Of rotten wine, the kid fell forward  
Into the seething milk—but the wind  
Breathed for him; the moment came and went  
For the thin ten that time. He would wait.

## THE SIGN

When he saw a skull floating  
On the face of the waters  
With a mind of air and eyes  
Of wind, it was not a sign  
Of drowning generations  
Themselves now drowned. It was no  
Mere wonder of mirroring,  
But part of the garbage of  
Pain, the usual offal  
Of encounter: a fallen  
Top of something no choiring  
Winds' melismata question,  
The dark, hollow shard of a  
Vessel of decremented  
Clay, a cup of life emptied.

—And seeing it just at noon,  
Bobbing on bright water at  
The most transparent time, when  
He could look back over his  
Shoulder and see a clear field,  
When his long, ever-vengeful  
Shadow vanishes and stops,  
For a moment, following:  
This was most dreadful of all.

## THE GARDEN

High on his brick cliff his garden hung  
Open eastward and backed against the  
Heights that hid the broad, showy deathbed  
Of the sun, whose Tiepolo gestures  
He read raving reviews of in the  
Fiery mirrors of the west-watching  
Windows set in other distant cliffs.  
It was there that he muttered about  
His pots of spiky dill and broad mint,  
His borders of concealing privet.  
Edenist of the mid-air, he gazed  
At the black oily kernels of dust  
Flung as if by some high sower and  
Languidly fallen through the forenoon  
Over the walls, mingling with his soil.  
He had to make do among smuts  
And fruitless grit; had lopped and pruned all  
The branches of shadow and with care  
Hung the leathern mock-adder among  
His greens to scare grumbling doves away.  
In the evening cool his dull cigar  
Breathed and glowed. This was all that there was  
To keep. And there was nothing to lose.



John Diele

## IMPERIALISM IN REVERSE

The rapacity of rich nations is exceeded only by that of their alleged victims

**T**HE HABIT OF IMPERIALISM has for so long been associated with the image of Western industrial nations that it came as an alarming surprise last winter when imperialistic fiats were proclaimed by the small and ragged sheikdoms of the Middle East. The Arab oil embargo dispelled a number of romantic illusions, among them the necessary virtue of the so-called "Third World," and it proved that the colonial instinct does not depend on accidents of race or culture. The unhappiness in the West followed both from the magnitude of the extortion and from the summary manner in which the money was demanded. We objected not only to the fact of blackmail but also to the embarrassment of contemplating our own weakness.

Admittedly, this is the Western point of view. What appears to us as a hold-up may look like legitimate and land-office business to nations that have long thought themselves powerless and suddenly discover a weapon of great force. The coordinates of world politics have shifted, and it is possible that we have been witnesses to one of those watersheds in world history which, like Waterloo, close one age and open another.

It is not simply that our dependence on small powers has been rather abruptly and unkindly exposed, nor is it that great industrial nations have been held hostage to obtain diplomatic concessions from a third state; it isn't even the sight of the late President Pompidou abjectly bowing before a Libyan usurper—distressing as these circumstances may have been, the big powers have put up with such inconveniences before. Have we not been blackmailed by generals threatening to buy their weapons from the Russians, by self-styled revolutionaries threatening to nationalize our corporations, by corrupt tyrants threatening to be overthrown unless we rescued them with further concessions? These are the burdens of empire. We know that we will be held responsible for every famine and disaster anywhere in the world, and we have become accustomed to paying conscience money.

In the past thirty years gunboat diplomacy

has become impossible, and the big industrial states have become more vulnerable, psychologically and politically, than the small and backward states. This is a lesson that has been repeatedly demonstrated by wars in Korea and Vietnam and by the depredations of kidnappers, bandits, and hijackers. All this we knew, but we were shocked to learn that the power equation between "imperialists" and their poor cousins suddenly had been reversed. The oil embargo revealed a new dimension of imperialism. This was a declaration of political coming of age on the part of the smaller nations possessed of strategic raw materials. Nations that heretofore had been pawns in the chess game of world politics became major pieces, commanding ranks and files on the global board. No longer regarded as dervishes and petty kings, the rulers of these nations became claimants to the councils of international decision. It is not their wealth that has gained them access to these councils, but rather their astute and ruthless use of a monopoly in a peculiar constellation—which might not last and might not recur. Understandably, therefore, they hurry to exploit their unique opportunity before it passes, and so they demand more money, more power, more weapons.

The usual order of events is now being reversed. The new imperialism does not follow the traditional course of long industrial development. Instead it must be financed by windfall profits that can buy the sophisticated weapons of the already-developed West. It used to be thought that it would take unskilled Bedouins at least a generation to learn the technology and discipline of modern warfare. The Yom Kippur war proved that push-button weapons can be used by anybody, and that advanced nations sell these weapons not simply for profit but because they need to ingratiate themselves with their former retainers. Oil-exporting countries now demand computers, rockets, atomic reactors, and other instruments which, for the moment, merely enhance their self-respect but may in good time become instruments of power.



## Dreams of glory

CONTRARY TO WIDESPREAD belief, world politics is not a new interest for underdeveloped nations; nor is it confined to the oil-rich nations. The small, underdeveloped countries have been engaged in more wars during the past twenty-five years than have the bigger powers. It is a myth that low standards of living induce apathy. Quite the opposite. Oriental statesmen always have spoken with pride about their ancient empires. India has fought over Kashmir twice with Pakistan, and she also has fought for Goa, Bangladesh, and uninhabited territory in China. Egypt intervened in Yemen and the Congo. Ghana attempted to become the Prussia of the Sahara when she offered to "police" the Congo. Indonesia subdued West Irian and threatened Brunei. North Vietnamese troops have fought in Laos and Cambodia for twenty years. Nasser imagined himself the new Suleiman and gloried in the memory of Arab kingdoms in Spain. Africans rewrite their history books to celebrate the ancient kingdoms of Mali and Ghana. Léopold Senghor sings of negritude. Jawaharlal Nehru, on writing *Glimpses of*

*World History* in a British prison, proudly displayed the gruesome sequence of the great Mogul conquerors, and he noted with unmistakable satisfaction that Orientals can be as imperialistic as Europeans. To nations in need of self-respect, a past of military triumph seems to imply the promise of national renaissance.

All this, of course, contradicts the preferred image of the Third World, the image projected in its propaganda and proclaimed by its partisans in the West. The poor and oppressed not only enjoy our sympathy, but they also appear to be the innocent victims of other people's guile. They are presumed to be peaceful, if only because the attempt to act like big powers would prove futile. The tactical decision of these countries to remain "nonaligned" in the struggle between the Western and Soviet "blocs" has endowed the Third World with the halo of impartiality and selflessness. Nobody bothers to mention that the halo might be made of brass. The mere suggestion of the sacred number three evokes the ideas of synthesis, transcendence, and a better life—exalted hopes which the biblical prophets associated with the meek; their long struggle for independence makes them heroes of mankind's march toward redemption.

"Having called forth the demon of nationalism, the Arab kings are now its prisoners."



Especially in the eyes of those who despair of the decadent, sated West, the hungry billions of the mysterious East appear as a liberating force and a scourge of God. Socialists who have come to doubt the revolutionary virtue of the proletariat now find a new champion in the Third World; alienated Bohemians study anthropology, not so much to understand human nature as to find their own "other." Western blacks in search of "identity" expect the upsurge of dark Africa to liberate their own urban ghettos, where the daily misery seems to be beyond practical help. In brief, the Third World is seen as the avenger of our sins, and the bloody rites that Frantz Fanon and Malcolm X wanted to visit upon us are hailed as the purgation of a revolutionary rebirth.

The irrational core of this flagellant religion reveals itself in the ratings that various leaders receive in the radical press. The backward rulers of Yemen and the unspeakable Amin of Uganda are mentioned favorably, whereas the Shah of Iran, by comparison a modern despot who promotes agrarian reform, is described as a tyrant: his program of education and amelioration receives no credit from the radicals as long as the rhetoric of defiance and intransigence, especially of confrontation with the United States, is missing from his text.

The ideology of revolution evades the grave problems developing countries should face. It converts every domestic tension into a fight between the "we" and the Western "they"; instead of concrete measures, it proposes a crusade (now called "war of liberation"); and it identifies as the target of action not the real causes of backwardness (illiteracy, superstition, mismanagement, and corruption) but a mythical foreigner: what the Jews were to Hitler, the English to Mussolini, the Americans are to Third World ideologists. To disguise their own schemes, they are prepared to believe in a conspiracy of evil. Sadat, who has shown that he can reason when he needs to, once wrote that it was the aim of the Western nations to humiliate the East, to thwart its aspirations, to keep it undeveloped, and to suppress progress. This at a time when U.S. and U.N. agents were swarming over the Middle East in search of governments that would accept development programs.

Another version of the same myth, as old as romantic literature, holds that the West never had any real culture but built one by sucking the blood of colonized nations, and in the process destroyed the web of ancient village society. This charge is of some importance because on it is based the call for "reparations," preferential tariffs, and special endowments.

It is certainly true that modern manufacture ruined the older cottage industries and that craftsmen had to find employment in the factories. As Marx so eloquently described it,

the advent of capitalism put the weavers, potters, and candlestick makers out of business. This clearly was true in Europe then. But Marx was mistaken in one little detail about Asia: he believed that capitalism would revolutionize Asiatic society, dissolve the old feudalism, and free the people from their oppressive religion. None of this happened, and the reason it did not happen in India explains her present plight.

Even Nehru admitted that the Mogul empire was in decline when the English arrived. The society labored under a rigid caste structure, and a vicious system of land tenure, tax farmers, and feudal overlords undermined its prosperity. Britain was able to plunder it only because exploitation had been habitual, and 50,000 Britons were able to rule 50 million Indians because the Moguls and other conquerors had ruled and robbed India before. Likewise, the Inca and Aztec empires were rotten when the Spaniards came, and so also the Shirazi, the Kikuyu, and other African kingdoms before the arrival of the Europeans.

The present poverty of underdeveloped countries continues the poverty of the broad masses under previous systems. When the foreigners brought industries into various sites in the country, these usually were isolated oases in a desert of backwardness. The profits were taken out of the country, and neither the colonialists nor the natives cared to create a community of interests. If the price of development has been heavy however, underdevelopment exacts even higher costs: epidemics, famine, stagnation.

### Costs and prices

THE THIRD WORLD ideologists nevertheless construct a historical interpretation that a primer of elementary logic would call a fallacy: countries were poor after the colonialists left; hence the colonialists wanted it so. This confusion between *after* and *because* is at the bottom of the dispute between the haves and the have-nots. We are not rich because they are poor; we would in fact be richer if they were richer, too. The imperialists first exploited their own nation to maintain their prodigal sons abroad. J. A. Hobson, a British historian of capitalism from whom Lenin drew most of his arguments, called imperialism "the outdoor sport of the ruling class." He showed that colonialism may be profitable for a few monopolists but that it means a burden on taxpayers in the imperial country, low wages for its workers, higher prices for consumers—in brief, that it does not pay for the colonizing nation.

It is a mistake, therefore, to view the poverty of developing nations as the work of advanced nations. It is an even greater mistake to accept a burden of guilt in return for the suppose



ingdoing. The frictions that exist between the Northern and the Southern Hemispheres (most Third World nations are in the latter) are not metaphysical and moral but economic and therefore capable of definition and solution. They are serious enough. The relations between the financial center and the underdeveloped countries have often been exploitative, and nearly always asymmetrical. Debauched governments have contracted debts that are a burden to their successors; weak governments have been shored up with "loans" that ought to have been recognized frankly as political subsidies. Public utilities, railroads, and manufacturing establishments have been built with foreign capital, and the dividends on these investments still leave the country even though the original cost may have been paid back many times over. Latin America is now receiving less capital from abroad than it is sending back as interest and dividends. This is an unhealthy situation which must lead to inflation and bankruptcy. And aid, if mischarged, has often developed facilities to benefit the giver rather than the recipient.

Radical spokesmen of the Third World reject foreign aid altogether because they feel that it corrupts their governments, and prevents the people from developing a sense of self-reliance. The radicals also dislike foreign aid for reasons of domestic politics: the distribution of aid is a political plum; it offers opportunities for graft, nepotism, get-rich schemes; it helps the incumbent government by creating jobs, and it may create a middle class that intends to enjoy the fruits of independence rather than to waste them on harebrained crusades. If people are satisfied with their incomes, where then is the revolution? What happens to virtue?

But it is clear that governments that really desire a better life for their nations must come to some kind of accommodation with the West: they need capital and technological assistance. Thus the revolutionary generals of Peru and Bolivia first expropriated foreign corporations, then put advertisements in the Wall Street press to invite new investments. Even Allende was negotiating with a consortium of international banks on means of refinancing Chile's debts, including a roundabout way of paying token compensation for the copper mines. He might have stayed the hand of his murderers had he been able to resist the pressure of extremists who wanted a symbolic confrontation. The Arab kings are in a similar position: having called forth the demon of nationalism, they are now its prisoners. They must support the radical irredentists from whom they hate and fear. Nor is peace helped by the Russian strategy of fanning every fire. At present Western diplomacy is trying to extinguish each technical problem and politicizing each economic issue. Every negotiation about a cus-

toms tariff is transformed into a confrontation between the worthy poor and the arrogant rich. In this way the governments of the Southern Hemisphere manage to pose as defenders of their peoples against foreign domination; but in order to convincingly mouth the rhetoric of their more revolutionary rivals, they must inject into international relations a note of bitterness not favorable to negotiations.

Here is the difficulty. Since negotiations may not bring total success, the national revolution calls for unilateral acts. The most visible proof of dependence, of course, is the presence of foreign corporations. To nationalize them is not only popular politically; it also means jobs for loyal servants of the ruling party, or actual positions of power which may outlast a change of government. I have indicated that in many instances economic conditions favor nationalization, but in the Third World the most popular motive is political, and I think this is another example of fallacious logic. Unsophisticated students feel that the political will of a nation should be paramount and override all economic considerations. Governments must deal with economic realities, and if these are explained to the politicians by the director of a foreign company, the logic of "after, hence because" leads to the conclusion that it is the foreign character of the influence that stands in the way of political desire. The trend toward nationalization must be welcomed, therefore, not for any ethical reason but because it will permit the nationalists to face their real problems. In the West nationalization is resisted mostly for ideological reasons. We must learn to look at it as a form of bankruptcy.

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### Rich revolutionaries

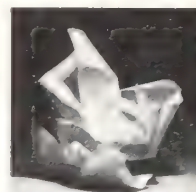
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**I**T HAS LONG BEEN recognized that foreign aid—with the awkwardness of giving it and the humiliation of receiving it—could be almost superfluous (except in emergencies and special situations of hardship) if consumers in the advanced countries were to pay more for their coffee and other basic commodities. We remember the days when Roosevelt fought the Depression by raising farm prices, dumping wheat into the ocean, and plowing little pigs under the soil. After World War II, international cartels controlled the markets in wheat, coffee, and cocoa. The sugar quota, too, is a form of cartel; the acreage of cotton and tobacco is rigorously controlled. A copper cartel functions from time to time, and two bloody dictators, Mussolini and Franco, had a monopoly of mercury. On the face of it, there is nothing especially revolutionary about raising and fixing prices.

The circumstances of the oil price rise—its defiant announcement in the wake of the embargo, the swiftness and steepness of the rise, the

"The bloody rites that Frantz Fanon and Malcolm X wanted to visit upon us are hailed as the purgation of a revolutionary rebirth."

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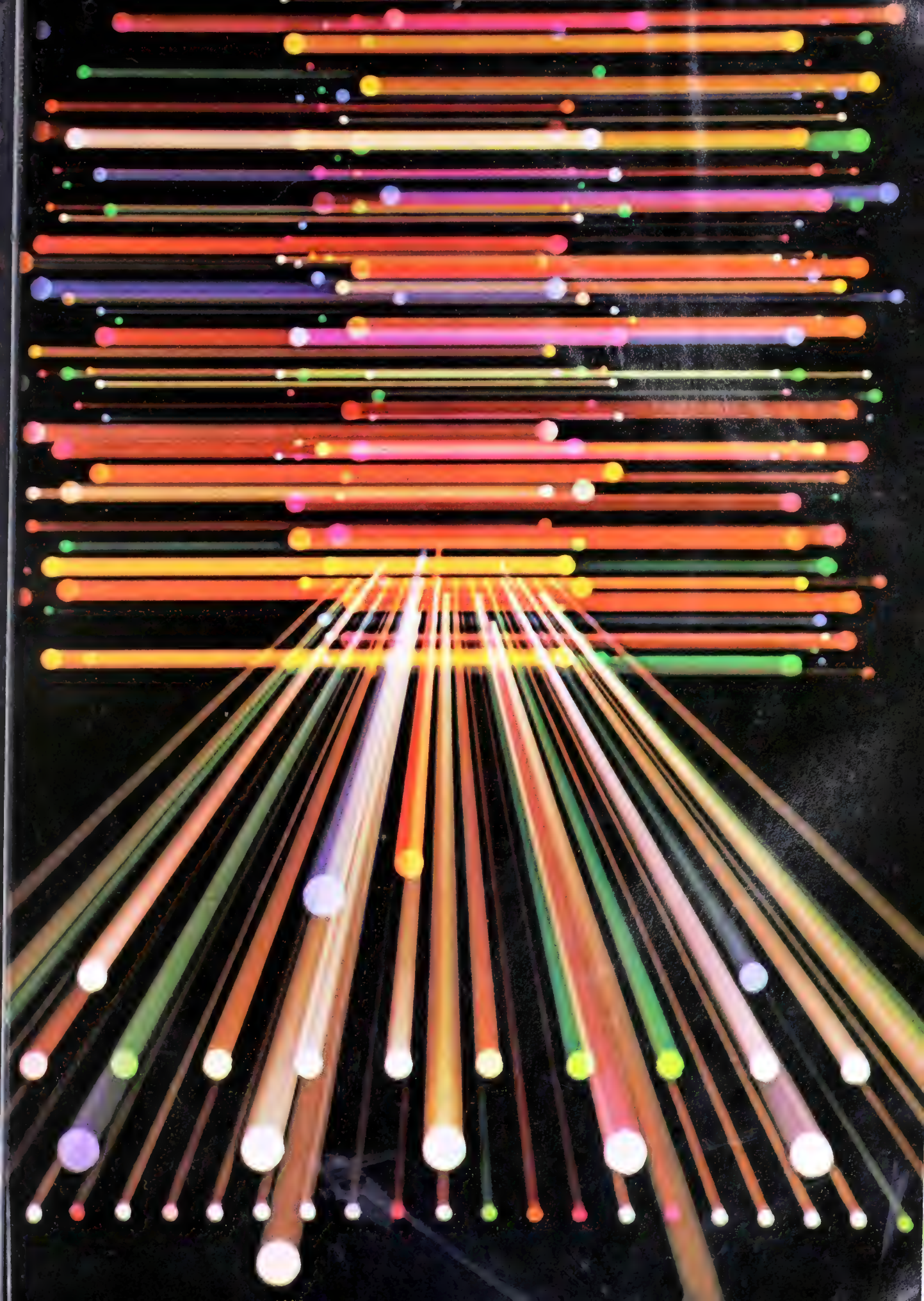
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Henry M.  
Pachter  
IMPERIALISM  
IN REVERSE

almost hysterical reaction of the consumers—have given this action a flavor of rebellion. From the point of view of the Arab governments, it undercuts the demagoguery of the radicals. It looks dynamic, it is anti-Western, and it seems to be a political act. Oil, customarily regarded as dirty and smelly, suddenly is pure. Politics is shown to dominate economics. The revolution of the poor nations is being led by some of the richest people on earth.

These developments may bring some regrouping to the leadership of the Third World. Some rulers, the new imperialists, may want to accommodate themselves with the old rich to whose club they will now be admitted. But the majority of the underdeveloped countries will remain poor. It has yet to be seen whether the oil-rich countries will contribute any of their wealth to the starving fraternity of the Third World. Kuwait last year received over \$2 billion in oil revenues, and yet it offered only \$300,000 to assistance programs sponsored by the U.N. Saudi Arabia collected over \$4 billion in oil revenues and contributed nothing. The Shah of Iran has promised the World Bank a billion dollars; the ruler of Abu Dhabi will create a development fund of \$3 billion, and other Arab producers may be pressed to "invest" in a development bank—where they probably will practice "neocolonialism" on their poorer brothers, who are now called the Fourth World.

To take the heat off himself and other oil-producing countries, President Boumédiène of Algeria called for a Special Session of the United Nations General Assembly, to deal especially with questions of "raw materials." Last April he presented there his most demagogic demands, designed to restore the unity of the developing countries. Ironically, it was the Westerners who pointed out that the price increases worked their greatest injustices in the underdeveloped countries themselves, collectively and individually. The developing nations without oil resources will be required to pay over \$15 billion for oil imports in 1974, as opposed to \$5.2 billion in 1973, and for lack of fertilizer they may suffer famine. Another paradox was that the "socialist" countries defended the right of each producer to uphold his "sovereign" interest with the capitalist instruments of monopoly, whereas the capitalist countries decried and denounced such "socialist" measures as cartelization of an industry, and defended the right of free access for all to the riches of the earth.

**T**HE NEW IMPERIALISM of the oil-rich countries is even more parasitical than the old imperialism. It does not develop new resources but merely redistributes the income from resources already developed. It hides its own selfish designs behind the slogan of "sovereignty,"

which appeals to the poorest and most oppressed nations still under colonial or semicolonial control. But the really underdeveloped nations do not need more sovereignty; they need more internationalism, more recognition of the interdependence of all nations, more cooperation rather than revolution. They need to open themselves to a restructuring of their social framework which will create investment opportunities.

The old industrial countries began their ascendancy with cotton goods and sewing machines; the new countries start with steel mills. The old capitalism started out with rising wage levels; the new dictators begin by buying excessive weapons systems. This is the structure of underdevelopment which breeds underdevelopment.

For the time being, the new imperialists may continue to use their revolutionary rhetoric, but after the raw-materials conference and the other conferences that follow, it will become increasingly impossible for them to pretend that the politics of confrontation will help other underdeveloped countries to emerge from the colonial cocoon. The victories of last winter have had at least one beneficial result: the new nations have gained self-confidence. They need no longer feel that they must humiliate us in order to prove their own worth.

On the other hand, the advanced nations should understand that their developing peers are no longer their wards. They are partners in business, and they should be given the opportunity that they demand: to assume full responsibility for the fate of their own countries and for the management of their international affairs. The established nations have previously admitted to their club nations which had once been underdeveloped—Italy, the Soviet Union and Japan are examples. There is no reason to deny membership to any newcomer. On principle the international system is open.

But the question is not who shall rule but who shall die. One-third of the earth's population, a billion people in Asia and Africa, may be undernourished, perhaps starving, next year. The boom in raw-materials prices deprives them of oil, fertilizer, and grains. A more equitable distribution of all resources is possible only if all nations help to organize the exchange of goods. President Boumédiène has called for a new order in international relations. If that new order is not to mean simply the old system with new people in the top echelons, then the new rich countries must abandon their unilateral ultimatum and submit their resources to the kind of international control that they now demand on a national basis. The anarchic planning of multinational corporations and cartels must be replaced, not by an even greater anarchy of national monopolies but by truly international agencies of planning for human needs.



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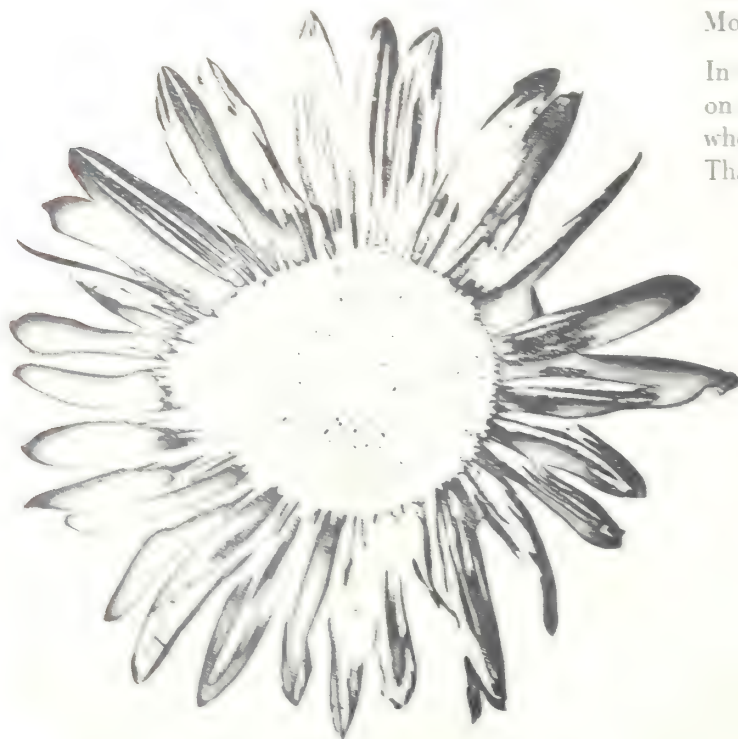
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# VERSE

## THE ABORTION

by Virginia Gardner

I walk the levee watching the ships  
Thrusting mile-high rusted prows up the river  
Too close in, like sliding drive-in movie screens  
Exotically titled, The Florida, The Belladonna,  
Attended by tugboats. They could cramp the necks  
Of black boys slapping fish on the dock.  
Square-headed eels twisting middles thick with evil.  
Oil-slick catfish pumping red at the gill  
In buckets spilling gut strings; and of old men  
Swaying poles like flyswatters, with a quick wrist  
Finding the precise entrance to their very fish.  
The other hand betting sagaciously on a queen.  
Or maybe bluffing. Beside the placid water  
I take my place among the women. All day long.  
Thighs belling out on the levee, all heads bandanna-flat and red.  
They mark the sun's hours behind the enormity of ships.  
Casting a hook or a safety pin in the clogged river.  
The ashen, bloated face of the drowned.



## THE SUNDAY CAKE

by Sonya Dorman

Foxglove. A black rash in yellow bells.  
That her paws should be so small.  
Ground fog blears suburban grass while  
horns from the city crow softly.

She refuses to be disturbed where she stands.  
That her heart should be so small.

When houses catch fire at night  
trucks clang from their barns; police,  
ambulance, priest; the skin curls  
and blackens.

In Neuilly the matron's face flames  
back from the silver. At Ostheim the land-  
lady groans over the hose's black fountain.

That her forest should be so thin.  
Pines pop in umbrellas of resinous arrows.  
The fox carries its tail on fire to the lake.

Burnt, the Sunday cake blackens and smokes  
while she smooths on a glove of salve.  
Pain caws in her throat, held back:  
Mother, be brave, it's only scorched nerve.

In the wing of the kitchen no one comes  
on Sundays or blue summer afternoons,  
where the yellow curtains hang.  
That her flowers should be so few.



## THE FURNITURE FACTORY

by Vern Rutsala

Upstairs the sanders  
rubbed fingernails  
thin, hands shiny  
and soft as a barber's—  
men past forty  
down on their luck.  
Below, I worked in a haze  
of fine dust  
sifting down—  
the lives of the sanders  
sifting down, delicately  
riding the cluttered  
beams of light.  
I pounded nails  
on the line.  
The wood swallowed hard  
nailheads like coins  
too thin to pick up.  
Lunchtimes I read—  
You gonna be  
a lawyer, Ace?—  
then forgot the alphabet  
as I hammered  
afternoons flat.  
My father worked there too  
breathing the sanding  
room's haze.  
We ate quiet lunches together  
in the car.  
In July  
he quit—I and  
soft, thick fingernails  
feathery at the tips.

## REEDY'S GALAXY

by Vern Rutsala

On summer nights  
The south wall  
Of Tim Reedy's  
Tarpaper shack  
Looked like a sky  
Full of stars  
Lamplight  
Shining through  
The countless  
Tiny holes  
He put there  
Killing flies  
With his silver 22

## IN THE SALT'S WINNOWING

by Rod McManigal

Filling the moonpools  
With the tides' silvering  
All the seas' fishes  
Swim against the tug  
Of the grasses smacking  
Like nets and the coral  
Husks demonstrating  
Fish rage  
Between the polarities:  
No fish chooses  
Wakefulness or sleep.  
But feels the heady  
Propulsion in his gills  
And his remembering  
Blood, passionate  
In the salt's winnowing



John Deere

# LETTERS HOME

## The short and senseless war of Private Kingsley

*Anyone who studies the published history of Americans in the Vietnam war must be struck by a glaring imbalance: there are far more arguments concerning policy than there are telling human stories about how the war changed the lives of individuals. It is as if scholars believe that history is woven with the threads of issues instead of lives, and that it unfolds on a scale so far beyond the personal dimension that we must always generalize away from specific experience.*

*To begin understanding the war as a personal matter—and thus to begin understanding the way it has changed the country—there should be a book called The People's History of Viet-*

*nam, which could take form as a collection of letters showing the war as it was embedded in individual lives. Such a book could begin with the correspondence that follows, a twenty-four-year-old infantryman's letters home to his parents and his best friend. Written over a period of about four months in late 1970 and early 1971, they provide a singular record of one man's war. Private Kingsley's parents, who live in Toledo, Ohio, sent us the letters, saying they wanted to share them with more people and that they hoped we would publish them. If others have similar correspondences to share, a people's history might yet come into being.*

### December

Dear Mom and Dad,

This postcard is from our stopover in Anchorage, Alaska. I am writing this while sitting in a bar—that's why the handwriting is so bad—can't see 'cause it's dark).

Love  
Tom

Dear Mom and Dad,

This country is so beautiful, I don't believe it! It reminds me of Canada. It's so calm, picturesque, and serene. Presently I'm at Cam Ranh Bay. It's like a small resort town.

Love  
Tom

Dear Mom and Dad,

It's hard to experience Christmas when it's 110 degrees out. However, in between beers I managed to dream what it was like on the morning of Christmas. We didn't have to work today—they gave us a special dinner and free beer—so if this letter sounds incoherent it's because I had more beer than dinner. Merry Christmas!

I bought myself a camera, so I should have a lot of good shots when I get back. As I said before, this place is really beautiful, and I was not surprised to find that many lifers bring their wives and families out here to live.

I spent Christmas with some close friends (you'd be surprised how fast you meet "friends"), listened to Bob Hope on the radio (he was about 30 miles away—and went to a show they had on our firebase. I still haven't reached my final destination, so don't try to write yet. It will be another week before I find out what I'll be doing and where.

So far everything has been real quiet and everything is going fine. There are always rumors flying around though. The lifers say the war is over and everyone is pulling out. We were told we would be pulling out the 15th of January—that doesn't mean me, specifically—it means my division, the 1st Cavalry; no telling when they'll get to my company.

By the way, I enjoyed Christmas a day earlier than you did.

Merry Christmas and Love  
Tom

Dear Mom and Dad,

You'll have to excuse the handwriting again; I'm using a single cracked board as a backboard, and my hands are terribly dirty.

I have finally reached my end destination (I don't mean that facetiously!), a place called Mace Firebase. During the welcoming orientation it was stated only two men have been killed in the last six months from this battalion, which numbers about 600 men. So I guess I am in a fairly safe location.

The name Air Cavalry refers to air mobility. Wherever we go we are transported by helicopter. You know how I am afraid of height; well, these people are scaring the hell out of me! I guess these helicopters are safe, though, but it seems to me they are held together with string and chewing gum; they rattle, shake, and lurch something terrible. All kidding aside, though, these helicopters are really efficient. They carry rockets, machine guns, small bombs, and other assorted weapons. They fly both daytime and nighttime missions, by means of a large searchlight on the latter. Transport helicopters carry about ten men each and are flanked and protected by gunships

(helicopters loaded with armament).

Before we go on a mission, artillery will clear an area with heavy bombing. They will then shift their target to the perimeter of the area we are to land in, in case the enemy wishes to attack us. When we are dropped off, the gunships will hover in the area until our position is positively fortified; then it will make runs in the surrounding area up to a mile out looking for the enemy. Sounds pretty safe, doesn't it. I hope so!

Right now I am on guard duty. I sit in a bunker with three other guys and listen to what is happening on the other side of the barbed wire. The other side of this wire is off limits to everyone after six o'clock and you're supposed to shoot on sight. However, we never do—too many drunken GIs around. Just a while ago there were two kids playing about 100 yards from the wire. Naturally we didn't shoot them, even though they could have been VC, but instead called headquarters, who in turn sent a party out to question them. All was legitimate and the kids were sent on their way.

By the way, have a good time on New Year's Eve, even though this letter is late.

Well, it's getting dark now so I have to concentrate on my work.

Love  
Tom

### January

Dear Mom and Dad,

Well, I'm getting used to living the life of Tarzan. Outside of an occasional three day holiday I will be IN THE JUNGLE for one year. So the list of things I need, which are



ted later, may seem unusual to you  
t are important to me.

Our daily routine consists of:  
(ting up at sunrise; marching a  
tain distance through the jungle;  
ting up another camp; patrolling the  
arby area; then sleep. (Each  
rson stands on guard for one and  
half hours each night.)

Recreation consists of listening  
the radio (at a very low volume),  
aying cards, reading books,  
llshitting, and other things. However,  
hasn't been boring! Every three  
say we receive food, water, ammunition,  
d a whole crate full of books  
helicopter.

By the way, I really enjoy the  
mping out bit. So this is what I need.  
ould get it myself, but needless  
say I won't get to a store!

1. Container of garlic salt
2. Kool-Aid
3. Can opener—the kind you open  
beer cans with
4. Sun tan lotion
5. An apparatus that fits through  
my belt loop to hold things on
6. Most importantly, a large hunting  
knife with sheath; a machete  
would not be too big
7. Leather or plastic straps to hold  
the knife to my lower leg;  
also extra straps if possible,  
to carry things with

By the way, one of the books they  
opped off was "War and Peace"  
Tolstoy. Right now I'm *trying*  
read it, but it's hard—takes too  
ch concentration.

*Love  
Tom*

ood morning dear parents,  
Right now I'm having my morning  
ffee after a good night's sleep.  
e get logged today (resupplied)  
I'm in an exceptionally good mood.  
thing new to report except that  
sterday our fearless leader (he's  
ally a good guy) goofed up and we  
lled in a circle for about an hour!  
By the way, if you haven't bought  
a large knife yet, I would prefer  
machete. Dad probably *knows*  
at a machete is! Be sure it has a  
eath with it though; I have to strap  
to my leg. If you already bought  
knife, that's o.k. Either will be used  
cut down bushes and small trees  
clear an area to sleep.

Also, you could send me the names  
d addresses of our family and friend.  
I can write them—as usual I lost  
em within 3 days after departing  
ledo.

I guess that's about it. It's 10 o'clock  
ght now and we will be moving

out soon to meet the helicopter that  
brings in supplies.

Say "hello" to the family for me and  
emphasize I will write them as soon  
as I get their addresses *again*. It's a good  
thing I can remember my home address!

*Got to go  
Tom*

Good morning,

It's log day again so it's time to write  
letters. When they log us food and  
water they also throw in a hot meal  
(relatively hot) which is nice. Last log  
we received a barrel of steaks and  
a barrel of mashed potatoes. You stick  
your hand in the barrel and grab a steak,  
then using the steak as a spoon you  
scoop up some potatoes. Sounds crude,  
but it tastes good after canned and  
freeze-dried food every day. They also  
send down beer and Coke, which  
everyone chips in for. I usually take  
the Coke and save it for dinners,  
but today Bob and I are going to get  
drunk (if possible)—you only get  
either 3 Cokes or 3 beers.

If we were ever to be attacked,  
the best time would be log day because  
the whole scene reminds me of a group  
of little kids on Christmas morning—  
guys running everywhere, eating and  
drinking, with not a care in the world.

I am anxious to get my knife,  
I really need it. Which reminds  
me of a funny story. Bob, my best  
friend here, wrote home to his mother  
and asked her to send him a knife.  
Meanwhile, here we are carrying gun-  
hand grenades, land mines, and all  
kinds of other weaponry. So she wrote  
back and says she is not going  
to send him one because he doesn't  
want him playing with knives.  
They are too dangerous! He finally  
talked her into it.

They added a new member to our  
squad—a German shepherd dog.  
He supposedly has the ability to smell  
gooks from 50 yards away. I don't  
know if he can do it or not, but  
I do sleep easier at night. The dog is  
surprisingly well trained, he acts  
on hand signals given by his master.  
The only problem is that the master must  
carry an extra 25 lbs. in dog food,  
and believe me, we have enough to carry!

In a few days we will be transported  
by helicopter to our LZ (landing zone)  
for five days rest, thus completing  
my first mission in Viet Nam.

Latest rumor has it that our division  
will be pulling out in the next two  
months—our next destination being  
Guam for standby duty in case things  
flare up here again. It's just rumor  
though, we can't get your hopes  
up—I'm out.

Well, the helicopter is coming in now  
which transports this letter, so I have to go

*Love  
Tom*

Dear Bob,

I'm sitting on the jungle floor as I  
write this. It isn't as bad as I thought it  
would be—or maybe I'm just used to it.  
Everything I own and plan to eat and  
drink is on my back—we're resupplied  
by helicopter every four days. We just  
tramp around the jungle till about noon,  
set up a camp, talk, then go to bed. I  
really enjoy sleeping under the stars, if  
you can believe that! The atmosphere is  
completely relaxed—there just *could*  
never dream of going out and looking for  
trouble. The guy who leads us is a college  
ROTC grad, and his combatant  
aspirations are about as high as mine  
are—maybe a little lower. (My gun  
hasn't left my shoulder yet.)

When we're resupplied they also drop  
down a case of books. They send us  
everything from science books and science  
fiction to mysteries, novels, and mags. I  
just finished four stories by Tolstoy.  
After 12 o'clock we're left to ourselves to  
do anything we want.

After 20 days in the jungle they will  
transport us by helicopter to an LZ, which  
is nothing more than a cleared away  
protected football field. At least there,  
though, they have a place to shower and  
you can get as much to drink as you want.  
You don't do anything on the LZ, just  
rest, play football, etc. This lasts for 5  
days—then back to the jungle (20 days  
out—five in) that's the routine. The only  
complaint I have is that I don't get  
enough to eat and particularly drink (in  
the jungle). I'm out now and won't get  
anything till tomorrow—boy I wish I had  
a nice big pitcher of Kool Aid in front of  
me right now. Time really goes quickly—I  
don't even know what day it is.

*Take care  
Tom*

Dear Mom and Dad,

We've been at the LZ now for two days.  
The only duty we have to do for the five  
days is guard duty nightly—which lasts  
for one hour per person. When we first  
arrived back from the jungle, there  
sitting in front of our little case was a  
truck load of beer and Coke. During the  
daytime we play football, softball,  
volleyball, and other games. The greatest  
joy is that we're served three hot meals a  
day.

I sent home three cartridges of film to  
be processed. Half of them probably  
won't come out—some were taken from  
helicopters, trees, mud holes, and all  
kinds of other hazards.

It's a shame I couldn't caption the

pictures because you probably won't understand what they're about. But at least you'll see what we wear, our surroundings, and other insights. I couldn't get any good shots of how we sleep because it's always too dark; we always travel in triple canopy jungle (three levels of growth). Which is why the jungle is so safe—we have literally cut our way through and therefore have only one passageway to protect. We set up trip flares across the path (a wire across the path attached to a flare) and land mines. If the enemy attempts to come any other way we will hear them.

Our first mission was completely uneventful, which doesn't displease me in the least. Our leader explained that for TET we are going out into the jungle and hiding for the 15 days. By the way, I've found the jungle is the safest place to be. No one knows where you're at, you can hear people coming a mile away, and it's very easy to protect yourself and hide. No one expects a large TET offensive this year. But enough of tactics.

Our LZ, which we have nicknamed Peggy, is about 25 miles northeast of Bien Hoa. We never travel more than 10 miles in any direction from Peggy.

If I'm not writing on the lines, take into consideration I'm writing this by candlelight. I also lost my pen in the darkness—that's why the change of color.

I expect to hear from you shortly.

*Love  
Tom*

Dear Bob,

The first month has passed unceremoniously and uneventfully, which doesn't displease me in the least. There have been times, though, when I have been scared to death—a couple of times I thought it was all over. I look back now and laugh because it wasn't even close.

The first night on guard I almost shot up a firefly, which I thought was a gook with a flashlight. The second night I heard someone yelling at me. So I woke up the guys around me and they said it was a frog! Sounded just like a person.

There is not supposed to be much of a TET offensive—encompassing only mortaring of large cities. Our leader says we are just going into the jungle and hide—staying in one position. Needless to say, he has a good head on him. We never do the things we're supposed to.

Sooner or later, though, the fan has got to hit the shit. Companies all around us are running into contact, and I firmly believe I will not leave here without being shot or injured first. I hate to say it, but that's how it is; the odds of finding trouble are too great,

something's got to happen sometime. And anyone who tells you the war is over is full of shit.

I'm so embittered I don't believe it—but there is nothing you can do. I'm not nervous at all, but you just realize something's got to happen. Right now we're laying in ambush for gooks coming our way that attacked the company next to us, killing two.

And it seems no one gives a damn besides us grunts in the bush. You people in the world don't know what's happening because the Army won't let you know and the goddamn lifers in the Army could care less—as long as the death count is reasonable—say under 40 a week.

It's really hell, man. I saw a medivac operation after a company had been hit by our own artillery. Four dead—everyone was injured, most just slightly. But it was sickening. They carry the dead by a rope hanging from a helicopter (the dead man is inside a plastic bag) and just lower him to the ground—then throw them on a truck!

The fourth one was still alive when he came in—he was in the copter—and died a while later. He had no right leg at all; and seeing it just turned me to jelly, man—and guys just sitting around crying—it really shakes you up. And for no goddamn reason at all!

The kids spit at you—there's a bitter hatred between us and the South Viet Nam troops because they carry new weapons and we don't; and we do all the goddamn fighting while they sit on their asses all the time. Man, it makes you burn.

And I haven't seen any action yet—none of my friends have been hurt and no one in my company has been injured. But it will only be a matter of time. And how do you react—how do you blow off steam? A lot of guys grow a hatred for all gooks—that's why we have My Lai. Others take it out on the Army; in Nam they average two frags a week (fragging is where a man simply pulls the pin on a hand grenade and tosses it at a lifer).

It's bigger than that, though—it's the whole goddamn country—to allow such an atrocity to happen. I suppose because nobody really realizes what's happening here or can't imagine or picture it. I know I couldn't.

But I'll tell you, man, if I ever get back there and hear someone say Viet Nam was worthwhile or it was our obligation—I'll hit him right in the face. Because this is nothing but a shame—such a big mistake at such a huge cost. You can't believe it till you see it.

Oh well, enough rambling. I'm writing this in the morning and last night I had

a good cry—because I was thinking too much—that's why all the emotion. Don't tell Mom or Dad or Mary about this letter because they think everything is okay.

Usually I get lost in books or cards and don't do much thinking. It's hard writing letters to them, too, because you have to slant everything into a good light. You know, Mom hasn't been feeling well, so needless to say, my letters to her have been very light toned, showing enthusiasm, etc. It would really affect her if she knew the whole situation. So don't let on that her son is experiencing traumatic happenings.

I sent her home a lot of pictures to be developed, so if you want to see the kid wearing a lot of smiles, go visit Mom and Dad. They would appreciate your company.

I expect to get a lot of letters about trivia from you now 'cause, man, I sure need it. Need something to take my mind off this place.

Sorry about the tone of this letter, but as the old saying goes—"You can bullshit some of the people some of the time . . ." I'll be hearing from you.

*Tayan*

Hi, folks,

Well, I just got everyone's letters today, and I'll tell you this, this kid has never felt better in his whole life. It was really good to hear from everyone. I got three letters from you all, two from Beth and Jim, and the kids, and a couple from Mary, and some from Bob, one from Sue and John and kids, and a couple of others.

Your care package really hit the spot; everything you sent I can *really* use; you wouldn't even believe how much I appreciate all the stuff. We get fruit out here, but it's canned Army fruit with minerals, vitamins, etc. added. It doesn't taste anything like the stuff you get back in the world. And the Cherry Supreme—wow! I was passing it out to the boys (one spoonful each) and they were going crazy. We don't get good-tasting luxury items like that out here.

It's certainly a hardship living in the jungle for 15-20 days, but you get used to it. This is the jungle too—you never see any animals, but you hear them at night and find their tracks in the dirt. One night we were awakened by two big cats (I don't know what kind they were, but they were not domestic!) who were fighting over something. It sounded like a Tarzan movie—they were probably 75 yards away, but it sounded like 75 ft. Everyone had his gun ready in case they stumbled onto our camp. We find elephant tracks



asionally and run into small lizards  
such beings. I saw a lizard once  
at a foot long. Animals never bother  
though, usually—once we fired upon  
wild boar that got too close. Other  
than the wild boar incident I have  
to use my gun (that includes the  
whole platoon). On our first mission,  
which lasted for 17 days I think, we  
never saw a thing; and it was supposedly  
the most dangerous mission this  
company has been on since Cambodia.  
Our company, along with four others,  
separated through an area that was  
supposed to be an enemy stronghold.  
A few of the other companies received  
sniper fire, but no one was injured;  
that was all.

Presently we are at the bottom of a  
mountain about 2 miles from our  
base (Peggy). Like I said TET is supposed  
to encompass attacks on large cities.  
Our purpose now is to just wait  
around for something to happen. We're  
in a safe place (quick reaction force) and if  
Peggy gets attacked, we'll be transported  
by helicopter behind the enemy to  
surround them. We're in a safe place  
right now, well protected by heavy  
growth. We'll probably stay right here  
until TET is over. The probability of  
Peggy being attacked is very slim—the  
Americans do not have the manpower,  
food, or ammunition to carry out  
anything. The Cambodian invasion  
is very successful as far as  
covering weapons and food is  
concerned. It is felt they won't be  
capable of doing anything for one to  
one-and-a-half years. They'll wait for us  
to leave anyway before they resume.  
However, we paid a very, very high price  
for Cambodia. But that's the whole story  
on how things are now.

Another thing you're probably  
worrying about is drugs. It is true a lot  
of guys do dope. But this occurs in  
the back line mostly (you'll notice every  
ample of drug abuse that was  
mentioned in those articles happened  
in the back lines). In the bush it is  
never done, because it's just too risky  
not of getting caught, but of being  
killed by the enemy—plus you have to  
stay alert). When we go to the LZ  
we would estimate 60-70 percent of the  
guys do some kind of dope. It's all  
done openly too—no one would dare  
say a word about it, especially to us  
grunts. If the Army tried to arrest guys  
who did dope there wouldn't be an  
Army. You could walk through lunch  
while smoking a joint and no one  
could say a word—in practice it's legal.  
Now, you're probably wondering  
what I do. Well, I thought I would either  
die through this war stoned all the  
time on grass. Well, I haven't touched a

piece of grass, and everything else  
was out of the question. I've been  
keeping myself straight and narrow. I  
was never one to follow a crowd anyway.

Well, I'm going to make myself a  
lurp [freeze-dried food] now  
and top it off with a Cherry  
Supreme (keep 'em coming).

Don't work too hard, stay healthy,  
and keep writing.

Love  
Tom

---

February

---

Good evening,

This is the first time I've had a  
chance to sit down and write in a  
while—they've been keeping us busy  
traveling from one spot to another.  
I've sent a letter to John and Sue today,  
and to Beth and Jim.

By the time you receive this I will  
have completed my second venture  
into the jungle—again no contact.  
We're going to an LZ named Fontaine  
this time, but I don't have the slightest  
idea of its whereabouts. TET so far  
has been relatively quiet in Nam—I  
think the gooks are focusing their  
attention on Cambodia. However, rumor  
has it we might be making raids into  
Cambodia, even though it's illegal.  
Supposedly it's been done before, since  
Cambodia, and will probably be done  
again. It wouldn't be hard concealing it,  
because I don't know where in the  
hell I'm at now. I doubt if we will,  
though—the Army wouldn't be able to  
distort the body count (to put it  
politely).

By the time you receive this my jar  
of garlic salt will be  $\frac{3}{4}$  empty. So I  
could use some more.

I got hold of a tape and a cassette set,  
so I'll do a tape and send it home—  
it's a lot easier talking. I had better  
warn you though, it will probably  
be quite wild and vulgar. After all,  
it's not often the boys get to the LZ to  
relax with some beer. We have to let off  
steam at the LZ because it's the only  
place we can speak aloud; we  
whisper in the jungle.

I'm now carrying a machine gun  
(M60). The boys figured I had matured  
enough as a jungle fighter to honor  
me with the responsibility of carrying  
it. When you see the latest pictures  
I'll be sending home you'll think  
I'm Pancho Villa—bullets around my  
waist, bullets criss-crossing my chest.  
I can still run fast and hide quickly  
though. Plus, I walk in the middle of the  
formation which is safest.

The area we're in now, I completely  
dislike. It's too close to civilization

and we're constantly combating  
mosquitoes. There are no mosquitoes in  
the deep jungle. We have nets we  
sleep under so we're not bothered at  
night. The mosquitoes in Nam bother  
you both day and night.

I just loved the Cherry Supremes.  
I had some tins of chocolate pudding Bob  
received and they were good too.  
(Hint.) Kool-Aid must be the  
pre-sweetened kind.

Well, I'm going to fix myself a lurp  
and retire for the night.

Have a good day.

Love  
Tom

Good morning,

We're back in the bush again after  
five pleasant days at LZ Sandra.  
Sandra was much smaller than the  
previous LZ's we've been to and much  
more crude—it was nothing more than a  
dust bowl. However, they showed  
two flicks a night against a building, and  
had better shower facilities—so it  
was more pleasant than previous LZ's.  
I did a tape while there, but I lost it  
somehow; or maybe it's at the  
bottom of my pack; anyway, it hasn't  
been mailed yet. If I don't find it, I'll  
make another at the next LZ.

I don't know exactly where we're  
at, but it is someplace between  
Bien Hoa and Saigon. LZ Sandra was  
near Bien Hoa, and we didn't fly  
that far from Sandra.

My friend Bob won a contest—an  
achievement test for grunts, and was  
awarded \$50 and three days in Bien Hoa  
to spend it; I came in second.  
Three days may not seem like a lot, but  
it's really quite a reward—you get to  
sleep in a bed, eat good food, and get a  
cold drink of water (or even a scotch  
and water) and a hot bath.

Well, we just got the word to  
pack up, so I have to cut this short.  
Take care.

Love  
Tom

Dear Bob,

I received your letter a couple of days  
ago. You don't have to worry about  
my becoming gung ho—it's the  
farthest thing from my mind. However,  
there is no way possible you can help  
from being hardened by all the  
violence around you; it's there every  
day. Save for R and R, I will be in the  
front lines for 12 months and it's  
got to have an effect on you. We don't  
have a chance to do anything—  
same old crap day in and day out; food,  
water, ammunition, and packages and  
letters from home are the only things  
you receive from the outside world.

I received a bunch of letters all at once, a couple of days ago (the first of such I got in a while). I just realized there was something else to reality besides the jungle. When we go to an LZ it's no better than the jungle. You just get a chance to relax (not actually because it's still in the front lines) and play volleyball and drink a warm beer with the same guys you've been living in the jungle with. Some relaxation! The first night I spent at our last LZ we were attacked. But enough of the rambling. Just don't worry—I'm going to keep my head together.

I'll tell you one thing though—I'm really dependent on letters from the outside—it's the only encouragement we get.

Bob, I'd like you to do me a favor. I'd like you to have flowers sent to Mary and to my mother. Pick any florist and have them deliver any flowers you like, at any cost, and have one sent to my mother and one sent to Mary for Valentine's Day. I think it would be kind of neat—first time I ever sent flowers. Besides, it would make it seem like I wasn't so remote. Mother would just love it.

Also, I get tired of writing letters. I have to write my mother cheerful letters to keep her from worrying—let her know I'm alive and well; and casual letters to my brother and sister. About the only people I can really write to are you and Mary.

One thing that really scares me is that when I get out there will be a wall between us. Like when I first got home on leave I was so uneasy, you know. I know I'm going to change in a year, probably for the worse. But, like I said, I just try to keep my head together. I just can't get all my thoughts down on paper—that's one reason I don't like to write.

See ya—  
Tom

Dear Bob,

Well, man, I've completely degenerated and I really don't give a damn. I've been a goddamn nervous wreck since the day I got here and I'm tired of playing games. I've been programmed to kill and that's exactly what I'm going to do. You've read articles about fragging—where you just toss a grenade at a lifer—well there it is, man!

When I got here everyone was complaining about our gung ho commanding officer. I didn't know the guy so I didn't really have a bitch. So the guys have been warning him all along. Usually he does not travel with my platoon, and like I said before our

Lt. is a good man—likes to just hide.

So at the last LZ the boys get together and throw a gas grenade into his hootch, as a warning—but that only teed him off. At the present time there's a \$170 bounty on him from our platoon alone (the money is only a show of confidence though—or lack of confidence).

So he came with us this time and came up with all kinds of gung ho ideas; this last one was the clincher. Last night he sent out a platoon to set up an Alpha Alpha. Alpha Alpha stands for automatic ambush—it is nothing more than a long trip wire connected to frags and land mines—if you step on the trip wire or kick it, an explosion will occur that will clear a 30-yd. area, probably much larger. So in the morning he sent out my platoon to find a helicopter site. The commanding officer neglected to send out the previous patrol to disarm the Alpha Alpha—or even tell us about it. So we stay out for about an hour, find a site, and proceed to come back in. As we are coming back in we run into a patrol which was sent out after we left to disarm the Alpha Alpha. Standing in place, we looked around and noticed we missed the trip wire by about 5 ft. (no exaggeration!). If we had tripped it, I would be dead right now along with 20 other guys. The CO never radioed ahead to tell us there was an AA out because he knew we would just sit down and not move. Needless to say he was almost killed when we returned to camp; the lifers had quite a task calming people down.

However, there is no doubt in my mind, since I've been so well programmed by the Army to kill, that it is either him or me. I swear the first damn chance I get, he will be a dead man. I know saying this probably strikes you the wrong way, but I'm scared to death about gooks let alone some gung ho, goddamn lifer. I'll probably never get the chance, though, because there are a lot of people waiting for the chance, but if I do, there is no doubt in my mind I'll take it. I have never been so teed off in my whole life, as you can tell by the course of action I plan. These goddamn lifers don't give a damn about anything or anyone. The only thing they care about is a bronze star or a promotion. I could let them play their game in basic and AIT [advanced infantry training] because it didn't mean that much. But now they are playing with my life, and I don't intend to just lay down without a fight.

Take it easy—  
Sgt. Rock

Dear Bob,

Well, I've just been through my first real fire-fight; scared to the teeth. All of a sudden we hear a burst of fire up front, everyone hits the ground and I aim my machine gun. The assistant gunner, who's been around, says if anything moves—fire it up. So we hear movement coming toward us through the bushes. Boy, was I scared—I felt like yelling, "Turn around, there are GI's here." So someone shoots, and I open up and didn't stop for about five minutes. I was scared to the teeth—bullets flying all around. Soon all the noise stopped and that was it—they took off. Man, I was trembling like a willow in the wind. I kept my head though, didn't panic. I tell you though I was never so goddamn scared in my whole life.

Well, I've had enough excitement for today—I'm going to sit down and make supper.

Hi, old buddy,

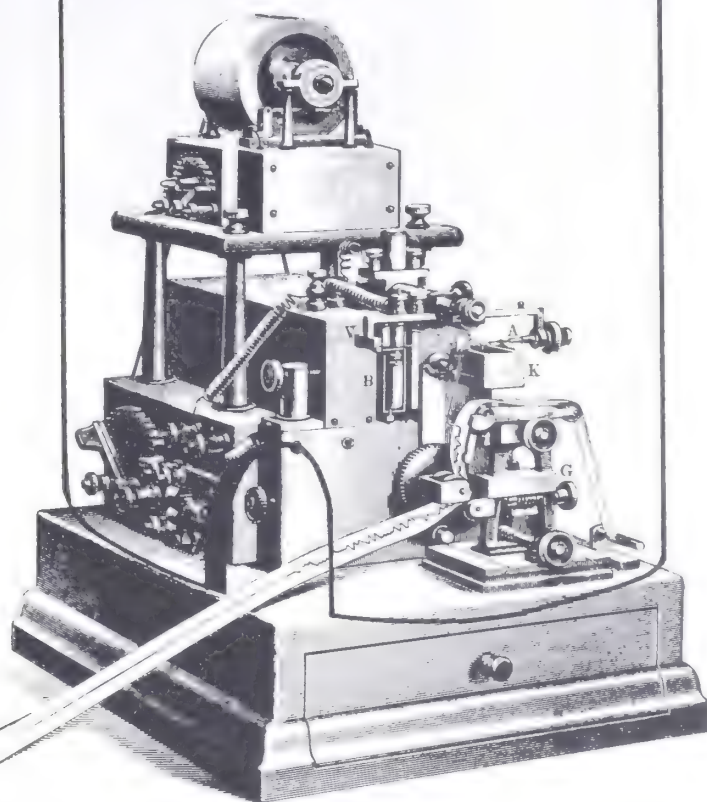
I'm a little calmer today for no apparent reason. I guess I'm getting used to this crap. After I finished that last letter, we made contact three more times that day—I didn't sleep very well that night. Then we made contact once on each of the next two days. So I'm getting used to it. (That takes me right up to today.) A couple of guys got hurt and three gooks were killed, I think (no one knows for sure)—we found one. Although I was very teed off when I wrote the last letter, I still feel exactly the way I did then. When we get back to the LZ I'm sure one of the boys will do the commanding officer in. The two guys who got hurt were the fault of the CO again—the guy is completely ignorant. Enough of the war stories, though.

Yes, I can receive packages, but just remember everything I receive I have to carry on my back—don't have a locker to store it in—so don't be sending me 18 hardbacks.

I found an article in Playboy, an advertisement put out by a group that opposes the war (Viet Nam Veterans Against the War). My friend Bob and myself got the whole squad together and joined in each sending a contribution. We also all signed a petition stating our feelings and gave it to the CO.

You asked about the jungle. Well, I was really scared at first—you run into spiders (huge ones) an occasional snake, and other animals, but they never bother you. You can be sleeping and they'll run right over you, but unless you sit on one, they don't bite.





# MONTHLY THINKWIRE...NO WAITING

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## LETTERS HOME

The biggest spider out here couldn't kill a person—but it could sure lay you up for a while—but then I could use a couple of weeks out of the bush. I sleep in a hammock that's killing my back—you know what they are, tie each end of a giant rag to a tree!

I just had a great idea—what I could really use which would remind me of civilization, would be a bottle of rum. They send out a couple of Cokes on log day, so I'd have a mix. I could mix it in my canteen cup. (March 6th is my birthday)—hint.

Well, I have to get a letter off to Mary.

*Take it easy  
Tom*

Dear Mom and Dad,

Tomorrow marks the end of month two. Unfortunately, this month hasn't been so quiet as the last. Seems the gooks are trying to make a last-ditch stand. Anyway, we got in our first fire-fight about a week ago and have seen action every day since. All of a sudden the boys are taking their soldiering seriously—no more noises at night, no coughing. However, we get out of this area in two days, spending the next 15 in a more quiet area—that's how the routine works: one mission you're in a hot area, the next mission an easy area.

The fire-fight was really nothing at all even though I was scared to death.

When we march, our file is about 100 yds. long and the guys in the back never know what's happening in the front (since I carry a machine gun, I walk toward the back). The boys in front ran into 3 gooks, exchanged gunfire, and both sides retreated—no one was hurt.

The second day a gook stepped into one of our land mine ambushes (goes off when he trips a wire) and perished. A couple of days later the boys caught three in an ambush.

Well, I'm running out of garlic salt; everyone uses it, so get on it!

Today is Valentine's Day and I hope you and Mary got my flowers.

I hate to keep asking for things, but we never get out of the bush to buy anything. I can't even believe I'll be living like this for 8 more months. Anyway, I don't sleep on the ground anymore. One of the guys that got out gave me his hammock, so I sleep in that now. However, it's 5 ft. long and has holes in it—and I'm afraid it's really going to go any second now. So, what I could really, really use would be a large, sturdy hammock. It will probably be hard finding one at this time of the year, but I would really appreciate it. That's why I don't need a machete any more—I don't have to clear an area to sleep, just whip my hammock

up on two trees. Try to find one that's not bright or multi-colored; too easy for the gooks to spot.

Well, it's getting dark, so I'm going to retire.

Happy Valentine's Day.

*Love  
Tom*

Dear Mom and Dad,

I received the Hickory Farm package and boy that stuff really hit the spot! You people wouldn't even believe how good that food tastes after having freeze-dried food day in and day out.

Well, we're back in the bush again after 5 days rest at LZ Sandy. Sandy is in Bien Tuey Province, about 30 miles northeast of Saigon. It was the safest LZ we've been in so far—located on the very top of a mountain. We traveled about 3 miles by helicopter to the area we're checking out now. We've been in this area for 3 days now and it seems much more quiet than our last area. We had some contact in the last area, although I have yet to see a live gook (which doesn't bother me in the least). This area is really unusual in that it isn't jungle at all—it's all open fields, which makes for easy humping but isn't the safest kind of terrain.

A surgeon who came in with me gave me some statistics for the 2½ months we've been here. Since December 15, six people have died because of Army errors; 26 have been injured, 20 because of Army errors. Army errors include such things as dropping artillery on your own men, which happened to us, and mistaking your own men for the enemy, and tripping your own ambushes.

The first day back in the bush almost 100 percent of the company suffered from food poisoning from food we ate at the LZ. So we just sat around and did nothing all day. Everyone recovered. This place is really screwed up, though—it's a wonder anyone makes it through this alive; the Army is the most inefficient organization I've ever seen.

*Love  
Tom*

March

(My Birthday)

Good morning,

It's about 10:00 and I'm just sitting around in my hammock—I don't know how much longer it's going to hold me. We're in the mountains, and it's absolutely beautiful! We're right at the very top and the sights are something else—I can see the

Red China Sea from my hammock!

Another good thing, there are no gooks here because there is no water. So, the next 10 days or so will be like a vacation. Rumor has it this will be our last jungle mission—after this we'll be pulling guard duty at Bien Hoa, which would please me greatly—I've been out here for three months now without a break. I guess the Army is trying to make the deadline of May 1, to extract all jungle forces out of combat positions. We would then be used as a back-up force (while pulling guard) so for me it's very important that Vietnamization works—otherwise it won't be much of a break if we have to keep bailing the ARVN's out. The 10,000 GIs in Laos are back-up forces, but little good that title is doing them! The first Air Cavalry Division will definitely not be sent to Cambodia or Laos because our obligations in this region are too demanding; plus we're located too far away. It will be interesting to see what effect this Laos thing will have on the whole war.

I imagine there will be a long lull after the Laos battles. On the last mission we were running into contact 2 or 3 times a week, but I would say ¾ of the gooks were unarmed. During that mission I felt there was actually no real danger—that if contact was made it was by our initiative—not that we go out looking for trouble, far from it. But I think they have orders not to engage our forces unless absolutely necessary. We run into gooks, though, while traveling down paths or something like that. Many orders of our gung ho, John Wayne-type commander are ignored or carried out with less than high enthusiasm if there's a chance of getting hurt. Like I said before, we just try to hide in the jungle.

I'll be sending a tape home soon.

*Love  
Tom*

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Kingsley: The Secretary of the Army has asked me to express his deep regret that your son, Private First Class Thomas E. Kingsley, died in Vietnam on 20 March 1971. He was on a military mission when an automatic explosive device placed by a friendly force detonated. Please accept my deepest sympathy. This confirms personal notification made by a representative of the Secretary of the Army.

Kenneth G. Wickham  
Major General USA  
The Adjutant General  
Department of the Army  
Washington, D.C.





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**AIR CANADA** 

A story by William Saroyan

# COWARDS

**C**OWARDS ARE THE NICEST PEOPLE, the most interesting, the gentlest, the most refined, the least likely to commit crimes. They wouldn't think of robbing a bank. They have no wish to assassinate a President. If a ditchdigger calls him a bastard for accidentally kicking dirt into his eyes, a coward doesn't feel his honor has been sullied and he must therefore fight the ditchdigger and take an awful beating. He says, "I'm sorry, I really didn't mean to do that," and goes about his business.

Cowards are decent. They are thoughtful.

When the Selective Service Act reached into Armenian Town in Fresno in 1917, the eligible sons of the various families making their homes there presented themselves to the draft board in the hall of Emerson School and were soon in training at Camp Curry in Yosemite National Park. The government wanted them, who were they to argue with the government?

At this time, however, a man of twenty-four named Kristofor Agbadashian, who lived with his mother and three unmarried sisters in the house at number 123 M Street, who for three years had been employed at Cooper's Department Store in the menswear department, disappeared.

Suddenly it was noticed that he did not leave his house precisely at 8:15 every morning and walk to work, easily the best-dressed man in the whole neighborhood, right down to the pearl stickpin in his tie and the red rosebud in his lapel. Well, of course, a lot of young men in the neighborhood had been drafted and had disappeared, so there was no reason for anybody to wonder about the actual whereabouts of Kristofor. Inquiries about him at Cooper's were answered by the remark that he was away, which, of course, was true.

As for his mother, whenever one of the mothers of the neighborhood who had had one or two sons drafted discreetly, cautiously, and even sympathetically asked about the whereabouts and well-being of Kristofor, saying perhaps, "Ahkh, my dear Aylizabet, I miss seeing handsome Kristofor on his way to work every morning, has the poor boy been drawn into the war by the government, as my Simon and Vask have been?" Kristofor's mother said, "Yes, Kristofor

has been taken also. God protect him, and you sons as well."

And of course there was no reason for anybody to disbelieve this reply, or to look into the matter further. However, when official-looking Fords and Chevrolets stopped in front of the neat white little house at 123 M Street, and important-looking Americans stepped out of these automobiles and went up to the front door, and then on into the house, everybody in the neighborhood began to wonder what was going on. Was it possible that Kristofor had already lost his life, and the important-looking Americans surely employed by the government, were calling on the boy's mother and sisters to break the word gently, and to pay homage to Kristofor for being the first in Armenian Town to give his life for the government? But when a month later three cars stopped in front of the house at



Burt Silverman

*William Saroyan's latest book is Places Where I've Done Time (Praeger)*



more important-looking people than ever stepped out of the cars, including a man wearing a sheriff's badge and a revolver in holster, the people of the neighborhood began to suspect that something might be not quite right.

PACKING FIGS AT GUGGENHEIM'S, the mother Aylizabet one day said to her best friend, Arshaluce Ganjakian, "Please try to understand my nervousness. I can't sleep, I can't rest, for anxiety about my son. We believed he had been taken into the Army, the same as all of our other boys, but they tell us no, he isn't in the Army, so then, my dear Arshaluce, where is he? It would be a thousand times better if he were in the Army, and sent me a letter once a month. Six months now, and not one word. I can only pray that nothing terrible has happened to him."

"Ah, he's a good boy," the friend said. "God will look after him, although I hope he hasn't gone somewhere and lost himself in a life of sin. In a big city like San Francisco perhaps, or Chicago, or even New York. I will light a candle for him at church this Sunday and say a prayer, that he is a good boy." And then, after working quietly in silence for half an hour or more, to earn perhaps as much as two dollars for a ten-hour day, the friend said, "Or, what's worse than a life of sin somewhere, I pray to God he hasn't gone to a river and drowned himself,

as other young men have done, because they do not believe in war and refuse to be soldiers. Only night before last my youngest, Yedvard, read about such a boy in *The Evening Herald*."

"Drowned himself?" Aylizabet said.

"In Kings River," the friend said. "Wrote his note, took off his clothes, and drowned himself."

"Poor boy, whoever he was."

"A German boy. There are many of them in Kingsburg."

"Poor dear German boy, how can the government ask him to kill his own brothers?"

"Nobody can help *him*," the friend said. "He's gone. The police suspected a trick, dragged the river, found his body, and so his people buried him, but nobody went to the funeral except his own father and mother and brothers and sisters. It was all in the paper, which said friends of the family were afraid to go to the funeral, since they are all Germans."

"The poor father, the poor mother, the poor little brothers and sisters," Aylizabet said. "I love them all, whoever they are."

"Germans," Arshaluce said. "Enemies. All of a sudden they are enemies, but after the war will they still be enemies? The boy will still be drowned. Even a life of sin in a big city is better than to be drowned, because after the war the sinner will still be alive, at any rate. There is always such a thing as redemption. He can start all over again. He can speak to the Holy



Father at the Holy Church and be born again. He can take a nice Armenian girl for his wife and start a family of his own. A life of sin, any life at all, is better than to be drowned, because the war will end, every war ends, and he will still be only a young man. I will light a candle and say a prayer for Kristofor. Do not be nervous about your son, Aylizabet, there is a God in Heaven."

And so the new word in the neighborhood about Kristofor was, "He is gone, he has disappeared, he has written his mother no letter in six months, he may be living a life of sin in San Francisco, or he may have drowned himself, remember him in your prayers."

And there the matter stood for many months.

**H**AIGUS BABOYAN mailed postcards from Paris of the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Tuileries to the nine members of the Sunday School class he had taught at the First Armenian Presbyterian Church, saying uplifting things like, "The streets of Paris are full of men born crippled because of syphilis in their fathers." And so on.

Gissag Jamanakian was killed at Verdun, Vahram Vahramian at Château-Thierry, and the Kasabian twins, Krikor and Karekin, at Belleau Wood. All under twenty-five years of age, all brought to Fresno from Armenia when they were still babes in arms or small boys. But there were many others, too—killed in action in France, in Flanders Field, in Normandy, or somewhere else. A number of unlucky fellows died at Camp Curry of influenza, almost as if they hadn't been in the war at all. Two or three went over the hill from that camp to San Francisco, but after a week or two returned, were given medical examinations, and then were only mildly punished. A half-dozen boys of the neighborhood were gassed, but survived. And Hovsep Lucinian, hit by shrapnel and left for dead in an area under bombardment called no-man's-land, made his peace with himself and considered himself as good as dead when somebody came crawling and dragged him to safety. This turned out to be the one man in his company Hovsep hadn't liked, had in fact considered an enemy—an Assyrian boy from Turlock named Joe Assouri. They became friends for life, although they had frequent fallings-out, whereupon Joe would shout, "I was a damned fool to risk my life to save yours." And Hovsep would shout back, "I am only waiting for the day when I shall be able to save your life. After that, forget it." These outbursts were at poker games, when both men had large families of kids by American girls. Kids who spoke neither Armenian nor Assyrian but kept their names and looked for all the world precisely as they should—altogether Assyrian and Armenian, but with

just a little something unaccountable added.

In Guggenheim's, early in October of 1918, Kristofor's mother Aylizabet said to her best friend, Arshaluce Ganjakian, "Is it true that the war will soon end?"

"Yes," Arshaluce said, "Yedvard reads about it in *The Evening Herald* every night. Soon now our boys will all come home. I shall see my Mihran soon, and you will see your Kristofor. I'm sure, wherever he is. Have you still had no word?"

"None," Aylizabet said. "Almost two full years, not one word."

But for longer than a year the whole neighborhood *had* had word about Kristofor, which they both believed and disbelieved. It came about because of something said by Ash Bashmanian, who, after selling papers every evening, went to the Liberty Theater because admission for him was only a copy of the paper handed to the ticket-taker, and did not leave until after the last show, which for Fresno was rather late, a little before midnight. When Ash got home, and sat down to his supper he told his father, "I saw Kristofor tonight."

After a few minutes his father said, "I wasn't listening. I'm worried about you at the movies every night. What did you say?"

"Kristofor," Ash said. "I saw him."

"Kristofor Agbadashian?"

"Yes. The Cooper's menswear man."

"You imagined it," the father said. "From seeing so many movies."

"No, I saw him."

"He's been gone almost two whole years. How could you see him?"

"He came back, I guess," Ash said.

"From where?" the father said. "Was he in uniform?"

"No, he was wearing the same clothes he always wears."

"Where? I know."

"Home."

"What home?"

"On M Street. I saw him go into his house and I came on home."

"Keep this to yourself, please," the father said.

"Why?"

"Just keep it to yourself. You can't see straight from seeing movies, and Kristofor is wanted by the government. Let's forget all about it. You didn't see anything. I'll give you a dollar."

"I don't want a dollar," Ash said. "I sell papers every day to bring home money, to help out. I won't tell anybody, but I *did* see him."

Somebody else must have seen him, too, because it was soon all over the neighborhood that Kristofor Agbadashian was home. He had either run away and come back, or he had been hiding in the house at 123 M Street all the time



il finally it had become too much for him  
he had taken to going out to walk late at  
ht.

"Where's he been?" the joke went.

"Under the bed," came the answer.

And so, of course, the word of the neighbor-  
had reached Kristofor's mother's best  
nd, Arshaluce Ganjakian, if, in fact, it had  
also reached Kristofor's mother herself.

A few days after their talk about the prob-  
ability that the war would soon end, Aylizabet  
abadashian said to Arshaluce Ganjakian, "Ar-  
shaluce, my dear friend, I must tell you some-  
thing on our way home from work tonight, or  
I'm afraid I shall die." On their way home,  
when she was sure no one else would overhear  
him, she said, "Kristofor did not go anywhere.  
He has been home all this time. It is my fault.  
I told him I would die if he went away. His  
father died when he was still a small boy. I could  
not bear to lose the only man remaining in my  
family. But now what shall I do? What will  
happen to him when the war ends and every-  
body comes home? It is all my fault, not his, I  
swear it. Help me. I know I can trust you not  
to tell anybody, but please help me, and some-  
day I will help you. What shall I do? What  
shall we do?"

ON NOVEMBER 11, 1918, the war ended. And  
that was that, except for the drowned boy  
Kingsburg, the dead of the neighborhood in  
fluenced, the dead from influenza at Camp Curry,  
and the disgraced Kristofor Under the Bed, as  
he came to be called by everybody. But nobody  
looked down at him, and nobody looked down  
at his mother. Only Kristofor and his mother  
knew what they had done and why they had  
done it. Nobody else could even guess. What-  
ever it had been, *however* it had been, it was  
nothing between themselves and God alone,  
not the government, which of course had much,  
much more between itself and God alone.

For weeks and months, as the boys of the  
neighborhood came home and got back into  
their proper clothes, there was happy confusion  
in Armenian Town, with only an occasional  
outbreak of sorrow, and almost always on the  
part of the strongest men, such as Shulavary  
shmanian, who, when he was asked for whom  
he was crying, since he had had no son in the  
war, said, "For Kristofor. Crucified for his brav-  
ery. Coward he was, no doubt, but how much  
more brave a man must be to be a coward. It  
is easy to be a soldier of the government with  
all of your comrades. But it is very hard to be  
yourself, all alone under the bed in your moth-  
er's house. I am crying for the bravery of Kris-  
tofor. The war is over. Whoever won, won *with-*  
*out* Kristofor. May God forgive the winners and  
the losers alike, they each have their dead. May

God protect Kristofor Under the Bed, wherever  
he may be or wherever he may go."

As a matter of fact, several weeks before the  
signing of the Armistice, he went to Sacramento  
and under the name of Charles Abbott took a  
job in the menswear department of Roos Bros.,  
who soon invited him to take a better job at  
more money at the store in San Francisco,  
where he stayed for three years, at which time  
he opened his own store on Post Street.

It was there six years later that the govern-  
ment caught up with him. He was married to  
a Scotch-Irish girl from Boston, a graduate of  
Smith, and they had had three sons and a  
daughter. Two of his sisters had married, one  
had died, and his mother lived alone in the  
house at 123 M Street, now and then visited  
by her daughters and their husbands and kids.

The man from the government, who was in  
his late sixties, by name Battaglia, said, "What  
we want to do most of all is close out these  
cases and forget them. You *are* Kristofor Ag-  
badashian, then?"

"Yes," Kristofor said, "although, as you  
know, I have been using another name—Charles  
Abbott—for about ten years. I had always had  
in mind making the change in any case, as my  
true name is difficult for the American tongue,  
and my maternal grandfather's name was Ahpet,  
which is very nearly the same as Abbott."

"Yes, that's sensible," Battaglia said. "A case  
of amnesia, would you say?"

"No," Kristofor said. "It wasn't amnesia. I  
hid, in my own house, because I didn't want to  
go. I knew what I was doing. My mother and  
my sisters begged me every day to give myself  
up and go into the Army, but I refused. I  
haven't forgotten any of it. There has been no  
amnesia. And my life has proven itself too well  
for me to feel embarrassed about, or ashamed  
of, it. In my hometown I'm still remembered  
by a handful of very decent people as Kristofor  
Under the Bed. I am beginning to tell my kids  
about it, too. So far they think it's very funny."

"I understand," Battaglia said. "Under this  
line, Cause of Failure to Present Self, I have  
been putting down Amnesia, in case anybody  
takes it into his head to examine these forms,  
which isn't very likely. What do you suggest  
I put on your form?"

"Coward," Kristofor said.

"That would be as inaccurate as Amnesia,"  
Battaglia said. He wrote in the space, and said,  
"Father. That'll do it, I'm sure. The case is  
closed." He left the shop, as if he had gone in  
to buy something and hadn't seen anything that  
suited him.

Cowards are nice, they're interesting, they're  
gentle, they wouldn't think of shooting down  
people in a parade from a tower. They want to  
live, so they can see their kids. They're very  
brave. □

HARPER'S MAGAZINE  
JUNE 1974

# COMMENTARY

## NATURAL CHILDBIRTH (AS IF IT HAPPENED ANY OTHER WAY)

In recent months I have spent many long hours with pregnant friends (it's that time of our lives) who talk inevitably and tediously about the impending event. I am always surprised by the number of these young women who have chosen natural childbirth—and I have been piqued, on occasion, by the arrogance with which they transform a personal decision into a belligerent crusade.

Like the manufacture of natural foods and old-fashioned crafts, our recent idealization of natural childbirth represents one more contrived attempt to get in touch with the way life used to be—to free ourselves from the artifice of modern society with some equally artful and self-conscious simulations of nature. Natural childbirth is becoming an unsailable middle-class institution, and its practitioners are humbling the rest of us with their stoicism.

Decisions related to modes of delivery are highly personal ones, and I see nothing wrong with foregoing anesthesia if that sort of abstinence makes childbirth more rewarding for a woman. What irks me is our uncritical acceptance of natural childbirth (and nearly every other manifestation of back-to-naturism) as rugged and ingenuous virtue. It's time we stopped confusing delivery with deliverance.

Now, pregnant women tend to make tiresome company under any circumstances. They are enamored of their own girth, preoccupied with the symptoms of pregnancy, and slightly beatific in their maternity couture. But flamboyant gestation was tolerable until natural childbirth came into vogue and its advocates felt free to narrate their transcendental deliveries at dinner. Now

they insist on taking the rest of us to task for our timid decision to deliver under local anesthesia—which is, as one pregnant friend put it, the forfeiture of “essential womanhood” (a phrase to watch) and an abnegation of maternal responsibility. Never has the old adage about reformed sinners seemed more appropriate.

Ironically, the very naturalness of pregnancy is undermined by months of self-conscious training for male and female and the unreasonable emphasis on participatory delivery. A woman planning natural childbirth generally enlists the services of her husband, who may share months of preparation so that eventually he can coach and inspire her through the discomforts of labor. (David Carradine, star of *Kung Fu*, reportedly played piano through the six-hour natural delivery of his son, Free.) To me, the demand that one's husband be implicated in every ceremonious step of pregnancy, beyond intercourse to afterbirth, seems an unreasonable and unjustified division of labor. Child-rearing is a joint responsibility but childbirth is not, no matter how empathetic we train our husbands to be. The time would be better invested if men were trained for fatherhood in that period, rather than midwifery.

Some husbands are reluctant at first to serve as deputies or even witnesses to their wives' labor, but it is Susan Schwartz McDonald, a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Pennsylvania, has written about fertility and contraception for a forthcoming anthology on public policy evaluation. Mary Ann Riley's weekly book column, “Iowa Bookshelf,” is syndicated to some twenty Iowa newspapers.

Harper's welcomes brief contributions from its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Send entries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to “Commentary.”



a responsibility not easily avoided once a woman chooses natural delivery. Many men report afterward that they are glad they participated. But what, after all, can we expect of new fathers except relief, enthusiasm, and a manly pride in their endurance? Helping a wife deliver has become a form of *machismo*.

If one judges natural childbirth by its various adherents—a mixed bag of aggressively liberated women and rather ordinary housewives—it is difficult to find any common motivation, save a susceptibility to whatever is trendy and new. Perhaps the most defiant of today's liberated young—the sort who are wed after seven months of pregnancy, then deliver at home with the husband superintending and a friend photographing—are making a profound statement about women, nature, and childbirth. I don't pretend to understand all of my “sisters.” But certainly the more conventional young mothers who marry and conceive in the usual sequence are telling us nothing through natural delivery, except that it has caught on in suburbia, along with granola and vitamin E. For such women, natural childbirth may be a dramatic way of initiating men into new domestic responsibilities, at the same time serving as a vivid illustration that women are able to do what men cannot. So, too, it becomes a demonstration of continued female dominance in the realm of childbearing and rearing. We're wiping out all distinctions between the sexes but can resist the temptation to manipulate men by idealizing every physiological experience from *Mittelschmerz* to menopause.

Natural childbirth may also reflect a subliminal resentment of men for



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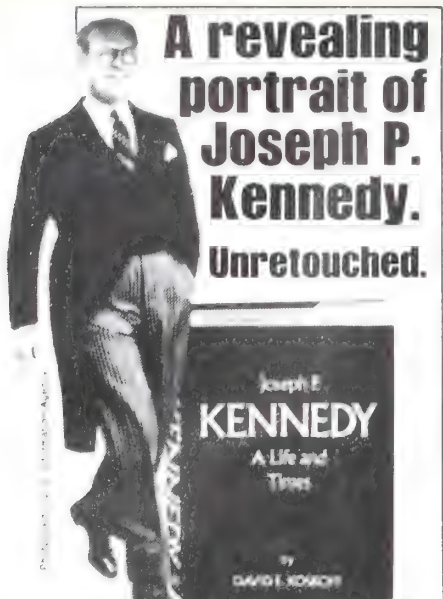
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their insulation from the pains of childbirth, and their freedom from the constraints which childbearing traditionally imposes on females. Or, like other manifestations of the new feminine consciousness, it may signal some of the hostility and frustration many women feel because they are unable to achieve sexual satisfaction as easily as most men. It is, after all, the drive for equal-opportunity orgasm that inspires so much strident man-baiting in the orthodox women's movement.

What concerns me most about the natural-childbirth craze is the sense of failure and the loss of self-esteem a woman may experience when she is unable to complete a natural delivery as planned. The conviction that this is an especially meaningful way to launch one's career as a mother can make any other mode of delivery a somber disappointment. At least one obstetrician I know tries to prepare his patients for the possibility that natural delivery may be impossible, but he still finds it difficult to relieve the disappointment, and sometimes

even humiliation, some mothers feel when, for one reason or another, they must deliver under anesthesia.

Natural childbirth is a fine idea, if you want it, and no one can dispute that it is safer for the infant than general (but usually not local) anesthesia. What I resent is the new pantheism in this country which emphasizes the *trappings* of nature—some times at the expense of its spirit. Obstetrics, like nearly everything else in our "gotta-have-a-gimmick" society, has been infected by this pretentious striving for a state of natural grace. Having a child is such a lovely event—one of the most important things a woman, and a man, ever do—there should be little need to orchestrate or rehearse the hours of delivery beyond what is medically required. All the really important responsibilities, like preparing a person to live happily and productively in society, come later. We might just as well celebrate the toilet training. That's where most problems begin.

—Susan Schwartz McDonald  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## BOOK REVIEWERS: LOVERS, NOT LIONS

It is often implied that book reviewers are persons of influence, presumption, and malevolence who can make or break a potential best-seller. How about the thousands of reviewers around the country who write for local dailies? Pathetically eager, they read every review copy sent to them by publishers in search of something, anything, that will help the book sell. We book reviewers in the hinterlands are not cruel critics; we love books, and if we can encourage anyone to read, maybe even buy, a book, we feel rewarded. In fact, that's the only reward we get. We're not paid—unless keeping the review copy is considered adequate recompense.

According to V. S. Pritchett in *Midnight Oil*, reviewers in the early years of this century could sell their review copies for grocery money. But in today's economy the best I can do is to seek the tax relief afforded by giving them away to the Planned Parenthood book sale. Anyhow, most booklovers love the feel of any hard-cover book, love the look of them on their own bookshelves, and love to share them with friends.

Would such a booklover, then, write a "nasty" review? I remember

my grandmother saying, "If you can't say something nice about someone, don't say anything at all." I don't dare "say nothing at all" very often, to do so might cancel my receipt of any future review copies. I am always amazed when a national magazine elects to review one piece of fiction a month and then castigates it. Book reviewers in New York unquestionably receive a larger selection of new fiction than do book reviewers in Iowa. Surely there are meritorious novels worthy of being praised in the reviewers' columns; instead, space is used to discourage potential book buyers.

Not that negative reviews by prestigious persons—technical experts, college professors, distinguished writers—seem to dismay publishers. The big houses send out long publicity releases on every book in their current catalogues and invariably mention previous work as having earned "acclaim." What's more, even if a book on Chinese cookery came out last season, the one coming out now is the best; the most sensational autobiography of a celebrity is the one with the latest publication date. Since too many of the thousands of



books appearing annually do not receive any mention at all in national publications, certainly reviews by amateurs in the hinterlands are a service. My view of the book industry may be parochial, but writers should know that the love and loyalty we citizens have for them. Unknown, not widely read unless our column appears on the comic page, we plug away at our mission: to cajole or flatter somebody into reading something. For instance, *The Care and Feeding of Wild Pets* came yesterday, along with *Metatalk: A Guide to Hidden Meanings in Conversation*. Will *The New York Times Book Review* find room for reviews of these? I doubt other national publications will. Maybe even the *Sioux City Journal* will cut them from my column because such books have an understandably limited audience. And what about *Mislead in Hollywood* and *Slow Business Laid Bare*? Not prudishness but ennui limits their appeal; a book about laying hens would do better in my part of the country.

I get a lot of review copies having to do with tincraft and papercraft. I assumed, I guess, that west of the Mississippi people work a lot with their hands. Yet long, esoteric works about foreign policy by former State Department employees are also sent to me; one must conclude that review copies of these works are unlimited. I usually receive books by local authors, too, but I didn't get *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, even though Richard Bach flew around Ottumwa. I'll admit that a need to escape from so-called real life is part of a book reviewer's *raison d'être*. And if I stay away from a psychotherapist fantasizing myself "flying" with Erica Jong, I'm saving money. Although the frozen broccoli burns, and the eight-year-old slides his muddy boots across my Oriental rugs, and the sleeping-porch roof leaks rain all over the bed, I never fail to be absorbed in a good novel. Even if Merle Miller is a Marshalltown boy, his oral biography of Harry Truman must wait a few days.

Despite the fact that Brahman publishers appear to look upon backwoods reviewers as Sudras, even outcasts, let writers be aware: the small-time volunteers in the heartland are poised to give most any author 150 words of nonderogatory notice.

—Mary Ann Riley  
Des Moines, Iowa

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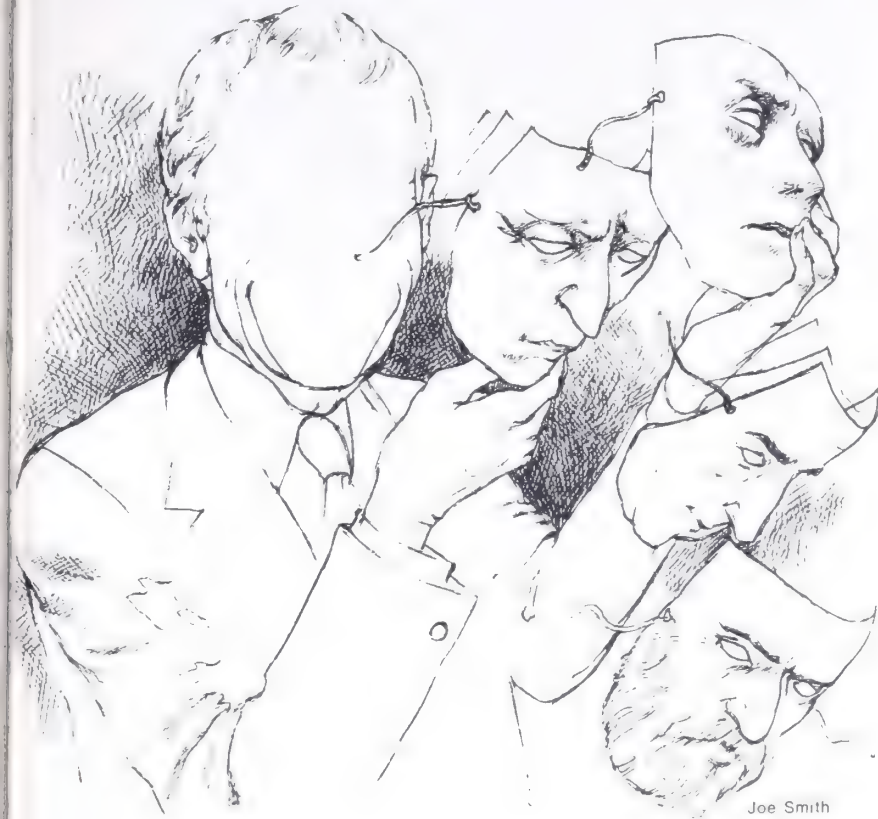
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# BOOKS



Joe Smith

## UP FRONT FOR THE CIA

by Robert T. Wood

**Without Cloak or Dagger**, by Miles Copeland. Simon and Schuster, \$8.95 (July).

**M**ILES COPELAND is an old whore. This is not the libelous statement it seems, as anyone with Mr. Copeland's background well knows. In the Central Intelligence Agency, "old whore" is a term used to describe an officer so experienced, so devoted to his trade, so loyal to his organization, and so accustomed to following orders that he will accept and do a creditable job on any assignment without regard for moral, ethical, or possibly even legal considerations. Within the Agency it is a

Robert T. Wood worked for the CIA for seventeen years.

high compliment to professionalism.

No outsider can be sure Mr. Copeland qualifies for the title, of course, because the most ambiguous aspect of this latest book on the CIA is the status of its author. An alumnus of the wartime OSS, Mr. Copeland claims he served as a consultant to the newly formed CIA and was called back from time to time thereafter to review the systems he had devised. He never claims to have been a staff employee of the Agency, yet he says that espionage has occupied most of his working life. In 1957 he established himself in Beirut as a security consultant, which, he alleges, is still his occupation today, but his knowledge of the Agency and its workings is both intimate and up-to-the-minute.

To ask Mr. Copeland when, exactly, his employment with the CIA ended might be a little like asking David Eisenhower how much rent he pays.

The temptation to compare Miles Copeland to Victor Louis is irresistible. A mysterious Russian who began as a small-time black marketeer moving about on the fringes of the foreign community in Moscow, Louis landed an assignment as correspondent for a London newspaper and made several trips outside the Soviet Union, rushing in to places, like Taipei, where Russian diplomats feared to tread. The speculation, which will probably never be confirmed, is that he obtained his unusual privileges and freedom of movement by virtue of his relationship with the KGB department of misinformation, whose mission it is to mislead the rest of the world concerning Russian capabilities and intentions. Like Victor Louis, Miles Copeland is a highly visible and easily accessible person of nebulous status who can go places and say things that responsible officials cannot. Mr. Copeland, who on at least one occasion has said things about CIA activities that responsible officials later had to deny, has been described by one journalist as "the only man I know who uses the CIA as a cover."

**M**R. COPELAND has written this book, he says, to counter a flood of misinformation on spies and counterspies that appears on television, in movies, books, magazine articles, and newspapers. To give him his due, there is more inside information on the subject presented here than has probably ever appeared publicly in one place. To begin with, Mr. Copeland makes it clear that espionage is a relatively minor source of intelligence information, although the clandestine services often seem to be the tail that wags the dog, and of course

the descriptions of them make the best reading. His explanations of the planning and organization of a penetration operation and of the procedure for developing, recruiting, and handling an agent are in some cases overelaborate and in others oversimplified, but generally they are accurate. The account of the position and operation of the CIA field station, cataloguing many of the problems faced by a CIA officer serving overseas, will be new to most readers and might even be instructive for foreign-service officers and foreign correspondents who thought they knew all there was to know. Add to this a text liberally salted with footnotes—most of them fascinating anecdotes in their own right—and the result is an interesting and readable book.

Unfortunately, the large quantities of good information in *Without Cloak or Dagger* serve as a vehicle for an equal amount of misinformation on the Agency, more misinformation, in fact, than all that's been produced by the movies, television shows, or publications that Mr. Copeland complains of. Moreover, the misinformation is presented very authoritatively, with no hint to enable the uninitiated to distinguish the true from the false. His intent, in a great many instances, is clearly to mislead the reader and give a totally false impression of Agency capabilities and performance.

In describing field operations, Mr. Copeland stresses their defensive nature, stating, with a certain candor, that "the mission of the CIA station is . . . to stay out of trouble." Most of the sixty or so stations around the world have, he says, no more than two or three case officers,\* and, ideally, a case officer is responsible for no more than one operation. Contrasted with this low-profile view of the CIA overseas are his assertions of an impressive amount of successful activity. He claims that "over the years, there have been literally thousands of CIA agents in the U.S.S.R., Red China, Cuba and other communist

countries," and that both agents and American personnel move easily and securely in and out of these "denied areas." The implication is that both Peking and Moscow are swarming with CIA spies and that no state secret is safe from them.

The facts as I was exposed to them were vastly different. In the days before I began to worry about becoming an old whore myself, I served for several years at a station with considerably more than three case officers. During one particularly hectic summer, I met regularly with, and handled no fewer than twenty agents, one of them with an additional five subagents. My workload had been expanded by taking on handholding chores for some operations of my colleagues who were on home leave, but the average load for case officers is, I suspect, closer to twenty than to one. Even after I had achieved the relative luxury of handling only one fairly high-level agent, I continued to manage four or five other agents in support of my operation and other station operations, and I considered myself underemployed at the time.

It's embarrassing to admit that China was my primary target and all my best efforts resulted in not one penetration of the Chinese military, party, or government above the village level. The other case officers at the station were similarly unsuccessful, as had been every other case officer who had worked on the target for the previous twenty years. We consoled ourselves only with the knowledge that our colleagues in the units working against the U.S.S.R., with more personnel and more money and, presumably, more urgency, would have fared just as miserably but for the greater tendency of Russians to defect. Their one outstanding agent was not developed through any positive effort on their part; he had sought them out.

Early in the book, Mr. Copeland describes the CIA's arrest and physical elimination of a headquarters employee who had served for years as an agent for the Russians. If he expects anyone to believe this story, it must have occurred to him that he is confessing to a role as accessory to an administrative murder. The CIA has no police powers, let alone authority to act as judge and executioner as well. There are no doubt plenty of officers, young and old, who would not hesitate to carry out

an execution if ordered, but it is incredible that there is a single administrator at any level of the Agency who would take the responsibility of ordering it. Although the Phoenix program, a wholesale assassination of key insurgent leaders in Vietnam, was directed by then Ambassador William Colby, it was carried out principally by the Vietnamese themselves, not by CIA officers. Phoenix had the full approval of higher authority, so the burden of Agency responsibility was minimal. It was not at all equivalent to the secret liquidation of one renegade staff employee in the basement of the Langley headquarters. If this incident had really happened, it would be foolhardy in the extreme for anyone involved ever to mention it; a second execution would be far more likely than the first was.

THE MOST IMAGINATIVE invention of the whole book is the cabal, or inner circle of Agency old-timers, who pop up to illustrate a point now and then. Known only by exotic names like "Mother," "Kingfish," "Jojo," and "Lady Windemere," they go on about the business of making the Agency run, regardless of changes in administration or policy. The last three of those mentioned, or the basis of their described responsibilities, appear to be no more than specialists in a single unit that supports operations without getting directly involved in their execution or command; these positions would not account for the importance or influence Mr. Copeland ascribes to them. Mother is the *éminence grise*. Like the others, he was present at the birth of the Agency, and, faced with the frustration of wondering what decisions the Congress was making for the future of the fledgling Central Intelligence Group, he characteristically suggested, "Penetration begins at home," thus showing that intragovernmental spying was not an invention of the Joint Chiefs. It was also Mother who fabricated a complete espionage operation in those early days just to expose the gullibility of a unit competing with his for influence in the new Agency.

In spite of his early start and undoubted talents of maneuver, Mother somehow never made it to the top but he enjoys a certain amount of autonomy today as head of the Agen-

\* Mr. Copeland corrects a popular misconception by explaining that staff CIA employees are almost never designated as agents, in the sense that FBI officers are known as "special agents." In intelligence an agent is someone, usually a foreign national, hired to provide information or perform other services. The staff employee who contacts and directs him, and in general handles his "case," is known as a "case officer."



# The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

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used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

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And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you've invested, send it back. Your uncashed check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money. And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you that it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth 100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my tax accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at

our mountain "cabin." I paid \$30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging \$25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

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cy's counterterrorist effort, a huge computerized data bank storing background information on millions of persons, both American and foreign, who could conceivably become involved in terrorist activity, as well as millions more who could not. Mother is, of course, an imaginary character, but, aside from that, there is no way for an outsider to judge the truth of the Agency's so-called counterterrorist activities. It is not legally authorized to keep files on American citizens. The significant thing is that the author wants his readers to believe it is doing so.

The CIA may well become the world's most powerful government agency, according to Mr. Copeland, because it has access to the most knowledge. Removing the dangers inherent in a powerful government agency, he adds, is not a matter of decreasing the power, but of ensuring that those who exercise it are incorruptible and truly responsive to public interest. "CIA officials believe that their agency is already incorruptible and . . . as responsive to public interest as any other agency." Interestingly enough, he does not claim anywhere that the Agency is responsive to higher authority. On the contrary, he gives examples where it has specifically been unresponsive and implies that it will continue to be so in cases where higher authority is in conflict with its own particular view of the public interest.

The overall picture that emerges from this book is of a Central Intelligence Agency enormously competent, frighteningly ruthless, spectacularly successful, terribly powerful, and absolutely trustworthy, the sort of ideal government organization that only a fool or a charlatan would tamper with. The author has composed a presentation that could completely revamp the Agency's image.

It has been apparent that ever since his days as executive director, William Colby has been trying to renovate his organization's image. The impression he wanted to project, as a friend of mine put it, seemed to be "something like a cross between General Motors and the League of Women Voters." There is an ominous implication in this book that, by improving the Agency's image, Colby intends to enhance its power and independence as well.

A great many people are going to take *Without Cloak or Dagger* se-

riously, but I doubt that anyone with the necessary authority will ask the Agency how much they had to do with it, or precisely what their relationship with Mr. Copeland is. Unlike the general run of Walter Mittys who claim to have some intimate relationship with the CIA, Miles Copeland clearly has one, but neither he nor the Agency is going to define it voluntarily. In the foreword, Mr. Copeland says, "I must make it clear, however, that no one at CIA . . . or any other official agency has 'cleared' this book or in any other way implied approval of my writing it." In early November of last year, I wrote a letter to Angus Thuermer, assistant to director William Colby, asking several very specific questions about the clearance of a magazine article that appears, in somewhat different form, as chapter nine of the book. Mr. Thuermer's reply was unequivocal. "All Agency employees," he said, "sign secrecy agreements, and the federal courts have determined that the secrecy agreements are enforceable contracts." The actual review of manuscripts is a security function, and on that basis he declined to answer my questions, but if the man who sits next to the director of Central Intelligence admits he had the machinery to stop publication of this book and didn't, that should be approval enough for anyone. □

## CURSING THE DARKNESS

by Nelson W. Polsby

*The American Condition*, by Richard N. Goodwin, Doubleday, \$10.

EVER SINCE Richard Goodwin entered public life, in the early 1960s, a certain moral urgency has surrounded his every move, whether it was coining stirring phrases for Presidential speeches ("Alliance For Progress," "The Great Society"), keeping the "authorized" account of the Kennedy assassination within guidelines set out by the family,

*Nelson W. Polsby, a political scientist, nurtures his doubts about global trends in Berkeley, California. His forthcoming book of essays is entitled Political Promises (Oxford University Press).*

switching sides from Eugene McCarthy to Robert Kennedy during the 1968 primary season, or whatever. This same electric quality of absolute rightness pervades *The American Condition*, a lengthy essay on the evils that accompany the concentration of power, and on the consequent need for Americans to rediscover the basic harmonies of a simpler, more communitarian existence as a way of exercising their individualism, reducing alienation, and thereby finding freedom.

The steps by which this quintessential New Frontiersman has come to appropriate the rhetoric of the *National Review* are not spelled out and that is a great pity. From all his fulminations against inflation ("a tax on the citizenry"), the "bureaucratic spirit," and "coercion," are we to infer a repudiation of Goodwin's earlier commitments? It is hard to say in a single page he suggests the nationalization of the major sources of capital and that "economic relationships should be decentralized," the two seemingly contradictory imperatives to be reconciled by employing "the new technologies of control."

Goodwin locates much of the responsibility for the alienation of contemporary Americans in the domination by large bureaucracies of the economic life of the nation. Much of this argument is made with copious recourse to quotations from St. Paul and Nietzsche, Jefferson, Marx, and so on (but sparingly from John Kenneth Galbraith, whose analysis Goodwin's most resembles). It is an argument displaying so many of the furnishings of Goodwin's well-furnished mind that the reader may wonder if he has stumbled upon the intellectual equivalent of a garage sale.

The message of *The American Condition* is unrelentingly grim—even in a potentially whimsical moment when Goodwin spins out a fable about how cooking caused the fall of man. Moreover, as the testament of a man formerly engaged feverishly as a political activist, it is thoroughgoing in its rejection of politics. The role of politics in America, as Goodwin sees it, is not to advance human dignity, or even to share some goodies around, but principally to prevent "mortal clashes between powerful private interests. When this is not possible, as during the 1850s, force and not politics decides the issue."

The question is, How much o



Goodwin's argument is true? Curiously, this is a problem to which he seems to devote very little attention; characteristically, he marshals stray anecdotes and anecdotes on behalf of most inclusive propositions. This suggests that he is intent upon persuasion not through an appeal to reason, by summoning the weight of evidence, but through the aesthetic and emotional attractiveness of his figures of speech. Rather than establishing his argument upon empirical grounds, which typically seek to appeal to a reader's spirit of skepticism, Goodwin appeals, it seems to me, only to those already susceptible to the cheerless, deteriorist message. This of course does not mean that he is wrong, either in the large or in any particular detail. But it does ask us to take a great deal on faith. This was also necessary at an earlier time, when Goodwin was so notably eloquent on behalf of the policies of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. Now that he is a private citizen, he is, in effect, asking us to re-evaluate our commitments to measures and activities that his own recent rhetoric may have helped to inspire—and on roughly the same grounds. The bewildered reader may hesitate between two prescriptions: is it better to light a candle, or, as Goodwin presently proposes, to curse the darkness? In the end, I suspect, every reader of *The American Condition* will evaluate the message of this ambitious, lugubrious work of prophecy according to his own eagerness to be persuaded not only of the hopelessness of contemporary America, but also of the moral vacuity of acts of civic participation that fall short of revolution. [ ]

## ILLUSIONS RETROUVEES

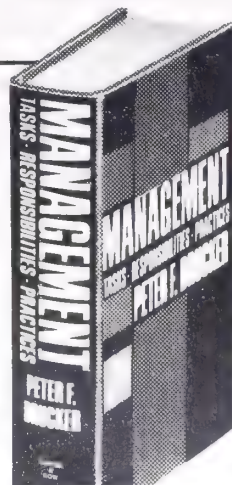
Bernard Giquel

*The Captive Dreamer*, by Christian de la Mazière. Dutton, \$3.95.

IN A COUNTRY where no one speaks, sometimes it happens that the first to do so is king for a day. Two years ago, *The Sorrow and the Pity*, a documentary collage of oral reminiscences and visual images of France

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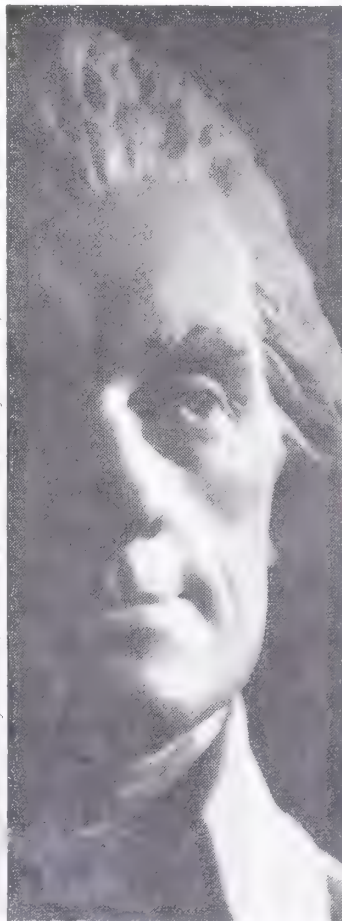


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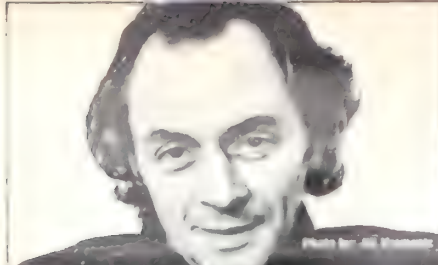
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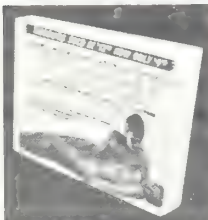
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under Nazi occupation, sent a shock of liberation through that country. The film functioned, for the French at any rate, as encounter therapy, as a most un-Cartesian exercise in collective remorse and mutual forgiveness. And its most healing testimony was that given by Christian de la Mazière.

Son of an aristocratic military family, de la Mazière in his youth had been an ardent follower of Action Française, and during the war an open partisan of the thousand-year Reich. But when it became apparent in 1943 that Hitler's empire would endure for considerably less than a millennium, de la Mazière refused an opportunity to collaborate with de Gaulle against his own set of collaborators, and followed the logic of his political faith into the Charlemagne Division of the Waffen SS. Sent by Hitler, with homicidal fanfare, to the Eastern Front, the Charlemagne Division for the most part survived neither battle nor capture. De la Mazière was one of the very few who made it back to his homeland, and one of the fewer still whose influential family made possible an official amnesia with respect to his transgressions. In the film, his evident sincerity, the "perspective" he gave to the trajectory of his own career against the backdrop of the Occupation, the underlying humor he brought to his performance—all this sufficed to transform Christian de la Mazière into that redemptive paradox, a scapegoat cheerily bearing the sins of the tribe. Who else, for example, could admit that "Paris was very very gay during the war"? Who else could recount how members of the Charlemagne Division referred to Hitler as "*le grand Jules*," even as their compatriots at home were learning to talk of "*le grand Charles*"?

As a writer, Christian de la Mazière has lost a good deal of this charming spontaneity. Indeed, to recapture the presence he communicated to Marcel Ophüls' camera, he would need the combined talents of Ferdinand Céline and Joseph Heller. To be fair, however, de la Mazière makes no pretense to literature. His account is alert and precise, the tone that of an official historian. But like many of his compatriots in speaking of themselves, he confuses solemnity

*Bernard Ciquel is a French journalist and the author of Ketchup, an account of the curious manners and morals of Americans.*

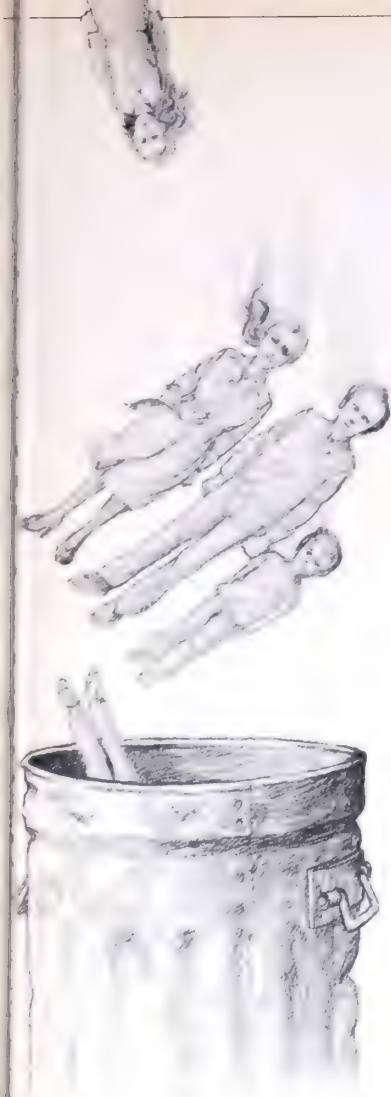
with seriousness; and like most of them he has one foot in a past that never was, the other in a future that never will be. His book reveals once again two singular characteristics of the French political mind, the shared loathing of extreme Left and extreme Right for the "soulless" Center, and their shared illusion that the lust to do battle with each other constitutes the only authentic politics of the nation.

Like many a country whose present is ambiguous and whose future is unclear, France lives in its past, not so much obsessed with it as savoring it: every story, every moral to be drawn, every painful episode and joyous triumph is a source of delectation. And so, as any observer of French television may attest, the country is constantly bathed in images of the terrible hemorrhage it suffered during World War I, constantly absolved of the humiliation of World War II by visions of the physical and moral anemia that afflicted the Third Republic. They see themselves, too, "*humiliés et offensés*" as they abandon the knees of Grandfather Pétain, the witness of their shame, to throw themselves into the arms of Father de Gaulle, who had "*une certaine idée de la France*."

Even now, when we are closer to the year 2000 than to the last war it would seem that the French must still return to those scenes of the past. The most recent example, following closely on the heels of *The Captive Dreamer*, is Louis Malle's film *Lacombe Lucien*, which is the story of a young peasant who in 1944, without quite knowing what he's doing, joins the Gestapo, falls in love with a Jewish girl, and is finally executed after the Liberation. The film has been hailed as a masterpiece everywhere from *Le Figaro* to *L'Humanité*. Only *Charlie-Hebdo*, a satirical weekly, broke the unanimity to denounce the film as a clumsy effort to endow its audiences with a measure of *bonne conscience*.

An American audience seeing the film, reading Christian de la Mazière's memoir, or even trying to understand recent French foreign policy would do well to remember what Parisian once told Irwin Shaw when asked to explain the selfish and aggressive driving habits of the average Frenchman: "It's because we lost the war." "It is also," he should have added "why we lost the war."





## ECCENTRIC CONSTELLATIONS

Benjamin Reeve

**Falling Bodies**, by Sue Kaufman.  
Doubleday, \$7.95.

**The Crystal Garden**, by Elaine Feinstein.  
Dutton, \$6.95.

**Immense Changes at the Last Minute**, by Grace Paley.  
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$6.95.

**EMMA WATCHES BODIES** plummet past her window, Brigid sits in tautonic stillness, and Faith climbs tree.

Harold has half the world's supply of phisoHex in his desk drawer and eyes on his wife's friend's breasts. Matthew makes giant models of complex molecules in plasticine and clipped, taut conversation with his daughter. Dennis is an "Edible Amanita" and a songwriter of sorts who gets

Benjamin Reeve is a free-lance writer based in Princeton, N.J.

most of his ideas from *Scientific American*.

We are often told that more families are falling apart than ever before. Three recent works tell us that there are many persuasive reasons for collapse. All three are worthy of attention, and at times are poignant and witty representations of the lives some of us lead. All three are ripe with our foibles, yet admiring of our perseverance. If the reader learns nothing new from them, he will at least be reminded that as a race we are as compelling as we are confused, that we need our settings desperately, whether they are absurd or complementary, whether we cry out against them or adopt them.

Sue Kaufman's *Falling Bodies* is a short history of a family of three and a Mexican maid. Emma Sohler, mother, has just returned from the hospital, having suffered a "fever of unknown origin," to discover that her husband, Harold, and son, Benny, have developed various freakish traits in her absence. Her struggle of convalescence becomes the struggle to cope with these curious habits as well as those of the maid, and, indeed, of the city of New York, in which she lives.

Emma manages reasonably well down this rutted way except when she recalls that she has witnessed the suicidal plunges of an old man and a young girl with two poodles from rooftops to sidewalks near her own, and manages to relate their ends to the intricacies of her experience and her household. At the close of the title chapter she asks: "On such a gagdious day in October—why should any bodies come tumbling down?"

The answer has to do with the mess everyone's life is in. Her particular troubles stem from her son's mania for electronic and mechanical junk that he picks from garbage cans along the street, his preadolescent moroseness, and his burning of the sheets which the maid, copulating with the elevator man, has contaminated. They also stem from her husband's hypochondria and infidelity.

Emma would persuade us that mild eccentricity is merely a social art, practiced by some persons against others to exasperate and confuse them. Further, she seems sure that eccentric behavior is the desperate twin of malfunction—as if peculiarities of character were vain-glorious attempts to catch up to the

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## BOOKS

general level of mishap, and fail only because of the latter's abundant increase. Finally, Sue Kaufman perceives this state of affairs as comic.

The result of these ideas is an insensitive and exaggerated novel that is only weakly funny. Sue Kaufman has selected the lumpen annoyances of life, inflated them, and burdened her book with them. Toward the end, Emma's doctor has proclaimed her regained health, but her husband is spending the evening in a motel room with a friend, the maid is screaming at her in Spanish, and all the lights in town go out.

**E**LAINÉ FEINSTEIN'S *The Crystal Garden* concerns a family already in a state of dissolution that at the instigation of a third, but familiar, party, is brought together—only to break apart again.

The book depicts a circus of relationships among a group of biologists and their wives, children, friends' wives, and wives' friends. Near the center of all this is Matthew, who has not learned "the stupidity of making last desperate snatches at days already lost." When his estranged wife and two children come to visit, therefore, he attempts a ruinous series of conciliatory gestures and then drifts off into an affair with the spouse of his laboratory partner. Meanwhile, his wife and daughter compete for the same desultory intern.

Matthew and his wife have thoroughly incompatible personalities. He is rational to the point of being pompous; she is foolish and flamboyant and throws vases off balconies. At first each has a frantic need for the other's adverse nature. Finally the adversity gets the better of their attentions and the need collapses. The ethic that seems to capture all of the major figures in the novel is an ethic of vacuity. The last word is uttered by the lab partner and it is this: "People go and stay as they do, don't they? Isn't that all there is to it?"

Elaine Feinstein's account of the barren conclusion of a complicated and fervent set of associations is potent but not enlightening. Reading the book is a little like going through a car wash on a bicycle, and then riding off the edge of the flat earth. All of the brushing, sudsing, and rinsing suddenly seems to have lost its purpose. For the reader there is a nice

shock, but the book and the people in it seem to have been suddenly abandoned rather than completed.

*Enormous Changes at the Last Minute* is a group of very energetic stories. Some are wonderfully clear, extraordinarily authentic, and have an enthusiasm that makes them invigorating reading. Others are moral-ridden fables full of misplaced bile and small pronouncements that hinder and annoy the reader. A few are so very ethnic that they sag in the middle and collect a lot of debris.

When Grace Paley is writing well there is considerable force provided by the striking aptness of speech of her characters describing each other. In "Wants," a woman says of her husband: "He had a habit throughout the twenty-seven years of making a narrow remark which, like a plumber's snake, could work its way through the ear down the throat, halfway to my heart. He would then disappear leaving me choking with equipment." When she is not smothered by her concern for a very local issue, Paley's writing shows considerable breadth, and she is able to give her characters important freedom. One sits in a tree for an afternoon; another, running for exercise, is able to spend a few weeks at her former family home discovering the new occupants.

In a story entitled "Faith in the Afternoon," Darwin, Hegel, Karen Horney, David Ricardo, Bertrand Russell, Hope, and Faith all appear in various personifications in a Jewish old-age home. The narration informs us: "All together they would make a goddamn bilingual hermaphrodite." In a story called "Living," Faith decides that "You have to be cockeyed to love, and blind in order to look out the window at your own ice-cold street." Faith's doctor says: "You can't bleed forever. Either you run out of blood or you stop."

As a whole, the book is a fascinating conglomeration of ideas, fears, and limitations. The past is portrayed as chimeric, the present difficult and the future chancy. One is not completely convinced, however, for the recurrent defects in craftsmanship obfuscate the image Paley would leave with us; and at times the aptness turns to coldness and the freedom she allows her inventions leaves them standing dreadfully still. Yet whatever its faults, the book has panache and the cast are creatures of courage, a rare virtue in modern literature. [



# LETTERS

## When does life begin?

"Enemies of Abortion" by Marion Sanders [March] is distressing to Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights because it is liberally inkled with anti-Catholic bias.

The issue concerning the right of woman to privacy over her bodily parts will hardly be resolved without the use of the phrase "bodily part" clarified. It is quite evident that a man cannot have an arbitrary power over the disposition of her bodily parts. If, for example, a woman were to demand that a surgeon remove one of her fingers even though she were in no way diseased, the consulting surgeon would find himself being a malpractice suit for his efforts.

Thus, those who argue for abortion on demand are on shaky grounds appealing to the right of privacy over the disposition of one's body. Further, evidence from genetics and embryology indicates that the fetus is a completely distinct chromosomal unit from the mother. As such, it takes a heroic attitude to dare to classify the fetus as a "bodily part" on the same conceptual level as a finger.

On the other hand, the proponents cannot admit the fetus is a distinct chromosomal unit without losing the right to call the fetus a "bodily part" of the mother. The mere assertion that a woman has the right of privacy over her body is hardly adequate to rescue the argument from absurdity. It takes little mental agility to detect the upside-down "argument" that Sanders offers. It runs something like

this: "We proponents of abortion on demand are obviously right. However, Catholics oppose abortion on demand and are using political tools to cause change in public policy. Therefore, Catholics are 'forcing' their views on the rest of society by using the political process to register their discontent."

May it not be pointed out in rebuttal to this nonsense that Catholics are citizens, too? Since when are constitutional rights denied to minority groups in their efforts to shape public policy? Sanders and other abortion advocates themselves constitute a minority group, and they have, through effective use of the democratic processes, imposed their views and values on the rest of society. Resurrecting nativist, anti-Catholic bigotry in an attempt to prevent the Catholic minority from participating in the democratic processes must not be allowed to pass for noble guardianship of the Constitution.

It is, however, only through a concerted attempt to distort the facts that the concern of Catholics over the abortion issue has been redefined as solely a Catholic concern. In the face of evidence that the pro-life movement is not a mere "Catholic" phenomenon, abortion proponents shift their ground once more and attempt to discredit the pro-life position by charges of emotionalism. Thus, when pro-life spokesmen use pictures of aborted fetuses to convince doubters that the fetus is not a blob of undifferentiated protoplasm, the proabortion faction ignores the facts with cries of "emotionalism."

It is a major goal of the Catholic

League for Religious and Civil Rights to recover the abortion issue from the anti-Catholic bias that pervades American society. American Catholics will not be intimidated into silence and political quietism. Catholics are going militant—and it's about time!

LOWELL A. DUNLAP

Assistant Executive Director  
Catholic League for Religious  
and Civil Rights  
Milwaukee, Wis.

Clearly, a woman has a right over her own body. That right, however, is not an absolute right if there is another body, a potential person, inside her body. The issues become exceedingly complex when rights are in conflict. In this instance, the right to life is in conflict with the right to privacy. However liberal or liberated we are, this problem deserves a higher level of delineation, discussion, and resolution than the spleen-spilling being generated from both sides.

The issues are not simply religious, as Mrs. Sanders implies, although they may be for some. They are moral, ethical, and legal issues as well. The problem of abortion needs to be dealt with from these dimensions, too.

DR. THOMAS KING  
West St. Paul, Minn.

Nowhere in the Sanders article is there any recognition of the fact that there are many people, like myself, who feel that abortion is wrong and who have reached this conclusion through a reasoned process, not because we have been coerced in any way. As an active participant in Cath-

olic parish life, I cannot identify with, or even recognize, the rationale espoused by the author for commitment to the Right to Life movement. What antiquated notions! For some time now the stress in the Catholic Church has been on the formation of one's own individual conscience on moral questions. This, not "cultural change," is what has led to the diversity within the Church during the past ten years. Although I am not a member of the Right to Life movement, I do happen to agree with their basic premise. I feel that under no circumstances should one's personal religious beliefs be forced on other people. However, the question of human life and the individual's right to it cannot be categorized as a personal belief but should be a major concern of all people.

PATRICIA T. SHEA  
New Milford, Conn.

You have performed a service for all citizens by alerting them to the activities of the compulsory pregnancy people whose aim is to overturn the U.S. Supreme Court's abortion decisions by means of a constitutional amendment. Their successes so far make such an amendment a distinct possibility.

You will probably be deluged by mail from the compulsory pregnancy people. Such mail campaigns are proof in themselves of the financing and organization behind this effort. They point up effectively the importance of and the need for such articles as Mrs. Sanders's.

BEATRICE BLAIR  
Executive Director  
National Abortion Rights  
Action League  
New York, N.Y.

#### MARION K. SANDERS REPLIES:

My article was in no sense an attempt to persuade those who believe abortion is murder of the error of their views. Long experience has taught me the futility of debating True Believers. Rather, my purpose was to persuade those who feel, as I do, that every woman has a right to decide whether or not to bear a child that the battle is not yet won. The fervor of this well-organized opposition is documented by the mail that has poured into *Harper's* and to me. That most of the writers are obviously not regular *Harper's* readers (as attested by their syntax and rhetoric)

is unimportant. These are the people who inundate Congress with mail in support of the amendments that would invalidate the Supreme Court ruling. They outwrite the other side twenty to one. This is one situation in which letters really matter.

### A democracy of restraint

William Ophuls's article ["The Scarcity Society," April], contains striking parallels to Alexander Solzhenitsyn's recent letter to the Soviet Presidium. The one speaks to the American experience and the other to the Russian, but both see the best future in terms of benign totalitarianism, economic and ecological hardships, and drastic limits on individual choice.

DOUGLASS LEA  
Director, Project on Privacy  
and Data Collection  
American Civil Liberties Union  
Washington, D.C.

#### WILLIAM OPHULS REPLIES:

I wish all my critics were kind enough to compare me with Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Alas, not yet having read the full text of Solzhenitsyn's letter, I must disclaim any identity of views, even though certain similarities are undeniable. Apart from that, however, I nowhere urge totalitarianism, benign or not. To the contrary, one of my principal aims is to salvage as much personal liberty as we can from the era of scarcity ahead. I suggest that much more community authority and considerable restraint on individual choice are going to be necessary precisely in order to forestall a chaotic future in which Big Brother will have become inevitable. Given our current prejudices, the necessary measures are bound to seem unpalatable, but they are not synonymous with tyranny and totalitarianism. There are many historical examples of effective, yet lawful and limited, political authority. If we do not like any of these past models for coping with scarcity, then we must create one that suits us better.

### The Southern gentleman

I am a Southern chauvinist (female!) and proud of it. I believe I understand my region and accept it. Just as Florence King ["The Good

Ole Boy," April] tells us that "the are men and then there are Southern men," I respond, "there are broad minded critics and then there are bigots." The editors' note mentions that Miss King is a Southerner. Aren't you sorry, Miss King? Since you seem to be acquainted with our crude Southern folklore, surely you will recognize this "slightly altered version of an anthem that arose out of the ranks of your best specimen of 'Good Ole Boyism'—yes, the Klux Klan:

Move it on North, boys  
Move it on North.  
If you don't like our Southern  
ways,  
Move it on North.

DIANE WOOD  
Macon, Ga.

Please tell little ol' Flossie King that those sweet li'l Good Ole Boys are hard to come by these days. They are a real endangered species, truly. Yes, ma'am, they have been plucked out by a whole bunch of tight-lipped, stingy, McGovern-loving Yamm Dankees, born in the middle of the week and looking both ways for Sunday!

So, Flossie, honey, you Yank gals come on down here and fetch yore menfolk back home, 'cause shore don't take long for a Yankee boy to change into a Good Ole Boy. Yes, ma'am, once they get their feet warm, their bellies full, and their heads rubbed a little bit, why tho Yankee boys are plum hard to get shed of.

Y'all come soon, now, but jeez leave any Good Ole Boy you find to them what knows how to handle them!

ELVA THOMPSON  
Knoxville, Tenn.

#### FLORENCE KING REPLIES:

To Elva Thompson: I'm sorry to report that the Virginia seismograph is now broken beyond repair. When you called me a Yankee, my grandmother started spinning in her grave. I was born on Sunday, January 1, 1936, in Washington, D.C., product of a long line of Old Dominion residents whose ancestral home was Newgate Prison—a stingy, tight-lipped institution without whose belief in the salubrious effects of forced emigration "The Good Ole Boy" would never have been written.



## IBM on trial

William Rodgers' "IBM on Trial" is blatantly misleading and in many instances demonstrably false. In addition, it draws conclusions about IBM and the data-processing industry that are contradicted by the findings of the two federal courts that have examined IBM's position in the industry.

Certainly, IBM and its legal affairs are proper subjects for public commentary. And I believe IBM is mature enough to accept critical points of view. However, I must object when a writer chooses to support his personal opinions with strident denunciations that contradict, misrepresent, or willfully ignore facts that are a matter of public record. For example, IBM has had two trials. It won one and lost one and successfully prevailed in four efforts by competitors to enjoin certain IBM practices. All those were brought under the antitrust laws. But Mr. Rodgers mentions only the one IBM

the article's errors and omissions are pervasive; the following specific examples should give your readers the idea of how they were misled: *Statement:* IBM is a "monopoly" of the computer industry, an "unbested colossus." In a similar vein, Rodgers quotes unnamed "surviving competitors" as saying that "IBM empire" is "too immune to restraints of power, too dangerous and ruthless to be tolerated in the social and industrial community."

*Fact:* The only two federal judges to have passed on the question have concluded after trial that IBM does not monopolize the computer industry.

Judge A. Sherman Christensen in the *Telex* case decided—in a ruling IBM now is appealing—that IBM did not monopolize a narrow market defined as "peripheral devices plug compatible with the CPU's (computers) of IBM." However, Judge Christensen also concluded the following about IBM competitors and IBM's position generally in the computer industry: "... competitors include many large diversified companies with important skills and substantial financial resources, and many competitors are strong, independent and growing. . . . Between 1952 and 1970 the number of competitors in

the EDP industry multiplied more than 136 times from 13 to 1773. . . . Broadly defined the EDP industry appears competitive and dynamic."

Judge Walter E. Craig, in dismissing the *Greyhound Computer Corporation* suit in July of 1972 after eight weeks of trial, found that IBM was not a monopoly and that "the defendant's place in the industry has been achieved as a result of superior skill, foresight and industry. . . . There is no evidence of any attempt to monopolize on the record."

*Statement:* IBM "probably commands 75 to 80 percent of the computer business in the United States. . . . IBM concedes that it gets perhaps 35 percent of the industry revenues, but the courts and its competitors scorn that unsupported estimate as nonsense."

*Fact:* The 35 percent figure is not IBM's, and it is not an "unsupported estimate"; it was a result of a court-administered industry census. In the *Telex* decision, the only one which dealt with percentage figures, Judge Christensen did not "scorn" the 35 percent as "nonsense." He specifically found that IBM's share of industry revenue was "35.1 percent in 1970."

*Statement:* Computer divisions of Philco, RCA, and General Electric were "demolished" in "unequal combat" with IBM.

*Fact:* The computer divisions were not "demolished" but, as Judge Christensen found, were acquired by Sperry Rand-Univac and Honeywell, whose competitive positions were

"enhanced" by these acquisitions. And the Philco-Ford computer divisions recently reported electronic data-processing revenue in 1972 of \$79 million in a computer-industry census.

*Statement:* In 1913 Thomas J. Watson, Sr., was "exempted" from serving an antitrust sentence "after the court ordered a second trial."

*Fact:* In 1913 Mr. Watson was indicted and convicted along with many other officials of National Cash Register Company, but Mr. Watson's conviction was reversed by the court of appeals. The government then proposed a settlement; Mr. Watson rejected the offer, and the government dropped the case against him. He was not "exempted" from serving a sentence; he won the case.

*Statement:* "Coincidentally, IBM announced that it intended to market an improved version" of Control Data Corporation's Model 6600, but "never manufactured" it.

*Fact:* IBM never announced "it intended to market an improved version" of the CDC 6600. Two years after the announcement of the CDC 6600, IBM did announce a model of the System/360 that was more powerful than the CDC 6600, and IBM manufactured and delivered a number of them.

*Statement:* IBM settled with CDC "out of court by giving Norris one of its subsidiary companies and cash amounting to \$110 million."

*Fact:* IBM did not "give" CDC a subsidiary or \$110 million in cash. The actual terms of the mutual settlement (IBM had countersued against CDC for antitrust violations) were: CDC purchased an IBM subsidiary for \$16 million. IBM agreed to provide \$2.6 million per year for ten years to assure the employees of that subsidiary (its former employees) their full, existing fringe benefits. IBM agreed to purchase from CDC \$4.8 million per year of EDP services and \$6 million of research and development work per year for five years. In addition, \$15 million of CDC legal fees and expenses were paid by IBM.

*Statement:* The Justice Department "hopes to apply an old measuring rule, which holds that competition is stifled when three or four companies carry off 50 percent or more of any category of business. IBM is prepared to plead that it is being discriminated against, that the old mea-

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### SHARE WHAT YOU KNOW

From your own practical experience, what examples do you have of how democracy is or isn't working? What have been your problems and solutions in gaining access to the local or national system of government? Do you see new systems evolving to replace the patchwork of local government, and are they better or worse than what they replace? What tyrannies need to be revealed? What tactics for freeing the system actually work? If you've ever beaten city hall, how did you do it? In your own lifetime, do you think democracy has advanced or regressed? How? Why? See page 109 to find out where to send your answers.

suring rule is invalid, dishonored by numerous exceptions."

**Fact:** Nonsense. There is no such rule and never has been.

**Statement:** Mr. Rodgers characterizes Berton Hochfeld, whom he quotes at length, as one of the "architects" of IBM's so-called "price-cutting structure" who "designed the price cuts," thereby accomplishing "for IBM the job he was required to do."

**Fact:** Mr. Hochfeld worked for IBM for just over two years after he finished his schooling. He was one of the hundreds of "financial analysts" at IBM and never held any kind of managerial position. Mr. Hochfeld conceded under oath that he was never responsible for setting any prices on any IBM products. Furthermore, Mr. Rodgers does not reveal that Mr. Hochfeld, after leaving IBM, worked as a paid consultant and witness for Telex.

Mr. Rodgers has taken up the cudgels of a few of IBM's competitors and ignored the unprecedented product and price improvements in computers passed on to consumers by the intense competition in the industry. That he is free to do, but we believe

your readers and IBM should not be abused and misled by Mr. Rodgers' demonstrable distortions.

FRANK T. CARY  
Chairman of the Board  
IBM

#### WILLIAM RODGERS REPLIES:

On the basis of Mr. Cary's critique of my article, one could develop an Orwellian thesis that corporate innocence flourishes in proportion to the magnitude of litigation against it.

Unlike Mr. Cary, *Harper's* readers will doubtless see my article as an examination of his corporation rather than as an attack against it. If he and his colleagues will look again, they will find that it was the failure of American law and government that I primarily criticized. It is the failure of government to at least restrain predatory power that has put the government in complicity with corporate power.

I am very sorry I imputed to IBM people I interviewed loftier managerial status than they deserved. I would have identified Berton Hochfeld as a consultant to Telex had I known he was one, so that readers could assess the validity of self-

serving comments. My oversight of this fact is criticized by Mr. Cary and appropriately so.

Whether or not the late Thomas J. Watson, Sr., "won" his antitrust case after conviction in 1913 is highly questionable. This case is recounted fully in my book *Think*, soon to be reissued in an updated paperback edition by New American Library. Certainly it is fair to say that he won exemption from serving a sentence when, three years after he had been fired from National Cash Register Company, the case simply withered away through a *nolle prosequi*, meaning the prosecution simply dropped it. I don't want to deprive Mr. Watson of any victory—if that's what was.

Mr. Cary says computer divisions of Philco, RCA, and GE were "demolished" in "unequal combat" with IBM but only "acquired" by other corporations. This is slick language close to the bone. Demolition by acquisition is not uncommon. And if any company's position was "enhanced" in the process, it was IBM's.

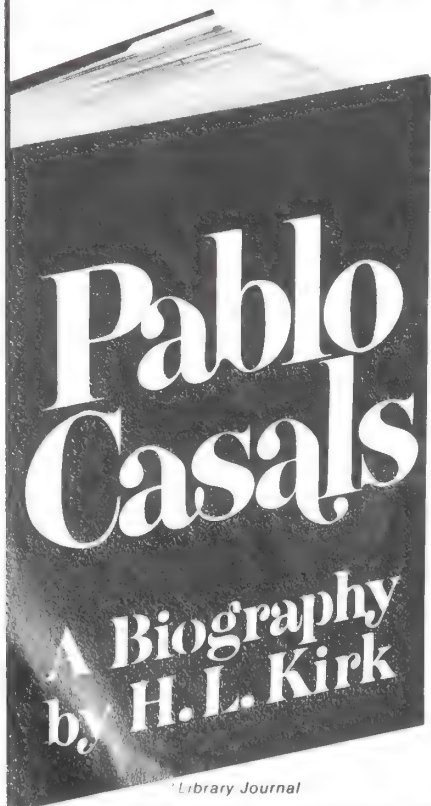
The reference to a "measuring rule" cropped up in old antitrust and monopoly studies. As I explicitly stated, it never amounted to doctrine. Perhaps I need not have brought it up.

It is quite true that I did not dwell on the laudatory things said in the courts and other forums about IBM over the years. I did not purpose to omit them as a literary technique to make IBM look wicked. My essay was an account of IBM trials, not of its virtues.

As for the question of whether IBM gets—or commands or controls—75 percent of the computer-industry market or, as it claims, 35 percent, that is surely an issue to be determined in the government antitrust trial headed for resolution. There are many different markets in the industry. What is in question is the extent to which IBM's share of these markets gives it monopoly power and how that power is exercised.

For there is indeed an IBM empire. The company is, in fact, the undisputed (except by IBM) colossus of the industry. And it has the power, however achieved, to destroy most competitors at will. What the courts and the government will do about this, if anything, remains to be seen.

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## Photosynthesis: How It Works

The sun's radiant energy is converted into food in the chloroplast, a remarkable green body found in plant cells. In this process of photosynthesis, carbon dioxide from the air is converted to sugar through combination with the elements of water in the presence of light energy. Oxygen is released as a byproduct. Thus the overall process is exactly the reverse of respiration or burning, in which organic matter such as sugar is oxidized, releasing energy, carbon dioxide, and water. Photosynthesis, in addition to producing food, also purifies the air, both by removing carbon dioxide and by releasing oxygen.

The chemical steps intervening between the absorption of light energy and the first appearance of sugar are numerous, complicated, and not completely understood. But this is basically what happens: several different types of chlorophyll, a green pigment, are immobilized in special places on stacks of membranes in the chloroplast when struck by light from the red or blue portions of the spectrum. Each chlorophyll molecule becomes "excited." In this excited or highly energetic state, it loses an electron, becoming positively charged in the process. The positive charge attracts negatively charged hydroxyl ions ( $\text{OH}^-$ ) which, together with hydrogen ions ( $\text{H}^+$ ), are produced by the dissociation of water. The hydroxyl ion loses an electron to the plus charge of the chlorophyll, restoring its original state and leaving the hydroxyl with no electrical charge. There being no further reaction, the uncharged  $\text{OH}^-$  separates and ultimately breaks down, releasing oxygen. We have thus accounted for light absorption, water utilization, and oxygen release.

The conversion of carbon di-

oxide to sugar is more complicated. The original high-energy electron expelled from excited chlorophyll moves through a series of acceptor compounds, each at a lower energy level than the one before it. In the course of this energetic downhill movement, it causes the formation of special high-energy chemical bonds, much as water flowing downhill can turn a wheel and leave part of its energy as the electricity thereby generated. The stored chemical energy is in a compound called ATP (adenosine triphosphate). This compound can drive reactions energetically uphill in the same way that a pump can make water move uphill. Whenever the ATP performs such an energetic act, it loses a phosphate group that can be put back again by further electron flow.

In the meantime, a different chlorophyll molecule, also excited by light, initiates a similar electron flow that results in the addition of a hydrogen atom ( $\text{H}$ ) to a complex substance called NADP. The resulting NADP·H can release its hydrogen to appropriate acceptor compounds.

Both ATP and NADP·H generated by light are required to transform carbon dioxide to sugar. The carbon dioxide of the air enters the plant and becomes attached to a larger compound consisting, in most plants, of a central skeleton of five carbon atoms. The resulting six-carbon compound promptly breaks into two identical three-carbon parts. The energy of the ATP and the hydrogen of the NADP·H are now used to change these smaller fragments into sugarlike compounds. These in turn become the stable sugars that are the basic food of man and almost all other living creatures. In this way, light energy is stored in the form of sugar.

—Arthur Galston

Arthur Galston is Eaton Professor of Botany at Yale.

## Written on the Wind

Wind power is in a class by itself as the greatest terrestrial medium for harvesting, harnessing, and conserving solar energy. The water and air waves circulating around our planet are unsurpassed energy accumulators whose captured energy may be used to generate electrical, pneumatic, and hydraulic power systems.

I have been pursuing the subject of wind power with varying degrees of intensity since 1927, when I included windmills, air compressors, liquid oxygen, liquefaction equipment, and air turbines in the design of the first Dymaxion house.

With the advent of rural electrification—more than a third of a century ago—I saw that windmills were going out just as modern aerodynamic research was coming in. To take advantage of this potential scientific harvest, I have for the past four years been pursuing the development of windmill-generated electricity.

One of the strategies has been to convert some pure sun-stilled water electrolytically into hydrogen and oxygen and use the hydrogen directly for power purposes; or the hydrogen and oxygen could be reassociated to produce electric current at an overall 85 percent efficiency. Another strategy is the adoption of improved windmill propeller blades with jet-technology aerodynamic cowling in a new low-cost method of mechanical linkage from the mill to the generator. We are also developing a new octahedral windmill mast which is transportable, powerful, economical, and swiftly erectable. In the course of our experiments, my associates and I found that the Greek-island-type windmills with self-furling sails are also very efficient.

Present experiments show that flywheels—as energy accumulators—can be employed efficiently in connection with variable winds to drive generators.

All the winds around Earth together with all the force they can use to produce the 150 million square miles of ocean waves; and to bend, swirl, twist, and sometimes uproot the world's trees, bushes, grasses, dust storms; and to form and scud around the Earth the two billion cubic miles of clouds and their many violent storms;

as well as all the billions of tons of water raised hourly into the sky to rain back upon Earth to maintain the vegetation; these winds and their many side-effect tasks altogether constitute a 100-mile thick, 200 billion-cubic-mile spherical mantle which is indeed a sun-energy accumulator or *sun-energy storage battery*, whose power capacity is adequate to accommodate and eternally regenerate all of humanity's needs and pleasures, with a safety factor coefficient of 10,000 to 1.

As the U.S. Navy reckons it, one minute of one hurricane releases more energy than that of the combined atomic bomb arsenals of the United States and Russia. From the viewpoint of design science, it is simply a matter of coping with the calm, zephyr, gale, or hurricane variabilities of wind power.

Great corporations have not as yet ventured into this field because wind energy has not seemed to be monopolizable over a pipe or a wire. Enterprise can be rewarded, however, in greater magnitude than ever before, by producing and renting world-around wind-harnessing apparatus—following the models of the computer, telephone, car rental, and hoteling-service industries.

Hydrogen, harvested in the manner I have described, can be used immediately to operate all the world's piston- or turbine-driven engines now driven by gasified petroleum products. Recent studies by the National Science Foundation afford statistical confirmation of my statement that wind power can take care of all our energy needs, and that this can be accomplished in short order. The National Science Foundation's development strategy is directed at producing large offshore, ship- or tower-mounted, windmill batteries to supply large cities. In contradistinction, my windmill development work is aimed at supplying individual consumer families.

Wind power permits humanity to participate in cosmic economics and evolutionary accommodation without in any way depleting or offending the great ecological regeneration of life on Earth.

—R. Buckminster Fuller

Buckminster Fuller's 800-page systematic philosophy, *Synergetics*, will be published by Macmillan in the fall.

## BEING A GIANT SAIL AND GO

The literature of illumination reveals this above all: although it comes to those who wait for it, it is always, even to the most practiced and adept, a gift and a total surprise. I return from one walk knowing where the killdeer nests in the field by the creek and the four the laurel blooms. I return from the same walk a day later scarcely knowing my own name. . . . It is possible, in deep space, to sail on solar wind. Light, be it particle or wave, has force: you tug a giant sail and go. The secret of seeing is to sail on solar wind. Hone and spread your spirit till you yourself are a sail.

—Annie Dillard, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, 1974



# WRAP AROUND WRAP

## A Friendly Visit to Mr. Sun

Hi, kids! This is Dr. Knowledge. Today on Adventure Time we're going to take a trip to the sun! We're privileged to have with us the brilliant scientist Dr. Zbigniew Ferris of the Polish Astrophysics Institute. Dr. Z. has built a spaceship out of asbestos and Teflon, coated with gelatin, and he will be leading our expedition.

Now, some of you are probably worried about getting *burned up* when we land! Well, that's natural enough, what with the surface temperature being 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. But you can relax, for we are going at night.

Okay, Dr. Z, let's blast off!

While Dr. Z. is busy at the complex controls, let's try to find the sun. It's located about 32,000 light years from the center of the Milky Way galaxy. It's a good thing that we're only 93 million miles away and that the Earth is moving right along with the sun—that cuts down on our travel time. Another benefit of the sun's being relatively close to the Earth is that we can pick it out easily from all the other stars. Otherwise we'd have trouble finding it because, frankly, it's rather boring. As Robert Howard of Hale Observatories observes, the sun is "a dwarf of the spectral type G . . . quiet and well-behaved compared to some of its more gigantic or bombastic relatives."

Sh! Hear the solar wind? It's made up of all those atomic particles hurled out by the sun.

Let's wave at mysterious Venus! And hello there, little Mercury! Say, Dr. Z., we seem to be speeding up.

"Yes, Dr. Knowledge, that's because we're starting to spiral in toward the sun and we're feeling its enormous gravitational pull. Everything about the sun is enormous. In fact, it accounts for 99 percent of the matter in the solar system. Look to your left and you'll see how it's filling up the porthole windows. We'd better put on our extra-thick-lensed sunglasses!

"Note the glow around the sun. That's the corona, a hot, thin cloud of gas many times the sun's diameter. The mag-

netic field of the sun controls the shape of the corona. Isn't it pretty? Now, before we land, let's swoop under this huge gaseous arc shooting up from the surface. It's about 100,000 miles high. Moving very fast. Wow! Sometimes these solar prominences escape the sun's gravity altogether, but this one won't—it's falling back down. Spectacular!

"Let's check out the surface. Hmm. Looks mottled, like a big plate of tapioca! Those dark spots are sunspots—storms fifty times the size of the Earth. The solar prominences, like the one we just saw, are the result of these eddies on the surface. The storms don't appear to move, because they're so large.

"Hang on, we're gliding down now. You can't really tell exactly where the surface is because it's all gas, but keep your seatbelts strapped, because there's a lot of turbulence! But, you know, our Mr. Sun is a *healthy* star. Though he might *look* chaotic, he's actually stable and well-organized, with many intricate patterns and pulsation cycles.

"Let's whip out our high-power microscopes and examine the surface. Look at all those coherent atoms—no parts missing. Calcium, hydrogen, helium.

Now, all these coherent atoms here are part of a bucket brigade. These atoms are conveying energy from the furnace in the sun's core. If they didn't, the sun would explode. A healthy star, you see, is a balance between a huge release of energy and intense gravity. Mr. Sun is fairly stable, although every eleven years he throws off a little more energy than the gravity controls—that's your sunspot cycle.

"Okay, let's drop down a few thousand miles, toward the core. Feel the gas growing rigid? Now it's quite dense. I'd better turn on the propellers so we can bore right through. Whew, it's getting hot!"

Thirty million degrees F., Dr. Z.

"Right! And a lot's going on here. Too bad the human eye can't perceive it. But you can take my word—the energy levels here are too high for atoms to hold together. They're stripped down to subatomic particles.

Now, how does this furnace work? Unlike a coal furnace, where the fuel is consumed quickly, Mr. Sun's furnace relies on a chain of nuclear processes involving hydrogen and helium. At the end of the process, a tiny bit of matter has been transformed into a fantastic amount of energy, which is then passed upward from atom to atom in the bucket brigade until it reaches the surface in the form of light, heat, radio waves, every kind of radiation imaginable. There are lots of unknowns here in the interior, but we don't have time to explore them today, for we must return to Earth and eat breakfast!"

Thanks, Dr. Z. Let's take back a little teaspoonful of the sun's core to show the folks at home!

"Better not, Dr. Knowledge! It will explode when we get to the surface, blowing us all to kingdom come!"

Righto, Dr. Z. No souvenirs this time. Who will ever believe us?

*Next Month: We call on a black hole in space!*

—Gwyneth Cravens

*Gwyneth Cravens, a contributing editor of Harper's, is a former member of the Monroe Junior High Rocket Club of Albuquerque.*

## Hardy Warriors

It has been said that in the time of Great Antiquity there were originally two suns in the sky. One rose in the east, and the other rose in the west. The two suns were very hot, very large, and they scorched the earth until it smoked and smoldered. No plant was able to live long under such conditions.

Several men of high intelligence did some thinking and came up with a plan. They delegated a group of hardy warriors, and instructed them to take up great bows and large arrows, and travel to the distant Western Mountain and shoot down the sun of the west.

So it was that one day a band of courageous men set forth, marching apace, hurrying day after day along the road to the west, until they had been at the task steadily for a decade and more. Since the journey was such an overwhelmingly long one, those heroic men underwent a great many trials and

tribulations which gradually aged and weakened them. (By one, they sickened and died.) By and by there remained a single warrior who was comparatively younger than others who had set off on mission. This lone survivor managed to make his way back to civilization without mishap. Upon his arrival he addressed the multitude with these words: "The road is fearsomely long. If we think to shoot down the sun of the west, each man must make certain to carry a chum with him!"

A second group of men quickly formed up, each of them carrying on his back a young boy. They set off on their journey. Year after year went on and on they walked, until twenty years had flown by. The original members of the party had all grown old and youngsters had grown up. The elder warriors thereupon gave their bows and arrows to younger ones, and made their way back home again. The younger ones took up the bows and arrows and set off straight way toward the Western Mountain. By the time they reached their destination the youths had become thirty to forty years of age, full in the strength of their years and experience.

Standing atop the Western Mountain, they waited for the sun to rise. When it did, they nocked sturdy arrows to their strings and drew their great bows to the fullest pitch. Then *whoosh!* The arrows took flight toward the sun with a sound like the humming of a swarm of angry bees. Among the cluster of arrows one sped straight and true, without wobble or waver, piercing the heart of the western sun. Mortally wounded, the sun dripped blood, which dyed the western sky red. After the sun had stopped bleeding, it changed to a pallid color, losing its force and ability to send forth fierce heat and brilliant rays of light.

From that time on there was only one sun in the sky. No longer, there was a moon! It is said that the moon is the scar that lost its blood. In the middle of the moon is a dark spot which is the scar from the wound left by the arrow.

—Translated from the Chinese by Tam C. Gibbs

*Tam C. Gibbs is currently working on translations of Confucius and Lao Tzu with Prof. Cheng Man-ch'ing.*

A square yard of area exposed to direct sunlight continuously receives radiation equivalent to nearly two horsepower.



# DUND WRAP AROUND

## SOURCES

*Birth and Death of the Sun*, by George Gamow. Unfortunately, this book is no longer in print, but it is a classic that should not be missed by anyone who wants to know about the sun in its own right (it is a star) rather than the source of the Earth's heat and light. Although it is now out of date in its scientific details, the book conveys a marvellously intimate sense of the nature of things that scientists have to know about the sun and how they find out. Try your best for a copy.

*Coming Age of Solar Energy* (revised edition), by D. S. Fienberg, Jr. (Harper & Row, \$5.)

This is a journalistic work, worth reading as an easy, if inequitable, introduction to the subject. The book is based on the correct premise that too few people realize the energy potential of the sun, and it presents, in simple form, the fundamental features of solar radiation and the various schemes proposed to capture it.

*Assessment of Solar Energy as a National Energy Resource*, the NSF/NASA Solar Energy Panel, December 1972. Available from the Department of Mechanical Engineering, University of Maryland, College Park, Maryland, \$2.35.)

If you are after up-to-date facts about what can be done with solar energy, you can avoid going to one of the increasing numbers of government-sponsored technical reports on the subject. This report documents the conclusion of a scientific panel that "solar energy can be developed to meet sizeable portions of the Nation's future energy needs." It assumes that a substantial development program can achieve the necessary technical and economic objectives by the year 2020 and commends that the U.S. take a leading role in research and development.

The report itself analyzes three broad applications of solar energy: (1) solar heating and cooling of buildings; (2) the production of fuels from organic materials produced with the aid of the sun; (3) the generation of electricity from solar energy.

*Solar House Plans*, by Harry E. Thomason and Harry Jack Lee Thomason, Jr. (Edmund Scientific Company, \$10.)

*Solar House Plans* outlines what one needs in order to build a new home with solar heating. It explains that solar heating is not limited to areas of constant sunshine and cites the Thomason Solar Home No. 1 in Washington, D.C., as an example of its application in cloudy and seasonal weather.

The author defines a solar house as one in which the major portion of the heat requirements, that is, more than 50 percent, is obtained through solar devices. The report includes information on the costs of constructing a heating system; a list of parts, materials, and equipment needed; general instructions for construction; and answers to the most commonly asked questions about solar houses. It also includes solar-house plans and work sheets.

*Solar Energy Research: A Multidisciplinary Approach*. Staff Report of the 92nd Congress, second session. Available, free, from the House Committee on Science and Astronautics, while the supply lasts.

The Congress is a surprisingly good source of information about solar energy. This report includes the responses of selected federal agencies to requests for information on current research. It aims to reveal the current status and future potential of solar energy research, including: (1) the extent of need; (2) who is doing the research and development; (3) what level of effort is being exerted; (4) what the technological, economic, political, and social obstacles are; and (5) the degree of reliance that can and should be placed on solar energy. This is a good place to find out who is doing what.

—Margaret Davies

Margaret Davies works at the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems at Washington University in St. Louis.

To send for books mentioned in Sources, please follow the directions for ordering that appear in Tools for Living on page 104.

## Highest Praise

Far and away the best book on the most important aspect of the sun—how we can use the energy that it sheds on the earth—is *Direct Use of the Sun's Energy*, by Farrington Daniels, now available in paperback (Ballantine, \$1.95). Farrington Daniels, who died only a year ago, was a man of remarkable and rare talents, a gifted scientist and a citizen deeply concerned about making science useful to society. That is why his book is so important: it is firmly based on solid science, and the facts and ideas are aimed at the solution of real problems faced by real people. The writing is clear, to the point, and touched by the spirit of the man.

—Barry Commoner

## Finally, a Directory

The most comprehensive solar guide is a 384-page computer-coordinated reference work, *Solar Heating, Cooling, and Energy Conservation Directory*, published by Environmental Action of Colorado. The book catalogues all current uses of the sun's energy by individuals, industries, institutions, and governmental agencies. It lists practically every manufacturer of solar-power equipment, together with brief descriptions of the products. Many of them are from foreign countries, where much of the technology is already in use.

For anyone seriously interested in solar energy, the directory is a must. Send all orders for the *Solar Heating, Cooling, and Energy Conservation Directory* to Carolyn M. Pesko, c/o Environmental Action of Colorado, 1100 14 Street, Denver, Colorado 80202. Your check for \$15 should be made payable to that organization.

## EARS

Environmental Action of Colorado sent us a large packet of information detailing their activities in circulating information about solar energy. They told us that Environmental Action Reprint Service, known as EARS, sells a catalogue of solar information (25 cents) describing works on "everything under the sun" from a wide variety of scientific publications and news sources. The topics range from solar industry marketing to energy-flow charts to "An Invitation for Everyone Who Wishes Good Things for America."

For a copy of EARS Catalogue 2B, send your quarter to EARS, 1100 14 Street, Denver, Colorado 80202. If you'd rather have a sample of the Service's work immediately, send them \$3.60 for their Solar Energy Packet. It includes bumper stickers, buttons, their catalogue, and some of the most thoroughly researched reprints on solar energy we've seen.



The sun dance, the major celebration of the Plains Indians until 1900.



# TOOLS FOR LIVING

## HELP WANTED

When I began to explore the marketplace and badger my friends for tips on products that used the sun's power, I thought that surely I would come up with dozens and dozens of items. As it turned out, I didn't find as many as I had hoped; tools designed to take advantage of this free source of energy are in the fledgling stage of development. If any of you know of currently available solar tools we've missed, please write to us about them.

—Mel Wathen

To order items from us, send a letter to Tools for Living, c/o Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Specify the item, quantity of each item, and color (if needed). Price is that indicated in the description below, plus postage and handling charges as listed. Add up the total for all items you order (N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax). Enclose a check for the total amount payable to Harper's Magazine. If you prefer to charge your BankAmericard or Master Charge on orders over \$15, indicate your card number and its expiration date. You may also order the books on page 103 by following these instructions.

## SUN FOOD

In the pre-electric age, people often preserved food by drying it in the sun.

Here's a current report from William H. Dougherty of Santa Fe, New Mexico. "In the case of curing chili, and also jerky, which is sometimes hung out here like scraps of laundry on clotheslines, the essential process is desiccation, with the sun used only as a convenient agent. I suppose that besides dehydrating the strips of salted meat for jerky, the rays of the sun kill a good many bacteria on the meat and help preserve it in that way, too. As far as I know, New Mexico is the only place in the U.S. where you see long, red chili peppers dried in the sun and strung in *ristras* to hang by kitchen doors as handy seasoning. But jerky is common elsewhere, in Iran and Mongolia, for example."

To create a tableau of swags of herbs, fruits, and vegetables drying in the sun, you will probably need some advice. The best source of information on sun drying is *Putting Food By* (Hertzberg, Vaughan, and Greene, Stephen Greene Press, \$3.95). The chapter "Drying" explains how to make dryers for use in direct sun or shade, tells what foods dry best, and gives appropriate recipes. The process is shown to be practical and easy, though readers are warned about pollution, sudden rainstorms, and excessive humidity—all threats to food drying outdoors. This volume also gives complete instructions for the drying and preparation of jerky.

## ADOBE ARCHITECTURE

To those of us who grew up in the Southwest, the shimmering white walls of adobe houses mean home. Adobe is the sun-dried slab bricks of clayey mud and straw that the Indian pueblos were made of and is the material of which many homes are made today in the more arid regions of the Southwest. The walls of these modern houses are between twenty and twenty-eight inches thick, assuring you of coolness during the searing heat of summer and insulation against the cold of winter. The adobe itself is often made of soil from the building site mixed with straw and is then cured in the sun for many months. After construction of the walls and the ceilings is completed, the interior and exterior of the house are plastered with a smooth, finely sifted adobe and allowed to dry in the sun.

Tammy Kostiuk, a native of New Mexico transplanted to Dallas, Texas, suggested the most informative book we have found on adobe homes. It's the work of Myrtle and Wilfred Stedman of Tesuque, New Mexico. With backgrounds in the fine arts, architecture, and construction, the Stedmans became interested in building and restoring adobe homes. Their *Adobe Architecture* (The Sun-Stone Press, \$3.95) is a masterpiece of design and a clear explanation of the craft of building with adobe. The authors detail the formula for making adobe bricks and provide several architectural plans and sketches of interiors.



## NOW YOU'RE COOKIN'

The Sunflower Solar Oven, designed by solar research engineer Bud Clevett, is the best we have ever seen. This oven is the refined version of over fifty designs that Mr. Clevett has experimented with in the past thirty-five years and may well be the simplest and cheapest. The oven is made out of corrugated paper, aluminum foil, plastic, and pipe cleaners. It weighs two pounds, and folds up neatly into a package that will fit in a backpack.

Ten corrugated paper "petals" focus the sun's rays into a tensided corrugated-paper box to which they are attached. The box, lined with black aluminum foil and capped with a removable plastic panel, is the oven.

Solar radiation, reflected into the oven by the petals, is absorbed by the blackened surfaces, which heat up very quickly. Assuming the sun is shining, the oven can heat up to 450 degrees Fahrenheit in about ten minutes. (It delivers about 1,000 BTUs an hour.) It can cook half a dozen hamburgers in minutes.

The emphasis in the product's design is on practicality. For instance, when the oven's reflective petals are extended, they are twist-tied to each other by pipe cleaners. Clevett said he decided to use the latter rather than a special fastener "because if you lose a pipe cleaner you can replace it." The oven is easy to clean.

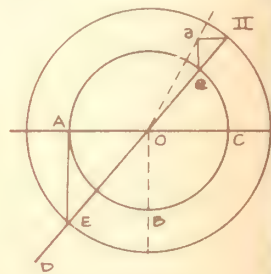
Solar ovens are nearly impossible to find, so we made arrangements with Mr. Clevett to make the Sunflower Solar Oven available to our readers for \$10.95, plus \$1.50 postage and handling.

## NOT MOONSHINE, BUT A SUNSHINE STILL

There is a Solar Still that will produce over one quart of pure, fresh water each day from common seawater or brackish water. Sent to us by Harry Macerell, Jr., of Marathon, Florida, the device is now standard equipment in U.S. Navy and Air Force survival kits.

The Solar Still is a twenty-inch black cloth balloon encased in a clear plastic sheath that captures and channels moisture evaporation from seawater. It floats in the brine hooked with a towline to your boat or life raft. The sun's rays heat the seawater poured into the still, which drips on the black evaporator cloth stretched within the center of the sphere, causing evaporation. As beads of vapor condense on the sides of the plastic cover, they run down to the freshwater trap below the waterline. A funnel arrangement at the top of the balloon holds the seawater, and ballast tubes leading to the bottom keep the still upright even in rough seas. According to the instructions, the salts do not evaporate, but remain in the black cloth. These salts are washed out the drain in the bottom. The still is self-cleaning and you never need to wash it. Just dry it out and repack it to be used again.

The Solar Still is available from many marine suppliers by mail from us for \$14, plus \$1.25 postage and handling.



## SUN FUN

All the following recipes playing with the sun require direct sun, lots of it.

**Mud puzzles:** Using water from the garden hose, make rather soupy mud in an unshaded area of your backyard that is free from plants and grass. Smooth the mud out on the ground and allow it to dry thoroughly. Don't touch the mud



# TRAP AROUND WRAP

on it. After several days, if the sun has baked your mud sufficiently, it will begin to break into pieces that curl up at the edges. You will know when the pieces are ready to be played with, for they will have a uniform color. Okay, now you're ready to play. Each player in turn carefully picks up pieces of dried mud. After each player has his pieces, he in turn tries to put his pieces of the mud puzzle back on the ground in exactly the place from which they came. Players who break their pieces must forfeit their turns.

**Ray-o-graphs:** Gather an assortment of interesting leaves, shells, keys, small rocks, or other objects. Arrange them on a piece of colored paper out in the sun for a few hours around midday. Remove the items from the paper and see what the sun has created.

**Shadow portraits:** Spread a sheet of brown wrapping paper or newsprint out in the sun. Stand on it or near it, cast an interesting shadow on the paper. Make it a fantastic shadow by holding something (a hat or a branch, say) over your head or wearing a funny hat. Have someone trace the outline of the shadow on the paper. Then fill in the outline with one color of paint.

**Rainbows:** Place a prism on a windowsill where a beam of light can hit it and throw a rainbow into your room. If you don't have a prism, place a tiny mirror in a glass of water and hold the glass on the windowsill. Just the glass until the sun shines on the mirror. Instant rainbow.

**Curb art:** Molten tar is fun to play with at with a stick and roll into balls. Crayons will melt easily on a really hot day and are great to draw with in the asphalt. (Neighbors don't seem to like this art form, so be sure to draw in front of your own house and only on the curb, where you can get some nice "curb" effects as the wax runs down the curb.)

**Ice drawing:** One of the Texas favorites. Draw on the sidewalk with an ice cube. Another variation of this is the ice race. Any number can play. Each player must be armed with an ice cube with which he makes a line down the sidewalk. The object of the game is to see who can draw the longest line and

then to see whose line evaporates last. The one whose line went farthest and lasted longest is the winner.

**Magnifying glass:** You can burn your name into boards with a magnifying glass if you're patient enough to hold it steadily above the wood. This takes lots of practice.

**Sunflowers:** Plant some sunflower seeds. When the plants are mature and blossom, watch the flowers. In the morning they will face east. They will then follow the path of the sun on its course toward the west. The word for sunflower in Spanish is *girasol*, which means "follows the sun."

## SHADOW STICK

You can find directions without a compass. On a sunny day drive a stick into the ground [at an angle] so that it makes no shadow. Within 15 or 20 minutes a shadow will appear at the base of the stick. The shadow will point to the east.

—Scout Handbook  
Boy Scouts of America, 1973

## WINDFALL

One source of power that is freely and lavishly generated by the sun is wind. And the way to tap the wind's power is with windmills. The energy honchos in Washington are now taking windmills very seriously. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, the National Science Foundation is investing over \$1 million in wind research to build the largest windmill in the country, and several universities across the country have windmill research programs. We therefore assumed we would have no trouble finding a kit or two so you could build your own windmill. But not so: with the advent of rural electrification projects, cheap electricity has all but wiped out manufacturers of windmills.

However, if you want to build yourself a wind generator, there is one very honestly written, informative pamphlet on the subject, *Electric Power from the Wind*, by Henry Clews, an aeronautical engineer who dropped out to homestead in the Maine woods. Drawing upon his experience in erecting windmills on his property, Clews explains how to determine whether your

site has enough wind for a windmill, where to place it, how to put it up, and how to convert the power generated by the wind into usable electricity that can be stored during periods of calm. He also gives the costs of installing his first one (he had to import it from Australia) and lists a complete bibliography on the subject along with descriptive explanations.

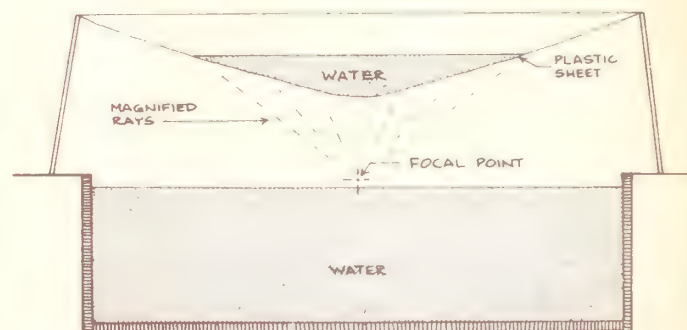
*Electric Power from the Wind* is available from Tools for Living for \$2, plus 25 cents postage and handling.

## POSTERS

**Growhole poster**—a design for an underground solar-heated greenhouse for growing vegetables in winter.

**Biosphere poster**—a proposal for a free-form house, solar heated by an attached greenhouse.

Both these posters are printed by the Biotechnic Press of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and are available from us for 50 cents, plus 25 cents postage and handling apiece.



## SOLAR POOL HEATER

1. Stretch a sheet of flexible plastic five feet above the surface of the pool.

2. Pour seven gallons of water onto the plastic. The water bulges the plastic, forming a giant magnifying glass.

3. As the sun crosses the noon sky, the focal point crosses the surface of the pool, thus heating the water.

4. Swimmers should be cautioned not to swim through the focal point, or they will become exceptionally tan.

## HOME, HOME IN A ZONE

Much of the work done with solar energy in the United States is going on in the Southwest. Zomeworks Corporation of Albuquerque, New Mexico, has been building zome structures and solar heating systems since 1969. Besides the Skyliid mentioned in our April 1974 issue, they sell plans and licenses for constructing their solar heating and cooling systems. The following may be ordered from Tools for Living:

1. Plans for a Solar Drum Wall—a simple, inexpensive solar heating system for space

heating, using a wall with southern exposure; \$5, plus 50 cents postage and handling.

2. Plans for a Solar Water Heater—a shop print for do-it-yourselfers; \$5, plus 50 cents postage and handling.

3. Plans and a license for constructing a Beadwall—an insulating system made of styrofoam beads blown between two panes of glass that allows heat and light into a room or a greenhouse and prevents heat from escaping at night. The cost is \$10, plus 50 cents postage and handling.



## DO IT YOURSELF

To help develop arid land for farming, McGill University's Brace Research Institute has focused on small-scale solar and wind-powered devices "suitable for application in individual communities and agricultural holdings." As a result, Brace researchers have compiled and now offer some of the best solar technology plans that laymen can find.

These do-it-yourself plans are available only from Brace Research Institute/MacDonald College of McGill University/St. Anne de Bellevue 800/Quebec, Canada. Currently on sale at \$1 each are:

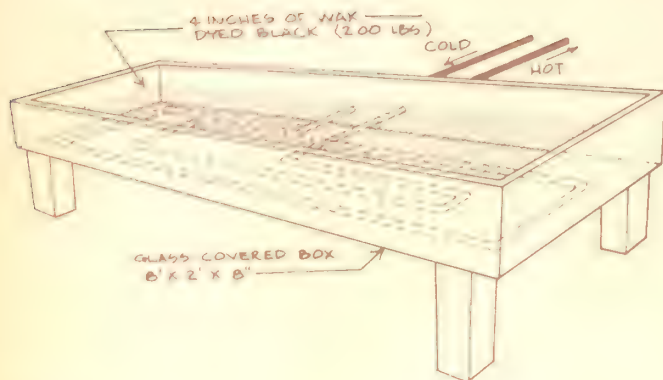
- L. 1. *How to Make a Solar Still*
- L. 2. *How to Make a Solar Steam Cooker*
- L. 4. *How to Build a Solar Water Heater*
- L. 5. *How to Construct a Cheap Wind Machine for Pumping Water*
- L. 6. *How to Make a Solar Cabinet Dryer for Agricultural Produce*

For 50 cents you may send for pamphlet L.3: *How to Heat your Swimming Pool Using Solar Energy*. Be sure to make your check or money order payable to Brace Research Institute.

## EXPERIMENTS

A solar-experiment kit that kids we know like is the Action Labs Solar Heat Boiler. The boiler is a concave reflector on a frame with a test tube and a test tube holder. Designed for children ten years and older, it can be assembled by the child to make a simple model of a solar cooker and demonstrates the invisible energy of the sun. The best time for experimenting with the boiler is between 10:00 A.M. and 2:00 P.M. on a hot sunny day. When angled to face the sun, the curved reflector will boil half a test tube of water in about twenty minutes. The kit also gives instructions for cooking a bit of egg; performing experiments with evaporation, color, heat absorption, reflection, melting and resolidification; and studying the effects of heat on starches, proteins, and other foodstuffs—all using only the power of the sun.

The Solar Heat Boiler is available in many toy shops or from us for \$2.95, plus 75 cents postage and handling.



## ON MY SOLAR HEATER

Years ago, I read a brief paragraph in a solar-energy book which remarked that someone in Argentina had built a hot-water heater by using molten wax to trap heat from the sun. If you color the wax black, it absorbs solar energy and stores it as well. Since the melting point of wax is about 145 degrees Fahrenheit—roughly the temperature of household hot water—it becomes possible to heat water to this temperature by running cold water through a pipe embedded in the molten wax.

I put theory into practice on our Ozark farm, though the heater I built is not very scientific. I started with an old wooden feed-trough, about eight feet long, two feet wide, and eight inches deep, standing on table-height legs. On this I fitted a frame holding ordinary window glass, hinged on one side. (It should have been latched to the trough on the other side, as I discovered last winter, when the wind flipped the frame open and smashed the glass.) After sealing the cracks in the trough, I put slabs of wax in it to make up about a five-inch layer. The original Argentine recipe called for the use of black wax that was supposed to be available—cheap—as a residue from oil refinery operations. After numerous phone calls I discovered that the refineries have managed, as they will, to make a better profit out of the residue by converting it into a handsome white product, which I bought in twenty-pound slabs at about the same per-pound price you would pay for one-pound boxes of canning wax. To blacken the wax I bought half a pound of an oil-soluble black dye commonly used to color candles. This I dissolved in a few pounds of molten wax, and then I smeared it over the surface of the wax slabs in the trough, and closed the lid, on a hot August day.

By four o'clock in the afternoon there were about two inches of molten wax in the trough. At this point, I helped my neighbor, Ken Medley, with the necessary plumbing—about forty feet of half-inch copper tubing, in the form of a kind of oblong spiral. One end of the tubing was attached to a cold-water pipe coming from our well house; the other end was sealed onto an insulated hot-water pipe which led to the outdoor shower we wanted to supply. When the hot-water valve of the shower was turned on, cold water flowed through the heater, emerging hot enough to use for showering, hair-washing, and so forth.

The amount and the temperature of hot water that can be drawn from the system largely depend on how fast the water flows through the heater and on the original temperature of the cold water. It is not too difficult to control these variables and to supply enough hot water for the ablutions of a family of four, during a summer in Missouri.

—Barry Commoner

## CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: \$1 per word (10-word minimum). Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is run six times; deduct 20¢ a word if ad is to run twelve times.)

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### Room Stuff

The *Teacher Paper* is a quar- magazine put out by a vol-

unteer staff that prints articles by classroom teachers only. Its most distinctive feature is a section called Together, a sharing column that allows subscribers space to describe their needs that might be met by other *Teacher Paper* people nearby. *The Teacher Paper*, thirty-two 8½-by-11 pages, \$1 per issue. Contact Fred and Robin Staab, 2221 NE 23 Street, Portland, Oregon 97212.

### The Other Media

*The Whole COSMEP Catalogue* is an expression of the fecundity of the world of little magazines and small presses (COSMEP is an unwieldy acronym for the Committee of Small Magazine Editors and Publishers, Inc.) The catalogue, an idea that originated with Dick Higgins of Something Else Press, is conceived as a participative enterprise: each member press (about 275 in all) got one page to do its own thing, whether a manifesto, poem, picture, story, or blurb. The result is a useful reference work that provides for pleasant browsing. Most of all it's a testament to the liveliness and variety of shoestring publishing ventures. These magazines have already practically taken over the publication of poetry, and are headed in the same direction with short fiction. Copies of the catalogue are available at \$4.95 from Dustbooks, 5218 Scottwood Road, Paradise, California 95969.

### Land Reform

*People and Land* is an occasional newspaper, only two issues old, that is mailed free to people in the land-reform movement—though it isn't made clear just what credentials are required to establish membership. The paper is crisply written and presented. In addition to news and

features, it provides substantial doses of reference information: the Winter 1974 issue has a bibliography of land reform publications and a directory of groups across the country concerned with one or another aspect of land reform. The first two issues are available for 50 cents each from the Center for Rural Studies, 345 Franklin Street, San Francisco, California 94102.

### Food Cooperatives

"We like to think that a successful food co-op becomes a focus of neighborhood energy, and that the people in the co-op form friendships and relationships they might otherwise have missed. A successful food co-op spins off groups to do other activities, and soon neighborhood life is richer and more meaningful." This is the philosophy that has grown out of the experience of the Food Conspiracies people in Philadelphia, and that they are now sharing in an informal but helpful booklet on how to start and maintain a food cooperative. The booklet costs \$1 and describes a co-op system that can serve about 100 families. Write Food Conspiracies, 165 West Harvey Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19144.

### Organized Organics

"We like to think of *The Organic Directory* as the book that specializes in helping people understand their rights and responsibilities as consumers in the organic movement. In this handbook we've put together the best of our consumer-oriented information and our most up-to-date sources of organically grown foods in order to show you how to spend your money in the right places and use it to support those other people working

to do the same thing." To describe their new national directory, which lists natural food stores as well as organic growers, shops, restaurants, co-operatives, and gardening clubs across the country. The 128-page paperback is \$2.95 from Rodale Press, Emmaus, Pennsylvania 18049.

### Feedback Mechanisms

"*FEEDBACK: An Involvement Primer* explains how new forms of interactive media can be used to turn the tide against alienation, mystification, and isolation. This primer has been prepared for those relatively few citizens who already understand or at least sense the value of self-selective involvement, not just for themselves but potentially for many others. Most citizens are not apathetic. They merely need better access to officials through feedback, to experts through feedforward, and to other citizens through dialogue—dialogue about societal goals and personal values. For purposes of improving feedback, feedforward, and dialogue, this primer describes how to use three involvement techniques: feedback balloting, interactive television, and electronic-aided dialogue."

The book described above is the product of a feedback research project at the Center for Architectural Research at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, which perhaps explains a certain denseness and tendency toward jargon. In any case, *FEEDBACK* unfolds a large-scale, systems-oriented approach to feedback studies, describing some regional experiments using newspapers and television to determine people's opinions on various sorts of issues. In addition, the project attempted to provide respondents with the means for contacting one another by using peer-matching follow-up devices. A 100-page mimeographed summary of the book is available free from Harry Stevens, Participation Systems, Inc., 50 Lakewood Place, Troy, New York 12180. Phone (518) 272-6435. Copies of the book itself are \$5, but it's probably best to start with the summary. While they last, you can also request a free twenty-five page paper by Stevens entitled "Involvement Through Community Nodes in Global Nets."

## TAKE THE MEDIA INTO YOUR OWN HANDS

The times are ripe for democratic exercise. The business of commenting on national politics is too important to be left to the professional commentators. We propose to resurrect the citizenship essay of good old-fashioned school civics—a form unsullied by recent cynicisms—as a way to share what most concerns each of us in politics and public affairs. Maximum length: 1,000 words.

If you like the idea, but lack an immediate inspiration, try this sentiment of Tocqueville's: "Thus not only does democracy make every man forget his ancestors, but it hides his descendants and separates his contemporaries from him; it throws him back forever upon himself alone and threatens in the end to confine him entirely within the solitude of his own heart."

Write to Citizenship Papers, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

# GAME

## RATE THE GREAT by Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

Our Secretary of State was recently nonplussed by the publication in a Munich paper of his school report card, showing rather ordinary grades, with praise for his "behavior" and "diligence," and a mere "satisfactory" in English. With the thought that such assessments might provide some insight, *Harper's* readers are invited to play the role of schoolmaster and, using the jargon of the educational world, make up the imaginary report card of a well-known person from the past or present. For example: "Wilbur Wright: Needs to pay more attention in class, often has his head in the clouds"; "Rose Mary

Woods: Excels in gymnastics but has difficulty telling time"; "Dick Cavett: Performs well when here, but frequent absences are affecting the quality of his work."

Send your entry to "Rate the Great," *Harper's Magazine*, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, no later than June 7. Entries become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in the August issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: The Pacer Electric Ice Cream Freezer  
Runners-up: An Edward Penfield *Harper's* Poster

**Winners of "Fueling Around,"** the April game that asked readers to lighten the energy crisis with appropriately wry slogans, are:

**First Prize:**  
(Sorry, no winner this month.)

**Runners-up**  
*Six in the Easy Chair*, edited by John Fischer (University of Illinois Press):

Power to the pedal!

James D. Atkins  
Durham, N.C.

Damn the Arabs—full speed ahead.

—Bill Baker  
Charlottesville, Va.

A horse! A horse! My Lincoln for a horse!

—Karen Craig  
Washington, D.C.

Standard expects more from you—and they get it.

—Dennis Cronley  
Gainesville, Fla.

Conserve gas: Off your seat; on your feet.

—Richard B. Dow  
Cleveland, Tenn.

You can't go home again—especially at 70 cents a gallon.

The Eleventh Commandment: Thou shalt not siphon.

—Paula Gebhardt  
Gainesville, Fla.

Endangered species: the Sunday driver.

New Monopoly game direction: go back to the station.

—J. Joseph Leonard  
Carbondale, Ill.

You can't fuel Mother Nature.

—Mrs. M. Lewis  
Barnegat Light, N.J.

With gas at its peak, don't drive—just streak.

Mrs. B. V. March  
Youngstown, Ohio

No gas? Don't squawk! Use energy walk.

—Hanna H. Meissner  
West Lafayette, Ind.

Smile. You could be sitting in a gas line.

—Jeff Partridge  
Champaign, Ill.

Wouldn't you really rather have Honda?

—Martin Rath  
Bergenfield, N.J.

Out of gas? Get a horse and go grass!

—Mabel Hutchings Wright  
Kingston, N.Y.

The only difference between girls now and girls then is, today they believe you when you say you've run out of gas.

—D. L. Wilcox  
Brookline, Mass.

**FUTURE GAMES:** Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.













